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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LIII.

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THE

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IN WAR TIME.

I.

In the latter part of the afternoon of a summer day in the year 1863, a little crowd gathered near the door of the military hospital on Filbert Street, in the city of Philadelphia. Like the rest of the vast camps of the sick, which added in those days to the city population some twenty-five thousand of the maimed and ill, this one has been lost, in the healing changes with which civilizing progress, no less quickly than forgiving nature, is apt to cover the traces of war.

The incident which drew to the hospital gate a small crowd was common in those days. Ambulances were bringing to its portal a share of such wounded men as were fit to be removed to a distance from Gettysburg and distributed among the great hospitals of the North. A surgeon in green sash and undress army uniform stood bareheaded within the shade of the doorway. Beside the curbstone, near the ambulances, a younger man, an assistant surgeon, directed the attendants, as they bore the wounded into the building on stretchers between double lines of soldiers of the invalid corps, who at that time did guard duty in our hospitals.

The surgeon at the doorway, a tall, refined-looking man, so erect as to seem a little stiff in figure, made occasional comments in a quiet, well-bred voice, rather monotonously free from the decisive sharpness which habits of command are apt to produce.

"Step together, my men. Left, right — you shake the stretcher! Left, right — make more room there, sergeant. Keep back the crowd."

Sometimes, a man got out of the ambulance with help, and limped eagerly into the open doorway; sometimes, lost to all around him, one was borne in motionless; sometimes, it was a face to which death had already whispered, "Come." In the little hall the bearers paused, while a young surgeon asked a few brief questions, after which the sick man was given his iced lemonade, or some other refreshing drink, and taken away.

Now and then an officer was carried in. This was usually some desperately wounded man, unable to be taken to his home. As these sufferers passed the surgeon in charge, he noted the scrap of uniform, or the cap, and drawing himself up, saluted with excessive military accuracy. Were the man too ill or too careless to notice this courtesy, a faint lift of the surgeon's brow, some slight treachery of the features, showed that he, at least, felt that nothing less than paralysis would have prevented him from returning the military salutation.

Meanwhile, about two squares away,

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as Philadelphians say, a man and woman were walking somewhat rapidly toward the hospital. The man was what is known in the army as a "contract-assistant surgeon," that is, a physician taken from civil life and paid at a certain rate per month to do the duty of a military surgeon. In some cases these gentlemen lived in the hospitals, and were of course expected to wear uniform, and to submit to all the usual rules of military life. Others merely attended at set hours, and included not only certain of the most able men in the profession of medicine, but also a great number of the more or less competent, glad enough of the eighty dollars a month which they received. Among these latter were many of those hapless persons who drift through life, and seize, as they are carried along, such morsels of good luck as the great tides of fortune float within reach of their feeble tentacula. This contract surgeon was a man of full middle height. He stooped slightly, but the habit became oddly noticeable owing to his uniform, on which the surgeon in charge insisted during the time of the hospital visit. He wore a military cap, under which his hair curled softly. His features were distinct but delicate, and the upper lip, which was short, retreated a little, a peculiarity apt to give to the countenance a certain purity of expression. His face was clean shaved, but he had better have worn a mustache, since the mouth was too regular for manly beauty. As he went by, two sun-browned young fellows in uniform, and wearing their corps marks, turned and glanced at him. One of them said, "What an interesting face!" The other returned, smiling, "But what a careless figure! and a soldier with a sun umbrella is rather droll." In fact, there was a certain look of indifference to appearances about the man's whole aspect, and the umbrella which had excited remark was carried at a lazy slope over the shoulder. Evidently, he felt very keenly the damp, oppressive heat of the July day; but while this was seen in the indolent slowness of his walk, his face showed plainly that the mind was more alive than the body. As they crossed the small park then known as Penn Square, he paused to pick up a flower, counted its stamina, and stowed it away in the lining of his cap. An insect on his sister's sleeve drew his attention. The trees, the passers-by, a monkey and a hand-organ at a street corner, all seemed to get in turn a share of alert, attentive regard.

The woman beside him was a strange contrast. Unmindful of anything about her, she walked on steadily with a firm, elastic step, and a face which, however pleasing, — and it was distinctly that, — was not remarkable for decided expression. Whatever might have been her fortunes, time as yet had failed to leave upon her face any strong lines of characterization. Absolute health offers a certain resistance to these grim chiselings of face; and in this woman ruddy cheeks, clear eyes, and round facial lines above a plump but well-built and compact frame told of a rarely wholesome life. She was dressed in gray linen, fitting her well, but without cuffs, collar, or ribbon; and although the neatness of her guise showed that it must have exacted some care, it was absolutely devoid of ornament. In her hand she carried a rather heavy basket, which now and then she shifted from one side to the other, for relief.

Presently they turned into Filbert Street from Broad Street.

"Do look, Ann!" said Dr. Wendell to his sister. "I never pass this paper mulberry-tree without a sense of disgust. There is a reptilian vileness of texture and color about the trunk; and don't you remember how, when we were children, we used to try to find two leaves alike? Don't you think, Ann, there is something exasperating about that? I was trying to think why it annoyed me now. It is such a contradiction to the

tendency of nature towards monotonous repetition."

"You had best be trying to hurry up a little," returned Miss Wendell.

"Do give me that basket, dear," said her companion, pausing; "it is much too heavy for you. I should have carried it myself."

"It is not heavy," she said, smiling, "and I am very well used to it. But I do think, brother Ezra, we must hurry. Why cannot you hurry? You are half an hour late now, and do look at your vest! It is buttoned all crooked, and — Why, there is quite a crowd at the hospital door! Oh, why were you so late! and they do fuss so when you are late."

"I see, I see," he said. "What can it be? I wish it was n't so hot. Do hurry, Ann!"

The woman smiled faintly. "Yes, it is warm. Here, take this basket. I am tired out." Upon which, somewhat reluctantly lowering his umbrella, he took the basket, and quickened his pace. A large man, solidly built, drove by in a victoria, with servants on the box, himself in cool white. Dr. Wendell glanced at him as he passed, and thought, "That looks like the incarnation of success!" and wondered vaguely what lucky fates had been that man's easy ladders. Very successful men and people who have had many defeats both get to be superstitious believers in blind fortune, while a certain amount of misfortune destroys in some all the germs of success. For others, a failure is like a blow. It may stagger, but it excites to forceful action.

"Come!" said his sister, looking as worried and flushed as if she, and not he, had been to blame; and in a minute or two they were entering the hospital.

"Good-evening, Miss Wendell," said the surgeon; "excuse me — don't stand in the way. A moment, Dr. Wendell, — a moment," he added, saluting him; and glancing, with a gentleman's instinct, after Miss Wendell, to be sure she was out of hearing. Then turning, he said to his subordinate, "You are a full half hour late; in fact," taking out his watch, "the clock misled me, — you are thirty-nine minutes late. Sergeant, don't let me see that clock wrong again. It should be set every morning."

Wendell flushed. Like most men who think over-well of themselves, he was sensitive to all reproof, and the training of civil life, while it had made more or less of hardship easy to bear, had unfitted him for the precision which that army surgeon exacted alike from his juniors and his clocks.

"I was somewhat delayed," said Wendell.

"Ah? No matter about excuses. You, we all of us, are portions of a machine. I never excuse myself to myself, or to others. Yes — yes — I know" — as Wendell began again to explain. At this moment the soldiers set down at his feet a stretcher just removed from an ambulance, while another set of bearers took their places.

The surgeon saluted the new-comer on his little palliasse, noting that around him lay a faded coat of Confederate gray, with a captain's stripes on the shoulders. The wounded man returned the salute with his left arm.

"You were hurt at Gettysburg?" said the surgeon.

"Yes, sir. On Cemetery Hill; and a damned hard fight, too! We were most all left there. I shall never see a better fight if I go to heaven!"

The attendants laughed, but the surgeon's face rested unmoved.

"I hope you will soon be well." Then he added kindly, "Dr. Wendell, see that this gentleman is put in Ward Two, near a window, and give him some milk punch at once; he looks pale. No lemonade; milk punch. Come now, my men; move along! Who next? Ah, Major Morton, I have been expecting you!" and he bent to shake hands warmly with a sallow man who filled

the next stretcher. "I am sorry and glad to see you here. I got your dispatch early to-day. Gettysburg, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, Cemetery Hill. I wonder the old Fifth has any one alive!"

"Well, well," replied the surgeon, "we shall give you a health brevet soon. Bed Number Five, next to the last man. Take good care of Major Morton, Dr. Wendell. He is an old friend of mine. There, easy, my men! I will presently see to you myself, Morton."

And so the long list of sick and hurt were carried in, one by one, a small share of the awful harvest of Gettysburg, until, as night fell, the surgeon turned and entered the hospital, the sentinel resumed his place at the open door, and the crowd of curious scattered and passed away.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wendell went moodily up-stairs to the vast ward which occupied all the second floor of the old brick armory. He was one of those unhappy people who are made sore for days by petty annoyances; nor did the possession of considerable intelligence and much imagination help him. In fact, these qualities served only, as is usual in such natures, to afford him a more ample fund of self-torment. In measuring himself with others, he saw that in acquisitions and mind he was their superior, and he was constantly puzzled to know why he failed where they succeeded.

The vast hall which he entered was filled with long rows of iron bedsteads, each with its little label for the owner's name, rank, disease, and treatment suspended from the iron cross-bar above the head of the sufferer. Beside each bed stood a small wooden table, with one or two bottles and perhaps a book or two upon it. The walls were whitewashed, the floor was scrupulously clean, and an air of extreme and even accurate neatness pervaded the place. Except for the step of a nurse, or occasional words between patients near to one another, or the flutter of the fans which some of them were using to cool themselves in the excessive heat, there was but little noise.

Dr. Wendell followed the litters and saw the two officers, gray coat and blue coat, placed comfortably in adjoining beds.

"Are you all right?" said Wendell to the Confederate.

"Oh, yes, doctor! I've had too hard a time to growl. This is like heaven; it's immensely like heaven!"

Miss Wendell had followed them, after distributing here and there some of the contents of her basket.

"Stop," she said to her brother; "let them lift him. There," she added, with a satisfied air, as she shook up and replaced the pillow, — "there, that is better! Here are two or three ripe peaches. You said it was like heaven. Don't you think all pleasant things ought to make us think of heaven?"

"Oh, by George," he replied; "my dear lady, did you ever have a bullet in your shoulder? I can't think, for torment. I can only feel."

"That may have its use, too," said she, simply. "I have been told that pain is a great preacher."

The patient smiled grimly. "He gets a fellow's attention, any way, if that's good preaching!"

"Ann, Ann!" exclaimed her brother. "Don't talk to him. Don't talk, especially any — I mean, he is too tired."

"I do not think I hurt him, brother," she returned, in a quiet aside. "But there are errands which may not be delayed to wait for our times of ease."

"Oh, it is no matter, doctor," said the officer, smiling, as he half heard Dr. Wendell's comment. "I like it. Don't say a word. It would be a pleasure even to be scolded by a woman. It is all right, I know! Thank you, miss. A little water, please." And then the

doctor and his sister turned to the other bed.

"Major Morton, I believe?" said the doctor.

"Yes, John Morton, Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves. Confound the bed, doctor, how hard it is! Are all your beds like this? It's all over hummocks, like a damson pie!"

The doctor felt that somehow he was accused.

"I never noticed it," said Wendell. "The beds are not complained of."

"But I complain of it. However, I shall get used to it, I suppose. There must be at least six feathers in the pillow!"

"It is n't feather. It is hair," remarked Miss Wendell. "That's much cooler, you know."

"Cooler!" replied the major. "It's red hot. Everything is red hot! But I suppose it is myself. Confound the flies! I wonder what the deuce they 're for! Could n't I have a net?"

"Flies?" reflected Miss Wendell. "They must be right — but — but they are dirty!" She wisely, however, kept silence as to the place and function of flies in nature. "I will ask for a net," she said.

"Oh, yes, do," he returned; "that 's a good woman."

"I am not a good woman," exclaimed Miss Wendell, "but I will ask about the net."

"Oh, but you will be, if you get me a net," continued the patient. "And ask, too, please, about my wife. She was to be in the city to-day."

He spoke like one used to command, and as if his discomforts were to receive instant attention. In the field no man was easier pleased, or less exacting about the small comforts of camp, but the return to a city seemed to let loose all the habitual demands of a life of ease.

Dr. Wendell promised to see about the lady.

Mrs. Morton was to come from Saratoga, and why could not Dr. Lagrange see him at once? Every one kept him waiting, and he supposed Mrs. Morton would keep him waiting, like every one else.

At length Miss Wendell said, "My brother has his duties here, sir. I think I can go and see about it. You must needs feel troubled concerning your wife. As you look for her to-day, I might meet her at the depot, because, if, as you have said, she does not know to what hospital you have been taken, she will be in great distress, — great distress, I should think."

"Yes, great distress," repeated Major Morton, with an odd gleam of amusement on his brown face. "But how will you know her? Stop! Yes — she telegraphed me she would come by an afternoon train to-morrow, and I am a day too soon, you see."

"There are only three trains," said Miss Wendell, looking at the time-table in an evening paper, which an orderly had been sent to find. "I can go to them all, if you wish. I do not mind taking trouble for our wounded soldiers. It is God's cause, sir. Don't let it worry you."

Morton's mustache twitched with the partly controlled merriment of the hidden lips beneath it. There was, for his nature, some difficulty in seeing relations between a large belief and small duties. There was the Creator, of whom he thought with vagueness, and who certainly had correct relations to Christ Church; but what had he to do with a woman going to look for another woman at a depot?

"You might tell my sister, major, what Mrs. Morton is like," suggested Dr. Wendell.

"Like?" returned Morton, rather wearily, and then again feebly amused at the idea of describing his wife. "Like, like? By George, that 's a droll idea!"

Most of us, in fact, would have a little

trouble in accurately delineating for a stranger the people familiar to us, and would, if abruptly required to do so, be apt to hesitate, or, like the major, to halt altogether.

"Like?" he again said. "God bless me! why, I could n't describe myself!"

"But her gown?" said Miss Wendell, with ingenuity, and remembering, with a sense of approval of her own cleverness, that she herself, having but two gowns, might through them, at least, be identified.

Major Morton laughed. "Gown? She may have had twenty gowns since I saw her. It is quite eighteen months. You might look for a tall woman, rather simply dressed, — handsome woman, I may say. Small boy with her, a maid, and no end of bundles, bags, rugs, — all that sort of thing. You must know."

Miss Wendell was not very clear in her own mind that she did know, but, seeing that the wounded man was tired, accepted his description as sufficient, and said cheerfully, "No doubt I shall find her. Good-night."

"Beg pardon, doctor, but I did n't quite catch your name," said the patient.

"My name is Wendell, — Dr. Wendell," returned the doctor.

"Thanks; and one thing more, doctor: send me some opium, and soon, too. I am suffering like the devil!"

"How little he knows!" thought Miss Wendell, with a grave look and an inward and satisfactory consciousness that her beliefs enabled her at least to entertain a higher and more just appreciation in regard to the improbable statement he had made.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "We 'll see about it." He had a feeling, not quite uncommon in his profession, that such suggestions in regard to treatment were in a measure attacks on his own prerogative of superior intelligence. "We shall see," he said, "when we make the evening round."

"Confound the fellow, and his evening round!" growled the major under his mustache. "I wish he had my leg, or I had him in my regiment."

But happy in the assertion of his professional position, Dr. Wendell had rejoined his sister, the more content because he felt that she had relieved him of the trouble of finding the wife of the officer. Like many people who, intellectually, are active enough, he disliked physical exertion. At times, indeed, he mildly reproached himself for the many burdens he allowed his sister to carry, and yet failed to see how largely she was the power which supplemented his own nature by urging him along with an energy which often enough distressed him, and as often hurt his self-esteem. There are in life many of these partnerships: a husband with intellect enough, owing the driving power to a wife's sense of duty, or to her social ambitions; a brother with character, using, half-unconsciously, the generous values of a sister's more critical intelligence. When one of the partners in these concerns dies, the world says, "Oh, yes, he is quite used up by this death. Now he has lost all his activity. Poor fellow, he must have felt it very deeply."

II.

Moods are the climates of the mind. They warm or chill resolves, and are in turn our flatterers or our cynical satirists. With some people, their moods are fatal gifts of the east or the west wind; while with others, especially with certain women, and with men who have feminine temperaments, they come at the call of a resurgent memory, of a word that wounds, of a smile at meeting, or at times from causes so trivial that while we acknowledge their force we seek in vain for the reasons of their domination. With Wendell, the moods to which he was subject made a good

deal of the sun and shade of life. He was without much steady capacity for resistance, and yielded with a not incurious attention to his humors, — being either too weak or too indifferent to battle with their influence, and in fact having, like many persons of intelligence, without vigor of character, a pleasure in the belief that he possessed in a high degree individualities, even in the way of what he knew to be morbid.

One of these overshadowing periods of depression was brought on by his sister's mild remonstrance concerning his want of punctuality, and by the reproof of his superior, Dr. Lagrange, or, as he much preferred to be addressed, Major Lagrange, such being his titular rank on the army register.

Miss Wendell had gone home first, and Wendell was about to follow her, when he was recalled by an orderly, who ran after him to tell him of the sudden death of one of his patients. Death was an incident of hospital life too common to excite men, in those days of slaughter; but it so chanced that, as regards this death, Wendell experienced a certain amount of discomfort. A young officer had died abruptly, from sudden exertion, and Wendell felt vaguely that his own mood had prevented him from giving the young man such efficient advice as might have made him more careful. The thought was not altogether agreeable.

"I ought never to have been a doctor," groaned Wendell to himself. "Everything is against me." Then, seeing no criticism in the faces of the nurses, he gave the usual orders in case of a death, and, with a last glance at the moveless features and open eyes of the dead, left the ward.

There is probably no physician who cannot recall some moment in his life when he looked with doubt and trouble of mind on the face of death; but for the most part his is a profession carried on with uprightness of purpose and habitual watchfulness, so that it is but very rarely that its practitioners have as just reason for self-reproach as Wendell had.

Very ill at ease with himself, he walked towards the station, where, having missed his train, he had to wait for half an hour. Sitting here alone, he soon reasoned himself into his usual state of self-satisfied calm. It was after all a piece of bad fortune, and attended with no consequences to himself; one of many deaths, the every-day incidents of a raging war and of hospital life. Very likely it would have happened soon or late, let him have done as he might. A less imaginative man would have suffered less; a man with more conscience would have suffered longer, and been the better for it.

At the station in Germantown he lit his pipe, and, soothed by its quieting influence, walked homeward to his house on Main street.

He was rapidly coming to a state of easier mind, under the effect of the meerschaum's subtle influence upon certain groups of ganglionic nerve cells deep in his cerebrum, when, stumbling on the not very perfect pavements of the suburban village, he dropped his pipe, and had a shock of sudden misery as he saw it by the moonlight in fragments; a shock which, as he reflected with amazement a moment later, seemed to him — nay, which was — quite as great as that caused by the death of his patient, an hour before!

He stood a moment, overcome with the calamity, and then walked on slowly, with an abrupt sense of disturbing horror at the feeling that the pipe's material wholeness was to him, for a moment, as important as the young officer's life. The people who live in a harem of sentiments are very apt to lose the wholesome sense of relation in life, so that in their egotism small things become large, and as often large things small. They are apt, as Wendell was, to call to their aid and comfort what-

ever power of casuistry they possess to support their feelings, and thus by degrees habitually weaken their sense of moral perspective.

It may seem a slight thing to dwell upon, but for self-indulgent persons there is nothing valueless in their personal belongings, and the train of reflection brought by this little accident was altogether characteristic. Thrown back by this trifle into his mood of gloom, he reached his own house, and saw through the open windows his sister's quiet face bent over her sewing-machine, which was humming busily.

About two years before this date, Wendell and his sister had left the little village on Cape Cod to try their fortunes elsewhere. These two were the last descendants of a long line of severely religious divines, who had lived and preached at divers places on the Cape. But at last one of them — Wendell's father — became the teacher of a normal school, and died in late middle life, leaving a few thousand dollars to represent the commercial talent of some generations of Yankees whose acuteness had been directed chiefly into the thorny tracks of biblical exegesis. His son, a shy, intellectual lad, had shown promise at school, and only when came the practical work of life exhibited those defects of character which had been of little moment so long as a good memory and mental activity were the sole requisites. Persistent energy, sufficing to give the daily supply of power needful for both the physical and mental claims of any exacting profession, were lacking. In a career at school or college it is possible to "catch up," but in the school of life there are no examinations at set intervals, and success is usually made up of the sum of happy uses of multiplied fractional opportunities. His first failure was as a teacher, one of the most self-denying of avocations. Then he studied medicine, and was so carried away by the intellectual enthusiasm it aroused in him that could he have retired into some quiet college nook, as a student of physiology or pathology, he would probably have attained a certain amount of reputation, because in such a career irregular activity is less injurious. Want of means, however, or want of will to endure for a while some necessary privations, inclined him to accept the every-day life and trials of a practicing physician in the town where he was born. The experiment failed. There was some want in the young man which interfered with success at home, so that the outbreak of the war found him ready, as were many of his class, to welcome the chances of active service as a doctor in the field. A rough campaign in West Virginia resulted very soon in his suddenly quitting the army, and finding his way to Philadelphia, where his sister joined him. She readily accepted his excuse of ill health as a reason for his leaving the service, and they finally decided to try their luck anew in the Quaker town. Miss Wendell brought with her the few thousand dollars which represented her father's life-long savings. Yielding to her better judgment, the doctor found a home in Germantown, within a few miles of Philadelphia, as being cheaper than the city, and in the little, long-drawn-out town which Pastorius founded they settled themselves, with the conviction on Ann's part that now, at last, her brother's talents would find a fitting sphere, and the appreciation which ignorant prejudice had denied him elsewhere. What more the severe, simple, energetic woman of limited mind thought of her brother, we may leave this, their life-tale, to tell.

The house they rented for but a moderate sum was a rather large two-story building of rough gray micaceous stone, with a front lit by four windows. Over the door projected an old-fashioned penthouse, and before it was what is known in Pennsylvania as a stoop; that is, a large, flat stone step, with a bench on

either side. Across the front of the house an ivy had year by year spread its leaves, until it hung in masses from the eaves, and mingled on the hipped roof with the Virginia creeper and the trumpet vine, which grew in the garden on one side of the house, and, climbing to the gable, mottled in October the darker green with crimson patches. Behind the house a half acre of garden was gay with dahlias, sunflowers, and hollyhocks, with a bit of pasture farther back, for use, if needed.

The house had been, in the past, the dwelling of a doctor, who had long ceased to practice, and to it the sister and brother had brought the old furniture from a home on Cape Cod, in which some generations of Puritan divines had lived, and in which they had concocted numberless sermons of inconceivable length. Notwithstanding his sister's economic warnings, the doctor had added from time to time, as his admirable taste directed, many books, a few engravings, and such other small ornaments as his intense love of color suggested.

As he now entered the sitting-room, the general look of the place gave him, despite his mood, a sense of tranquil pleasure. The high-backed, claw-toed chairs, the tall, mahogany clock, with its chicken-cock on top, seeming to welcome him with the same quiet face which had watched him from childhood, were pleasant to the troubled man; and the fireplace tiles, and the red curtains, and the bits of Delft ware on the mantel were all so agreeable to his sense of beauty in form and color that he threw himself into a chair with some feeling of comfort. His sister left her work, and, crossing the room, kissed him. Evidently he was her chief venture in life! From long habit of dependent growth the root fibres of his being were clasped about her, as a tree holds fast for life and support to some isolated rock, and neither he nor she was any more conscious than the tree or rock of the economic value which he took out of their relation. On his part, it was a profound attachment, — merely an attachment; on hers a pure and simple, venerative love. Women expect much from an idol and get little, but believe they get everything; and now and then, even as to the best a woman can set up, she has cankering doubts.

"Brother," said Miss Wendell, cheerfully, "I was thinking, before you came in, how thankful we should be for all our life, just now. You are getting some practice," — then observing his face, "not all you will have, you know, but enough, with the hospital, to let us live, oh, so pleasantly!" Patting his cheek tenderly, she added, "And best of all for me, I feel that you are not worried, that you are having a chance, at last."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I know, I know! I only hope it will continue."

"Why should it not? By the time you cease to be an assistant surgeon — I mean, when this horrible war is over — you will have a good hold on practice, and you will only have to love your books and microscope and botany a little less, and study human beings more."

"I hardly know if they are worth the studying! But never mind me. I am cross to-night."

"Oh, no, that you are not. I won't have you say that! You are tired, I dare say, and troubled about all those poor fellows in the hospital."

Wendell moved uneasily. She was sitting on the arm of his chair, and running her hand caressingly through his hair, which was brown, and broke into a wave of half curl around his forehead.

Her consciousness as to much of her brother's outer range of feelings was almost instinctive, although, of course, it misled her often enough.

"I knew that was it," she said, with a loving sense of appreciation. "I was sure it was that. What has happened at the hospital? I heard Dr. Lagrange

call you back. Oh, it was n't about being late — and such a hot day, too!"

"No, I was n't bothered about that. It was about a sudden death, that happened just before I left. You may remember that officer in the far corner of the ward."

"What, that nice young fellow, a mere boy! Oh, Ezra," she added, after a pause, "I sometimes thank God, in these war times, that I am not a mother! Do you think it 's wrong to feel that way, brother?"

"Nonsense, Ann! You might find enough to annoy yourself about, besides that. When some one comes for sister Ann you can begin to think about the matter. What 's the use of settling theoretical cases? There 's quite enough of real bother in life that one can't escape, and is forced to reason about."

Ann arose, her eyes filling. "Yes," she said, "yes — I dare say," her thoughts for a moment far off, recalling a time when, years before, she had been obliged to decide whether she should give up her life with her brother and father, and go to the West to share the love and wealthier surroundings of a man whose claim upon her was, she felt, an honest and loving one. Had he too been poor, and had she been called by him to bear a life of struggle, it is possible she might have yielded. As it was, habitual affection and some vague sense of her power to fill the wants of her brother's existence made the woman's craving for self-sacrifice, as a proof to herself of the quality of her love, sufficient to decide her, and she had turned away gently, but decisively, from a life of ease. Yet sometimes all the lost loveliness of a mother's duties overwhelmed her for a dreaming moment. "Yes," she said, at last, "you are right. It 's always best to live in the day that is with us. But what I wanted to say was that you must not let such inevitable things as a death no one could have prevented overcome you so as to unsettle you and lessen your usefulness to others."

"Oh, no, of course not!" He felt annoyed: this lad pursued him like a ghost. "Don't let us talk of it any more," he said. "I broke my meerschaum, coming home."

"Oh, did you? But I 'm very sorry, Ezra."

"Yes; it seemed like the death of an old friend."

"Don't you think that is a great deal to say, — an old friend?"

"Not half enough."

She saw that he was annoyed, and, knowing well the nature of the mood which possessed him, returned.

"Ah, well, brother, we will buy another friend to-morrow, and age him as fast as possible. Bless me, it is ten o'clock!" and she began to move about the room, and to put things in the usual neat state in which she kept their sitting-room. The books were rearranged, the bits of thread or paper carefully picked up, a chair or two pushed back, a crooked table cover drawn into place.

This was a small but regularly repeated torment to Wendell. He did not dislike a neat parlor, — nay, would have felt the want of neatness; but this little bustle and stir at the calmest time of the day disturbed him, while he knew that in this, as in some other matters, Ann was immovable, so that as a rule he had ceased to resist, as he usually did cease to resist where the opposition was positive and enduring.

This time, however, he exclaimed, "I do wish, Ann, for once, you would go to bed quietly!"

"Why, of course, you dear old boy! I just want to straighten things up a little, and then to read to you a bit."

"I would like that. Read me Browning's Saul."

"Yes," she returned cheerfully, "that is always good;" and so read aloud with simple and earnest pleasure that exquisite poem.

It soothed the man as the harp of the boy shepherd soothed the king.

"What noble verse!" he said. "Read again, Ann, that part beginning, 'And the joy of mere living,' and humor the rhythm a little. I think it is a mistake of most readers to affect to follow the sense so as to make a poem seem in the reading like prose, as if the rhythm were not meant to be a kind of musical accompaniment of exalted thought and sentiment. How you hear the harp in it! I never knew anybody to speak of the pleasure a poet must have in writing such verse as that. It must sing to him as sweetly as to any one else, and more freshly."

"Yes," said Ann. "I have seen somewhere that everybody who writes verse thinks his own delightful."

"No doubt, — as every woman's last baby is the most charming. But I should think that neither motherhood nor paternity of verse could quite make the critical faculty impossible. Shakespeare must have been able to appreciate Hamlet duly."

"I don't know," said Ann.

Her brother often got quite above her in his talk, and then she either gave up with a sort of gasp, as the air into which he rose became too thin for her intellectual lungs, or else she made more or less successful effort to follow his flights, or at least to deceive him into the belief that she did so.

Her brother was fond of Hamlet, which has been, and ever will be, the favorite riddle of many thoughtful men. He liked to read it to her, and to have it read to him. She had suddenly now one of those brief inspirations which astonish us at times in unanalytic people. She said, "I sometimes think Hamlet was like you, — a little like you, brother!"

Ezra looked up at his sister with amused surprise. Human nature, he reflected to himself, is inexhaustible, and we may rest sure that on Methuselah's nine hundred and sixty-ninth birthday he might have startled his family by some novelty of word or deed.

"I hardly know if it be a compliment," he said aloud, with a little smile. "I should like to be sure of what Hamlet's sister would have said of him. Go to bed and think about it!"

After Ann had left him, Wendell himself retired to what was known as his office, a back room with a southern outlook on the garden. Here were a few medical books, two or three metaphysical treatises, a mixture of others on the use of the microscope and on botany, with odd volumes of the older and less known dramatists, and a miscellaneous collection representing science and sentiment. On the table was a small microscope, and a glass dish or two, with minute water plants, making a nursery for some of the lesser forms of animal and vegetable life. In a few minutes Wendell, absorbed, was gazing into the microscope at the tiny dramas which the domestic life of a curious pseudopod presented. He soon began to draw it with much adroitness. It is possible for some men to pursue every object, their duties and their pleasures, with equal energy, nor is it always true that the Jack-of-all-trades is master of none; but it was true of this man that, however well he did things, — and he did many things well, — he did none with sufficient intensity of purpose, or with such steadiness of effort as to win high success in any one of them.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he was startled by hearing his sister call, "Ezra, Ezra! Do go to bed. You will oversleep yourself in the morning."

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, quite accustomed to her warning care. "Good-night. I won't sit up any later. It is all right."

Ann sighed, as she stood barefooted on the stairs, and had she known Mr. Pickwick might have shared his inward conviction.

S. Weir Mitchell.

CHESTER STREETS.

If it be true, as some poets think, that every spot on earth is full of poetry, then it is certainly also true that each place has its own distinctive measure; an indigenous metre, so to speak, in which, and in which only, its poetry will be truly set or sung.

The more one reflects on this, in connection with the spots and places he has known best in the world, the truer it seems. Memories and impressions group themselves in subtle coördinations to prove it. There are surely woods which are like stately sonnets, and others of which the truth would best be told in tender lyrics; brooks which are jocund songs, and mountains which are Odes to Immortality. Of cities and towns it is perhaps even truer than of woods and mountains; certainly, no less true. For instance, it would be a bold poet who should attempt to set pictures of Rome in any strain less solemn than the epic; and is it too strong a thing to say that only a foolish one would think of framing a Venice glimpse or memory in any thing save dreamy songs, with dreamiest refrains? Endless vistas of reverie open to the imagination once entered on the road of this sort of fancy, — reveries which play strange pranks with both time and place, endow the dreamer with a sort of *post facto* second sight, and leave him, when suddenly roused, as lost as if he had been asleep for a century. For sensations of this kind Chester is a "hede and chefe cyte." Simply to walk its streets is to step to time and tune of ballads; the very air about one's ears goes lilting with them; the walls ring; the gates echo; choruses rollick round corners, — ballads, always ballads, or, if not a ballad, a play, none the less lively; a play with pageants and delightful racket.

Such are the measure and metre today of "The Cyte of Legyons, that is Chestre in the marches of Englonde, towards Wales, betwegne two armes of the see, that bee named Dee and Mersee. Thys cyte in tyme of Britons was hede and chefe cyte of Venedocia, that is North Wales. Thys cyte in Brytyshe speech bete Carthleon, Chestre in Englyshe, and Cyte of Legyons also. For there laye a wynter, the legyons that Julius Cæsar sent to wyne Irlonde. And after, Claudius Cæsar sent legyons out of the cyte for to wynn the Islands that bee called Orcades. Thys cyte hath plenty of cyne land, of corn, of flesh, and specyally of samon. Thys cyte receyveth grate marchandyse and sendeth out also. Northumbres destroyed this cyte but Elfleda Lady of Mercia bylded it again and made it mouch more."

This is what was written of Chester, more than six hundred years ago, by one Ranulph Higden, a Chester Abbey monk, — him who wrote those old miracle plays, except for which we very like had never had such a thing as a play at all, and William Shakespeare had turned out no better than many another Stratford man.

All good Americans who reach England go to Chester. They go to see the cathedral, and to buy old Queen Anne furniture. The cathedral is very good in its way, the way of all cathedrals, and the old Queen Anne furniture is now quite well made; but it is a marvel that either cathedral or shop can long hold a person away from Chester streets. One cannot go amiss in them; at each step he is, as it were, buttonholed by a gable, an arch, a pavement, a doorsill, a sign, or a gate with a story to tell. A story, indeed? A hundred, or more: and if anybody doubts them, or has by reason of old age, or over-occupation with other matters, got them

confused in his mind, all he has to do is to step into a public library, which is kept in a very private way, in a by-street, by two aged Cestrian citizens and a parish boy. Here, if he can convince these venerable Cestrians of his respectability, he may go a-junketing by himself in that delicious feast of an old book, the Vale-Royale of England, published in London in 1656, and written, I believe, a half century or so earlier.

Never was any bit of country more praised than this beautiful Chester County, "pleasant and abounding in plenteousness of all things needful and necessary for man's use, insomuch that it merited and had the name of the Vale-Royale of England."

"The ayr is very wholesome, insomuch that the people of the Country are seldome infected with Diseases or Sicknesses; neither do they use the help of the Physicians nothing so much as in other countries. For when any of them are sick they make him a Posset and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not amend him, then God be merciful to him!" says the old writer. And of the river Dee, —

"To which water no man can express how much this ancient city hath been beholden; nay, I suppose if I should call it the Mother, the Nurse, the Maintainer, the Advancer and Preserver thereof, I should not greatly erre." And again, of the shifting "sands o' Dee," this ancient and devout man, taking quite another view than that of the thoughtless or pensive lyrists, later, says, —

"The changing and shifting of the water gave some occasion to the Britons in that Infancy of the Christian Religion to attribute some divine honor and estimation to the said water: though I cannot believe that to be any cause of the name of it."

His pious deduction from the exceeding beauty of the situation of the city is that it is "worthy, according to the Eye, to be called a city guarded with Watch of Holy and Religious men, and through the Mercy of our Saviour always fenced and fortified with the merciful assistance of the Almighty." To keep it thus guarded, the monks of Vale-Royale did their best. Witness the terms in which their grant was couched: —

"All the mannours, churches, lands and tenements aforesaid, in free pure and perpetual alms forever; with Homages, Rents, Demesnes, Villenages, Services of Free Holders and Bond, with Villains and their Families, Advowsons, Wards, Reliefs, Escheates, Woods, Plains, Meadows, Pastures, Wayes, Pathes, Heaths, Turfs, Forests, Waters, Ponds, Parks, Fishing, Mills in Granges, Cottages within Borough and without, and in all other places with all Easments, Liberties, Franchises and Free Customs any way belonging to the aforesaid Mannours, Churches, lands and tenements."

Plainly, if the devil or any of his followers were caught in the Vale-Royale, they could be legally ejected as trespassers.

He was not, however, without an eye to worldly state, this devout writer, for he speaks with evident pride of the fine show kept up by the mayor of Chester: —

"The Estate that the Mayor of Chester keepeth is great. For he hath both Sword Bearer and Mace Bearer Sergeants, with their silver maces, in as good and decent order as in any other city in England. His housekeeping accordingly; but not so chargeable as in all other cities, because all thing are better cheap there. . . . He remaineth, most part of the day at a place called the Pendice which is a brave place builded for the purpose at the high Crosse under St. Peters Church, and in the middest of the city, of such a sort that a man may stand therein and see into the markets or four principal streets of the city."

Nevertheless, there was once a mayor of Chester who did not see all he ought to have seen in the principal streets of the city: for his own daughter, out playing ball "with other maids, in the summer time, in Pepur Street," stole away from her companions, and ran off with her sweetheart, through one of the city gates, at the foot of that street, which gate the enraged mayor ordered closed up forever, as if that would do any good; and some sharp-tongued and sensible Cestrian immediately phrased the illogical action in a proverb: "When the daughter is stolen, shut the Pepur gate." This saying is to be heard in Chester to this day, and is no doubt lineal ancestor of our own broader apothegm, "When the mare 's stolen, lock the stable."

There are many lively stories about mayors of Chester. There was a mayor in 1617 who made a very learned speech to King James, when he rode in through East Gate, with all the train soldiers of the city standing in order, "each company with their ensigns in seemly sort," the array stretching up both sides of East Gate Street. This mayor's name was Charles Fitton. He delivered his speech to the king; presented to him a "standing cup with a cover double gilt, and therein a hundred jacobins of gold;" likewise delivered to him the city's sword, and afterward bore it before him, in the procession. But when King James proposed, in return for all these civilities, to make a knight of him, Charles Fitton sturdily refused; which was a thing so strange for its day and generation that one is instantly possessed by a fire of curiosity to know what Charles Fitton's reasons could have been for such contempt of a knight's title. No doubt there is a story hanging thereby, — something to do with a lady-love, not unlikely; and a fine ballad it would make, if one but knew it. The records, however, state only the bare fact.

Then there was, a hundred years later than this, a man who got to be mayor of Chester by a very strange chance. He was a ribbon weaver, in a small way, kept a shop in Shoemaker's Row, and lived in a little house backing on the Falcon Inn. All of a sudden he blossomed out into a rich silk mercer; bought a fine estate just outside the city, built a grand house, and generally assumed the airs and manners of a dignitary. As is the way of the world now, so then: people soon took him at his surface showing, forgot all about the mystery of his sudden wealth, and presently made him mayor of Chester. Afterward it came out, though never in such fashion that anything was done about it, how the mayor got his money. Just before the mysterious rise in his fortunes, a great London banking house had been robbed of a large sum of money by one of its clerks, who ran away, came to Chester, and went into hiding at the Falcon Inn. He was tracked and overtaken late one night. Hearing his pursuers on the stairs, he sprang from his bed and threw the treasure bags out of the window, plump into the ribbon weaver's back yard; where the disappointed constables naturally never thought of looking, and went back to London much chagrined, carrying only the man, and no money. None of the money having been found on the robber, he escaped conviction, but subsequently, for another offense, was tried, convicted, and executed. I take it for granted that it must have been he who told in his last hours what he did with the money bags: for certainly no one else knew; that is, no one else except Mr. Samuel Jarvis, the ribbon weaver, who, much astonished, had picked them up before daylight, the morning after they had been thrown into his back yard. It is certain that he kept his mouth shut, and proceeded to turn the money to the best possible account in the shortest possible time. But an evil fate seemed to attach to the dishonestly gotten riches;

Jarvis dying without issue, his estate all went to a man named Doe, "a gardener, at Greg's Pit," whose sons and grandsons spent the last penny of it in riotous living. So there is now "nothing to show for" that money, for the stealing of which one man was tried for his life, and another man made mayor of Chester; which would all come in capitally in a ballad, if a ballad-monger chose.

Of the famous Chester Rows, nobody has ever yet contrived to give a description intelligible to one who had not seen them. The more familiarly they are known, the more fantastic and bewildering they seem, and the less one is sure how to speak of them. Whether it is that the sidewalk goes up-stairs, or the front second-story bed-room comes down into the street; whether the street itself be in the basement or the cellar, or the sidewalk be on the roofs of the houses; where any one of them all begins or leaves off, it would be a courageous narrator that tried to explain. They appear to have been as much of a puzzle two hundred years ago as to-day; for the devout old chronicler of the Vale-Royale, essaying to describe them, wrote the following paragraph, which, delicious as it is to those who know Chester, I think must be a stumbling-block and foolishness to those who do not. He says there is "a singular property of praise to this city, whereof I know not the like of any other: there be towards the street fair rooms, both for shops and dwelling-houses, to which there is rather a descent than an equal height with the floor or pavement of the street. Yet the principal dwelling-houses and shops for the chiefest Trades are mounted a story higher, and before the Doors and Entries a continued Row, on either side the street, for people to pass to and fro all along the said houses, out of all annoyance of Rain, or other foul weather, with stairs fairly built, and neatly maintained to step down out of those Rowes into the open streets: almost at every second house: and the said Rowes built over the head with such of the Chambers and Rooms for the most part as are the best rooms in every one of the said houses.

"It approves itself to be of most excellent use, both for dry and easy passage of all sorts of people upon their necessary occasions, as also for the sending away, of all or the most Passengers on foot from the passage of the street, amongst laden and empty Carts, loaden and travelling Horses, lumbering Coaches, Beer Carts, Beasts, Sheep, Swine, and all annoyances, which what a confused trouble it makes in other cities, especially where great stirring is, there 's none that can be ignorant."

He also suggests another advantage of this arrangement, which seems by no means unlikely to have been part of its original reason for being, namely, that "when the enemy entered they might avoid the danger of the Horsemen, and might annoy the Enemies as they passed through the Streets." Probably in this writer's day the marvel of the construction of the Rows was even greater than it is now; in many instances the first story was excavated out of solid rock, so you began by going down-stairs at the outset. These first stories of the ancient Cestrians are beneath the cellars of the Rows to-day; and every now and then, in deepening a vault or cellar-way, workmen come on old Roman altars, built there by the "Legyons" of Julius or Claudius Cæsar, dedicated to "Nymphs and Fountains," or other genii of the day; baths, too, with their pillars and perforated tiles still in place, as they were in the days when cleanly and luxurious Roman soldiers took Turkish baths there, after hot victories. Knowing about these lower strata adds a weird charm to the fascination of strolling along in the balconies above, looking in, now at a jeweler's window, now at a smart haberdashery shop, now at some

neat housekeeper's bedroom window, now into a mysterious chink-like passage-way winding off into the heart of the building; and then, perhaps, presto! descending a staircase, a few feet, to another tier of similar shop windows, domiciles, garret alleys, and dormer-window bazars; and the next thing, plump down again, ten feet or so more, into the very street itself. Indeed are they, as the Vale-Royale says, "a singular property of praise to this city, whereof I know not the like of any other."

One manifest use and enjoyment of this medley of in and out, up and down, above and below, balconies, basements, attics, dormer windows, gables, and casements, the old chronicler failed to mention, but there can never have been a day or a generation which has not discovered it, and that is the convenient overlooking of all that goes on in the street below. What rare and comfortable nooks for the spying on processions, and all manner of shows and spectacles! To sit snug in one's best chamber, ten feet above the street, ten feet out into it, with windows looking up and down the highway, — what vantage it must have been in the days when the Miracle Plays went wheeling along from street to street, played on double scaffolded carts; the players attiring themselves on the lower scaffold, while the play was progressing on the upper! They began to do this in Chester in the year of our Lord 1268. There were generally in use at one time, twenty-four of the wheeled stages: as soon as one play was over, its stage was wheeled along to the next street, and another took its place. The plays were called Mysteries, and were devised for the giving of instruction in the Old and New Testament, which had been so long sealed books to the people. Luther gave them his sanction, saying, "Such spectacles often do more good and produce more impression than sermons."

The old chronicles are full of quaint and interesting entries in regard to these plays. The different trades and guilds of the city represented different acts in the holy dramas: —

The Barkers and Tanners, *The Fall of Lucifer.*

Drapers and Hosiers, *The Creation of the World.*

Drawers of Dee and Water Leaders, *Noe and his Shippe.*

Barbers, Wax Chandlers, and Leeches, *Abraham and Isaac.*

Cappers, Wire Drawers, and Pinners, *Balak and Balaam with Moses.*

Wrights, Slaters, Tylers, Daubers, and Thatchers, *The Nativity.*

In 1574 these plays were played for the last time. There had been several attempts before to suppress them. One Chester mayor, Henry Hardware by name, being a "godly and zealous man, caused the gyauntes in the midsomer show to be broken up, not to go; and the devil in his feathers he put awaye, and the caps, and the canes, and dragon and the naked boys."

But it was reserved for another mayor, Sir John Savage, Knight, to have the honor of finally putting an end to the pageants. "Sir John Savage, knight, being Mayor of Chester, which was the laste time they were played, and we praise God, and praye that we see not the like profanation of holy Scriptures, but O, the mercie of God for the time of our ignorance!" says an old history, written in 1595.

At intervals between these pious suppressions, carnal and pleasure-loving persons made great efforts to restore the plays; and there are some very curious accounts of expenditures made in Chester, under mayors less godly than Hardware and Savage, for the rehabilitation of some of the old properties of the sacred pageants: "For finding all the materials with the workmanship of the four great giants, all to be made new, as neere as may be, lyke as they were before, at five pounds a giant, the least

that can be, and four men to carry them at two shillings and sixpence each."

These redoubtable giants, which could not be made at less than five pounds apiece, were constructed out of "hoops, deal boards, nails, pasteboards, scale-board, paper of various sorts, buckram size cloth, old sheets for their bodies, sleeves and shirts, tinsille, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, colors of different kinds, and glue in abundance." Last, not least, came the item, "For arsknick to put into the paste to save the giants from being eaten by the rats, one shilling and fourpence."

It is at first laughable to think of a set of city fathers summing up such accounts as these for a paper baby show, but upon second thought the question occurs whether city funds are any better administered in these days. The paper giants, feathered devils, and dragons were cheaper than champagne suppers and stationery nowadays in "hede and chefe" cities.

When the Mystery Plays were finally forbidden, it seemed dull times for a while in Chester; but at last the people contrived an ingenious resuscitation of the old amusements under new names, and with new themes, to which nobody could object. They dramatized old stories, legends, histories of kings, and the like. The story of Æneas and Queen Dido was one of the first played. No doubt all the "gyauntes" and hobbie-de-horses which had not been eaten up by rats and moths came in as effectively in the second dispensation as in the first. The only one of the later plays of which an account has been preserved was played in 1608, in honor of the oldest son of James I., by the sheriff of Chester, who himself wrote a flaming account of it.

He says, "Zeal produced it, love devized it, boyes performed it, men beheld it, and none but fools dispraised it. . . . The chiefest part of this people-pleasing spectacle consisted in three Bees, that is, Boyes, Beastes, and Bels." Allegory, mythology, music, fireworks, and ground and lofty tumbling were jumbled together in a fine way, in the sheriff's show. Envy was on horseback with a wreath of snakes around her head; Plenty, Peace, Fame, and Joy were personated; Mercury came down from heaven with wings, in a cloud; a "wheele of fire burning very cunningly, with other fireworks, mounted the Crosse by the assistance of ropes, in the midst of heavenly melody;" and, to top off with, a grotesque figure climbed up to the top of the Crosse, and stood on his head, with his feet in the air, "very dangerously and wonderfully to the view of the beholders, and casting fireworks very delightfull."

Truly, the sheriff's language seems hardly too strong, when he says that none but fools dispraised his spectacle.

These secular shows never attained the popularity of the old Mystery Plays. That mysterious halo of attraction which always invests the forbidden undoubtedly heightened the reputed charm of the never-more-to-be-seen sacred pageants, and led people to continually depreciate the value of all entertainments offered as substitutes for them. Probably in the midst of the heavenly melodies and "fireworks very delightfull," at the sheriff's grand show, old men went about shaking their heads regretfully, and saying, "Ah, but you should have seen the gyaunts we used to have forty years ago, and the way they played the Fall of Lucifer in 1574; there 's never been anything like it since;" and immediately all the young people who had never seen a Miracle Play began to be full of dissatisfied wonder as to what they were like.

But what the shows and pageants lacked in the early days of the seventeenth century, grand processions went a long way towards making up. It is evident that Chester people never missed an occasion for turning out in fine array,

and there being always somebody who took the trouble to write a full account of the parade, we of to-day know almost as much about it as if we had been on the spot. The old chronicles in the Chester public library are running over with quaint and gay stories of such doings as the following: "Came to Chester, being Saturday, the Duchess of Tremoyle, from France, mother-in-law to the Lord Strange: and all the Gentry of Cheshier, Flintshier, and Denbighshier went to meet her at Hoole's Heath, with the Earl of Derby; being at least six hundred horse. All the Gentle Men of the artelery yard lately erected in Chester, met her in Cow Lane, in very stately manner, all with greate white and blew fethers, and went before her chariot, in march, to the Bishop's Pallas, and making a yard, let her thro the middest, and then gave her three volleys of shot, and so returned to their yard. . . . So many knights, esquires, and Gentle Men never were in Chester, no, not to meet King James when he went to Chester."

This Cow Lane is now called Frodsham Street; and on one of its corners is the building in which William Penn, in his day, preached more than once, setting forth doctrines which the Duchess of Tremoyle would have much disrelished in her day, as would also the artelery Gentle Men with their greate white and blew fethers. King James himself is said to have once dropped in at this Quaker meeting-house, when Penn was preaching, and to have sat, attentive, through the entire discourse.

And so we come down through the centuries, from the pasteboard gyaunt and glued dragon, winged Mercury with fire-wheel, Duchess of Tremoyle with her plumed horsemen, to the grim but gentle Quaker, holding feathers pernicious, plays deadly, and permitting to the people nothing but plain yea and nay. Of all this, and worlds more like it, and gayer and wilder, — sadder, too, — is the Chester air so brimful that, as I said in the beginning, it seems perpetually to go lilting about one's ears.

Leaving the library, with its quaint and fascinating old records, and turning aside at intervals from the more ancient landmarks of the streets to observe the ways and conditions of the Cestrians now, the traveler is no less repaid. Every rod of the sidewalk is a study for its present as well as for its past. The venders are a guild by themselves, as much to-day as they were in the sixteenth century. They build up their stuffs, their old chairs, chests, brooms, crockery, and tinware, in stacks of confusion, in shelf-like balconies, on beams hanging overhead and in corners and nooks underfoot, all along the most ancient of the Rows. It is a piece of good luck to walk past half a dozen doors there without jostling something on the right or left, and bringing down a clattering pile on one's heels. From shadowy recesses, men and women eager for trade dart out, eying the stranger sharply. They are connoisseurs in customers, if in nothing else, the Cestrian dealers of to-day. They know at a glance who will give ten shillings and sixpence for a cream jug without any nose and with a big crack in one side, on the bare chance of its being old Welsh. There is much excuse for their spreading out their goods over the highway, as they do, for the shops themselves are closets, — six by eight, eight by ten; ten by twelve is a spacious mart, in comparison with the average. Deprived of the outside nooks between the pillars of the arcade, the dealers would be sorely put to it for room. It is becoming, however, a disputed question, whether the renting of these shops includes any right to the covered ways in front of them; and there is great anxiety among the inhabitants of the more dilapidated portions of the Rows in consequence.

"There 's a deespute with the corporation, mem, as to whether we hown the stalls or not," said an energetic furni-

ture-wife (if fish-wife, why not furniture-wife?) to me one day, as I was laughingly steering a cautious passage among her shaky pyramids of fourth or twentieth hand furniture. "It 's lasted a while now, an' they 've not forced us to give 'em hup as yet; but I 'm afeard they may bring it about," she added, with the dogged humility of her class. "They 've everything their own way, the corporation."

It is worth while to take a turn down some of the crevice-like alleys in these Rows, and see where the people live; see also where the nobility gets part of its wherewithal to eat, drink, and be clothed.

Often there is to be seen at the far end of these crevices a point of sunlight; like the gleaming point of light seen ahead, in going through a rayless tunnel. This betokens a tiny court-yard in the rear. These court-yards are always well worth seeing. They are paved, sometimes with tiles evidently hundreds of years old. The different properties of the dozens of families living in tenements opening on the court are arranged around its sides, apparently each family keeping scrupulously to its own little hand's-breadth of room; frequently a tiny flower-bed, or a single plant in a pot, gives a gleam of cheer to the place. In such a court-yard as this, I found, one morning, a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little maid, scrubbing away for dear life, with a broom and soap-suds, on the old tiles. She was not over nine years old; her bare legs and feet were pink and chubby, and she had a smile like a sunbeam.

"I saw the sun shining in here so brightly, that I walked up the alley to see how it got in," I said to her.

"Yes, mem," she said, with a courtesy. "It do shine in here beautiful," and she looked up at the sky, smiling.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

"About nine months, mem. I 'm only in service, mem," she continued with a deprecating courtesy, modestly anxious to disclaim the honor of having any proprietary right in the place.

"We 've five rooms, mem," she went on. "It 's a very nice lodging, if you 'd like to see it;" and she threw open a door into an infinitesimal parlor, out of which opened a still smaller dining-room, lighted only by a window in the parlor door. There were two bedrooms above, reached by a nearly upright stairway, not over two feet wide. The fifth room was a "beautiful washroom," which the little maiden exhibited with even more pride than she had shown the parlor. "It 's three families has it together, mem," she explained. "It 's a great thing to get a washroom. And we 've a coal-hole, too, mem," she said eagerly; "you passed it, coming up," and she stepped a few paces down the alley and threw open a door into a rayless place, possibly five by seven feet in size. "It used to be a bedroom, mem, to the opposite house; but it 's empty now, so we gets it for coal." I could not take my eyes from the child's face, as she prattled and pattered along. She looked like an angel. Her face shone with loyalty, pride, and happiness. I envied the poverty-stricken dwellers in this court their barefooted handmaiden, and would have taken her then and there, if I could, into my own service for her lifetime. As we stood talking, another door opened, and a grizzled old head popped out.

"Good-morning, mem," said the child, cheerily, making the same respectful courtesy she had made to me. "I 'm just showin' the lady what nice lodgin's we 've 'ere in the court."

"Humph," said the old woman gruffly, as she tottered out, leaving her door wide open, "they 're nothin' to boast of."

Her own lodging certainly was not. It was literally little more than a chamber in the wall: it had no window, except one small square pane above the door. You could hardly stand upright

in it, and not much more than turn around. The walls were hung full: household utensils, clothes, even her two or three books, were hung up by strings; there being only room for one tiny table, besides the stove. In one corner stood a step-ladder, which led up through a hole in the ceiling to the cranny overhead in which she slept. This was all the old woman had. She lived here alone, and she paid to the Duke of Westminster two shillings and sixpence a week for the rent of the place. "It 's dear at the rent," she said; "but it 's a respectable place, an' I think a deal o' that," and she sighed.

The name of the Duke of Westminster and the value of that two and sixpence to his grace meant more to me that morning than it would have done twenty-four hours earlier; for on the previous afternoon we had visited his palace, the famous Eaton Hall. We had walked there for weary hours over marble floors, under frescoed domes, through long lines of statues, of pictures, of stained-glass windows, hangings, carvings, and rare relics and trophies innumerable. We had seen the duchess's window balcony, one waving mass of yellow musk. "Her ladyship is very fond of musk. It is always to be kept flowering at her window," we were told.

We had walked also through a glass corridor three hundred and seventy-five yards long, draped with white clematis and heliotrope on one side, and on the other banked high with geraniums, carnations, and all manner of flowers. Opening at intervals in these banks of flowers were doors into other conservatories: one was filled chiefly with rare orchids, like an enchanted aviary of humming-birds, arrested on the wing; gold and white, purple and white, brown and gold, green, snowy white, orange; some of them as large as a fleur-de-lis. Another house was filled with ferns and palms, green, luxuriant, like a bit of tropical forest brought across seas for his grace's pleasure. The most superb sight of all was the lotus house. Cleopatra herself might have flushed with pleasure at beholding it. A deep tank, sixty feet long, and twenty wide, filled with white and blue and pink blossoms, floating, swaying, lolling on the dark water; seemingly to uphold the glass roof canopying this lotus-decked sea, rose slender columns, wreathed with thunbergia vines in full bloom, yellow, orange, and white; the glass walls of the building were set thick and high with maiden-hair and other rare ferns, interspersed at irregular intervals with solid masses of purple or white flowers. The spell of the place, of its warm, languid air, was beyond words: it was bewildering.

All this being vivid in my mind, I started at hearing his grace's name from the old woman's lips.

"So these houses belong to the Duke of Westminster, do they?" I replied.

"Yes, ee 's the 'ole o' 't," she answered; "an' a power o' money it brings 'im in, considerin' its size. 'Ee 's big rents in this town. Mebbe ye 've bin out t' 'is 'all? It 's a gran' sight, I 'm told. I 've never seen it."

I was minded then to tell about the duke's flowers. It would have been only a bit of a fairy story to the little maid, a bright spot in her still bright horizons; but I forbore, for the sake of the old woman's soul, already enough wrung and embittered by the long strain of her hard lot, and its contrast with that of her betters, without having that contrast enforced by a vivid picture of the duke's hot-houses. My own memory of them was darkened forever, — unreasonably so, perhaps; but the antithesis came too suddenly and soon for me ever to separate the pictures.

The archæologist in Chester will frequently be lured from its streets to its still more famous walls. This side Rome

there is no such piece of Roman masonry work, to be seen. Here, indeed, is the air full of ballad measures, to which one must step, if he go his way thinking at all. The four great gates, north, south, east, and west, — three kept by earls, and only one owned by the citizens; the lesser posterns, with commoner names, born of their different sorts of traffic, or the fords to which they led; the towers and turrets, fought over, lost and won, and won and lost, trod by centuries of brave fighters whose names live forever; bridgeways and arches in their own successions, of as noble lineage as any lineages of men, — of such are the walls of Chester. They surround the old city: are nearly two miles in length, and were originally of the width prescribed in the ancient Roman manual of Vitruvius, "that two armed men may pass each other without impediment." There are many places now, however, which would by no means come up to that standard; nature having usurped much space with her various growths, and time having been chipping away at them as well. In fact, on some portions of the wall, there is only a narrow grassy footpath, such as might wind around in a village churchyard. To come up by hoary stone stairs, out of the bustling street, atop of the wall, and out on such a bit of footpath as this, with an outlook over the Rood Eye meadow and off toward the region of the old Welsh castles, is a fine early-morning treat in Chester. Some of the towers are now sunk to the ignoble uses of heterogeneous museums. Old women have the keys, and for a fee admit curious people to the ancient chambers and keeps, where, after having the satisfaction of standing where kings have stood, and looking off over fields where kings' battles were fought, they can gaze at glass cases full of curiosities and relics of one sort and another, sometimes of an incredible worthlessness. In the tower known as King Charles's Tower, from the fact of Charles the First having stood there, on the 27th of September, 1645, overlooking the to him luckless battle of Rowton Moor, is the most miscellaneous collection of odds and ends ever offered to public gaze. A very old woman keeps the key of this tower, and is herself by no means the least of the curiosities in it. She was born in Chester, and recollects well when all the space outside the old walls, which is now occupied by the modern city, was chiefly woods; she used to go, in her childhood, to play and to gather flowers in them. The fact that King Charles once looked through the window of this turret has grown, by a sort of geometrical ratio relative to the number of years she has been reiterating the statement, into a colossally disproportionate place in her mind.

"The king, mem, stood just where you 're standin' now," she says over and over and over, in a mechanical manner, as long as you remain in the tower. I wondered if she said it all night, in her sleep; and if, if one were to spend a whole day in the tower, she would never stop saying it. She was an enthusiastic show-woman of her little store; undismayed by any amount of indifference on the part of her listeners. "Ere 's a face you know mem, I dare say," producing from one corner of the glass case a cheap newspaper picture, much soiled, of General Grant. "'Ee was in this tower, last summer, and 'ee was much hinterested."

Next to General Grant's portrait came "a ring snake from Kentucky." "It 's my brother, mem, brought that over: twenty years ago, ee was in Hamerica. You must undustand the puttin' of 'em hup better than we do, mem, for ere 's these salamanders was only put hup two years ago, an' they 've quite gone a'ready, in that time."

She had a statuette of King Charles, Cromwell's chaplain's broth bowl, a bit of a bed-quilt of Queen Anne's, a black

snake from Australia, a fine-tooth comb from Africa, a tattered fifty-cent piece of American paper currency, and a string of shell money from the South Sea Islands, all arranged in close proximity. Taking up the bit of American currency, she held it out toward us, saying, inquiringly, "Hextinct now, mem, I believe?" I think she can hardly have recovered even yet from the bewilderment into which she was thrown by our convulsive laughter and ejaculated reply, "Oh, no. Would that it were!"

In a clear day can be seen from this tower, a dozen or so miles to the south, the ruins of a castle built by Earl Randel Blundeville. He was the Earl Randel of whom Roger Lacy, constable of Cheshire in 1204, made a famous rescue, once on a time. The earl, it seems, was in a desperate strait, besieged in one of his castles by the Welsh; perhaps in this very castle. Roger Lacy, hearing of the earl's situation, forthwith made a muster of all the tramps, beggars, and rapscallions he could find: "a tumultuous rout," says the chronicle, "of loose, disorderly, and dissolute persons, players, minstrels, shoemakers and the like, and marched speedily towards the enemy." The Welsh, seeing so great a multitude coming, raised their siege and fled; and the earl, thus delivered, showed his gratitude to Constable Roger by conferring upon him perpetual authority over the loose, idle persons in Cheshire; making the office hereditary in the Lacy family. A thankless dignity, one would suppose, at best; by no means a sinecure, at any time, and during the season of the Midsummer Fairs a terrible responsibility: it being the law of the land that during those fairs the city of Chester was for the space of one month a free city of refuge for all criminals, of whatsoever degree; in token of which a glove was hung out at St. Peter's Church, on the first day of the fairs.

There is another good tale of Roger Lacy's prowess. He seems to have been a roving fighter, for he once held a castle in Normandy, for King John, against the French, "with such gallantry that after all his victuals were spent, having been besieged almost a year, and many assaults of the enemy made, but still repulsed by him, he mounts his horse, and issues out of the castle with his troop into the middest of his enemies, chusing rather to die like a soldier, than to starve to death. He slew many of the enemy, but was at last with much difficulty taken prisoner; so he and his soldiers were brought prisoners to the King of France, where, by the command of the king, Roger Lacy was to be held no strict prisoner, for his great honesty and trust in keeping the Castle so gallantly. . . . King John's letter to Roger Lacy concerning the keeping of the said castle, you may see among the Norman writings put out by Andrew du Chesne, and printed at Paris in 1619." Of all of which, if no ballad have ever been written, it is certain that songs must have been sung by minstrels at the time; and the name of the brave Roger's lady-love was well suited to minstrelsy, she being one Maud de Clare. Plain Roger Lacy and Maud de Clare! The dullest fancy takes a leap at the sound of the two names.

In the same old chronicle which gives these and many other narratives of Roger Lacy is the history of a singular, half-witted being, who was known in Vale-Royale, in the fifteenth century, as Nixon the Prophet. How much that the old records claim for him, in the way of minute and minutely fulfilled prophecies, is to be set down to the score of ignorant superstition, it is hard now to say; but there must have been some foundation in fact for the narrative. Robert Nixon was the son of a farmer in Cheshire County, and was born in the year 1467. His stupidity and ignorance were said to be "invincible." No

efforts could make him understand anything save the care of cattle, and even in this he showed at times a brutish and idiotic cruelty. He had a very rough, coarse voice, but said little, sometimes passing whole months without opening his lips to speak. He began very early to foretell events, and with an apparently preternatural accuracy. When he was a lad, he was seen, one day, to abuse an ox belonging to his brother. To a person threatening to inform his brother of this act, Robert replied that three days later his brother would not own the ox. Sure enough, on the next day a life inheritance came into the estate on which his brother was a tenant, and that very ox was taken for the "heriot bond to the new owner." One of the abbey monks having displeased him, he exclaimed, —

> "When you the harrow come on high,
> Soon a raven's nest will be."

The couplet was thought at the time to be simple nonsense: but as it turned out, the last abbot of that monastery was named Harrow; and when the king suppressed the monastery he gave the domain to Sir Thomas Holcroft, whose crest was a raven.

It was also one of Nixon's predictions that the two abbeys of Vale-Royale and Norton should meet on Orton bridge and the thorn growing in the abbey yard should be its door.

When the abbeys were pulled down, in the time of the Reformation, stones taken from each of them were used in rebuilding that bridge; and the thorn-tree was cut down, and placed as a barrier across the entrance to the abbey court, to keep the sheep from entering there.

The most remarkable of Nixon's predictions or revelations was at the time of the battle on Bosworth Field between Richard III. and Henry VII. On that day, as he was driving a pair of oxen, he stopped suddenly, and with his whip pointing now one way, now another, cried aloud, "Now Richard," "Now Harry!" At last he said, "Now, Harry, get over that ditch, and you gain the day!" The plowmen with him were greatly amazed, and related to many persons what had passed. When a courier came through the country announcing the result of the battle he verified every word Nixon had said.

This courier, when he returned to court, recounted Nixon's predictions; and King Henry was so impressed by them that he at once sent orders to have him brought to the palace.

Before this messenger arrived, Nixon ran about like a madman, weeping and crying that the king was about sending for him, and that he must go to court, to be starved to death.

In a few days the royal messenger appeared. Nixon was turning the spit in his brother's kitchen. Just before the messenger came in sight, he shrieked out, "He is on the road! He is coming for me! I shall be starved!"

Lamenting loudly, he was carried away almost by force, and taken into the presence of the king, who tried him with various tests: among others, he hid a diamond ring, and commanded Nixon to find it; but all the answer he got from the cunning varlet was, "He that hideth can find." The king caused all he said to be carefully noted and put down in writing; gave him the run of the palace, and commanded that no one should molest or offend him any way.

One day, when the king was setting off on a hunt, Nixon ran to him, crying and begging to be allowed to go, too; saying that his time had come now, and he would be starved if he were left behind. To humor his whim and ease his fears, the king gave him into the especial charge and keeping of one of the chief officers of the court. The officer, in turn, to make sure that no ill befell the poor fellow, locked him up in one of his private rooms, and with his own hands carried food to him. But after a

day or two, a very urgent message from the king calling this officer suddenly away, in the haste of his departure he forgot Nixon, and left him locked up in the apartment. No one missed him or discovered him, and when at the end of three days the officer returned, Nixon was found dead — dead, as he had himself foretold, of starvation. It is a strange and pitiful story, a tale suited to its century, and could not be left out were there ever to be written a ballad-history of the Vale-Royale's olden days.

It is a question, in early mornings in Chester, whether to take a turn on the ancient walls, listening to echoes such as these from all the fair country in sight in embrace of the Dee, or to saunter through the market, and hear the shriller but no less characteristic voice of Cestrian life to-day.

Markets are always good vantage-grounds for studying the life and people of a place or region. The true traveler never feels completely at home in a town till he has been in the markets. Many times I have gathered from the chance speech of an ignorant market man or woman information I had been in search of for days. Markets are especially interesting in places where caste and class lines are strongly drawn, as in England. The market man or woman whose ancestors have been of the same following, and who has no higher ambition in life than to continue, and if possible enhance, the good will and the good name of the business, is good authority to consult on all matters within his range. There is a self-poise about him, the result of his satisfaction with his own position, which is dignified and pleasing.

On my last morning in Chester, I spent an hour or two in the markets, and encountered two good specimens of this class. One was a fair, slender girl, so unexceptionably dressed in a plain, well-cut ulster that, as I observed her in the crowd of market-women, I supposed she was a young housekeeper, out for her early marketing: but presently, to my great astonishment, I saw her with her own hands measuring onions into a huckster-woman's basket. On drawing nearer, I discovered that she was the proprietress of a natty vegetable cart, piled full of all sorts of green stuff, which she was selling to the sellers. She could not have been more than eighteen. Her manner and speech were prompt, decisive, business-like, she wasted no words in her transactions. Her little brother held the sturdy pony's reins, and she stood by the side of the cart, ready to take orders. She said that she lived ten miles out of town; that she and her three brothers had a large market garden, of which they did all the work with their own hands, and she and this lad brought the produce to market daily.

"I make more sellin' 'olesale than sellin' standin'," she said; "an' I 'm 'ome again by ten o'clock, to be at the work."

I observed that all who bought from her addressed her as "miss," and bore themselves toward her with a certain respectfulness of demeanor, showing that they considered her avocation a grade or so above their own.

A matronly woman, with pink cheeks and bright hazel eyes, had walked in from her farm, a distance of six miles, because the load of greens, eggs, poultry, and flowers was all that her small pony could draw. Beautiful moss roses she had, at "thrippence" a bunch.

"No, no, Ada, not any more," she said, in a delicious low voice, to a child by her side, who was slyly taking a rose from one of the baskets. "You 've enough there. It hurts them to lie in the 'ot sun. My daughter, mem," she explained, as the little thing shrunk back, covered with confusion, and pretended to be very busy arranging the flowers on a little board laid across two

stones, behind which she was squatted, — "my daughter, mem. All the profits of the flowers they sell are their own, mem. They puts it all in the missionary box. They 'd eighteen an' six last year, mem, in all, besides what they put in the school box. Yes, mem, indeed they had."

It struck me that this devout mother took a strange view of the meaning of the word "own," and I did not spend so much money on Ada's flowers as I would have done if I had thought Ada would have the spending of it herself, in her own childish way. But I bought a big bunch of red and white daisies, and another of columbines, white pinks, ivy, and poppies; and the little maid, barely ten years old, took my silver, made change, and gave me the flowers with a winsome smile and a genuine market-woman's "Thank you, mem."

It was a pretty scene: the open space in front of the market building, filled with baskets, bags, barrows, piles of fresh green things, chiefly of those endless cabbage species, which England so proudly enumerates when called upon to mention her vegetables; the dealers were principally women, with fresh, fair faces, rosy cheeks, and soft voices; in the outer circle, scores of tiny donkey carts, in which the vegetables had been brought. One chubby little girl, surely not more than seven, was beginning her market-woman's training by minding the donkey, while her mother attended to trade. As she stood by the donkey's side, her head barely reached to his ears; but he entered very cleverly into the spirit of the farce of being kept in place by such a mite, and to that end employed her busily in feeding him with handfuls of grass. If she stopped, he poked his nose into her neck and rummaged under her chin, till she began again. All had flowers to sell, if it were only a single bunch, or plant in a pot; and there were in the building several fine stalls entirely filled with flowers, — roses, carnations, geraniums, and wonderful pansies. Noticing, in one stall, a blossom I had never before seen, I asked the old woman who kept the stand to tell me its name. She clapped her hand to her head tragically. "'Deed, mem, it 's strange. Ye 're the second has asked me the name o' that flower; an' it 's gone out o' my head. If the young lady that has the next stand was here, she 'd tell ye. It was from her I got the roots: she 's a great botanist, mem, an' a fine gardener. Could I send ye the name o' 't, mem? I 'd be pleased to accommodate ye, an' may be ye 'd like a root or two o' 't. It 's a free grower. We 've 'ad a death in the house, mem, — my little grandchild, only a few hours ill, — an' it seems like it' ad confused the 'ole 'ouse. We 've not 'ad 'eart to take pains with the flowers yet."

The old woman's artless, garrulous words smote like a sudden bell-note echo from a far past, — an echo that never ceases, for hearts that have once known how bell notes sound when bells toll for beloved dead! The thoughts her words woke seemed to span Chester's centuries more vividly than all the old chronicle traditions and legends, than sculptured Roman altar, or coin, or graven story in stone. The strange changes they recorded were but things of the surface, conditions of the hour. Through and past them all, life remained the same. Grief and joy do not alter shape or sort. Love and love's losses and hurts are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

H. H.

THE BISHOP'S VAGABOND.

The Bishop was walking down the wide Aiken street. He was the only bishop in Aiken, and they made much of him, accordingly, though his diocese was in the West, which of course was a drawback.

He was a tall man, with a handsome, kind face under his shovel hat; portly, as a bishop should be, and having a twinkle of humor in his eye. He dressed well and soberly, in the decorous habiliments of his office. "So English," the young ladies of the Highland Park Hotel used to whisper to each other, admiring him. Perhaps this is the time to mention that the Bishop was a widower.

To-day he walked at a gentle pace, repeatedly lifting his hat in answer to a multitude of salutations; for it was a bright April day, and the street was thronged. There was the half-humorous incongruity between the people and the place always visible in a place where two thirds of the population are a mere pleasant-weather growth, dependent on the climate. Groups of Northerners stood in the red and blue and green door-ways of the gay little shops, or sauntered past them; easily distinguished by their clothing and their air of unaccustomed and dissatisfied languor. One could pick out at a glance the new-comers just up from Florida; they were so decorated with alligator-tooth jewelry, and gazed so contemptuously at the oranges and bananas in the windows. The native Southerners were equally conspicuous, in the case of the men, from their careless dress and placid demeanor. A plentiful sprinkling of black and yellow skins added to the picturesque character of the scene. Over it all hung a certain holiday air, the reason for which one presently detected to be an almost universal wearing of flowers, — bunches of roses, clusters of violets or trailing arbutus, or twigs of yellow jasmine; while barefooted boys, with dusky faces and gleaming teeth, proffered nosegays at every corner. The Aiken nosegay has this peculiarity, — the flowers are wedged together with unexampled tightness. Truly enough may the little venders boast, "Dey 's orful lots o' roses in dem, mister; you 'll fin' w'en you onties 'em." No one of the pedestrians appeared to be in a hurry; and under all the holiday air of flowers there was a pathetic disproportion of pale and weary faces.

But if they did not hurry on the sidewalk, there was plenty of motion in the street; horses in Aiken being always urged to their full speed, — which, to be sure, is not alarming. Now, carriages were whirling by and riders galloping in both directions. The riders were of every age, sex, and condition: pretty girls in jaunty riding habits, young men with polo mallets, old men and children, and grinning negroes lashing their sorry hacks with twigs. Of the carriages, it would be hard to tell which was the more noticeable, the smartness of the vehicles, or the jaded depression of the thin beasts that pulled them. Where Park and Ashland avenues meet at right angles the crowd was most dense. There, on one side, one sees the neat little post-office and the photographer's gallery, and off in the distance the white pine towers of the hotel, rising out of its green hills; on the other, the long street slowly climbs the hill, through shops and square white houses with green blinds, set back in luxuriant gardens. At this corner two persons were standing, a young man and a young woman, both watching the Bishop. The young woman was tall, handsome, and — always an attraction in Aiken —

evidently not an invalid. The erect grace of her slim figure, the soft and varying color on her cheek, the light in her beautiful brown eyes, — all were the unmistakable signs of health. The young man was a good-looking little fellow, perfectly dressed, and having an expression of indolent amusement on his delicate features. He had light yellow hair, cut closely enough to show the fine outline of his head, a slight mustache waxed at the ends, and a very fair complexion.

The young woman was speaking. "Do you see to whom my father is talking, Mr. Talboys?" said she.

"Plainly, he has picked up his vagabond."

"Demming? Yes, it *is* Demming."

"Now I wonder, do you know," said the young man, "what induces the Bishop to waste his time on such hopeless moral trash as that." He spoke in a pleasant, slow voice, with an English accent.

"It is n't hopeless to him, I suppose," she answered. Her voice also was slow, and it was singularly sweet.

"I think it must be his sense of humor," he continued. "The Bishop loves a joke, and Demming is a droll fellow. He is a sort of grim joke himself, you know, a high-toned gentleman who lives by begging. He brings his bag to the hotels every day. Of course you have heard him talk, Miss Louise. His strong card is his wife. 'Th' ole 'ooman 's nigh blin','" — here Talboys gave a very good imitation of the South Carolina local drawl — "'an' she 's been so tenderly raised she cyan't live 'thout cyoffee three times a day!'"

"I have heard that identical speech," said Louise, smiling as Talboys knew she would smile over the imitation. "He gets a good deal from the Northerners, I fancy."

"Enough to enable him to be a pillar of the saloons," said Talboys. "He is a lavish soul, and treats the crowd when he prospers in his profession. Once his money gave out before the crowd's thirst. 'Never min', gen'lemen,' says our friend, 'res' easy. I see the Bishop agwine up the street; I 'll git a dollar from him. Yes, wait; I won't be gwine long.'"

"And he got the money?"

"Oh, yes. I believe he got it to buy quinine for 'th' ole 'ooman,' who was down with the break-bone fever. He is like Yorick, 'a fellow of infinite jest' — in the way of lying. He talks well, too. You ought to hear him discourse on politics. As he gets most of his revenue from the North, he is kind enough to express the friendliest sentiments. 'I wuz opposed to the wah's bein'' is his standard speech, 'an' now I 'm opposed to its continnerin'.' For all that, he was a mild kind of Ku-Klux."

"He did it for money, he says," returned Louise. "The funniest thing about him is his absolute frankness after he is found out in any trick. He does n't seem to have any sense of shame, and will fairly chuckle in my father's face as he is owning up to some piece of roguery."

"You know he was in the Confederate army. Fought well, too, I 'm told. What does he do when the Northerners are gone? Aiken must be a pretty bare begging ground."

"Oh, he has a wretched little cabin out in the woods," said Louise, "and a sweet-potato patch. He raises sweet-potatoes and persimmons" —

"And pigs," Talboys interrupted. "I saw some particularly lean swine grubbing about in the sand for snakes. They feed them on snakes, in the pine barrens, you know, which serves two purposes: kills the snakes and fills the pigs. Entertainment for man and beast, don't you see? By the way, talking of being entertained, I know of a fine old Southern manor-house over the bridge."

Louise shook her head incredulously.

"I have lost faith in Southern manor-houses. Ever since I came South I have sought them vainly. All the way from Atlanta I risked my life, putting my head out of the car windows, to see the plantations. At every scrubby-looking little station we passed, the conductor would say, 'Mighty nice people live heah; great deal of wealth heah before the wah!' Then I would recklessly put my head out. I expected to see the real Southern mansion of the novelists, with enormous piazzas and Corinthian pillars and beautiful avenues; and the whitewashed cabins of the negroes in the middle distance; and the planter, in a white linen suit and a wide straw hat, sitting on the piazza drinking mint juleps. Well, I don't really think I expected the planter, but I did hope for the house. Nothing of the kind. All I saw was a moderate-sized square house, with piazzas and a flat roof, all sadly in need of paint. Now, I 'm like Betsey Prig: 'I don't believe there 's no sich person.' It 's a myth, like the good old Southern cooking."

"Oh, they do exist," said Talboys, his eyes brightening over this long speech, delivered in the softest voice in the world. "There are houses in Charleston and Beaufort and on the Lower Mississippi that suggest the novels; but, on the whole, I think the novelists have played us false. We expect to find the ruins of luxury and splendor and all that sort of thing in the South; but in point of fact there was very little luxury about Southern life. They had plenty of service, such as it was, and plenty of horses, and that was about all; their other household arrangements were painfully primitive. All the same, sha'n't we go over the bridge?"

Louise assented, and they turned and went their way in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, the Bishop and his vagabond were talking earnestly. The vagabond seemed to belong to the class known as "crackers." Poverty, sickness, and laziness were written in every flutter of his rags, in every uncouth curve or angle of his long, gaunt figure and sallow face. A mass of unkempt iron-gray hair fell about his sharp features, further hidden by a grizzly beard. His black frock coat had once adorned the distinguished and ample person of a Northern senator; it wrinkled dismally about Demming's bones, while its soiled gentility was a queer contrast to his nether garments of ragged butternut, his coarse boots, and an utterly disreputable hat, through a hole of which a tuft of hair had made its way, and waved plume-wise in the wind. Around the hat was wound a strip of rusty crape. The Bishop quickly noticed this woeful addition to the man's garb. He asked the reason.

"She 's done gone, Bishop," answered Demming, winking his eyes hard before rubbing them with a grimy knuckle; "th' ole 'ooman 's done leff' me 'lone in the worl'. It 's an orful 'fliction!" He made so pitiful a figure, standing there in the sandy road, the wind fluttering his poor token of mourning, that the Bishop's kind heart was stirred.

"I am truly sorry, Demming," said he. "Is n't this very sudden?"

"Laws, yes, Bishop, powerful suddint an' onprecedented. 'Pears 's if I could n't git myself to b'lieve it, nohow. Yes'-day ev'nin' she wuz chipper 's evah, out pickin' pine buds; an' this mahnin' she woked me up, an' says she, 'I reckon you 'd better fix the cyoffee yo'self, Demming, I feel so cu'se,' says she. An' so I did; an' when I come to gin it ter her, oh, Lordy, oh, Lordy! — 'scuse me, Bishop, — she wuz cole an' dead! Doctor cyould n't do nuthin', w'en I brung 'im. Rheumatchism o' th' heart, he says. It wuz turrible suddint, onyhow. 'Minded me o' them thar games with the thimble, you know, Bishop, — now ye see it, an' now ye don'; yes, 's quick 's thet!"

The Bishop opened his eyes at the comparison; but Demming had turned away, with a quivering lip, to bury his face in his hands, and the Bishop was reproached for his criticism of the other's *naif* phraseology. Now, to be frank, he had approached Demming prepared to show severity, rather than sympathy, because of the cracker's last flagrant wrong-doing; but his indignation, righteous though it was, took flight before grief. Forgetting judgment in mercy, he proffered all the consolations he could summon, spiritual and material, and ended by asking Demming if he had made any preparations for the funeral.

"Thet thar 's w'at I 'm yere for," replied the man mournfully. "You know jes how I 'm fixed. Cyoffins cost a heap; an' then thar 's the shroud, an' I ain't got no reg'lar fun'al cloze, an' 'pears 's ef 't 'ud be a conserlation t' have a kerridge or two. She wuz a bawn lady, Bishop; we 're kin ter some o' the real aristookracy o' Carolina, — we are, fur a fac'; an' I 'd kin' o' like ter hev her ride ter her own fun'al, onyhow."

"Then you will need money?"

"Not frum you, Bishop, not a red cent; but if you uns over thar," jerking his thumb in the direction of the white pine towers, — "if you all 'd kin' o' gin me a small sum, an' ef you 'd jes start a paper, as 't were, an' al-so ef you yo'-self 'ud hev the gret kin'ness ter come out an' conduc' the fun'al obskesies, it 'ud gratify the corpse powerful. Mistress Demming 'll be entered [1] then like a bawn lady. Yes, sir, thet thar, an' no mo', 's w'at I 'm emboldened ter ax frum you."

The Bishop reflected. "Demming," said he gravely, "I will try to help you. You have no objection, I suppose, to our buying the coffin and other things needed. We will pay the bills."

Demming's dejected bearing grew a shade more sombre: he waved his hand, a gesture very common with him, and usually denoting affable approval; now it meant gloomy assent. "No objection 't all, Bishop," he said. "I knows my weakness, though I don' feel now as ef I 'd evah want ter go on no carousements no mo'. I 'm 'bliged ter you uns jes the same. An' you won't forget 'bout the cloze? I 've been a right good frien' to th' Norf in Aiken, an' I hope the Norf 'll stan' by me in the hour o' trubbel. Now, Bishop, I 'll be gwine 'long. You 'll fin' me at the cyoffin sto'. Mose Barnwell — he 's a mighty decent cullud man — lives nigh me; he 's gwine fur ter len' me his cyart ter tek the cyoffin home. Mahnin', Bishop, an' min', I don' want money outen *you*. No, sir, I do *not!*"

Then, having waved his hand at his hat, the cracker slouched away. The Bishop had a busy morning. He went from friend to friend, until the needed sum was collected. Nor did money satisfy him: he gathered together a suit of clothes from the tallest Northerners of benevolent impulses. Talboys was too short to be a donor of clothes, but he gave more money than all the others united, — a munificence that rebuked the Bishop, for he had sought the young Boston man last of all and reluctantly; somehow, he could not feel acquainted with him, notwithstanding many meetings in many places. Moreover, he held him in slight esteem, as an idle fellow who did little good with a great fortune. In his gratitude he became expansive: told Talboys about his acquaintance with the cracker, described his experiences and perplexities, and at last invited the young man to go to the funeral, the next day. Talboys was delighted to accept the invitation; yet it could not be said that he was often delighted. But he admired the Bishop, and, even more warmly, he admired the Bishop's daughter; hence he caught at any opportunity to show his friendliness. Martin Talboys was never enthusiastic, and at times his

[1] It is supposed that Mr. Demming intended to say "interred."

views of life might be called cynical; but it would be a mistake to infer, therefore, that, as is common enough, he, having a mean opinion of other people, struck a balance with a very high one of himself. In truth, Martin was too modest for his own peace of mind. For years he had contrived to meet Louise, by accident, almost everywhere she went. She traveled a good deal, and her image was relieved against a variety of backgrounds. It seemed to him fairer in each new picture. His love for the Bishop's daughter grew more and more absorbing; but at the same time he became less and less sanguine that she would ever care for him. Although he was not enthusiastic, he was quite capable of feeling deeply; and he had begun to suspect that he was capable of suffering. Yet he could not force himself to decide his fate by speaking. It was not that Louise disliked him: on the contrary, she avowed a sincere liking; she always hailed his coming with pleasure, telling him frankly that no one amused her as did he. There, alas, was the hopeless part of it; he used to say bitterly to himself that he was n't a man, a lover, to her; he was a mimic, a genteel clown, an errand boy, never out of temper with his work; in short, she did not take him seriously at all. He knew the manner of man she did take seriously, — a man of action, who had done something in the world. Once she told Talboys that he was a "capital observer." She made the remark as a compliment, but it stung him to the quick; he realized that she thought of him only as an observer. When a trifling but obstinate throat complaint brought the Bishop to Aiken, Talboys felt a great longing to win his approval. Surely, Louise, who judged all men by her father's standard, must be influenced by her father's favor. Unhappily, the Bishop had never, as the phrase goes, "taken" to Talboys, nor did he seem more inclined to take to him now, and Martin was too modest to persist in unwelcome attentions. But he greeted the present opportunity all the more warmly.

In the morning, the three — the Bishop, Louise, and Talboys — drove to the cracker's cabin. The day was perfect, one of those Aiken days, so fair that even invalids find no complaint in their wearisome list to bring against them and can but sigh over each, "Ah, if all days might only be like this!" Hardly a cloud marred the tender blue of the sky. The air was divinely soft. They drove through the woods, and the ground was carpeted with dry pine spikes, whereon their horses' hoofs made a dull and pleasant sound. A multitude of violets grew in the little spaces among the trees. Yellow jasmine flecked the roadside shade with gold, its fragrance blending with the keen odors of the pine. If they looked up, they saw the pine tops etched upon the sky, and a solemn, ceaseless murmur beat its organ-like waves through all their talk. The Bishop had put on his clerical robes; he sat on the back seat of the carriage, a superb figure, with his noble head and imposing mien. As they rolled along, the Bishop talked. He spoke of death. He spoke not as a priest, but as a man, dwelling on the mystery of death, bringing up those speculations with which from the beginning men have striven to light the eternal darkness.

"I suppose it is the mystery," said the Bishop, "which causes the unreality of death, its perpetual surprise. Now, behind my certainty of this poor woman's death I have a lurking expectation of seeing her standing in the doorway, her old clay pipe in her mouth. I can't help it."

"Though she was a 'bawn lady,' she smoked, did she?" said Talboys. Then he felt the remark to be hopelessly below the level of the conversation, and made haste to add, "I suppose it was a consolation to her; she had a pretty hard life, I fancy."

"Awfully," said Louise. "She was nearly blind, poor woman, yet I think she did whatever work was done. I have often seen her hoeing. I believe that Demming was always good to her, though. He is a most amiable creature."

"Singular how a woman will bear any amount of laziness, actual worthlessness, indeed, in a man who is good to her," the Bishop remarked.

"Beautiful trait in her character," said Talboys. "Where should we be without it?"

"Have the Demmings never had any children?" asked Louise, who did not like the turn the talk was taking.

"Yes, one," the Bishop answered, "a little girl. She died three years ago. Demming was devotedly attached to her. He can't talk of her now without the tears coming to his eyes. He really," said the Bishop meditatively, "seemed more affected when he told me about her death than he was yesterday. She died of some kind of low fever, and was ill a long time. He used to walk up and down the little path through the woods, holding her in his arms. She would wake up in the night and cry, and he would wrap her in an old army blanket, and pace in front of the house for hours. Often the teamsters driving into town at break of day, with their loads of wood, would come on him thus, walking and talking to the child, with the little thin face on his shoulder, and the ragged blanket trailing on the ground. Ah, Demming is not altogether abandoned, he has an affectionate heart!"

Neither of his listeners made any response: Talboys, because of his slender faith in Demming; Louise, because she was thinking that if the Aiken laundresses were intrusted with her father's lawn many more times there would be nothing left to darn. They went on silently, therefore, until the Bishop said, in a low voice, "Here we are!"

The negro driver, with the agility of a country coachman, had already sprung to the ground, and was holding the carriage door open.

Before them lay a small cleared tract of land, where a pleasant greenness of young potato vines hid the sand. In the centre was a tumble-down cabin, with a mud chimney on the outside. The one window had no sash, and its rude shutter hung precariously by a single leathern hinge. The door was open, revealing that the interior was papered with newspapers. Three or four yelping curs seemed to be all the furniture.

There was nothing extraordinary in the picture; one could see fifty such cabins, in a radius of half a mile. Nor was there anything of mark in the appearance of Demming himself, dressed exactly as he was the day before, and rubbing his eyes in the doorway. But behind him! The coachman's under jaw dropped beneath the weight of a loud "'Fo' de Lawd!" The Bishop's benignant countenance was suddenly crimsoned. Talboys and Louise looked at each other, and bit their lips. It was only a woman, — a tall, thin, bent woman in a shabby print gown, with a faded sunbonnet pushed back from her gray head and a common clay pipe between her lips. Probably in her youth she had been a pretty woman, and the worn features and dim eyes still retained something engaging in their expression of timid good-will.

"Won' you all step in?" she said, advancing.

"Yes, yes," added Demming, inclining his body and waving both hands with magnificent courtesy; "alight, gentlemen, alight! I'm sorry I ain't no staggah juice to offah ye, but yo' right welcome to sweet-potatoes an' pussimmon beah, w'ich 's all" —

"Demming," said the Bishop sternly, "what does this mean? I came to bury Mrs. Demming, and — and here she is!"

"Burry me!" exclaimed the woman. "Why, I ain't dead!"

Demming rubbed his hands, his face wearing an indescribable expression of mingled embarrassment, contrition, and bland insinuation. "Well, yes, Bishop, yere she is, an' no mistake! Nuthin' more 'n a swond, you unnerstan'. I 'lowed ter notify you uns this mahnin', but fac' is I wuz so decomposed, fin'in' her traipsin' 'bout in the gyardin an' you all 'xpectin' a fun'al, thet I jes *hed* ter brace up; an' fac' is I braced up too much, an' ovahslep. I 'm powerful sorry, an' I don' blame you uns ef you *do* feel mad!"

The Bishop flung off his robes in haste and walked to the carriage, where he bundled them in with scant regard for their crispness.

"Never heard of such a thing!" said Louise, that being her invariable formula for occasions demanding expression before she was prepared to commit herself. By this time a glimmering notion of the state of things had reached the coachman's brain, and he was in an ecstasy. Talboys thought it fitting to speak. He turned to Mrs. Demming, who was looking from one to another of the group, in a scared way.

"Were you in a swoon?" he asked.

"Oh, laws!" cried the poor woman. "Oh, Demming, what *hev* you gwine an' done now? Gentlemen, he did n't mean no harm, I 'm suah!"

"You were *not*, then?" said Talboys.

"Leave her 'lone, Cunnel," Demming said quietly. "Don' yo' see she cyan't stan' no sech racket? 'Sence yo' so mighty peart 'bout it, no, she wahn't, an' thet thar 's the truf. I jes done it fur ter raise money. It wuz this a way. Thet thar mahnin', w'ile I wuz a-considerin' an' a-contemplatin' right smart how I wuz evah to git a few dollars, I seen Mose Barnwell gwine 'long, — yo' know Mose Barnwell," turning in an affable, conversational way to the grinning negro, — "an' he 'd a string o' crape 'roun' his hat 'cause he'd jes done loss' his wife, an' he wuz purportin' ter git a cyoffin. So I 'lowed I 'd git a cyoffin fur him cheap. An' I reckon," said Demming, smiling graciously on his delighted black auditor, — "I reckon I done it."

"Demming," cried the Bishop, with some heat, "this exceeds patience" —

"I know, Bishop," answered the vagabond meekly, — "I know it. I wuz tempted an' I fell, as you talked 'bout in yo' sermon. It 's orful how I kin do sech things!"

"And those chickens, too!" ejaculated the Bishop, with rising wrath, as new causes rushed to his remembrance. "You stole chickens, — Judge Eldridge's chickens; you who pretend to be such a staunch friend of the North" —

"Chickens!" screamed the woman. "Oh, Lordy! Oh, he nevah done thet afo'e! He 'll be took to jail! Oh, Demming, how cyould ye? Stealin' chickens, jes like a low-down, no-'cyount niggah!" Sobs choked her voice, and tears of fright and shame were streaming down her hollow cheeks.

Demming looked disconcerted. "Now, look a-yere!" said he, sinking his voice reproachfully; "w'at wuz the use o' bringin' thet thar up befo' th' ole 'ooman? She don' know nuthin' on it, you unnerstan', an' why mus' you rile 'er up fur? I 'd not a thought it o' you, Bishop, thet I wyould n't. Now, Alwynda," turning to the weeping woman, who was wiping her eyes with the cape of her sunbonnet, "jes you dry up an' stop yo' bellerin', an' I 'splain it all in a holy minnit. Thar, thar," patting her on the shoulder, "'t ain't nuthin' ter cry 'bout; 't ain't no fault o' yourn, onyhow. 'Fac' is, gen'lemen, 't wuz all 'long o' my 'preciation o' the Bishop. I 'm a 'Piscopal, like yo'self, Bishop, an' I tole Samson Mobley thet you overlaid all the preachers yere fur goodness an' shortness bofe. An' he 'lowed, 'Mabbe he may fur goodness; I ain't no jedge,' says he;

'but fo' shortness, we 've a feller down at the Baptis' kin beat 'im outen sight. They 've jes 'gin up sleepin' down thar,' says he, ' 'cause tain't worth w'ile.' So we tried it on, you unnerstand, 'cause thet riled me, an' I jes bet on it, I did; an' we tried it on, — you in the mahnin' and him in the arternoon. An' laws, ef did n't so happen as how you 'd a powerful flow o' speech! 'T wuz 'mazin' edifyin', but 't los' me the bet, you unnerstan'; an' onct los' I hed ter pay; an' not havin' ary chick o' my own I had ter confiscate some frum th' gineral public, an' I tuk 'em 'thout distinction o' party frum the handiest cyoop in the Baptis' dernomination. I kin' o' hankered arter Baptis' chickuns, somehow, so 's ter git even, like. Now, Bishop, I jes leaves ter you uns, cyould I go back on a debt o' honah, like thet?"

"Honor!" repeated the Bishop scornfully.

Talboys interposed again: "We appear to be sold, Bishop; don't you think we had better get out of this before the hearse comes?"

Demming waved his hand at Talboys, saying in his smoothest tones, "Ef you meet it, Cunnel, p'raps you 'd kin'ly tell 'em ter go on ter Mose Barnwell's. He 's ready an' waitin'."

"Demming" — began the Bishop, but he did not finish the sentence: instead, he lifted his hat to Mrs. Demming, with his habitual stately courtesy, and moved in a slow and dignified manner to the carriage. Louise followed, only stopping to say to the still weeping woman, "He is in no danger from us; but this trick was a poor return for my father's kindness."

Demming had been rubbing his right eyebrow obliquely with his hand, thus making a shield behind which he winked at the coachman in a friendly and humorous manner; at Louise's words, his hand fell and his face changed quickly. "Don' say thet, miss," he said, a ring of real emotion in his voice. "I know I 'm purty po' pickin's, but I ain't ongreatful. Yo' par will remember I wyould n't tek no money frum *him!*"

"I would have given fifty dollars," cried the Bishop, "rather than have had this — this scandalous fraud! Drive on!"

They drove away. The last they saw of Demming he was blandly waving his hand.

The drive back from the house so unexpectedly disclosed as not a house of mourning was somewhat silent. The Bishop was the first to speak. "I shall insist upon returning every cent of that money," he said.

"I assure you none of us will take it," Talboys answered; "and really, you know, the sell was quite worth the money."

"And you did see her, after all," said Louise dryly, "standing in the doorway, with her old clay pipe in her mouth."

The Bishop smiled, but he sighed, too. "Well, well, I ought not to have lost my temper. But I am disappointed in Demming. I thought I had won his affection, and I hoped through his affection to reach his conscience. I suppose I deceived myself."

"I fear he has n't any conscience to reach," Louise observed.

"I agree with Miss Louise," said Talboys. "You see, Demming is a cracker."

"Ah! the cracker has his virtues," observed the Bishop; "not the cardinal New England virtues of thrift and cleanliness and energy; but he has his own. He is as hospitable as an Arab, brave, faithful, and honest, and full of generosity and kindness."

"All the same, he is n't half civilized," said Talboys, "and as ignorant morally as any being you can pick up. He does n't steal or lie much, I grant you, but he smashes all the other commandments to flinders. He kills when he thinks he has been insulted, and he has n't the feeblest scruples about changing his old

wife for a new one whenever he feels like it, without any nonsense of divorce. The women are just as bad as the men. But Demming is not only a cracker; he is a cracker spoiled by the tourists. We have despoiled him of his simplicity. He has n't learned any good of us, —that goes without saying, — but he has learned no end of Yankee tricks. Do you suppose that if left to himself he would ever have been up to this morning's performance? Oh, we 've polished his wicked wits for him! Even his dialect is no longer pure South Carolinian; it is corrupted by Northern slang. We have ruined his religious principles, too. The crackers have n't much of any morality, but they are very religious, — all Southerners are. But Demming is an unconscious Agnostic. 'I tell ye,' he says to the saloon theologians, 'thar ain't no tellin'. 'Ligion 's a heap like jumpin' a'ter a waggin in th' dark: yo' mo' 'n likely ter lan' on nuthin'!' And you have seen for yourselves that he has lost the cracker honesty."

"At least," said Louise, "he has the cracker hospitality left; he made us welcome to all he had."

"And did you notice," said the Bishop, who had quite smoothed his ruffled brow by this time, — "did you notice the consideration, tenderness almost, that he showed to his wife? Demming has his redeeming qualities, believe me, Mr. Talboys."

"I see that you don't mean to give him up," said Talboys, smiling; but he did not pursue the subject.

For several days Demming kept away from Aiken. When he did appear he rather avoided the Bishop. He bore the jokes and satirical congratulations of his companions with his usual equanimity; but he utterly declined to gratify public curiosity either at the saloon or the grocery. One morning he met the Bishop. They walked a long way together, and it was observed that they seemed to be on most cordial terms. This happened on Tuesday. Friday morning Demming came to the Bishop in high spirits. He showed a letter from a cousin in Charleston, a very old man, with no near kindred and a comfortable property. This cousin, repenting of an old injustice to Demming's mother, had bethought him of Demming, his nearest relative; and sent for him, inclosing money to pay all expenses. "He is right feeble," said Demming, with a cheerful accent not according with his mournful words, "an' wants ter see me onct fo' he departs. Reckon he means ter do well by me."

The Bishop's hopeful soul saw a chance for the cracker's reclamation. So he spoke solemnly to him, warning him against periling his future by relapsing into his old courses in Charleston. Nothing could exceed Demming's bland humility. He filled every available pause in the exhortation with "Thet 's so," and "Shoo 's yo' bawn!" and answered, "I 'm gwine ter be 's keerful 's a ole coon thet 's jes got shet o' the dogs. You nevah said truer words than them thar, an' don' you forget it! I 'm gwine ter buy mo' lan', an' raise hogs, an' keep th' ole 'ooman like a lady. Don' ye be 'feard o' me gwine on no' mo' tears. No, sir, none o' thet in mine. 'T wuz ony 'cause I wuz so low in my min' I evah done it, onyhow. Now, I 'm gwine ter be 's sober 's a owl!"

Notwithstanding these and similar protestations, hardly an hour was gone before Demming was the glory of the saloon, haranguing the crowd on his favorite topic, the Bishop's virtues. "High-toned gen'leman, bes' man in the worl', an' nobody's fool, neither. I 'm proud to call him my frien', an' Aiken 's put in its bes' licks w'en it cured *him*. Gen-'lemen, he 'vised me ter fight shy o' you all. I reckon as how I mought be better off ef I 'd allus have follered his ammonitions. Walk up, gen'lemen, an' drink his health! My 'xpens'."

The sequel to such toasts may readily be imagined. By six o'clock, penniless

and tipsy, Demming was apologizing to the Bishop on the hotel piazza. He had the grace to seem ashamed of himself. "Wust o' 't is flingin' away all thet money; but I felt kinder like makin' everybody feel good, an' I set 'em up. An' 't 'appened, somehow, they wuz a right smart chance o' people in, jes thet thar minit, — they gen'rally *is* a right smart chance o' people in when a feller sets 'em up! an' they wuz powerful dry, — they gen'rally *is* dry, *then;* an' the long an' short o' 't is, they cleaned me out. An' now, Bishop, I jes feel nashuated with myself. Suah 's yo' bawn, Bishop, I 'm gwine ter reform. 'Stop short, an' nevah go on again,' like thet thar clock in the song. I am, fur a fac', sir. I 'm repentin' to a s'prisin' extent."

"I certainly should be surprised if you *were* repentant," the Bishop said dryly; then, after a pause, "Well, Demming, I will help you this once again. I will buy you a ticket to Charleston."

Some one had come up to the couple unperceived; this person spoke quickly: "Please let me do that, Bishop. Demming has afforded me enough entertainment for that."

"You don' think no gret shakes o' me, do you, Cunnel?" said Demming, looking at Talboys half humorously, yet with a shade of something else in his expression. "You poke fun at me all the time. Well, pleases you, an' don' hurt me, I reckon. Mahnin', Bishop; mahnin', Cunnel. I 'll be at th' deppo." He waved his hand and shambled away. Both men looked after him.

"I will see that he gets off," said Talboys. "I leave Aiken, myself, in the morning."

"Leave Aiken?" the Bishop repeated. "But you will return?"

"I don't expect to."

"Why, I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Talboys, — truly sorry." The Bishop took the young man's hand and pressed it. "I am just beginning to know you; I may say, to like you, if you will permit the expression. Won't you walk in with me now, and say good-by to my daughter?"

"Thanks, very much, but I have already made my adieux to Miss Louise."

"Ah, yes, certainly," said the Bishop, absently.

He was an absorbed clergyman; but he had sharp enough eyes, did he choose to use them; and Talboys' reddening cheeks told him a great deal. It cannot be said that he was sorry because his daughter had not looked kindly on this worldly and cynical young man's affection; but he was certainly sorry for the young man himself, and his parting grasp of the hand was warmer than it would have been but for that fleeting blush.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" soliloquized the Bishop, when, after a few cordial words, they had parted. "He looks as though it had hurt him. I suppose that is the way we all take it. Well, time cures us: but it would scarcely do to tell him that, or how much harder it is to win a woman, find how precious she is, and then to lose her. Ah, well, time helps even that. 'For the strong years conquer us.'"

But he sighed as he went back to his daughter, and he did not see the beautiful Miss Reynolds when she bowed to him, although she was smiling her sweetest and brightest smile.

Louise sat in her room. Its windows opened upon the piazza, and she had witnessed the interview. She did not waver in her conviction that she had done right. She could not wisely marry a man whom she did not respect, let his charm of manner and temper be what it might. She needed a man who was manly, who could rule other men; besides, how could she make up her mind to walk through life with a husband hardly above her shoulder? Still, she conceded to herself that, had Talboys compelled one thrill of admiration from

her by any mental or moral height, she would not have caviled at his short stature. But there was something ridiculous in the idea of Talboys thrilling anybody. For one thing, he took everything too lightly. Suddenly, with the sharpness of a new sensation, she remembered that he had not seemed to take the morning's episode lightly. Poor Martin! — for the first time, even in her reveries, she called him by his Christian name, — there was an uncomfortable deal of feeling in his few words. Yet he was considerate; he made it as easy as possible for her.

Martin was always considerate; he never jarred on her; possibly, the master mind might jar, being so masterful. He was always kind, too; continually scattering pleasures about in his quiet fashion. Such a quiet fashion it was that few people noticed how persistent was the kindness. Now a hundred instances rushed to her mind. All at once, recalling something, she blushed hotly. That morning, just as Talboys and she were turning from the place where he had asked and she had answered, she caught a glimpse of Demming's head through the leaves. He had turned, also, and he made a feint of passing them, as though he were but that instant walking by. The action had a touch of delicacy in it; a Northerner of Demming's class would not have shown it. Louise felt grateful to the vagabond; at the same time, it was hardly pleasant to know that he was as wise as she in Talboys' heart affairs. As for Talboys himself, he had not so much as seen Demming; he had been too much occupied with his own bitter thoughts. Again Louise murmured, "Poor Martin!" What was the need, though, that her own heart should be like lead? Almost impatiently, she rose and sought her father.

The Bishop, after deliberation, had decided to accompany Demming to Charleston. He excused his interest in the man so elaborately and plausibly that his daughter was reminded of Talboys.

Saturday morning all three — the Bishop, the vagabond, and Talboys — started for Charleston. Talboys, however, did not know that the Bishop was going. He bought Demming's ticket, saw him safely to a seat, and went into the smoking-car. The Bishop was late, but the conductor, with true Southern good-nature, backed the train and took him aboard. He seated himself in front of Demming, and began to wipe his heated brow.

"Why do they want to have a fire in the stove this weather?" said he.

"Well," said the cracker slyly, "you see we hain't all been runnin', an' we 're kinder chilly!"

"Humph!" said the Bishop. After this there was silence. The train rolled along; through the pine woods, past small stations where rose-trees brightened trim white cottages, then into the swamp lands, where the moisture painted the bark of tall trees, and lay in shiny green patches among them. The Southern moss dripping from the giant branches shrouded them in a weird drapery, soft as mist. There was something dreary and painful to a Northern eye, in the scene; the tall and shrouded trees, the stagnant pools of water gleaming among them, the vivid green patches of moss, the barren stretches of sand. The very beauty in it all seemed the unnatural glory of decay, repelling the beholder. Here and there were cabins. One could not look at them without wondering whether the inhabitants had the ague, or its South Carolina synonym, the "break-bone fever." At one, a bent old woman was washing. She lifted her head, and Demming waved his hat at her. Then he glanced at the Bishop, now busy with a paper, and chuckled over some recollection. He looked out again. There was a man running along the side of the road waving a red flag.

He called out a few words, which the wind of the train tore to pieces. At the same instant, the whistle of the engine began a shrill outcry. "Sunthin' 's bust, I reckon," said Demming. And then, before he could see, or know, or understand, a tremendous crash drowned his senses, and in one awful moment blended shivering glass and surging roof and white faces like a horrible kaleidoscope.

The first thing he noticed, when he came to himself, was a thin ribbon of smoke. He watched it lazily, while it melted into the blue sky, and another ribbon took its place. But presently the pain in his leg aroused him. He perceived that the car was lying on one side, making the other side into a roof, and one open window was opposite his eyes. At the other end the car was hardly more than a mass of broken seats and crushed sides, but it was almost intact where he lay. He saw that the stove had charred the wood-work near it; hence the smoke, which escaped through a crack and floated above him. The few people in the car were climbing out of the windows as best they might. A pair of grimy arms reached down to Demming, and he heard the brakeman's voice (he knew Jim Herndon, the brakeman, well) shouting profanely for the "next."

"Whar 's the Bishop?" said Demming.

"Reckon he 's out," answered Jim. "Mought as well come yo'self! H——! you 've broke yo' leg!"

"Pull away, jes the same. I don' wanter stay yere an' roast!"

The brakeman pulled him through the window. Demming shut his teeth hard; only the fear of death could have made him bear the agony every motion gave him.

The brakeman drew him to one side before he left him. Demming could see the wreck plainly. A freight train had been thrown from the track, and the passenger train had run into it while going at full speed. "The brakes would n't work," Demming heard Jim say. Now the sight was a sorry one: a heap of rubbish which had been a freight car; the passenger engine sprawling on one side, in the swamp, like a huge black beetle; and, near it, the two foremost cars of its train overturned and shattered. The people of both trains were gathered about the wreck, helplessly talking, as is the manner of people in an accident. They were, most of them, on the other side of the track. No one had been killed; but some were wounded, and were stretched in a ghastly row on car cushions. The few women and children in the train were collected about the wounded.

"Is the last man out?" shouted the conductor.

Jim answered, "Yes, all out — no, d—— it! I see a coat tail down here."

"Look at the fire!" screamed a woman. "Oh, God help him! The car 's afire!"

"He 's gone up, whoever he is," muttered Jim. "They ain't an axe nor nuthin' on board, an' he 's wedged in fast. But come on, boys! I 'll drop in onct mo'!"

"You go with him," another man said. "Here, you fellows, I can run fastest; I 'll go to the cabin for an axe. Some of you follow me for some water!"

Demming saw the speaker for an instant, — an erect little figure in a foppish gray suit, with a "cat's eye" gleaming from his blue cravat. One instant he stood on the piece of timber upon which he had jumped; the next he had flung off his coat, and was speeding down the road like a hare.

"D—— ef 't ain't the Cunnel," said Demming.

"Come on!" shouted Talboys, never slackening his speed. "Hurry!"

The men went. Demming, weak with pain, was content to look across the gap between the trains and watch those

left behind. The smoke was growing denser now, and tongues of flame shot out between the joints of wood. They said the man was at the other end. Happily, the wind blew the fire from him. Jim and two other men climbed in, again. Demming could hear them swearing and shouting. He looked anxiously about, seeking a familiar figure which he could not find. He thought it the voice of his own fears, that cry from within the car. "Good God, it's the Bishop!" But immediately Jim thrust his head out of the window, and called, "The Bishop 's in hyar! Under the cyar seats! He ain't hurt, but we cyant move the infernal things ter get him out!"

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned the vagabond; "an' I 'm so broke up I cyant liff' a han' ter help him!"

In desperation, the men outside tried to batter down the car walls with a broken tree limb. Inside, they strained feverishly at the heavy timbers. Vain efforts all, at which the crackling flames, crawling always nearer, seemed to mock.

Demming could hear the talk, the pitying comments, the praise of the Bishop: "Such a good man!" "His poor daughter, the only child, and her mother dead!" "They were so fond of each other, poor thing, poor thing!" And a soft voice added, "Let us pray!"

"Prayin'," muttered Demming, "jes like wimmen! Laws, they don't know no better. How 'll I git ter him?"

He began to crawl to the car, dragging his shattered leg behind him, reckless of the throbs of pain it sent through his nerves. "Ef I kin ony stan' it till I git ter him!" he moaned. "Burnin' alive 's harder nor this." He felt the hot smoke on his face; he heard the snapping and roaring of the fire; he saw the men about the car pull out Jim and his companions, and perceived that their faces were blackened.

"It 'll cotch me, suah 's death!" said Demming between his teeth. "Well, 't ain't much mattah!" Mustering all his strength he pulled himself up to the car window below that from which Jim had just emerged. The crowd, occupied with the helpless rescuers, had not observed him before. They shouted at him as one man: "Get down, it 's too late!" "You 're crazy, you ——!" yelled Jim, with an oath.

"Never you min'," Demming answered coolly. "I know what I 'm 'bout, I reckon."

He had taken his revolver from his breast, and was searching through his pockets. He soon pulled out what he sought, merely a piece of stout twine; and the crowd saw him, sitting astride the trucks, while he tied the string about the handle of the weapon. Then he leaned over the prison walls, and looked down upon the Bishop. Under the mass of wood and iron the Bishop lay, unhurt but securely imprisoned; yet he had never advanced to the chancel rails with a calmer face than that he lifted to his friend.

"Demming," he cried, "you here! Go back, I implore you! You can't save me."

"I know thet, Bishop," groaned the cracker. "I ain't tryin' ter. But I cyan't let you roast in this yere d—— barbecue! Look a yere!" He lowered the revolver through the window. "Thar 's a pistil, an' w'en th' fire cotches onter you an' yo' gwine suah 's shootin', then put it ter yo' head an' pull the trigger, an' yo 'll be outen it all!"

The Bishop's firm pale face grew paler as he answered, "Don't tempt me, Demming! Whatever God sends I must bear. I can't do it!" Demming paused. He looked steadily at the Bishop for a second; then he raised the revolver, with a little quiver of his mouth. "And go away, for God's sake, my poor friend! Bear my love to my dear, dear daughter; tell her that she has always been a blessing and a joy to me. And remember what I have said to you, yourself. It will be worth dying for

if you will do that; it will, indeed. It is only a short pain, and then heaven! Now go, Demming. God bless and keep you. Go!"

But Demming did not move. "Don' you want ter say a prayer, Bishop?" he said in a coaxing tone, — "jes a little mite o' one fur you an' me? Ye don' need ter min' 'bout sayin' 't loud. I'll unnerstan' th' intention, an' feel jes so edified. I will, fur a fac."

"Go, first, Demming. I am afraid for you!"

"I'm a-gwine, Bishop," said Demming, in the same soft, coaxing tone. "Don' min' *me*. I 'm all right." He crouched down lower, so that the Bishop could not see him, and the group below saw him rest the muzzle of the pistol on the window-sill and take aim.

A gasp ran through the crowd, — that catching of the breath in which overtaxed feeling relieves itself. "He 's doin' the las' kindness he can to him," said the brakeman to the conductor, "and by the Lord, he 's giv' his own life to do it!"

The flames had pierced the roof, and streamed up to the sky. Through the sickening, dull roar they heard the Bishop's voice again: —

"Demming, are you gone?"

The cracker struck a loose piece of wood, and sent it clattering down. "Yes, Bishop, that wuz me. I 'm safe on th' groun'. Good-by, Bishop. I do feel 'bleeged ter you; an', Bishop, them chickens *wuz* the fust time. They wuz, on my honah. Now, Bishop, shet yo' eyes an' pray, fur it 's a-comin!"

The Bishop prayed. They could not hear what he said, below. No one heard save the uncouth being who clung to the window, revolver in hand, steadily dying the creeping red death. But they knew that, out of sight, a man who had smiled on them, full of life and hope, but an hour ago was facing such torture as had tried the martyr's courage, and facing it with as high a faith.

With one accord men and women bent their heads. Jim, the brakeman, alone remained standing, his form erect, his eyes fixed on the two iron lines that made an angle away in the horizon. "Come on!" he yelled, leaping wildly into the air. "Fo' the Lord's sake, hurry! D—— him, but he 's the bulliest runner!"

Then they all saw a man flying down the track, axe in hand. He ran up to the car side. He began to climb. A dozen hands caught him. "You 're a dead man if you get in there!" was the cry. "Don't you see it 's all afire?"

"Try it from the outside, Colonel!" said the conductor.

"Don't you see I have n't time?" cried Talboys. "He 'll be dead before we can get to him. Stand back, my men, and, Jim, be ready to pull us both out!"

The steady tones and Talboys' business-like air had an instantaneous effect. The crowd were willing enough to be led; they fell back, and Talboys dropped through the window. To those outside the whole car seemed in a blaze, and over them the smoke hung like a pall; but through the crackling and roaring and the crash of falling timber came the clear ring of axe blows, and Talboys' voice shouting, "I say, my man, don't lose heart! We 're bound to get you out!"

"Lordy, he don't know who 't is," said Demming. "Nobody could see through that thar smoke!"

All at once the uninjured side of the car gave way beneath the flames, falling in with an immense crash. The flame leaped into the air.

"They 're gone!" cried the conductor.

"No, they 're not!" yelled Demming. "He 's got him, safe an' soun'!" And as he spoke, scorched and covered with dust, bleeding from a cut on his cheek but holding the Bishop in his arms, Talboys appeared at the window. Jim

snatched the Bishop, the conductor helped out Talboys, and half a dozen hands laid hold of Demming. He heard the wild cheer that greeted them; he heard another cheer for the men with the water, just in sight; but he heard no more, for as they pulled him down a dozen fiery pincers seemed tearing at his leg, and he fainted dead away.

. . . . . .

The Bishop's daughter sat in her room, making a very pretty picture, with her white hands clasped on her knee and her soft eyes uplifted. She looked sad enough to please a pre-Raphaelite of sentiment. Yet her father, whom this morning she would have declared she loved better than any one in the world, had just been saved from a frightful death. She knew the story of his deliverance. At last she felt that most unexpected thrill of admiration for Talboys; but Talboys had vanished. He was gone, it was all ended, and she owned to herself that she was wretched. Her father was with Demming and the doctors. The poor vagabond must hobble through life on one leg, henceforward. "If he lived," the doctor had said, making even his existence as a cripple problematic. Poor Demming, who had flung away his life to save her father from suffering, — a needless, useless sacrifice, as it proved, but touching Louise the more because of its very failure!

At this stage in her thoughts, she heard Sam, the waiter, knocking softly, outside. Her first question was about Demming. "The operation 's ovah, miss, an' Mr. Demming he 's sinkin'," answered Sam, giving the sick man a title he had never accorded him before, "an' he axes if you 'd be so kin' 's to step in an' speak to him; he 's powerful anxious to see you."

Silently Louise rose and followed the mulatto. They had carried Demming to the hotel: it was the nearest place, and the Bishop wished it. His wife had been sent for, and was with him. Her timid, tear-stained face was the first object that met Louise's eye. She sat in a rocking-chair close to the bed, and, by sheer force of habit, was unconsciously rocking to and fro, while she brushed the tears from her eyes. Demming's white face and tangle of iron-gray hair lay on the pillow near her.

He smiled feebly, seeing Louise. She did not know anything better to do than to take his hand, the tears brightening her soft eyes. "Laws," said Demming, "don' do thet. I ain't wuth it. Look a yere, I got sun'thin' ter say ter you. An' you must n't min', 'cause I mean well. You know 'bout — yes'day mahnin'. Mabbe you done what you done not knowin' yo' own min', — laws, thet 's jes girls, — an' I wants you ter know jes what kin' o' feller he is. You know he saved yo' pa, but you don' know, mabbe, thet he did n't know 't was the Bishop till he 'd jump down in thet thar flamin' pit o' hell, as 't were, an' fished him out. He done it jes 'cause he 'd thet pluck in him, an' — don' you go fer ter chippin' in, Cunnel. I 'm a dyin' man, an' don' you forget it! Thar he is, miss, hidin' like behin' the bed."

Louise during this speech had grown red to the roots of her hair. She looked up into Talboys' face. He had stepped forward. His usual composure had quite left him, so that he made a pitiful picture of embarrassment, not helped by crumpled linen and a borrowed coat a world too large for him. "It 's just a whim of his," he whispered hurriedly; "he wanted me to stay. I did n't know — I did n't understand! For God's sake, don't suppose I meant to take such an advantage of the situation! I am going directly. I shall leave Aiken tonight."

It was only the strain on her nerves, but Louise felt the oddest desire to laugh. The elegant Martin cut such a very droll figure as a hero. Then her eye fell on Demming's eager face, and a sud-

den revulsion of feeling, a sudden keen realization of the tragedy that Martin had averted, brought the tears back to her eyes. Her beautiful head dropped. "Why do you go — now?" said she.

"Hev you uns made it up, yet?" murmured Demming's faint voice.

"Yes," Talboys answered, "I think we have, and — I thank you, Demming." The vagabond waved his hand with a feeble assumption of his familiar gesture. "Yo' a square man, Cunnel. I allus set a heap by you, though I did n't let on. An' she 's a right peart young lady. I 'm glad yo' gwine ter be so happy. Laws, I kind o' wish I wuz to see it, even on a wooden leg" — The woman at his side began to sob. "Thar, thar, Alwynda, don' take on so; cyan't be helped. You mus' 'scuse her, gen'lemen; she so petted on me she jes cyan't hole in!"

"Demming," said the Bishop, "my poor friend, the time is short; is there anything you want me to do?" Demming's dull eyes sparkled with a glimmer of the old humor.

"Well, Bishop, ef you don' min', I 'd like you ter conduc' the fun'al services. Reckon they 'll be a genuwine co'pse this yere time, fo' suah. An', Bishop, you 'll kind o' look a'ter Alwynda; see she gets her coffee an' terbacco all right. An' I wants ter 'sure you all again thet them thar chickens wuz the fust an' ony thing I evah laid han's on t' want mine. Thet 's the solemn truf; ain't it, Alwynda?"

The poor woman could only rock herself in the chair, and sob, "Yes, 't is. An' he 's been a good husband to me. I 've allus hed the bes' uv everything! Oh, Lordy, 'pears 's though I cyan't bear it, nohow!"

Louise put her hand gently on the thin shoulder, saying, "I will see that she never wants anything we can give, Demming; and we will try to comfort her."

The cracker looked wistfully from her fresh, young face to the worn face below. "She wuz 's peart an' purty 's you, miss, w'en I fust struck up with 'er," said he slowly. "Our little gal wuz her very image. Alwynda," in a singularly soft, almost diffident tone, "don' take on so; mabbe I 'm gwine fer ter see 'er again. 'T won't do no harm ter think so, onyhow," he added, with a glance at Talboys, as though sure there of comprehension.

Then the Bishop spoke, solemnly, though with sympathy, urging the dying man, whose worldly affairs were settled, to repent of his sins and prepare for eternity. "Shall I pray for you, Demming?" he said in conclusion.

"Jes as you please, Bishop," answered Demming, and he tried to wave his hand. "I ain't noways partickler. I reckon God a'mighty knows I 'd be th' same ole Demming ef I could get up, an' I don' mean ter make no purtenses. But mabbe it 'll cheer up th' ole 'ooman a bit. So you begin, an' I 'll bring in an Amen whenever it 's wanted!"

So speaking, Demming closed his eyes wearily, and the Bishop knelt by the bedside. Talboys and Louise left them, thus. After a while, the wife stretched forth her toil-worn hand and took her husband's. She thought she was aware of a weak pressure. But when the prayer ended there came no Amen. Demming was gone where prayer may only faintly follow; nor could the Bishop ever decide how far his vagabond had joined in his petitions. Such doubts, however, did not prevent his cherishing an assured hope that the man who died for him was safe, forever. The Bishop's theology, like that of most of us, yielded, sometimes, to the demands of the occasion.

Octave Thanet.

IVAN TURGÉNIEFF.

When the mortal remains of Ivan Turgénieff were about to be transported from Paris for interment in his own country, a short commemorative service was held at the Gare du Nord. Ernest Renan and Edmond About, standing beside the train in which his coffin had been placed, bade farewell in the name of the French people to the illustrious stranger who for so many years had been their honored and grateful guest. M. Renan made a beautiful speech, and M. About a very clever one, and each of them characterized with ingenuity the genius and the moral nature of the most touching of writers, the most lovable of men. "Turgénieff," said M. Renan, "received by the mysterious decree which marks out human vocations the gift which is noble beyond all others: he was born essentially impersonal." The passage is so eloquent that I shall repeat the whole of it: "His conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the bottom of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

I quote these lines for the pleasure of quoting them; for while I see what M. Renan means by calling Turgénieff impersonal, it has been my wish to devote to his delightful memory a few pages written under the impression of his personal character. He seems to us impersonal, because it is from his writings almost alone that we of English, French, and German speech have derived our notions — even yet, I fear, rather meagre and erroneous — of the Russian people. His genius for us is the Slav genius; his voice the voice of those vaguely imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization, in the gray expanses of the North. There is much in his writings to encourage this view, and it is certain that he interpreted with wonderful vividness the temperament of his fellow-countrymen. Cosmopolite that he had become by the force of circumstances, his roots had never been loosened in his native soil. The ignorance with regard to Russia and the Russians which he found in abundance in the rest of Europe — and not least in the country he inhabited for ten years before his death — had indeed the effect, to a certain degree, to throw him back upon the deep feelings that so many of his companions were unable to share with him, the memories of his early years, the sense of wide Russian horizons, the joy and pride of his mother-tongue. In the collection of short pieces, so deeply interesting, written during the last few years of his life, and translated into German under the name of Senilia, I find a passage — it is the last in the little book — which illustrates perfectly this reversionary impulse: "In days of doubt, in days of anxious thought on the destiny of my native land, thou alone art my support and my staff, O great, powerful, Russian tongue, truthful and free! If it were not for thee, how should man not despair at the sight of what is going on at home? But it is inconceivable that such a language has not been given to a great people." This national, home-loving note pervades his productions, though it is between the lines, as it were, that we must listen for it. None the less does it remain true that he was a very definite individual.

He was not a simple conduit or mouthpiece; the inspiration was his own as well as the voice. He was a *person*, in other words, of the most substantial kind, and those who had the happiness to know him have no difficulty to-day in thinking of him as a detached and responsible figure. This pleasure, for the writer of these lines, was as great as the pleasure of reading the admirable tales into which he put such a world of life and feeling; it was perhaps even greater, for it was not only with the pen that nature had given Turgénieff the power to express himself. He was the richest, the most delightful, of talkers, and his face, his person, his temper, the thoroughness with which he had been equipped for human intercourse, make in the memory of his friends an image which is completed, but not thrown into the shade, by his literary distinction. The whole image is touched with sadness: partly because the element of melancholy in his nature was deep and constant — readers of his novels have no need to be told of that; and partly because, during the last years of his life, he had been condemned to suffer atrociously. Intolerable pain had been his portion for many months before he died; his end was not serene and propitious, but dark and almost violent. But of brightness, of the faculty of enjoyment, he had also the large allowance usually made to first-rate men, and he was a singularly complete human being. I had greatly admired his writings before I had the fortune to make his acquaintance, and this privilege, when it presented itself, was highly illuminating. The man and the writer together occupied from that moment a very high place in my affections. Some time before knowing him I committed to print certain reflections which his tales had led me to make; and I may perhaps, therefore, without impropriety give them a supplement which shall have a more vivifying reference. It is almost irresistible to attempt to say, from one's own point of view, what manner of man he was.

It was in consequence of the article I just mentioned that I found reason to meet him, in Paris, where he was then living, in 1875. I shall never forget the impression he made upon me at that first interview. I found him adorable; I could scarcely believe that he would prove — that any man could prove — on nearer acquaintance as delightful as that. Nearer acquaintance only confirmed my hope, and he remained the most approachable, the most practicable, the least precarious, man of genius it has been my fortune to meet. He was so simple, so natural, so modest, so destitute of personal pretension and of what is called the consciousness of powers, that one almost doubted at moments whether he were a man of genius, after all. Everything good and fruitful lay near to him; he was interested in everything; and he was absolutely without that eagerness of self-reference which sometimes accompanies great, and even small, reputations. He had not a particle of vanity; nothing whatever of the air of having a part to play, or a reputation to keep up. His humor exercised itself as freely upon himself as upon other subjects, and he told stories at his own expense with a sweetness of hilarity which made his peculiarities really sacred in the eyes of a friend. I remember vividly the smile and tone of voice with which he once repeated to me a figurative epithet which Gustave Flaubert (of whom he was extremely fond) had applied to him — an epithet intended to characterize a certain expansive softness, a comprehensive indecision, which pervaded his nature, just as it pervades so many of the characters he has described. He enjoyed Flaubert's use of this term, good-naturedly opprobrious, more even than Flaubert himself, and recognized perfectly the element of truth in it. He was natural to an extraordinary degree; I

do not think I have ever seen his match in this respect, certainly not among people who bear, as he did, at the same time the stamp of the highest cultivation. Like all men of a large pattern, he was composed of many different elements; and what was always striking in him was the mixture of simplicity with the fruit of the most various observation. In the little article in which I had attempted to express my admiration for his works, I had been moved to say of him that he had the aristocratic temperament; a remark which, in the light of further knowledge, seemed to me singularly inane. He was not subject to any definition of that sort, and to say that he was democratic would be (though his political ideal was a democracy) to give an equally superficial account of him. He felt and understood the opposite sides of life; he was imaginative, humorous, ironical. He had not in his mind a grain of prejudice as large as the point of a needle, and people (there are many) who think this a defect would have missed it immensely in Ivan Sergeïevitch. Our Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, moralistic, conventional standards were far away from him, and he judged things with a freedom and spontaneity in which I found a perpetual refreshment. His sense of beauty, his love of truth and right, were the foundation of his nature; but half the charm of conversation with him was that one breathed an air in which cant phrases and arbitrary measurements simply sounded ridiculous.

I may add that it was not because I had written a laudatory article about his books that he gave me a friendly welcome; for in the first place my article could have very little importance for him, and in the second it had never been either his habit or his hope to bask in the light of criticism. Supremely modest as he was, I think he attached no great weight to what might happen to be said about him; for he felt that he was destined to encounter a very small amount of intelligent appreciation, especially in foreign countries. I never heard him even allude to any judgment which might have been passed upon his productions in England. In France he knew that he was read very moderately; the "demand" for his volumes was small, and he had no illusions whatever on the subject of his popularity. He had heard with pleasure that several different persons in the United States were impatient for everything that might come from his pen; but I think he was never convinced, as one or two of the more zealous of these persons had endeavored to convince him, that he could boast of a "public" in America. He gave me the impression of thinking of criticism as most serious workers think of it — that it is the amusement, the exercise, the subsistence, of the critic (and, so far as this goes, of immense use); but that, though it may often concern other readers, it does not much concern the artist himself. In comparison with all those things which the production of a considered work forces the artist little by little to say to himself, the remarks of the critic are vague and of the moment; and yet, owing to the large publicity of the proceeding, they have a power to irritate or discourage which is quite out of proportion to their use to the person criticised. It was not, moreover (this is a very frank allusion), on account of any esteem which he accorded to my own productions (I used regularly to send them to him) that I found him so agreeable, for to the best of my belief he was unable to read them. As regards one of the first that I had offered him, he wrote me a little note, to tell me that a distinguished friend, who was his constant companion, had read three or four chapters aloud to him the evening before, and that one of them was written *de main de maître!* This gave me great pleasure, but it was my first and last pleasure of the kind.

I continued, as I say, to send him my stories, because they were the only thing I had to give; but he never alluded to the rest of the work in question, which he evidently did not finish, and never gave any sign of having read its successors. Presently I quite ceased to expect this, and saw why it was (it interested me much) that my writings could not appeal to him. He cared, more than anything else, for the air of reality, and my reality was a good deal too thin. I do not think my stories struck him as quite meat for men. The manner was more apparent than the matter; they were too *tarabiscoté*, as I once heard him say of the style of a book— had on the surface too many little flowers and knots of ribbon. He had read a great deal of English, and knew the language remarkably well — too well, I used often to think, for he liked to speak it with those to whom it was native, and, successful as the effort always was, it deprived him of the facility and raciness with which he expressed himself in French.

I have said that he had no prejudices: but perhaps after all he had one. I think he imagined it to be impossible to a person of English speech to converse in French with complete correctness. He knew Shakespeare thoroughly, and at one time had wandered far and wide in English literature. His opportunities for speaking English were not at all frequent, so that when the necessity (or at least the occasion) presented itself he remembered the phrases he had encountered in books. This often gave a charming quaintness and an unexpected literary turn to what he said. "In Russia, in spring, if you enter a beechen grove" — those words come back to me from the very last time I saw him. He continued to read English books, and was not incapable of attacking the usual Tauchnitz novel. The English writer (of our day) of whom I remember to have heard him speak with most admiration was Dickens, of whose faults he was conscious, but whose power of presenting to the eye a vivid, definite figure he rated very high. George Eliot he also greatly admired. He had made her acquaintance during the sorrowful winter of the Franco-Prussian war, which he spent in London, and I have heard her express a high appreciation of his own genius. In the young French school he was much interested; I mean, in the new votaries of realism, the grandsons of Balzac. He was a good friend of most of them, and with Gustave Flaubert, the most singular and most original of the group, he was altogether intimate. He had his reservations and discriminations, and he had, above all, the great back garden of his Slav imagination and his Germanic culture, into which the door constantly stood open, and into which the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him. But he had much sympathy with their experiment, their general movement, and it was on the side of the careful study of life as the best line of the novelist that, as may easily be supposed, he ranged himself. For some of the manifestations of the opposite tradition he had a great contempt. This was a kind of emotion he rarely expressed, save in regard to certain public wrongs and iniquities; bitterness and denunciation seldom passed his mild lips. But I remember well the little flush of conviction, the seriousness, with which he once said, in allusion to a novel which had just been running through the Revue des Deux Mondes, "If I had written anything so bad as that, I should blush for it all my life."

His was not, I should say, predominantly, or even in a high degree, the artistic nature, though it was deeply, if I may make the distinction, the poetic. But during the last twelve years of his life he lived much with artists and men of letters, and he was eminently capable

of kindling in the glow of discussion. He cared for questions of form, though not in the degree in which Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt cared for them, and he had very lively sympathies. He had a great regard for Madame George Sand, the head and front of the old romantic tradition; but this was on general grounds, quite independent of her novels, which he never read, and which she never expected him, or apparently any one else, to read. He thought her character remarkably noble and sincere. His opinion of Victor Hugo could not have been expressed in a few words, but admiration, of course, was a considerable part of it. I remember (on Turgénieff's lips) a brilliant description of Victor Hugo's transcendent state of mind with regard to himself (Victor Hugo), and as a corollary with regard to others. If it was deliberate and discriminating, it was also pictorial and humorous. He had, as I have said, a great affection for Gustave Flaubert, who returned it; and he was much interested in Flaubert's extraordinary attempts at refinement of form and irony of matter, knowing perfectly well when they failed. During those months which it was Flaubert's habit to spend in Paris, Turgénieff went almost regularly to see him on Sunday afternoons, and was so good as to introduce me to the author of Madame Bovary, in whom I saw many reasons for Turgénieff's regard. It was on these Sundays, in Flaubert's little salon, which, at the top of a house at the head of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, looked rather bare and provisional, that, in the company of the other familiars of the spot, more than one of whom [1] have commemorated these occasions, Turgénieff's beautiful faculty of talk showed at its best. He was easy, natural, abundant, more than I can describe, and everything that he said was touched with the exquisite quality of his imagination. What was discussed in that little smoke-clouded room was chiefly questions of taste, questions of art and form; and the speakers, for the most part, were in æsthetic matters radicals of the deepest dye. It would have been late in the day to propose among them any discussion of the relation of art to morality, any question as to the degree in which a novel might or might not concern itself with the teaching of a lesson. They had settled these preliminaries long ago, and it would have been primitive and incongruous to recur to them. The conviction that held them together was the conviction that art and morality are two perfectly different things, and that the former has no more to do with the latter than it has with astronomy or embryology. The only duty of a novel was to be well written; that merit included every other of which it was capable. This state of mind was never more apparent than one afternoon when *ces messieurs* delivered themselves on the subject of an incident which had just befallen one of them. L'Assommoir of Emile Zola had been discontinued in the journal through which it was running as a serial, in consequence of repeated protests from the subscribers. The subscriber, as a type of human imbecility, received a wonderful dressing, and the Philistine in general was roughly handled. There were gulfs of difference between Turgénieff and Zola, but Turgénieff, who, as I say, understood everything, understood Zola too, and rendered perfect justice to the extraordinary solidity of much of his work. His attitude, at such times, was admirable, and I could imagine nothing more genial or more fitted to give an idea of light, easy human intelligence. No one could desire more than he that art should be art; always, ever, incorruptibly, art. To him this proposition would have seemed as little in need of proof, or susceptible of refutation, as the

[1] Maxime Du Camp, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola.

axiom that law should always be law, or medicine always medicine. As much as any one he was prepared to take note of the fact that the demand for abdications and concessions never comes from artists themselves, but always from purchasers, editors, subscribers. I am pretty sure that his word about all this would have been that he could not quite see what was meant by the talk about novels being moral or the reverse; that a novel could no more propose to itself to be moral than a painting or a symphony, and that it was arbitrary to lay down a distinction between such forms of art. I suspect that he would have said, in short, that distinctions were demanded in the interest of the moralists, and that the demand was indelicate, owing to their want of jurisdiction. It was not for art to be moral, any more than for chemistry; it was for morality, since it cared so much about the matter, to be artful. Yet at the same time that I make this suggestion as to Turgénieff's state of mind, I remember how little he struck me as bound by mere neatness of formula, how little there was in him of the partisan or the pleader. What he thought of the relation of art to life, his stories, after all, show better than anything else. The immense variety of life was ever present to his mind, and he would never have argued the question I have just hinted at, in the interest of particular liberties — the liberties that were apparently the dearest to his French *confrères*. It was this air that he carried about with him of feeling all the variety of life, of knowing strange and far-off things, of having an horizon in which the Parisian horizon — so familiar, so wanting in mystery, so perpetually *exploité* — easily lost itself, that distinguished him from these companions. He was not all there, as the phrase is; he had something behind, in reserve. It was Russia, of course, in a large measure; and, especially before the spectacle of what is going on there to-day, that was a large quantity. But so far as he was on the spot, he was an element of pure sociability. He was with everything that was said, and the simplicity, naturalness, *bonhomie*, of his talk made it as charming as it was just. His contribution to every discussion always touched the essential part of it.

I did not intend to go into these details immediately, for I had only begun to say what an impression of magnificent manhood he made upon me when I first knew him. That impression, indeed, always remained with me, even after it had been brought home to me how much there was in him of the quality of genius. He was a beautiful intellect, of course, but above all he was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense, fair Russian physique was one of the most attractive things I have known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal; but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He had always been a passionate sportsman; to wander in the woods or the steppes, with his dog and gun, was the pleasure of his heart. Late in life he continued to shoot, and he had a friend in Cambridgeshire for the sake of whose partridges, which were famous, he used sometimes to cross the Channel. It would have been impossible to imagine a better representation of a Nimrod of the North. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and though the line of his features was irregular there was a great deal of beauty in his face. It was eminently of the Russian type, — almost everything in it was wide. His expression had a singular sweetness, with a touch of Slav languor, and his eye, the kindest of eyes, was deep and melancholy. His hair, abundant and straight, was as white

as silver; and his beard, which he wore trimmed rather short, was of the color of his hair. In all his tall person, which was very striking wherever it appeared, there was an air of neglected strength, as if it had been a part of his modesty never to remind himself that he was strong. He used sometimes to blush like a boy of sixteen. He had very few forms and ceremonies, and almost as little manner as was possible to a man of his natural *prestance*. His noble appearance was in itself a manner; but whatever he did he did very simply, and he had not the slightest pretension of not being subject to rectification. I never saw any one receive it with less irritation. Friendly, candid, unaffectedly benignant, the impression that he produced most strongly and most generally was, I think, simply that of goodness.

When I made his acquaintance he had been living, since his removal from Baden-Baden, which took place in consequence of the Franco-Prussian war, in a large detached house on the hill of Montmartre, with his friends of many years, Madame Pauline Pierdot and her husband, as his fellow-tenants. He occupied the upper floor, and I like to recall, for the sake of certain delightful talks, the aspect of his little green sitting-room, which has, in memory, the consecration of irrecoverable hours. It was almost entirely green, and the walls were not covered with paper, but draped in stuff. The *portières* were green, and there was one of those immense divans, so indispensable to Russians, which had apparently been fashioned for the great person of the master, so that smaller folk had to lie upon it rather than sit. I remember the white light of the Paris street, which came in through windows more or less blinded in their lower part, like those of a studio. It rested, during the first years that I went to see Turgénieff, upon several choice pictures of the modern French school, especially upon a very fine specimen of Théodore Rousseau, which he valued exceedingly. He had a great love of painting, and was an excellent critic of a picture. The last time I saw him — it was at his house in the country — he showed me half a dozen large copies of Italian works, made by a young Russian, in whom he was interested, which he had, with characteristic kindness, taken into his own apartments, in order that he might bring them to the knowledge of his friends. He thought them, as copies, remarkable; and they were so, indeed, especially when one perceived that the original work of the artist had little value. Turgénieff warmed to the work of praising them, as he was very apt to do; like all men of imagination, he had frequent and zealous admirations. As a matter of course, there was almost always some young Russian in whom he was interested, and refugees and pilgrims of both sexes were his natural clients. I have heard it said, by persons who had known him long and well, that these enthusiasms sometimes led him into error; that in the French phrase he was apt to *se monter la tête* on behalf of his protégés. He was prone to believe that he had discovered the coming Russian genius; he talked about his discovery for a month, and then, suddenly, one heard no more of it. I remember his once telling me of a young woman who had come to see him on her return from America, where she had been studying obstetrics at some medical college, and who, without means and without friends, was in want of help and of work. He accidentally learned that she had written something, and asked her to let him see it. She sent it to him, and it proved to be a tale in which certain phases of rural life were described with striking truthfulness. He perceived in the young lady a great natural talent; he sent her story off to Russia to be printed, with the conviction that it would make a great impression, and he expressed the hope of

being able to introduce her to French readers. When I mentioned this to an old friend of Turgénieff, he smiled and said that we should not hear of her again; that Ivan Sergeïevitch had already discovered a great many surprising talents, who, as a general thing had not borne the test. There was apparently some truth in this, and Turgénieff's liability to be deceived was too generous a weakness for me to hesitate to allude to it, even after I have insisted on the usual certainty of his taste. He was deeply interested in his young Russians; they were what interested him most in the world. They were almost always unhappy, in want, and in rebellion against an order of things which he himself detested. The study of the Russian character absorbed and fascinated him, as all readers of his stories know. Rich, unformed, undeveloped, with all sorts of adumbrations, of qualities in a state of fusion, it stretched itself out as a mysterious expanse, in which it was impossible as yet to perceive the relation between gifts and weaknesses. Of its weaknesses he was keenly conscious, and I once heard him express himself with an energy that did him honor, and a frankness that even surprised me (considering that it was of his countrymen that he spoke), in regard to a weakness which he deemed the greatest of all — a weakness for which a man whose love of the truth was his strongest feeling would have least toleration. His young compatriots, seeking their fortune in foreign lands, touched his imagination and his pity, and it is easy to conceive that under the circumstances the impression they often made upon him may have had great intensity. The Parisian background, with its brilliant sameness, its absence of surprises (for those who have known it long), threw them into relief, and made him see them as he saw the figures in his tales, in relations, in situations, which brought them out. There passed before him, in the course of time, many wonderful Russian types. He told me once of his having been visited by a religious sect. The sect consisted of but two persons, one of whom was the object of worship, and the other the worshiper. The divinity, apparently, was traveling about Europe in company with his prophet. They were intensely serious; but it was very handy, as the term is, for each. The god had always his altar, and the altar had (unlike some altars) always its god.

On the first floor of the house in the Rue de Douai was a gallery of pictures (where later, I remember, one evening, I saw him take part with delightful comicality in an extemporized charade), into which, one of the first times I saw him, he took me to look at a portrait just painted of him by a Russian artist working in Paris. This, perhaps, was one of his premature admirations, for the picture, though respectable, could not long satisfy any one who carried well in his eye the admirable head and the deep physiognomy of the original; and I remember that in the Salon of that year it produced little effect. To paint Turgénieff at all properly would have required a painter of style. I may appear to gossip too much; but it seems to me that if with the more irresponsible method of the pen one attempts a sketch of so interesting a man, every trifle is of value as an item of resemblance. I will venture to say, then, that in his personal arrangements there was an almost exaggerated neatness, a love of order which resulted sometimes in angularity. In this little green salon nothing was out of place; there were none of the odds and ends of the usual man of letters, which indeed Turgénieff was not; and the case was the same in his library at Bougival, of which I shall presently speak. Few books, even, were visible; it was as if everything had been put away. The traces of work had been carefully removed. An air of great comfort, an immeasurable divan, and sev-

eral valuable pictures — that was the effect of the place. I know not exactly at what hours Turgénieff did his work; I think he had no regular times and seasons, being in this respect as different as possible from Anthony Trollope, whose autobiography, with its extraordinary record of fixed habits, I have just been reading. It is my impression that in Paris Turgénieff wrote little; his times of production being rather those weeks of the summer that he spent at Bougival, and the period of that visit to Russia which he supposed himself to make every year. I say "supposed himself," because it was impossible to see much of him without discovering that he was a man of delays. As on the part of some other Russians whom I have known, there was something almost Asiatic in his faculty of procrastination. But even if one suffered from it a little, one thought of it with kindness, as a part of his general mildness and want of rigidity. He went to Russia, at any rate, at intervals not infrequent, and he spoke of these visits as his best time for production. He had an estate far in the interior, and here, amid the stillness of the country and the scenes and figures which give such a charm to the Memoirs of a Sportsman, he drove his pen without interruption.

It is not out of place to allude to the fact that he possessed considerable fortune; for such an accident in the life of a man of letters has the highest importance. It had been of great value to Turgénieff, and I think that much of the fine quality of his work is owing to it. He could write according to his taste and his mood; he was never pressed nor checked (putting the Russian censorship aside) by considerations foreign to his plan, and never was in danger of becoming a hack. Indeed, taking into consideration the absence of a pecuniary spur, and that complicated indolence from which he was not exempt, his industry is surprising, for his tales are very numerous. In Paris, at all events, he was always open to proposals for the midday breakfast. He liked to breakfast *au cabaret*, and freely consented to an appointment. It is not unkind to add that, at first, he never kept it. I may mention without reserve this idiosyncrasy of Turgénieff's, because in the first place it was so inveterate as to be very amusing — it amused not only his friends, but himself; and in the second, he was as sure to come in the end as he was sure not to come in the beginning. After the appointment had been made, or the invitation accepted, when the occasion was at hand, there arrived a note or a telegram, in which Ivan Sergeïevitch excused himself, and begged that the meeting might be deferred to another date, which he usually himself proposed. For this second date, still another was sometimes substituted; but if I remember no appointment that he exactly kept, I remember none that he completely missed. His friends waited for him frequently, but they never lost him. He was very fond of that wonderful Parisian *déjeûner* — fond of it, I mean, as a feast of reason. He was extremely temperate, and often ate no breakfast at all; but he found it a good hour for talk, and little, on general grounds, as one might be prepared to agree with him, if he was at the table one was speedily convinced. I call it wonderful, the déjeûner of Paris, on account of the assurance with which it plants itself in the very middle of the morning. It divides the day between rising and dinner so unequally, and opposes such barriers of repletion to any view of ulterior labors, that the unacclimated stranger wonders when the fertile French people do their work. Not the least wonderful part of it is that the stranger himself likes it, at last, and manages to piece together his day with the shattered fragments that survive. It was not, at any rate, when one had the good fortune to breakfast at twelve

o'clock with Turgénieff that one was struck with its being an inconvenient hour. Any hour was convenient for meeting a human being that conformed so completely to one's idea of the best that human nature is capable of. There are places in Paris which I can think of only in relation to some occasion on which he was present, and when I pass them the particular things I heard him say there come back to me. There is a café in the Avenue de l'Opéra — a new, sumptuous establishment, with very deep settees — on the right as you leave the Boulevard, where I once had a talk with him, over an order singularly "moderate," which was prolonged far into the afternoon, and in the course of which he was extraordinarily suggestive and interesting, so that my memory now reverts to all the circumstances with a tenderness that I cannot express. It evokes the gray damp of a Parisian December, which made the dark interior of the café look more and more rich and hospitable, while the light faded, the lamps were lit, the habitués came in to drink absinthe and play their afternoon game of dominoes, and we still lingered over our "breakfast." Turgénieff talked almost exclusively about Russia, the Nihilists, the remarkable figures that came to light among them, the curious visits he received, the dark prospects of his native land. When he was in the vein, no man could speak more to the imagination of his auditor. For myself, at least, at such times, there was something extraordinarily vivifying and stimulating in his talk, and I always left him in a state of "intimate" excitement, with a feeling that all sorts of valuable things had been suggested to me; the condition in which a man swings his cane as he walks, leaps lightly over gutters, and then stops, for no reason at all, to look with an air of brightness into a shop-window, where he sees nothing. I remember another symposium at a restaurant on one of the corners of the little *place* in front of the Opéra Comique, where we were four, including Ivan Sergeïevitch, and the two other guests were also Russian, one of them uniting to the charm of this nationality the merit of a sex that makes the combination irresistible. The establishment had been a discovery of Turgénieff's — a discovery, at least, as far as our particular needs were concerned — and I remember that we hardly congratulated him on it. The dinner, in a low entresol, was not what it had been intended to be, but the talk was better even than our expectations. It was not about Nihilism, but about some more agreeable features of life, and I have no recollection of Turgénieff in a mood more spontaneous and charming. One of our friends had, when he spoke French, a peculiar way of sounding the word *adorable*, which was frequently on his lips, and I remember well his expressive prolongation of the *a* when, in speaking of the occasion afterwards, he applied this term to Ivan Sergeïevitch. I scarcely know, however, why I should drop into the detail of such reminiscences, and my excuse is but the desire that we all have, when a human relationship is closed, to save a little of it from the past — to make a mark which may stand for some of the moments of it.

Nothing that Turgénieff had to say could be more interesting than his talk about his own work, his manner of writing. What I have heard him tell of these things was worthy of the beautiful results he produced; of the deep purpose, pervading them all, to show us life itself. The germ of a story, with him, was never an affair of plot — that was the last thing he thought of; it was the representation of certain persons. The first form in which a tale appeared to him was as the figure of one individual or a combination of individuals, whom he wished to see in action, being sure that such people must do something very special and interesting. They stood be-

fore him definite, vivid, and he wished to know, and to show, as much as possible of their nature. The first thing was to make clear to himself what he did know, to begin with; and to this end, he wrote out a sort of biography of each of his characters and everything that they had done and that had happened to them, up to the opening of the story. He had their *dossier*, as the French say, and as the police has of that of every conspicuous criminal. With this material in his hand he was able to proceed; the story all lay in the question, What shall I make them do? He always made them do things that showed them completely; but, as he said, the defect of his manner and the reproach that was made him was his want of "architecture" — in other words, of composition. The great thing, of course, is to have architecture as well as precious material, as Walter Scott had them, as Balzac had them. If one reads Turgénieff's stories with the knowledge that they were composed — or rather that they came into being — in this way, one can trace the process in every line. Story, in the conventional sense of the word, — a fable constructed, like Wordsworth's phantom, "to startle and waylay," — there is as little as possible. The thing consists of the motions of a group of selected creatures, which are not the result of a preconceived action, but a consequence of the qualities of the actors. Works of art are produced from every possible point of view, and stories, and very good ones, will continue to be written in order to illustrate a plot. Such stories will always, probably, find most favor with many readers, because they remind them enough, without reminding them too much, of life. On this opposition many young talents, in France, are ready to rend each other, for there is a numerous school on either side. We have not yet, in England and America, arrived at the point of treating such questions with passion, for we have not yet arrived at the point of feeling them intensely, or indeed, for that matter, of understanding them very well. It is not open to us, as yet, to discuss whether a novel had better be an excision from life, or a structure built up of picture-cards, for we have not made up our mind as to whether life in general may be described. Among us, therefore, even a certain ridicule attaches to the consideration of such alternatives. But individuals may feel their way, and perhaps even pass unchallenged if they remark that for them the manner in which Turgénieff worked will always seem the most fruitful. It has the immense recommendation that in relation to any human occurrence it begins, as it were, further back. It lies in its power to tell us the most about men and women. Of course it will but slenderly satisfy those numerous readers among whom the answer to this would be, "Hang it, we don't care a straw about men and women: we want a good story!"

And yet, after all, Elena is a good story, and A Nest of Noblemen and Virgin Soil are good stories. Reading over lately several of Turgénieff's novels and tales, I was struck afresh with their combination of beauty and reality. One must never forget, in speaking of him, that he was both an observer and a poet. The poetic element was constant, and it had great strangeness and power. It inspired most of the short things that he wrote during the last few years of his life, since the publication of Virgin Soil, and which are in the highest degree fanciful and exotic. It pervades the frequent little reveries, visions, epigrams, of the Senilia. It was no part of my intention, here, to criticise his writings, having said my say about them, so far as possible, some years ago. But I may mention that in re-reading them I find in them all that I formerly found of two other elements — their depth and their sadness. They give one the impression of life itself, and not of an

arrangement, a *réchauffé* of life. I remember Turgénieff's once saying in regard to Homais, the little Norman country apothecary, with his pedantry of "enlightened opinions," in Madame Bovary, that the great strength of such a portrait consisted in its being at once an individual, of the most concrete sort, and a type. This is the great strength of his own representations of character; they are so strangely, fascinatingly particular, and yet they are so recognizably general. Such a remark as that about Homais makes me wonder why it was that Turgénieff should have rated Dickens so high, the weakness of Dickens being in regard to just that point. If Dickens fails to live long, it will be because his figures are particular without being general; because they are individuals without being types; because we do not feel their continuity with the rest of humanity — see the matching of the pattern with the piece out of which all the creations of the novelist and the dramatist are cut. I often meant, but accidentally neglected, to put Turgénieff on the subject of Dickens again, and ask him to explain his opinion. I suspect that his opinion was in a large measure merely that Dickens entertained him, as well he might. That curiosity of the pattern was in itself fascinating.

I have mentioned Flaubert, and I will return to him simply to say that there was something very touching to me in the nature of the friendship that united these two men. It is much to the honor of Flaubert, to my sense, that he appreciated Ivan Turgénieff. There was a partial similarity between them. Both were tall, massive men, though the Russian reached to a greater height than the Norman; both were completely honest and sincere, and both had in their composition the element of irony and sadness. Each had a tender regard for the other, and I think that I am neither incorrect nor indiscreet in saying that on Turgénieff's part this regard had in it a strain of compassion. There was something in Gustave Flaubert that appealed to such a feeling. He had failed, on the whole, more than he had succeeded, and the great machinery of erudition and labor which he brought to bear upon his productions was not accompanied with proportionate results. He had talent without having cleverness, and imagination without having fancy. His effort was heroic, but except in the case of Madame Bovary, a masterpiece, he imparted something to his works which sunk them rather than floated them. He had a passion for perfection of form and for a certain splendid suggestiveness of style. He wished to produce perfect phrases, perfectly interrelated, and as closely woven together as a suit of chain-mail. He looked at life altogether as an artist, and took his work with a seriousness that never belied itself. To write an admirable page — and his idea of what constituted an admirable page was transcendent — seemed to him something to live for. He tried it again and again, and he came very near it; more than once he touched it, for Madame Bovary surely will live. But there was something unfruitful in his genius. He was cold, and he would have given everything he had to be able to glow. There is nothing in his novels like the passion of Elena for Inssaroff, like the purity of Lisa, like the anguish of the parents of Bazaroff, like the hidden wound of Tatiana; and yet Flaubert yearned, with all the accumulations of his vocabulary, to touch the chord of pathos. There were some parts of his mind that did not "give," as the French say, that did not render a sound. He had had too much of some sorts of experience, and not enough of others. And yet this local dumbness, as I may call it, inspired those who knew him with a kindness. If Flaubert was powerful and limited, there is something impressive in a strong man who has not been able completely to express himself.

After the first year of my acquaintance with Turgénieff, I saw him much less often. I was seldom in Paris, and sometimes when I was there he was absent. But I neglected no opportunity of seeing him, and fortune frequently favored me. He came two or three times to London, for visits provokingly brief. He went to shoot in Cambridgeshire, and he passed through town in arriving and departing. He liked the English, but I am not sure that he liked London, where he had passed a lugubrious winter in 1870–71. I remember some of his impressions of that period, especially a visit that he had paid to a "bishopess" surrounded by her daughters, and a description of the cookery at the lodgings which he occupied. After 1876 I frequently saw him as an invalid. He was tormented by gout, and sometimes terribly besieged; but his account of what he suffered was as charming — I can apply no other word to it — as his description of everything else. He had so the habit of observation that he perceived in excruciating sensations all sorts of curious images and analogies, and analyzed them to an extraordinary fineness. Several times I found him at Bougival, above the Seine, in a very spacious and handsome chalet — a little unsunned, it is true — which he had built alongside of the villa occupied by the family to which, for years, his life had been devoted. The place is delightful; the two houses are midway up a long slope, which descends, with the softest inclination, to the river, and behind them the hill rises to a wooded crest. On the left, in the distance, high up, and above an horizon of woods, stretches the romantic aqueduct of Marly. It is a very pretty domain. The last time I saw him, in November, 1882, it was at Bougival. He had been very ill, with strange, intolerable symptoms, but he was better, and he had good hopes. They were not justified by the event. He got worse again, and the months that followed were cruel. His beautiful, serene mind should not have been darkened and made acquainted with violence; it should have been able to the last to take part, as it had always done, in the decrees and mysteries of fate. At the moment I saw him, however, he was, as they say in London, in very good form, and my last impression of him was almost bright. He was to drive into Paris, not being able to bear the railway, and he gave me a seat in the carriage. For an hour and a half he constantly talked, and never better. When we got into the city I alighted on the Boulevard extérieur, as we were to go in different directions. I bade him good-by at the carriage window, and never saw him again. There was a kind of fair going on, near by, in the chill November air, beneath the denuded little trees of the Boulevard, and a Punch and Judy show, from which nasal sounds proceeded. I almost regret having accidentally to mix up so much of Paris with this, perhaps too complacent, enumeration of occasions, for the effect of it may be to suggest that Ivan Sergeïevitch had been gallicized. But this was not the case; no sojourner in Paris was less French than he. Paris touched him at many points, but it let him alone at many others, and he had with that great tradition of ventilation of the Russian mind windows open into distances which stretched far beyond the *banlieue*. I have spoken of him from the limited point of view of my own acquaintance with him, and unfortunately left myself little space to allude to a matter which filled his existence a good deal more than the consideration of how a story should be written — his hopes and fears on behalf of his native land. He wrote fictions and dramas, but the great drama of his life was the struggle for a better state of things in Russia. In this drama he played a distinguished part, and the splendid obsequies that, simple and modest as he was, have un-

folded themselves over his grave, sufficiently attest the recognition of it by his countrymen. His funeral, restricted and officialized, was none the less a magnificent "manifestation." I have read the accounts of it, however, with a kind of chill, a feeling in which assent to the honors paid him bore less part than it ought. All this pomp and ceremony seemed to lift him out of the range of familiar recollection, of valued reciprocity, into the majestic position of a national glory. And yet it is in the presence of this obstacle to social contact that those who knew and loved him must address their farewell to him now. After all, it is difficult to see how the obstacle can be removed. He was the most generous, the most tender, the most delightful, of men; his large nature overflowed with the love of justice; but he was also a rare genius.

Henry James.

LEPAGE'S JOAN OF ARC.

Once, it may be, the soft gray skies were dear,
The clouds above in crowds, like sheep below,
The bending of each kindly wrinkled tree;
Or blossoms at the birth-time of the year,
Or lambs unweaned, or water in still flow,
In whose brown glass a girl her face might see.

Such days are gone, and strange things come instead;
For she has looked on other faces white,
Pale bloom of fear, before war's whirlwind blown;
Has stooped, ah Heaven! in some low sheltering shed
To tend dark wounds, the leaping arrow's bite,
While the cold death that hovered seemed her own.

And in her hurt heart, o'er some grizzled head,
The mother that shall never be has yearned;
And love's fine voice, she else shall never hear,
Came to her as the call of saints long dead;
And straightway all the passion in her burned,
One altar-flame, that hourly waxes clear.

Hence goes she ever in a glimmering dream,
And very oft will sudden stand at gaze,
With blue, dim eyes that still not seem to see:
For now the well-known ways with visions teem;
Unfelt is toil, and summer one green daze,
Till that the king be crowned, and France be free!

Helen Gray Cone.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XIII.

I WENT to Palestrina because all foreigners go there, and are to be heard of from other parts of the mountains in that place. It was a long and tiresome journey; the jolting stagecoach shook me very much. There was a stout woman inside, with a baby that squealed; there was a very dirty old country curate, who looked as though he had not shaved for a week, or changed his collar for a month. But he talked intelligently, though he talked too much, and he helped to pass the time until I was weary of him. We jolted along over the dusty roads, and were at least thankful that it was not yet hot.

In the evening we reached Palestrina, and stopped before the inn in the market-place, as tired and dusty as might be. The woman went one way, and the priest the other, and I was left alone. I soon found the fat old host, and engaged a room for the night. He was talkative and curious, and sat by my side when he had prepared my supper in the dingy dining-room down-stairs. I felt quite sure that he would be able to tell me what I wanted, or at least to give me a hint from hearsay. But he at once began to talk of last year, and how much better his business had been then than it was now, as country landlords invariably do.

It was to no purpose that I questioned him about the people that had passed during the fortnight, the month, the two months, back; it was clear that no one of the importance of my friends had been heard of. At last I was tired, and he lit a wax candle, which he would carefully charge in the bill afterwards, at double its natural price, and he showed me the way to my room. It was a very decent little room, with white curtains and a good bed and a table, — everything I could desire. A storm had come up since I had been at my supper, and it seemed a comfortable thing to go to bed, although I was disappointed at having got no news.

But when I had blown out my candle, determining to expostulate with the host in the morning, if he attempted to make me pay for a whole one, I lay thinking of what I should do; and turning on my side, I observed that a narrow crack of the door admitted rays of light into the darkness of my chamber. Now I am very sensitive to draughts and inclined to take cold, and the idea that there was a door open troubled me, so that at last I made up my mind to get up and close it. As I rose to my feet, I perceived that it was not the door by which I had entered; and so, before shutting it, I called out, supposing there might be some one in the next room.

"Excuse me," I said loudly, "I will shut this door." But there was no reply.

Curiosity is perhaps a vice, but it is a natural one. Instead of pulling the door to its place, I pushed it a little, knocking with my knuckles at the same time. But as no one answered, I pushed it further, and put in my head. It was a disagreeable thing I saw.

The room was like mine in every way, save that the bed was moved to the middle of the open space, and there were two candles on two tables. On the bed lay a dead man. I felt what we call a brivido, — a shiver like an ague.

It was the body of an old man, with a face like yellow wax, and a singularly unpleasant expression even in death. His emaciated hands were crossed on his breast, and held a small black crucifix. The candles stood, one at the head and one at the foot, on little tables. I entered the room and looked long at the

dead old man. I thought it strange that there should be no one to watch him, but I am not afraid of dead men, after the first shudder is past. It was a ghastly sight enough, however, and the candles shed a glaring, yellowish light over it all.

"Poor wretch," I said to myself, and went back to my room, closing the door carefully behind me.

At first I thought of rousing the host, and explaining to him my objections to being left almost in the same room with a corpse. But I reflected that it would be foolish to seem afraid of it, when I was really not at all timid, and so I went to bed, and slept until dawn. But when I went down-stairs I found the innkeeper, and gave him a piece of my mind.

"What sort of an inn do you keep? What manners are these?" I cried angrily. "What diavolo put into your pumpkin head to give me a sepulchre for a room?"

He seemed much disturbed at what I said, and broke out into a thousand apologies. But I was not to be so easily pacified.

"Do you think," I demanded, "that I will ever come here again, or advise any of my friends to come here? It is insufferable. I will write to the police" — But at this he began to shed tears and to wring his hands, saying it was not his fault.

"You see, signore, it was my wife who made me arrange it so. Oh! these women — the devil has made them all! It was her father — the old dead man you saw. He died yesterday morning, — may he rest! — and we will bury him to-day. You see every one knows that unless a dead man is watched by some one from another town his soul will not rest in peace. My wife's father was a jettatore; he had the evil eye, and people knew it for miles around, so I could not persuade any one from the other villages to sit by him and watch his body, though I sent everywhere all day yesterday. At last that wife of mine — maledictions on her folly! — said, 'It is my father, after all, and his soul must rest, at any price. If you put a traveler in the next room, and leave the door open, it will be the same thing; and so he will be in peace.' That is the way it happened, signore," he continued, after wiping away his tears; "you see I could not help it at all. But if you will overlook it, I will not make any charges for your stay. My wife shall pay me. She has poultry by the hundred. I will pay myself with her chickens."

"Very good," said I, well pleased at having got so cheap a lodging. "But I am a just man, and I will pay for what I have eaten and drunk, and you can take the night's lodging out of your wife's chickens, as you say." So we were both satisfied.[1]

The storm of the night had passed away, leaving everything wet and the air cool and fresh. I wrapped my cloak about me, and went into the market-place, to see if I could pick up any news. It was already late, for the country, and there were few people about. Here and there, in the streets, a wine-cart was halting on its way to Rome, while the rough carter went through the usual arrangement of exchanging some of his employer's wine for food for himself, filling up the barrel with good pure water, that never hurt any one. I wandered about, though I could not expect to see any face that I knew; it is so many years since I lived at Serveti, that even were the carters from my old place, I should have forgotten how they looked. Suddenly, at the corner of a dirty street, where there was a little blue and white shrine to the Madonna, I stumbled against a burly fellow with a gray beard, carrying a bit of salt codfish in one hand and a cake of corn bread in the other, eating as he went.

[1] This incident actually occurred, precisely as related. — F. M. C.

"Gigi!" I cried in delight, when I recognized the old carrettiere who used to bring me grapes and wine, and still does when the fancy takes him.

"Dio mio! Signor Conte!" he cried with his mouth full, and holding up the bread and fish with his two hands, in astonishment. When he recovered himself, he instantly offered to share his meal with me, as the poorest wretch in Italy will offer his crust to the greatest prince, out of politeness. "Vuol favorire?" he said, smiling.

I thanked him and declined, as you may imagine. Then I asked him how he came to be in Palestrina; and he told me that he was often there in the winter, as his sister had married a vinedresser of the place, of whom he bought wine occasionally. Very well-to-do people, he explained eagerly, proud of his prosperous relations.

We clambered along through the rough street together, and I asked him what was the news from Serveti and from that part of the country, well knowing that if he had heard of any rich foreigners in that neighborhood he would at once tell me of it. But I had not much hope. He talked about the prospects of the vines, and such things, for some time, and I listened patiently.

"By the bye," he said at last, "there is a gran signore who is gone to live in Fillettino, — a crazy man, they say, with a beautiful daughter, but really beautiful, as an angel."

I was so much surprised that I made a loud exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked Gigi.

"It is nothing, Gigi," I answered, for I was afraid lest he should betray my secret, if I let him guess it. "It is nothing. I struck my foot against a stone. But you were telling about a foreigner who is gone to live somewhere. Fillettino? Where is that?"

"Oh, the place of the diavolo! I do not wonder you do not know, conte, for gentlemen never go there. It is in the Abruzzi, beyond Trevi. Did you ever hear of the Serra di Sant' Antonio, where so many people have been killed?"

"Diana! I should think so! In the old days" —

"Bene," said Gigi, "Fillettino is there, at the beginning of the pass."

"Tell me, Gigi mio," I said, "are you not very thirsty?" The way to the heart of the wine carter lies through a pint measure. Gigi was thirsty, as I supposed, and we sat down in the porch of my inn, and the host brought a stoup of his best wine and set it before us.

"I would like to hear about the crazy foreigner who is gone to live in the hills among the briganti," I said, when he had wet his throat.

"What I know I will tell you, Signor Conte," he answered, filling his pipe with bits that he broke off a cigar. "But I know very little. He must be a foreigner, because he goes to such a place; and he is certainly crazy, for he shuts his daughter in the old castle, and watches her as though she was made of wax, like the flowers you have in Rome under glass."

"How long have they been there, these queer folks?" I asked.

"What do I know? It may be a month or two. A man told me, who had come that way from Fucino, and that is all I know."

"Do people often travel that way, Gigi?"

"Not often, indeed," he answered, with a grin. "They are not very civil, the people of those parts." Gigi made a gesture, or a series of gestures. He put up his hands as though firing a gun. Then he opened his right hand and closed it, with a kind of insinuating twirl of the fingers, which means "to steal." Lastly he put his hand over his eyes, and looked through his fingers as though they were bars, which means "prison." From this I inferred that the inhabitants of Fillettino were ad-

dicted to murder, robbery, and other pastimes, for which they sometimes got into trouble. The place he spoke of is about thirty miles, or something more, from Palestrina, and I began planning how I should get there as cheaply as possible. I had never been there, and wondered what kind of a habitation the count had found; for I knew it must be the roughest sort of mountain town, with some dilapidated castle, or other, overhanging it. But the count was rich, and he had doubtless made himself very comfortable. I sat in silence, while Gigi finished his wine, and chatted about his affairs between the whiffs of his pipe.

"Gigi," I said at last, "I want to buy a donkey."

"Eh, your excellency can be accommodated; and a saddle, too, if you wish."

"I think I could ride without a saddle," I said, for I thought it a needless piece of extravagance.

"Madonna mia!" he cried. "The Signor Conte ride bareback on a donkey! They would laugh at you. But my brother-in-law can sell you a beast this very day, and for a mere song."

"Let us go and see the beast," I said. I felt a little ashamed of having wished to ride without a saddle. But as I had sold all I had, I wanted to make the money last as long as possible; or at least I would spend as little as I could, and take something back, if I ever went home at all. We had not far to go, and Gigi opened a door in the street, and showed me a stable, in which something moved in the darkness. Presently he led out an animal and began to descant upon its merits.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful donkey?" asked Gigi admiringly. "It looks like a horse!" It was a little ass, with sad eyes, and ears as long as its tail. It was also very thin, and had the hair rubbed off its back from carrying burdens. But it had no sore places, and did not seem lame.

"He is full of fire," said Gigi, poking the donkey in the ribs to excite a show of animation. "You should see him gallop up hill with my brother on his back, and a good load into the bargain. Brrrr! Stand still, will you!" he cried, holding tight by the halter, though the animal did not seem anxious to run away.

"And then," said Gigi, "he eats nothing, — positively nothing."

"He does not look as though he had eaten much of late," I said.

"Oh, my brother-in-law is as good to him as though he were a Christian. He gives him corn bread and fish, just like his own children. But this ass prefers straw."

"A frugal ass," I said, and we began to bargain. I will not tell you what I gave Gigi's brother-in-law for the beast, because you would laugh. And I bought an old saddle, too. It was really necessary, but it was a dear bargain, though it was cheaper than hiring; for I sold the donkey and the saddle again, and got back something.

It is a wild country enough that lies behind the mountains towards the sources of the Aniene, — the river that makes the falls at Tivoli. You could not half understand how in these times, under the new government, and almost within a long day's ride from Rome, such things could take place as I am about to tell you of, unless I explained to you how very primitive that country is which lies to the southeast of the capital, and which we generally call the Abruzzi. The district is wholly mountainous, and though there are no very great elevations there are very ragged gorges and steep precipices, and now and then an inaccessible bit of forest far up among the rocks, which no man has ever thought of cutting down. It would be quite impossible to remove the timber. The people are mostly shepherds in the higher regions, where there are no vines, and when opportunity offers they will way-

lay the unwary traveler and rob him, and even murder him, without thinking very much about it. In the old days, the boundary between the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples ran through these mountains, and the contrabbandieri — the smugglers of all sorts of wares — used to cross from one dominion to the other by circuitous paths and steep ways of which only a few had knowledge. The better known of these passes were defended by soldiers and police, but there have been bloody fights fought, within a few years, between the law and its breakers. Foreigners never penetrate into the recesses of these hills, and even the English guide-books, which are said to contain an account of everything that the Buon Dio ever made, compiled from notes taken at the time of the creation, make no mention of places which surpass in beauty all the rest of Italy put together.

No railroad or other modern innovation penetrates into those Arcadian regions, where the goatherd plays upon his pipe all the day long, the picture of peace and innocence, or prowls in the passes with a murderous long gun, if there are foreigners in the air. The women toil at carrying their scant supply of drinking-water from great distances during a part of the day, and in the evening they spin industriously by their firesides or upon their doorsteps, as the season will have it. It is an old life, the same to-day as a thousand years ago, and perhaps as it will be a thousand years hence. The men are great travelers, and go to Rome in the winter to sell their cheese, or to milk a flock of goats in the street at daybreak, selling the foaming canful for a sou. But their visits to the city do not civilize them; the outing only broadens the horizon of their views in regard to foreigners, and makes them more ambitious to secure one, and see what he is like, and cut off his ears, and get his money. Do not suppose that the shepherd of the Abruzzi lies all day on the rocks in the sun, waiting for the foreign gentleman to come within reach. He might wait a long time. Climbing has strengthened the muscles of his legs into so much steel, and a party of herdsmen have been known to come down from the Serra to the plains around Velletri, and to return to their inaccessible mountains, after doing daring deeds of violence, in twenty-four hours from the time of starting; covering at least from eighty to ninety miles by the way. They are extraordinary fellows, as active as tigers, and fabulously strong, though they are never very big.

This country begins behind the range of Sabine mountains seen from Rome across the Campagna, and the wild character of it increases as you go towards the southeast.

Since I have told you this much, I need not weary you with further descriptions. I do not like descriptions, and it is only when Nino gives me his impressions that I write them, in order that you may know how beautiful things impress him, and the better judge of his character.

I do not think that Gigi really cheated me so very badly about the donkey. Of course I do not believe the story of his carrying the brother-in-law and the heavy load uphill at a gallop; but I am thin and not very heavy, and the little ass carried me well enough through the valleys, and when we came to a steep place I would get off and walk, so as not to tire him too much. If he liked to crop a thistle or a blade of grass, I would stop a moment, for I thought he would grow fatter in that way, and I should not lose so much when I sold him again. But he never grew very fat.

Twice I slept by the way, before I reached the end of my journey, — once at Olevano, and once at Trevi; for the road from Olevano to Trevi is long, and some parts are very rough, especially at first. I could tell you just how every

stone on the road looks — Rojate, the narrow pass beyond, and then the long valley with the vines; then the road turns away and rises as you go along the plateau of Arcinazzo, which is hollow beneath, and you can hear the echoes as you tread; then at the end of that the desperate old inn, called by the shepherds the Madre dei Briganti, — the mother of brigands, — smoke-blackened within and without, standing alone on the desolate heath; further on, a broad bend of the valley to the left, and you see Trevi rising before you, crowned with an ancient castle, and overlooking the stream that becomes the Aniene afterwards; from Trevi through a rising valley that grows narrower at every step, and finally seems to end abruptly, as indeed it does, in a dense forest far up the pass. And just below the woods lies the town of Fillettino, where the road ends; for there is a road which leads to Tivoli, but does not communicate with Olevano, whence I had come.

Of course I had made an occasional inquiry by the way, when I could do so without making people too curious. When any one asked me where I was going, I would say I was bound for Fucino, to buy beans for seed at the wonderful model farm that Torlonia has made by draining the old lake. And then I would ask about the road; and sometimes I was told there was a strange foreigner at Fillettino, who made everybody wonder about him by his peculiar mode of life. Therefore, when I at last saw the town, I was quite sure that the count was there, and I got off my little donkey, and let him drink in the stream, while I myself drank a little higher up. The road was dusty, and my donkey and I were thirsty.

I thought of all I would do, as I sat on the stone by the water, and the beast cropped the wretched grass; and soon I came to the conclusion that I did not know in the least what I should do. I had unexpectedly found what I wanted, very soon, and I was thankful enough to have been so lucky. But I had not the first conception of what course I was to pursue when once I had made sure of the count. Besides, it was barely possible that it was not he, after all, but another foreigner, with another daughter. The thought frightened me, but I drove it away. If it were really old Lira who had chosen this retreat in which to imprison his daughter and himself, I asked myself whether I could do anything, save send word to Nino as soon as possible.

I felt like a sort of Don Quixote, suddenly chilled into the prosaic requirements of common sense. Perhaps if Hedwig had been my Dulcinea, instead of Nino's, the crazy fit would have lasted, and I would have attempted to scale the castle wall and carry off the prize by force. There is no telling what a sober old professor of philosophy may not do, when he is crazy. But meanwhile I was sane. Graf von Lira had a right to live anywhere he pleased with his daughter, and the fact that I had discovered the spot where he pleased to live did not constitute an introduction. Or finally, if I got access to the old count, what had I to say to him? Ought I to make a formal request for Nino? I looked at my old clothes, and almost smiled.

But the weather was cold, though the roads were dusty; so I mounted my ass and jogged along, meditating deeply.

XIV.

Fillettino is a trifle cleaner than most towns of the same kind. Perhaps it rains more often, and there are fewer people. Considering that its vicinity has been the scene of robbery, murder, and all manner of adventurous crime from time immemorial, I had expected to find it a villainous place. It is nothing of the kind. There is a decent ap-

pearance about it that is surprising; and though the houses are old and brown and poor, I did not see pigs in many rooms, nor did the little children beg of me, as they beg of every one elsewhere. The absence of the pigs struck me particularly, for in the Sabine towns they live in common with the family, and go out only in the daytime to pick up what they can get.

I went to the apothecary — there is always an apothecary in these places — and inquired for a lodging. Before very long I had secured a room, and it seemed that the people were accustomed to travelers, for it was surprisingly clean. The bed was so high that I could touch the ceiling when I sat on it, and the walls were covered with ornaments, such as glazed earthenware saints, each with a little basin for holy water, some old engravings of other saints, a few paper roses from the last fair, and a weather-beaten game pouch of leather. The window looked out over a kind of square, where a great quantity of water ran into a row of masonry tanks out of a number of iron pipes projecting from an overhanging rock. Above the rock was the castle, the place I had come to see, towering up against the darkening sky.

It is such a strange place that I ought to describe it to you, or you will not understand the things that happened there. There is a great rock, as I said, rising above the town, and upon this is built the feudal stronghold, so that the walls of the building do not begin less than forty feet from the street level. The height of the whole castle consequently seems enormous. The walls, for the most part, follow the lines of the gray rock, irregularly, as chance would have it, and the result is a three-cornered pile, having a high square tower at one angle, where also the building recedes some yards from the edge of the cliff, leaving on that side a broad terrace guarded by a stone parapet. On another side of the great isolated bowlder a narrow roadway heads up a steep incline, impracticable for carriages, but passable for four-footed beasts; and this path gives access to the castle through a heavy gate opening upon a small court within. But the rock itself has been turned to account, and there are chambers within it, which formerly served as prisons, opening to the right and left of a narrow staircase, hewn out of the stone, and leading from the foot of the tower to the street below; upon which it opens through a low square door, set in the rock and studded with heavy iron nails.

Below the castle hangs the town, and behind it rises the valley, thickly wooded with giant beech-trees. Of course I learned the details of the interior little by little, and I gathered also some interesting facts regarding the history of Fillettino, which are not in any way necessary to my story. The first thing I did was to find out what means of communication there were with Rome. There was a postal service twice a week, and I was told that Count von Lira, whose name was no secret in the village, sent messengers very often to Subiaco. The post left that very day, and I wrote to Nino to tell him that I had found his friends in villeggiatura at Fillettino, advising him to come as soon as he could, and recruit his health and his spirits.

I learned, further, from the woman who rented me my lodging, that there were other people in the castle besides the count and his daughter. At least, she had seen a tall gentleman on the terrace with them during the last two days; and it was not true that the count kept Hedwig a prisoner. On the contrary, they rode out together almost every day, and yesterday the tall gentleman had gone with them. The woman also went into many details; telling me how much money the count had spent in a fortnight, bringing furniture and a real piano and immense loads of baskets,

which the porters were told contained glass and crockery, and must be carefully handled. It was clear that the count was settled for some time. He had probably taken the old place for a year, by a lease from the Roman family to whom Fillettino and the neighboring estates belong. He would spend the spring and the summer there, at least.

Being anxious to see who the tall gentleman might be, of whom my landlady had spoken, I posted myself in the street, at the foot of the inclined bridle-path leading to the castle gate. I walked up and down for two hours, about the time I supposed they would all ride, hoping to catch a glimpse of the party. Neither the count nor his daughter knew me by sight, I was sure, and I felt quite safe. It was a long time to wait, but at last they appeared, and I confess that I nearly fell down against the wall when I saw them.

There they were on their horses, moving cautiously down the narrow way above me. First came the count, sitting in his saddle as though he were at the head of his old regiment, his great gray mustaches standing out fiercely from his severe, wooden face. Then came Hedwig, whom I had not seen for a long time, looking as white and sorrowful as the angel of death, in a close black dress, or habit, so that her golden hair was all the color there was to be seen about her.

But the third rider, — there was no mistaking that thin, erect figure, dressed in the affectation of youth; those fresh pink cheeks, with the snowy mustache, and the thick white hair showing beneath the jaunty hat; the eagle nose and the bright eyes. Baron Benoni, and no other.

My first instinct was to hide myself; but before I could retreat, Benoni recognized me, even with my old clothes. Perhaps they are not so much older than the others, compared with his fashionable garments. He made no sign as the three rode by; only I could see by his eyes, that were fixed angrily upon me, that he knew me, and did not wish to show it. As for myself, I stood stock still in amazement.

I had supposed that Benoni had really gone to Austria, as he had told me he was about to do. I had thought him ignorant of the count's retreat, save for the hint which had so luckily led me straight to the mark. I had imagined him to be but a chance acquaintance of the Lira family, having little or no personal interest in their doings. Nevertheless, I had suspected him, as I have told you. Everything pointed to a deception on his part. He had evidently gone immediately from Rome to Fillettino. He must be intimate with the count, or the latter would not have invited him to share a retreat seemingly intended to be kept a secret. He also, I thought, must have some very strong reason for consenting to bury himself in the mountains in company with a father and daughter who could hardly be supposed to be on good terms with each other.

But again, why had he seemed so ready to help me and to forward Nino's suit? Why had he given me the smallest clue to the count's whereabouts? Now I am not a strong man in action, perhaps, but I am a very cunning reasoner. I remembered the man, and the outrageous opinions he had expressed, both to Nino and to me. Then I understood my suspicions. It would be folly to expect such a man to have any real sympathy or sense of friendship for any one. He had amused himself by promising to come back and go with me on my search, perhaps to make a laughing-stock of me, or even of my boy, by telling the story to the Liras afterwards. He had entertained no idea that I would go alone, or that, if I went, I could be successful. He had made a mistake, and was very angry; his eyes told me that. Then I made a bold resolution. I would

see him and ask him what he intended to do; in short, why he had deceived me.

There would probably be no difficulty in the way of obtaining an interview. I was not known to the others of the party, and Benoni would scarcely refuse to receive me. I thought he would excuse himself, with ready cynicism, and pretend to continue his offers of friendship and assistance. I confess, I regretted that I was so humbly clad, in all my old clothes; but after all, I was traveling, you know.

It was a bold resolution, I think, and I revolved the situation in my mind during two days, thinking over what I should say. But with all my thought I only found that everything must depend on Benoni's answer to my own question — "Why?"

On the third day, I made myself look as fine as I could, and though my heart beat loudly as I mounted the bridle-path, I put on a bold look and rang the bell. It was a clanging thing, that seemed to creak on a hinge, as I pulled the stout string from outside. A man appeared, and on my inquiry said I might wait in the porch behind the great wooden gate, while he delivered my message to his excellency the baron. It seemed to take a long time, and I sat on a stone bench, eying the courtyard curiously from beneath the archway. It was sunny and clean, with an old well in the middle, but I could see nothing save a few windows opening upon it. At last, the man returned, and said that I might come with him.

I found Benoni, clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown, stalking up and down a large vaulted apartment, in which there were a few new armchairs, a table covered with books, and a quantity of ancient furniture, that looked unsteady and fragile, although it had been carefully dusted. A plain green baize carpet covered about half the floor, and the remainder was of red brick. The morning sun streamed in through tall windows, and played in a rainbow-like effulgence on the baron's many colored dressing-gown, as he paused in his walk to greet me.

"Well, my friend," said Benoni gayly, "how in the name of the devil did you get here?" I thought I had been right; he was going to play at being my friend again.

"Very easily, by the help of your little hint," I replied; and I seated myself, for I felt that I was master of the situation.

"Ah, if I had suspected you of being so intelligent, I would not have given you any hint at all. You see I have not been to Austria on business, but am here in this good old flesh of mine, such as it is."

"Consequently"—I began, and then stopped. I suddenly felt that Benoni had turned the tables upon me, I could not tell how.

"Consequently," said he, continuing my sentence, "when I told you that I was going to Austria I was lying."

"The frankness of the statement obliges me to believe that you are now telling the truth," I answered angrily. I felt uneasy. Benoni laughed in his peculiar way.

"Precisely," he continued again, "I was lying. I generally do, for so long as I am believed I deceive people; and when they find me out, they are confused between truth and lying, so that they do not know what to believe at all. By the bye, I am wandering. I am sorry to see you here. I hope you understand that." He looked at me with the most cheerful expression. I believe I was beginning to be angry at his insulting calmness. I did not answer him.

"Signor Grandi," he said in a moment, seeing I was silent, "I am enchanted to see you, if you prefer that I should be. But may I imagine if I can do anything more for you, now that you have heard from my own lips that I am a liar? I say it again, — I like the word,

— I am a liar, and I wish I were a better one. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me why you have acted this comedy," said I, recollecting at the right moment the gist of my reflections during the past two days.

"Why? To please myself, good sir; for the sovereign pleasure of myself."

"I would surmise," I retorted tartly, "that it could not have been for the pleasure of any one else."

"Perhaps you mean, because no one else could be base enough to take pleasure in what amuses me?" I nodded savagely at his question. "Very good. Knowing this of me, do you further surmise that I should be so simple as to tell you how I propose to amuse myself in the future?" I recognized the truth of this, and I saw myself checkmated at the outset. I therefore smiled, and endeavored to seem completely satisfied, hoping that his vanity would betray him into some hint of the future. He seemed to have before taken pleasure in misleading me with a fragment of truth, supposing that I could not make use of it. I would endeavor to lead him into such a trap again.

"It is a beautiful country, is it not?" I remarked, going to the window before which he stood, and looking out. "You must enjoy it greatly, after the turmoil of society." You see, I was once as gay as any of them, in the old days; and so I made the reflection that seemed natural to his case, wondering how he would answer.

"It is indeed a very passable landscape," he said indifferently. "With horses and a charming companion one may kill a little time here, and find a satisfaction in killing it." I noticed the slip, by which he spoke of a single companion instead of two.

"Yes," I replied, "the count is said to be a most agreeable man."

He paused a moment, and the hesitation seemed to show that the count was not the companion he had in his mind.

"Oh, certainly," he said, at length, "the count is very agreeable, and his daughter is the paragon of all the virtues and accomplishments." There was something a little disparaging in his tone as he made the last remark, which seemed to me a clumsy device to throw me off the scent, if scent there were. Considering his surpassing personal vanity, of which I had received an ocular demonstration when he visited me in Rome, I fancied that if there were nothing more serious in his thoughts he would have given me to understand that Hedwig found him entirely irresistible. Since he was able to control his vanity, there must be a reason for it.

"I should think that the contessina must be charmed at having so brilliant a companion as yourself in her solitude," I said, feeling my way to the point.

"With me? I am an old man. Children of that age detest old men." I thought his manner constrained, and it was unlike him not to laugh as he made the speech. The conviction grew upon me that Hedwig was the object of his visit. Moreover, I became persuaded that he was but a poor sort of villain, for he was impulsive, as villains should never be. We leaned over the stone sill of the window, which he had opened during the conversation. There was a little trail of ants climbing up and down the wall at the side, and he watched them. One of the small creatures, heavily laden with a seed of some sort, and toiling painfully under the burden, had been separated from the rest, and clambered over the edge of the window-sill. On reaching the level surface it paused, as though very weary, and looked about, moving its tiny horns. Benoni looked at it a moment, and then with one finger he suddenly whisked the poor little thing into space. It hurt me to see it, and I knew he must be cruel, for he laughed aloud. Somehow, it would have seemed less cruel to have brushed away the whole trail of insects, rather than to

pitch upon this one small, tired workman, overladen and forgotten by the rest.

"Why did you do that?" I asked involuntarily.

"Why? Why do I do anything? Because I please, the best of all reasons."

"Of course; it was foolish of me to ask you. That is probably the cause of your presence here. You would like to hurl my boy Nino from the height he has reached in his love, and to satisfy your cruel instincts you have come here to attack the heart of an innocent girl." I watched him narrowly, and I have often wondered how I had the courage to insult him. It was a bold shot at the truth, and his look satisfied me that I was not very wide of the mark. To accuse a gray-haired old man of attempting to win the affections of a young girl would seem absurd enough. But if you had ever seen Benoni, you would understand that he was anything but old, save for his snowy locks. Many a boy might envy the strange activity of his thin limbs, the bloom and freshness of his eager face, and the fire of his eyes. He was impulsive, too; for instead of laughing at the absurdity of the thing, or at what should have been its absurdity, as a more accomplished villain would have done, he was palpably angry. He looked quickly at me and moved savagely, so that I drew back, and it was not till some moments later that it occurred to him that he ought to seem amused.

"How ridiculous!" he cried at last, mastering his anger. "You are joking."

"Oh, of course I am joking," I answered, leaving the window. "And now I must wish you good-morning, with many apologies for my intrusion." He must have been glad to be rid of me, but he politely insisted on showing me to the gate. Perhaps he wanted to be sure that I should not ask questions of the servants.

As we passed through an outer hall, we came suddenly upon Hedwig, entering from the opposite direction, dressed in black, and looking like a beautiful shadow of pain. As I have told you, she did not know me. Benoni bowed to the ground, as she went by, making some flattering speech about her appearance. She had started slightly on first seeing us, and then she went on without speaking; but there was on her face a look of such sovereign scorn and loathing as I never saw on the features of any living being. And more than scorn, for there was fear and hatred with it; so that if a glance could tell a whole history, there would have been no detail of her feeling for Benoni left to guess.

This meeting produced a profound impression on me, and I saw her face in my dreams that night. Had anything been wanting to complete, in my judgment, the plan of the situation in the castle, that something was now supplied. The Jew had come there to get her for himself. She hated him for his own sake; she hated him because she was faithful to Nino; she hated him because he perhaps knew of her secret love for my boy. Poor maiden, shut up for days and weeks to come with a man she dreaded and scorned at once! The sight of her recalled to me that I had in my pocket the letter Nino had sent me for her, weeks before, and which I had found no means of delivering since I had been in Fillettino. Suddenly I was seized with a mad determination to deliver it at any cost. The baron bowed me out of the gate, and I paused outside when the ponderous door had swung on its hinges and his footsteps were echoing back through the court.

I sat down on the parapet of the bridle-path, and with my knife cut some of the stitches that sewed my money between my two waistcoats. I took out one of the bills of a hundred francs that were concealed within, I found the letter Nino had sent me for Hedwig, and

I once more rang the bell. The man who had admitted me came again, and looked at me in some astonishment. But I gave him no time to question me.

"Here is a note for a hundred francs," I said. "Take it, and give this letter to the Signora Contessina. If you bring me a written answer here to-morrow at this hour, I will give you as much more." The man was dumfounded for a moment, after which he clutched the money and the letter greedily, and hid them in his coat.

"Your excellency shall be punctually obeyed," he said, with a deep bow, and I went away.

It was recklessly extravagant of me to do this, but there was no other course. A small bribe would have been worse than none at all. If you can afford to pay largely, it is better to bribe a servant than to trust a friend. Your friend has nothing to gain by keeping your secret, whereas the servant hopes for more money in the future, and the prospect of profit makes him as silent as the grave.

I would certainly not have acted as I did, had I not met Hedwig in the hall. But the sight of her pale face and heavy eyes went to my heart, and I would have given the whole of my little fortune to bring some gladness to her, even though I might not see it. The situation, too, was so novel and alarming that I felt obliged to act quickly, not knowing what evils delay might produce.

On the following morning I went up to the gateway again and rang the bell. The same man appeared. He slipped a note into my hand, and I slipped a bill into his. But, to my surprise, he did not shut the door and retire.

"The signorina said your excellency should read the note, and I should accompany you," he said; and I saw he had his hat in his hand, as if ready to go. I tore open the note. It merely said that the servant was trustworthy, and would "instruct the Signor Grandi" how to act.

"You told the contessina my name, then?" I said to the man. He had announced me to the baron, and consequently knew who I was. He nodded, closed the door behind him, and came with me. When we were in the street, he explained that Hedwig desired to speak with me. He expounded the fact that there was a staircase in the rock, leading to the level of the town. Furthermore, he said that the old count and the baron occasionally drank deeply, as soldiers and adventurers will do, to pass the evening. The next time it occurred, he, the faithful servant, would come to my lodging and conduct me into the castle by the aforesaid passage, of which he had the key.

I confess I was unpleasantly alarmed at the prospect of making a burglarious entrance in such romantic fashion. It savored more of the last century than of the quiet and eminently respectable age in which we live. But then, the castle of Fillettino was built hundreds of years ago, and it is not my fault if it has not gone to ruin, like so many others of its kind. The man recommended me to be always at home after eight o'clock in the evening, in case I were wanted, and to avoid seeing the baron when he was abroad. He came and saw where I lived, and with many bows he left me.

You may imagine in what anxiety I passed my time. A whole week elapsed, and yet I was never summoned. Every evening at seven, an hour before the time named, I was in my room, waiting for some one who never came. I was so much disturbed in mind that I lost my appetite and thought of being bled again. But I thought it too soon, and contented myself with getting a little tamarind from the apothecary.

One morning the apothecary, who is also the postmaster, gave me a letter from Nino, dated in Rome. His engagement was over, he had reached Rome, and he would join me immediately.

F. Marion Crawford.

AT THE SATURDAY CLUB.

THIS is our place of meeting; opposite
That towered and pillared building: look at it;
King's Chapel in the Second George's day,
Rebellion stole its regal name away, —
Stone Chapel sounded better; but at last
The poisoned name of our provincial past
Had lost its ancient venom; then once more
Stone Chapel was King's Chapel as before, —
(So let rechristened North Street, when it can,
Bring back the days of Marlborough and Queen Anne!)
Next the old church your wandering eye will meet
A granite pile that stares upon the street, —
Our civic temple; slanderous tongues have said
Its shape was modelled from Saint Botolph's head,
Lofty, but narrow; jealous passers-by
Say Boston always held her head too high.
Turn half-way round, and let your look survey
The white façade that gleams across the way, —
The many-windowed building, tall and wide,
The palace-inn that shows its northern side
In grateful shadow when the sunbeams beat
The granite wall in summer's scorching heat;
This is the place; whether its name you spell
Tavern, or caravansera, or hotel.
Would I could steal its echoes! you should find
Such store of vanished pleasures brought to mind, —
Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund hour
That shook the mortar from King George's tower, —
Such guests! What famous names its record boasts,
Whose owners wander in the mob of ghosts!
Such stories! every beam and plank is filled
With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,
Ready to ooze, as once the mountain pine
The floors are laid with oozed its turpentine!

A month had flitted since The Club had met;
The day came round; I found the table set,
The waiters lounging round the iron stairs,
Empty as yet the double row of chairs.
I was a full half hour before the rest,
Alone, the banquet-chamber's single guest.
So from the table's side a chair I took,
And having neither company nor book
To keep me waking, by degrees there crept
A torpor over me, — in short, I slept.
Loosed from its chain, along the wreck-strown track
Of the dead years my soul goes travelling back;

My ghosts take on their robes of flesh; it seems
Dreaming is life; nay, life less life than dreams,
So real are the shapes that meet my eyes.
They bring no sense of wonder, no surprise,
No hint of other than an earth-born source;
All seems plain daylight, everything of course.
How dim the colors are, how poor and faint
This palette of weak words with which I paint!
Here sit my friends; if I could fix them so
As to my eyes they seem, my page would glow
Like a queen's missal, warm as if the brush
Of Titian or Velasquez brought the flush
Of life into their features. *Ay de mi!*
If syllables were pigments, you should see
Such breathing portraitures as never man
Found in the Pitti or the Vatican.

Here sits our POET, Laureate, if you will,
Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it still.
Dead? Nay, not so; and yet they say his bust
Looks down on marbles covering royal dust,
Kings by the Grace of God, or Nature's grace;
Dead! No! Alive! I see him in his place,
Full-featured, with the bloom that heaven denies
Her children, pinched by cold New England skies,
Too often, while the nursery's happier few
Win from a summer cloud its roseate hue.
Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.
Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait
Amid the noisy clamor of debate
The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
In every tone I mark his tender grace
And all his poems hinted in his face;
What tranquil joy his friendly presence gives!
How could I think him dead? He lives! He lives!

There, at the table's further end I see
In his old place our Poet's *vis-à-vis*,
The great PROFESSOR, strong, broad-shouldered, square,
In life's rich noontide, joyous, debonair.
His social hour no leaden care alloys,
His laugh rings loud and mirthful as a boy's,
That lusty laugh the Puritan forgot,
What ear has heard it and remembers not?
How often, halting at some wide crevasse
Amid the windings of his Alpine pass,
High up the cliffs, the climbing mountaineer,
Listening the far-off avalanche to hear,

Silent, and leaning on his steel-shod staff,
Has heard that cheery voice, that ringing laugh,
From the rude cabin whose nomadic walls
Creep with the moving glacier as it crawls!
How does vast Nature lead her living train
In ordered sequence through that spacious brain,
As in the primal hour when Adam named
The new-born tribes that young creation claimed! —
How will her realm be darkened, losing thee,
Her darling, whom we call *our* AGASSIZ!

But who is he whose massive frame belies
The maiden shyness of his downcast eyes?
Who broods in silence till, by questions pressed,
Some answer struggles from his laboring breast?
An artist Nature meant to dwell apart,
Locked in his studio with a human heart,
Tracking its caverned passions to their lair,
And all its throbbing mysteries laying bare.
Count it no marvel that he broods alone
Over the heart he studies, — 't is his own;
So in his page whatever shape it wear,
The Essex wizard's shadowed self is there, —
The great ROMANCER, hid beneath his veil
Like the stern preacher of his sombre tale;
Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,
Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl.

From his mild throng of worshippers released,
Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen priest,
Prophet or poet, mystic, sage, or seer,
By every title always welcome here.
Why that ethereal spirit's frame describe?
You know the race-marks of the Brahmin tribe, —
The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulders' droop,
The calm, scholastic air, the clerkly stoop,
The lines of thought the narrowed features wear,
Worn sharp by studious nights and frugal fare.
List! for he speaks! As when a king would choose
The jewels for his bride, he might refuse
This diamond for its flaw, — find that less bright
Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less white
Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,
The fairest gems are chosen, and made fast
In golden fetters; so, with light delays
He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase;
Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,
His chosen word is sure to prove the best.
Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?

He seems a wingëd Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies;
And which the nobler calling, — if 't is fair
Terrestrial with celestial to compare, —
To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came,
Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?
If lost at times in vague aerial flights,
None treads with firmer footstep when he lights;
A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,
Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretence,
In every Bible he has faith to read,
And every altar helps to shape his creed.
Ask you what name this prisoned spirit bears
While with ourselves this fleeting breath it shares?
Till angels greet him with a sweeter one
In Heaven, on earth we call him EMERSON.

I start; I wake; the vision is withdrawn
New faces greet me, but the old are gone;
Crossed from the roll of life their cherished names,
And memory's pictures fading in their frames;
Yet life is lovelier for these transient gleams
Of buried friendships; blest is he who dreams!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

THERE are reasons why the earliest philosophy and literature of the civilized world should have not only a transcendent interest, but a unique teaching power. Our abstract terms are concrete; our simple ideas are complex. In the realm of mind the course of things in physical science has been reversed. The ancients had four elements; we have fourscore, or more. But it often takes many of their elementary thoughts to make one of ours. Thus the study of the old philosophers leads us into a more minute analysis of the rudiments of ontology, and of deontology, too, than is dreamed of by their successors in these latter centuries. In poetry, equally, our comprehensive knowledge and our easy command of nature place us at a disadvantage. There is no scope for the imagination in fields of space thoroughly measured, familiarly known, and traversed with more than the speed of the wind. The master of a paltry coasting vessel who should encounter any serious peril, or bring home accounts of any wonderful adventure or strange sight, on a voyage like that described in the Odyssey, would be remanded to the forecastle. Yet there still exist on that route as rich materials for the plastic imagination as Homer found there; but we must go back to Homer to find them. It is, moreover, well that we should go back; for steam and electro-magnetism are too fast ex-

orcising the spirits that used to dwell in wave and storm, in fountain, field, and forest, and degrading poetry into loose-jointed metaphysics, or sentimental egotism, rhythmically written. We must admit, however, that the best translations will furnish a very large part of the profit and pleasure to be derived from the Greek classics.

Yet not all. There is the untranslatable in every language, and in none more than in the Greek. There are, especially in Homer, in the tragedians, and in Aristophanes, compound words to which we have none that correspond, and which drop much of their meaning in a paraphrase; and there are turns of expression, descriptive traits, metaphors, which are almost despoiled of their pertinence and beauty either by a literal rendering or by a free translation. Take, for instance, the apostrophe of Prometheus to the sea, in the tragedy of Æschylus that bears his name, — ποντίων κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, literally, *innumerable laugh of sea-waves*, which is not graceful English. The Greek implies something seen and something heard, — the manifold glancing of the sunlight from a slightly mottled surface, and the gentle, gleeful murmur of the sluggish waves as they lap the shore. This very phrase adds a new joy to the seaside. There are, too, single words, phrases, verses, which plant themselves ineradicably in the memory, and which are not infrequently recalled even by those whose Greek scholarship is neither deep nor fresh. It is hardly too much to say that the pleasure of reading and of having read the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus in the original is worth the time and labor spent in acquiring the capacity to read it.

But it is not our present purpose to discuss the comparative worth of æsthetic pleasures; nor are we prepared to deny that, for many minds at least, equal enjoyment with that derived from the ancient classics may flow from the literature of our own or other modern tongues. What is now proposed is to consider the worth of Greek, in its practical aspects, for a liberally educated man, whatever his profession may be.

In the first place, the study of Greek is of immeasurable worth in forming a good English style. Comparative philology is as essential to a knowledge of grammar as comparative anatomy is to a knowledge of the human frame. No man ignorant of other languages understands the powers and capacities of his own. Especially is grammar learned by acquaintance with languages that have a grammar, which the English hardly possesses, and which those modern languages that are the abraded *débris* of the Latin possess very imperfectly, but which is preëminently the attribute of the Greek. There is not an inflection of a variable Greek word which does not represent a corresponding inflection of thought, and a corresponding expression of the thought in English. Conversance with such a language tends to create precision, copiousness, and flexibility in the choice and use of words. Then, too, the translation of Greek into English teaches the pupil as much English as Greek. In the competitive endeavor to furnish the best rendering of the Greek text, he enriches his English vocabulary, and acquires invaluable experience in its use. It is virtually an exercise in English composition, with this difference in its favor: that the young writer of themes is confined within his own narrow range of thoughts and the words that represent them, while in translating Greek he is obliged to seek and ambitious to find adequate expression for what is picturesque, graphic, grand, and beautiful, far beyond anything of his own that he will write for years to come, if ever, yet enabling him, whenever he has anything to say, to clothe it in such drapery as shall render it presentable.

This is not a matter of mere theory. It is perfectly easy to detect the absence

of classical training in a writer. There are undoubtedly exceptions, but so few as not to disprove the rule. In many years' experience as an editor we never failed to detect a difference in favor of contributors who had received a classical education; and in some cases, and with reference to writers of superior ability and reputation, we discovered the deficiency in that regard from internal evidence before we otherwise obtained knowledge of the fact. Nor was it unusual for such a writer to impose upon the editor hardly less labor in bringing a valuable paper before the public than had been employed in its first composition; thus rendering it certain that, when he published anything on his own account, he was largely indebted to a competent reviser or proof-reader. The men to whom we refer were all well educated, doubtless familiar with one or two modern languages, and it may be supposed with the amount of Latin that used to be taught in the upper classes of our academies and high schools. One of them was the president of one of our oldest and best endowed colleges, after an eminent career at the bar and on the bench of his native State; and he not only in his letters expressed deep regret that he had learned, in his boyhood, little Latin and no Greek, but showed in papers, otherwise of great merit, a sad lack of proper linguistic training.

It would be well worth our while to see how a man of this sort would conduct the war against Greek. Its assailants, so far as we know, have had and have manifested the benefit of classical training in a style with the genuine stamp and ring; and one of the ablest and most graceful of them, among the recreations of his old age, found special delight and won no little reputation by the version of certain well-known nursery melodies into Greek verse, in metres with which the most fastidious scholar could find no fault.

It may, indeed, be said that every man does not need to be a good writer. True. But it is equally true that no well-educated man ought to be incapable of being a good writer. There are few men of culture who do not perform more or less pen-work, whether in private correspondence, or in reports or addresses to a smaller or larger public; and hardly less than good manners, the free and graceful use of the pen on ordinary occasions is essential to the ornament and dignity of social life. It is especially desirable that our scientific men should keep themselves on the same plane with their brethren in other lands. We crave for them the ease, suppleness, and elegance of diction so eminently characteristic of the great English scientists of our day, who may have obtained ascendency among their peers chiefly by demonstration and argument, but who in large part have owed their power in moulding general opinion and belief to their skill in handling that most subtle and delicate of organs, our vernacular English. At least, let our scientific professors and writers learn a lesson from Æsop's curtailed fox, and keep out of the trap till they can make the amputation of classical culture, which some of them commend, acceptable to all their kind.

To pass to another consideration, we look to our liberally educated men for the guardianship and oversight of our educational institutions. Even the most sanguine of the anti-Greek host do not anticipate the speedy advent of the time when Greek will not form an important, and in some quarters a favored, portion of the high-school curriculum. Some years ago, the chairman of the committee on modern languages, appointed by the visiting board of one of our colleges, when asked which of four recitation-rooms, devoted to as many tongues, he would first honor by his presence, frankly replied, "It makes no manner of difference to me; I know not

a word of either of those languages." We should be sorry to see the time when a graduate of that same college may be constrained to make a like impartial visitation of a classical school or academy under his charge. Careful, discriminating cognizance of every kind of school-work by competent trustees or supervisors was never so necessary as now, when a large part of that work is in the hands of novices, who take the office of teacher on their way from college to some permanent profession. The utter incapacity to follow a class in a simple lesson in the Greek Reader would be taken by the class for much more than it means, and the incompetent classical scholar would suffer far more than he deserved as regards respect for and confidence in his general intelligence and scholarship. One would hardly covet the position of the college president already mentioned, who must either have kept clear of the Greek department, or felt an oppressive awkwardness in visiting it. It would be unfortunate were one of our colleges to establish an alternative curriculum, which should at some future time render its most honored graduates unfit to preside creditably in its counsels. This argument seems to us of no little weight; yet it would lose its force were the study of Greek to lapse into general disrepute and neglect. Let us pass to some reasons why it cannot so decline, but, even in case of temporary discredit, must be restored to a permanent place among the essential departments of liberal culture.

The Greek is in many respects the most important factor of the English language. Of the words used and understood by persons of narrow intelligence and little reading, while there are many derived from the Greek, the greater part are of other origin. Of the additional words used and understood by educated persons, by reading and thinking persons, and by those conversant with the arts and sciences, more, probably, are derived from the Greek than from all other languages beside. The same is true of words that have been formed and have come into use within the last half century, and of those which are at this moment pressing their way into current use. Of the sources of English diction, some are drained and dry, others are intermittent; the Greek alone maintains a constant and copious flow. It furnishes the names of all the sciences, and of many of the arts; of many geometrical figures; of almost every mathematical, astronomical, and physical instrument; of many of the old and of almost all the new surgical instruments; and of most of the various instruments, apparatus, and methods employed in the practical applications of science. Chemistry derives from it the larger and more important part of its nomenclature. In botany it has given names to all the classes and orders of the Linnæan system, and, equally, to the series, classes, sub-classes, and divisions thereof, in the system that has superseded it. There is no department of life, no line of business, hardly an invoice of goods, never a column of advertisements in a newspaper, that is not bristling with Greek words. The man who makes an invention, precious or worthless, deserving a high-sounding name or craving one to catch the popular ear, resorts nowhere but to the Greek for the term that he needs. In a late edition — we dare not say the last — of Webster's quarto Dictionary, of words beginning with *ana* there are 159, with *anth* 64, with *chl* 27, with *chr* 90, with *geo* 60, with *ph* 436, with *ps* 86, with *sy* 294. To these should be added about 100 out of 126 words, with these several beginnings, in the Supplement, a few of which are the same words with different meanings, but most of which are different words. We have in these several classes more than thirteen hundred words, not twenty of which are of other than Greek derivation. The

list, to be sure, embraces several large clusters of words from a common root, it may be, not larger than some from Latin roots that might be named; but if Greek roots are really more prolific than any others, it only shows their vitality when thus transplanted, and their special adaptation to English soil. There are also several terminations not uncommon in our language which, perhaps with no exceptions, certainly with few, indicate a Greek origin. Such are *atry*, *gen*, *ics*, *metry*, *ogy*, *phy*, *sis*, *tomy*. Many of the words thus ending are, indeed, included in the thirteen hundred; but the greater part of them would be found under other initial letters.

A great many of these words are technical words, the meaning of which it is important, or at least becoming, that scientific men and practical men of liberal culture should know. In saying this, we would place special emphasis on the word *know*. To know that a certain instrument is designated by a certain word is not to know the meaning of the word; a liberally educated man ought to know why the instrument is called by that name rather than by any other. Now the technical and scientific terms derived from the Greek are, without exception, significant names, descriptive of the properties, objects, or classes of objects which they represent, and so descriptive of them that one previously unacquainted with them would learn what they are from their names alone. Thus a Greek scholar who had never heard of a thermometer, or a microscope, or a phototype, would at once know what they were; while a man ignorant of Greek, though he might know that certain objects were called by these names, could give no reason why the thermometer might not as well be called a phototype. These technical and scientific words — we cannot cite an exception — bear the precise and ordinary signification of the Greek words from which they are derived or compounded. A very limited Greek vocabulary, such as is acquired in the minimum classical course in our colleges, suffices to make these words easily intelligible, and thus to open to the student not only the nomenclature of his own specific science or profession, but the entire range of terms in all the arts and sciences. Moreover, as has been said, the terms within this range are constantly multiplying. Whole sheaves of them have come into being within the memory of the writer of this paper, and he has often seen a brand-new word, which but for the little of Greek he knew would have puzzled him and teased his curiosity, perhaps in vain, but which was its own prompt interpreter. This inrush of Greek will continue so long as classification, invention, and discovery shall still be progressive and aggressive; for the Greek furnishes a most ample affluence of words which combine the qualities of intelligibleness, euphony, and facility in the graceful formation of compound terms. Apart from any considerations connected with Greek literature, one who has lived in clear light as to so large and important a portion of our own language cannot think with patience of any theory of liberal education which should leave this, else the most luminous region of our English vocabulary, in perpetual eclipse. If our technological schools aim at making their graduates anything more than very narrow specialists, they will find it necessary to introduce Greek into their curriculum. We should be sorry for them to dispense with Latin; but Greek is by far the more important of the two.

We add yet another reason for the study of Greek by our educated classes. We call ourselves a Christian people, and ill as we deserve the name, it never was so truly ours as now, if we may trust the statistics of the churches and benevolent institutions of all the leading Christian denominations. The wave of agnosticism, already refluent in Ger-

many, and past its flood in England, was slower and later in reaching our shores, yet shows infallible tokens that it has attained its high-water mark here. But for the self-laudation of those whom it lifts from their feet, thus giving them a transient elevation, its impact here has been so languid and of so limited extent as hardly to attract the notice of the religious world. For the greater part of our people the Christian Scriptures are a series of sacred books, and none the less so for the decline of bibliolatry. Indeed, the very writers who have been the most efficient in their assaults on unreasoning and superstitious reverence for the mere letter of the Bible are foremost in their appreciation of its paramount and inestimable worth, and of its rightful hold on the intelligent and fervent interest of every mind and heart. The Jews train their sons in Hebrew for the sole purpose of enabling them to read their Scriptures. Many Christian men and women have learned Greek even late in life, and at the utmost disadvantage, merely in order to read the New Testament in the original. The sacred books of a people have certainly a strong claim on such of its citizens as hold a foremost place in culture and influence. There are many questions raised in the discussion of dogmatic theology, and many references and allusions in the pulpit, which need for their clear understanding some conversance with the Greek of the New Testament. The Revised Version is creating in the arraignment and defense of its authors an already voluminous body of fresh literature, in which our principal reviews and, equally, some of our popular newspapers have borne no inconsiderable part; and the whole ground thus covered is well worthy of the enlightened cognizance of the Christian public, and ought to be within the easy comprehension of a liberally educated man. In fine, there are many occasions on which a person who has any interest — whether on the score of intelligence, taste, or piety — in Christianity and its canonical writings ought to be glad to know for himself, or to determine from his own best judgment, precisely what is the voice of Scripture.

More than all else, there is in the New Testament no little of the untranslatable. There are shades of meaning, delicate lines and hues of pictorial narrative, traits of sentiment, evanescent under the hand of the most skillful translator, yet flashing vividly upon him who reads the very words of the evangelist or the apostle. This is especially true, as every qualified witness will testify, of the biographies of Him who is his own religion. They are stories that grow perpetually on re-perusal and on close perusal, and no one who prizes them in the vernacular version can ever have read them in the Greek without being devoutly thankful for the ability so to read them. If Christianity has, as we believe it has, its birth in the bósom of Eternal Love, and its mission coeternal with Him from whom it came, there will always remain sacred and cogent reasons for the study of the language consecrated by the earliest permanent records of the Divine humanity, destined to be the light and life of all ages and nations.

There exist exaggerated notions as to the time required for the study of Greek. It has been repeatedly said and written that it demands the hardest work of four years in a course preparatory for college. This may have been seemingly true of one or two schools a quarter of a century ago; but in most of our classical schools the entire preparatory course then occupied but three years, and was often completed in two. Indeed, at a still earlier period, when school vacations were merely nominal, when all that a studious boy did was to study, and when plain living did more to keep students in vigorous health than hygienic restrictions and rules do now,

it was no uncommon thing for a boy who had more brains than his father had money to fit himself for college in a year. The requirements then included more Greek and Latin than at present, but much less of mathematics, and very little beside, and a year then was probably equivalent to two years now; for about one third of the school year is now taken up by vacations and holidays, and our school-boys are encouraged, or at least permitted, to have not a few engrossing objects and pursuits aside from their school-life. In most of our good preparatory schools Greek now occupies a portion, by no means the principal portion, of from two to three years; being commenced in many of them in the last quarter (ten weeks) of the third year before entering college. We have before us the course of study in one of our principal schools, in which Greek is studied for three years. The Greek in this course embraces four books of Xenophon's Anabasis, one of Herodotus, four of the Iliad, portions of the Cyropædia, and the Greek Testament, with exercises for the last year and a half in reading at sight Xenophon, Herodotus, and Homer, and exercises during nearly the whole time in writing Greek. This is considerably in advance of the requirement for admission in any of our New England colleges; and the time spent in writing Greek might well seem excessive and unreasonable, were not this exercise so arranged and conducted as to supersede in great part the formal study of the grammar, and by enriching the student's vocabulary to save much of his mechanical toil in turning over the leaves of his lexicon.

We have before us a full statement of the time devoted to Greek in a private school, which always sends to college admirably prepared pupils, and which has its clientelage almost wholly among families in which there would be no disposition to shorten the term, or to apply undue stimulants to the diligence, of school life. Greek in this school is commenced two years and a quarter before entering college. The lessons are from two to four each week. The entire number of lessons does not exceed three hundred. We are assured on the best authority that little more than half that number of lessons would suffice for a boy who made study his vocation, instead of his *a*-vocation, or side-calling, secondary to base-ball, military drill, and miscellaneous amusements.

It must be borne in mind that the lessons in Greek in our good schools are not, as of old, mere recitations, but what they purport to be, hours of direct and positive instruction; superseding a considerable portion of the study formerly required, and facilitating all the rest.

It ought, in this connection, to be emphatically stated that in the method of teaching Greek there has been in all our best schools not so much an essential improvement as an entire revolution, and one which must very soon sweep the old, cumbrous methods out of the way. The grammar is now studied, not in mass, but in great part from words and sentences as they occur in reading. The mode in which one acquires the command of his vernacular tongue is copied in every respect in which it can be made availing. The scholar learns what words are by seeing where they stand and how they are used. For much of the labor of the lexicon the pupil's own sagacity is substituted. The Greek tongue is justly reputed as the most copious of all ancient languages, and yet it is meagre in its roots. It is rich in its wealth and unequaled power of combination. The student used to be suffered to regard every word as a separate entity, to be sought by itself in the lexicon, without reference to any kindred words. He is now taught to analyze a compound word, and to determine its meaning by its component parts and its context. Thus reading at sight, which would formerly have been

considered as a more recondite art than Hindoo jugglery, is now made easy, and a very slender vocabulary, with an active mind, will enable a boy to feel quite at home in a page of the Anabasis, or in one of Lucian's Dialogues, which he had never seen before.

Nor let it be imagined that for a boy who is going to be an engineer, or an architect, or a chemist, the hours spent in learning Greek are, even in the utilitarian view, so much lost time. They will certainly facilitate his acquisition of the more difficult modern languages, especially of the German and its allied tongues. They will save him a great deal of labor in consulting dictionaries for words of Greek parentage. They will preclude embarrassing ignorance and mortifying blunders as to terms which he ought to understand. They will render the writing of English very much less toilsome, and thus will bring him into easier relations with the members of his own profession, and with the public at large.

The importance of the modern European tongues has been urged as a reason for dropping Greek in a scientific or practical education. With regard to these languages, the great mistake has been that in our colleges and classical schools they have been studied too much in the way in which Latin and Greek used to be studied, as if they were not only dead languages, but incapable of being raised to life. Better methods are fast coming into use. French and German are now taught as they might be learned in Paris or Dresden. The pupil acquires the language by using it, rather than as a condition precedent to using it. This improved method is fast making its way, and will soon become universal. From one of our schools, second to none in its reputation for Greek, the pupils now go to college capable of conversing with a good degree of fluency in either French or German, and many of them in both; and we doubt whether more time is there consumed in Greek, French, and German by a boy who takes all three than used to be occupied under the old method, and to much less advantage, by Greek alone.

There is one argument against Greek, which we have not attempted to meet, because we have not known how to deal with it. It is alleged that the study of Greek is not only a waste of time, but that it cramps the mind, employs it in work unsuited to the development of capacity for scientific labor and for practical usefulness, and is a drawback on one's success in other than literary pursuits. A charge like this admits of specifications, and ought to be brought only by those who can make some show of damage. But when a member in the fourth generation of the most successful family in America ascribes to Greek all the misfortunes and failures of his ancestors and kindred, we might almost suspect him of anti-republican aspirations; for the only misfortune that can be conceived of in the history of that family is their failure to become a race of hereditary monarchs. Then again, when the man who, confessedly at the head of his department of science in this country, has only his peers among the foremost scientific men in Europe complains of having been weighted down by Greek in his boyhood, we doubt whether any ambitious youth will spurn the weight if with it he can start on a career so very full of honor. Men of this sort are not valid witnesses, and we have no others. When the men who linger in the outer courts of science, and try in vain to enter, or when those who in business or in political life are perpetually stumbling and faltering, can show us that such smattering of Greek as they have has been the insuperable obstacle in their way, it will be a fit time to inquire how and why.

Fortunately for us, the experiment of dispensing with Greek at the option of

candidates for university honors in the mathematical and physical sciences has been tried in Germany, and it has been found that even for these sciences a regular classical course, including Greek, furnishes a better preparation than is attained by the non-classical, but most skillfully devised and ably conducted curriculum of the *Realschulen*. Such is the almost unanimous testimony of the professors in the Prussian universities. We could hardly expect more favorable results in this country, especially when we bear in mind that the Prussian educational system is in every department thoroughly organized, and administered by instructors who have passed a prescribed test; while it would be impossible in our country, except by slow degrees and with numberless exceptions and failures, to establish a uniform and adequate system for the preliminary training of scientific students.

We rest our case here, trusting that we may have added some little weight of truth and reason in behalf of classical education as the best possible discipline for scientific study, and for the arts, pursuits, and employments of liberally educated men.

A. P. Peabody.

NEWPORT.

XV.

A MAN'S ORDEAL.

THE season was now at its height. The President was in town, alternately making brief public appearances, and being spirited from house to house among the select few who had captured him, in a furtive and costly seclusion, as if he had been some influential malefactor whom it was desirable to keep out of the way. The fragments of a religious convention and those of a political reform convention, which had recently been held there, were still drifting about the place. Entertainments of the most brilliant sort were multiplied to distraction; the lawn-tennis tournament was on the point of collecting upon the Casino lawn a dense parterre of beautiful women in ravishing costumes; and in fine, the whirl of gay life, which was doomed to cease in two or three weeks more, made one think of a giant soap-bubble whirling faster and faster, and gathering a wilder glow of color as the instant of bursting draws nearer.

The collapse of one adventurer like Raish Porter was a mere incident in the general history of the season's bubble; but it created a widespread and intense astonishment, and, coming so soon after the runaway marriage, it swallowed up the excitement which had eddied for a little while around Justin and Vivian.

People were greatly surprised that Raish should have turned out as he had done. And it is noticeable that this matter of how individuals "turn out" is always a great mystery to the world. The reason is that the world occupies itself with exteriors, not interiors, of character; consequently, when that which is in a man comes in due time to the front, the crowd is puzzled because he has "turned out" to public view what it might all along have known was there, had it taken the trouble to inquire within.

Mrs. Farley Blazer was a loser to a considerable extent by the downfall of her confidential friend, companion, and adviser. She was greatly incensed at his fiasco, and the rumor soon came into circulation that she had used very pro-

fane language — as was her wont on occasions of great excitement — when news of the arrest first reached her. The financial injury done to her, although not serious in proportion to the large income allowed her by her neglected and broken-down husband, was especially exasperating because she was always averse to parting with money in any way, and because she had made up her mind, immediately on Vivian's elopement, to purchase Count Fitz-Stuart for her niece Ruth, by paying off his debts. That expense, which had already caused her much anticipatory anguish, yet was inevitable, now became a source of redoubled pain.

But it was Oliphant who, though not entangled in the wreck, felt its immediate effects in the most tangible way. Raish's property was all promptly attached, including the yacht, his horses and equipages, and whatever belonged to him in the Craig cottage. The household came, as a matter of course, to a dead stop, and the servants prepared to leave. Oliphant, however, had an inspiration: he saw an opportunity to turn the situation to account in a way that captivated his heart. He engaged the servants to remain, and lost no time in striking a bargain with Mr. Craig, by which he agreed to pay the rent for a certain period, which Raish had left in arrear, and also to retain the house until the first of October, at an increased rate, on condition that part of the money was to go to Justin. This being settled, he went again to Tiverton, and threw himself upon the compassion of his young friends there. He was entirely alone, he said, and wanted some one to take charge of the house and banish the reminiscences of Raish which, otherwise, would haunt him there. Would they not come down and occupy it? All he wanted for himself was his present room, and perhaps a breakfast: most of the time he should be elsewhere. He represented, modestly, that it would be a great favor to him, if they would come.

"Ah," said Justin, with a tremble of ready sentiment in his young voice, and putting his hands on Oliphant's two shoulders, "if you were n't so much older than I, I should call you the most delicious, friendly fraud I ever knew. Of course we see through you — don't we, Vivian?" and he turned to her for the quick corroboration of which he was sure. "But as long as it 's a delightful plan, and you 've been guilty of a deception, I should n't wonder if we were to punish you by accepting it."

They did accept. They came down that evening; and there in his old home, with his old piano, Justin made the keys warble like a choir of birds, and filled Oliphant with generous satisfaction at the pleasure he had been able to bestow and the gladness that was given him in return. How like a dream it seemed! Only two months ago he had sat in the same place listening to Justin, and thinking of his apparently hopeless passion for Vivian Ware; and now she was here as Justin's bride. It was a happy omen; for at that time he had thought of Octavia, too, and at this moment he was thinking of her again!

It was several days since he had been able to see her, and he was resolved upon going to High Lawn on the morrow. He wanted to tell her how nicely the two young people were provided for; he wanted to tell her — but why go over it in advance? He knew perfectly well what he wished to say; and yet, on reflection, he did n't know very clearly. It eluded him in the most singular manner. The only thing was to go and see if it would elude him in Octavia's presence.

Before starting out, in the morning, he asked Vivian if she had any message for Octavia, in case he should see her; but doubtless the young wife would have guessed whither he had gone, without that. And when, all day, he did not

make his appearance, she and Justin could not help thinking that the interview had resulted in something of unusual importance.

Oliphant went on foot, and every step seemed to make him lighter and more buoyant, instead of causing effort. The old song was humming itself in his brain, for the first time in a long interval: —

> "An' I were as fair as she,
> Or she were as kind as I;" —

and it had a new significance now, though it carried him back to the day when he first saw Octavia. As he reached the small gate admitting to a side-path that led up to High Lawn, another sound greeted him, — a sound from without. It was the jangling chirr of the steel chains on Octavia's fleet horses, and for a moment Oliphant was troubled by the idea that she was just leaving the house; but the next instant he perceived that the carriage was approaching from the road above. Though he could not see it through the intervening English beeches, he heard it enter the drive, and knew that it swept up to the door, leaving a reminiscence of silvery tones in the air, which blended a wintry suggestion of sleigh-bells with the summer landscape.

He was exultant that she should have returned so in the nick of time to meet him; it flattered him with a fancy that some instinctive sense of his coming had called her home.

When he presented himself, the maid, with a confidence that augured well, said, "I think she is in;" then merely knocked at the half-open drawing-room door and announced his name. Octavia was within: she had just taken off her small, compact pansy bonnet, and held it in one hand by the strings, like a conventional shepherdess's flower-basket.

"Oh, then you did n't go away!" she exclaimed, coming forward with a dazzling welcome in her face, and what seemed to Oliphant a genuine air of relief. She shook hands with him cordially. "I had heard of Mr. Porter's downfall, and arrest, and all that," she said to him, rapidly; "and somehow I did n't feel sure that you would stay, don't you know? I thought his affairs might in some way affect you, — might make it necessary for you to go to New York."

"No, not at all," he returned, with unconscious dignity. "I had no connection with them but the accident of being in the house. And I certainly should n't have gone without letting you know."

How much or how little meaning he put into those last words was best known to Octavia. She slightly withdrew, as she heard them, and seated herself by the table, where she laid the minute basket-bonnet.

"I came near missing you," she proceeded, with a more subdued demeanor. "I have just this moment got back. Did you see me driving up? I went early to see Mrs. Chauncey Ware." The whole truth was that she had heard of Oliphant's taking the train the day before, and part of her errand this morning had been to find out casually, if she could, whether he had gone to New York or not. But of this she naturally said nothing. "You know," she continued, "the Wares were very indignant with — with both you and me — because they thought we had helped them to run away; I mean Vivian and Justin. So I determined to go down there and explain."

"Do you think it was worth while, if they choose to do us injustice?" asked Oliphant.

Octavia looked down, and blushed slightly. "I did n't care so much for myself," she answered with hesitation. "I thought you would hardly care to speak for yourself, but that I might speak *of* you. Are you sorry?"

"No; I can't be, since you were taking that trouble on my account." If

she had glanced up she would have seen that Oliphant was looking at her very gently.

"And I told Mrs. Ware that we certainly sympathized with the young people," she went on, eagerly, "and had hoped we should see them united."

"She 'll be convinced of that," Oliphant remarked, rather defiantly, "when she hears what I have done." He went on, then, to tell her about it.

Octavia gave him an arch look; there was a sparkle of approbation in her eye, and her lips were touched with a mirthful sympathy. "Oh, yes," she cried, "now you 've injured yourself with Mrs. Ware, beyond recovery! I 'm so glad!"

"Oh, that 's cruel — rejoicing in my misfortune," said Oliphant.

"I did n't mean *that*," Octavia answered. "You know: for the sake of Vivian and Justin." And she laughed at her mistake, so brightly and gayly that Oliphant felt he had never until then been upon such safe and easy terms with her.

"Then I 'm not irretrievably ruined with you and Mrs. Craig," he said contentedly. "By the way, Vivian sent her love to you."

He failed in trying to utter this carelessly. A deeper chord stirred in his voice, and Octavia felt that it was the forerunner of something momentous.

"Thanks; and please give her mine, Mr. Oliphant," she returned, with downcast eyes. There was still a pure, fine color in her cheeks. She turned half away, to touch and smell some flowers upon the table; and it seemed as if while she inhaled their fragrance the glow of their beauty was reflected in her face.

He was about to speak, when that sense of knowing her so well and being on easy terms, which had just encouraged him, departed; and he felt that he hardly knew her at all. He beheld her loveliness; he could sit there and carry on ordinary conversation, as her acquaintance or friend; but what presumption had brought him to suppose that he could ever go below that fair surface? He experienced the terror which is not fear, but awe, that all finely strung natures are subject to, the moment they surrender to a great emotion.

"Mrs. Gifford," he began, after trying to steady himself against it, "do you know what has happened to me, while we have been watching those two young hearts — those friends of ours?"

If a clear glance, free from all flaw of suspicion, could have disarmed him, he would have been disconcerted then; for she responded with just that sort of glance, and the unperturbed expectancy of a child.

Perhaps it was not very certain in Oliphant's mind whether or not she made any definite answer; but the chance was his again to speak.

"I have grown to love you," he said, swiftly, with suppressed fervor. And all the while the strange awe of that master-passion was upon him and controlled him.

Did she, too, feel it? For an instant she covered her face with her hands. When she took them away, she was pale; the magic of the roses had vanished from her cheeks, and her apparent calm was maintained with difficulty.

"You, Mr. Oliphant?" There was a trembling hesitancy, a bewitching seductiveness, in her tone. "Ah, why? And how was I to know?"

"One does n't find a reason for love, Mrs. Gifford. I only know that it is here in me, and is stronger than I am, and that you created it. May I not bring back to you what you have created?"

Like a woman luxuriating in some delicious melody, familiar but long unheard, Octavia reclined slightly in her fastidiously patterned chair, drinking in what he said.

"Is it possible," she murmured softly, "that I have been the cause of this — in so short a time, Mr. Oliphant?"

"But consider how rapidly we came to know each other," he urged, "and how much has happened in that time."

"Yes, yes," she mused aloud, sympathetically. "It has been very swift, and strange."

"More than that," he returned. "It has changed the whole current of my life: I know what it is, again, to be happy. We have had the same thoughts and the same interests, and everything has seemed to bring us into closer relation, all the time. Have n't you found something in all this, too, Mrs. Gifford — and something that makes what I tell you now only natural?"

"Our friendship has given me a great deal of pleasure," said Octavia, still enjoying the luxury of receptiveness.

"But it is time for it to end!" he declared, boldly. "With me it *has* ended, because love has begun. Oh, I know, Mrs. Gifford, I have little enough to offer. I 'm not rich, and I 'm not brilliant or distinguished; but if I were, those things, after all, would n't be the chief. I could only offer you myself and my honest devotion, as I do now."

While he spoke he had risen; and there he stood with hands clasped tight together — a figure so much stronger than his words, so frank and determined yet reverent, that Octavia became aware of having underestimated the force of which he was capable. She nerved herself.

"You make too little of your merit, Mr. Oliphant. It is not a small thing to offer sincerely what you do. But why choose me? Why am I more worthy of it than some one else?"

"Why?" echoed Oliphant, with an intonation that bordered on a wondering laugh. "Because there can't be any one else, beside you! How can you think so for a moment?"

"I could scarcely help the question," she answered. "I was only thinking how easily there might be some spirit much younger and fresher than mine — some one who could give you all that your devotion would deserve. Consider, Mr. Oliphant: is there no one like that, whom you know?" Josephine was in her mind; and, while she flattered herself that she was giving Josephine a chance, she was really extracting the last drop of satisfaction from Oliphant's homage.

"It is a torture to me even to have you suggest such a thing," he declared, with vehemence. "Do you imagine that I have looked about me deliberately, and made my choice by a cold calculation? My sentiment for you is spontaneous, and I had hoped that you might have the same towards me. But you hesitate and reflect and question. . . . If it is not spontaneous, if it requires an effort" . . .

"You misunderstand me," Octavia hastened to assure him, though speaking quite low. Her hold upon her own purpose was weakening; she feared that he might drift away from her. "I like you very much — as a friend."

It did not surprise her, nor seem at all ridiculous, to see him drop on one knee before her. "You *will* care for me in the other way!" he cried, taking her hand. "I 'm not ashamed to ask your compassion. You know my wretched loneliness, the emptiness of my life; but I have held myself together and existed — I never knew for what, until I met you. But now that I have allowed myself this hope of you, if it is taken away my loneliness and wretchedness will be twice what they were before. I am dependent on you."

"You are sure you have not deceived yourself?" she asked in long-drawn tones, that intimated a refinement of yearning rather than any doubt or reluctance.

"No, a thousand times!" he exclaimed, with joyous energy. "I ask

you to be my wife, my veritable wife — the woman I love with a strength beyond anything I ever felt before! You will consent, Octavia?"

For the first time he had uttered, without prefix or addition, her name; that strange, arbitrary, yet coveted password to the closest intimacy, which is so easily seized, but so inoperative unless held by the right person.

He fixed his eyes upon her, and she gave back his gaze unfalteringly. I don't think she was certain, even then, whether she would accept or reject him. For a moment she permitted him all the sweetness of a realized conquest: he believed that he had won her. He saw the unwonted flaming in her eyes; a warm light that alternately advanced and retreated. As it came forward — that singular light — and was concentrated on him, it seemed to be the glow of love. When it retreated, it grew uncertain; it was something else.

He rose, drawing her hand along with his, as if to lift her also and clasp her to him. She, too, began to rise, but as she did so she released her hand; the brilliance in her eyes retired, and yet filled them with an illumination the whole character of which was changed. She had recalled her determination. She remembered the hour when, in that very room, amid all those soft colors and those dainty surroundings, she had undergone an agony of which Oliphant had been the immediate agent.

Unaccountable, unnatural, though we may think it, the impulse of revenge which that crisis had excited had gone on persisting through her mutations of feeling about Oliphant, and revived at this instant, overcoming every other consideration. There the mood was, at any rate; and Oliphant had to take its consequences, no matter how little logic or mercy it had in it.

"No!" she said, abruptly. "I don't consent. I cannot."

"Not consent? How can you say that, now? And why? What has happened, to change you from a moment ago?"

"I'm not changed: I am steadfast," answered Octavia, almost fiercely, tossing her head slightly as though to shake off some imaginary restraining touch. "I never meant to take you! I have given no promise — not the least word."

"Then why did you let me go so far? Why have you gone so far yourself?" Oliphant demanded, in sudden, fiery remonstrance. "Why could n't you have told me so at once?"

"I might have," she retorted, with a light, icy laugh. "But it would have cut short an agreeable acquaintance. It was n't I who made any advance, Mr. Oliphant. *You* were the active one. And might I inquire why *you* have gone so far, if you don't like the inevitable result?"

"Because," Oliphant flung back, stingingly — "because I trusted you. Because I was unsuspicious, and took it for granted that you had a sense of honor. Because I was candid with you from the start, and placed myself, just as I was, unreservedly in your hands."

"At your time of life you should have known better," said Octavia, with a mocking compassion. "Is it for a woman always to take care of a man, or of all men, and protect *them* from distress, as well as herself? I thought you would understand, of course, that I might be drawn on by the charm of such perfect attention as yours; naturally, I might continue to receive it as long as you thought it worth while to give it."

"Then you have done everything deliberately?" he replied, inferentially.

"Why not, Mr. Oliphant?" She made a lazy, waving gesture with one hand. "It gave me pleasure. Did n't it you, too?"

"O my God! O Octavia!" he moaned, unthinkingly bringing together in speech the two powers — one divine, the other how sadly human! — that controlled his

fate at this juncture. "And is this the end?" He appeared dazed, for an instant; then a fresh glow of hope came to him. "I don't know why it is," he said, half distraught, "but it seems to me that you are hardly in earnest. You will reconsider. You had some reason for wanting to test me; but you don't mean all that you have said. For Heaven's sake, tell me that you don't! You saw what was coming; you could so easily have sent me away; but you did not do it, and you gave me so much encouragement."

Octavia watched him as impassively as she might have done if he had been a curious automaton. One arm rested on the holly mantel, and her head leaned towards it: from her pallid face the eyes shone with a still coldness only less hard than that of her diamond ear-drops, which Oliphant now thought of always as the petrifaction of tears; and her long dress had swept round her in heavy folds that suggested a serpentine coil, so that she suddenly portrayed herself to him as a sorceress rising in the shape of woman from a lower half that was monstrous.

"You have deceived yourself, Mr. Oliphant," she answered, sweetly and calmly. "A few weeks ago we were strangers, but peculiar circumstances brought us together. You are trying to take advantage of them — that 's all."

She saw an acute pain leap out and flood his face, as it were, altering it instantaneously. There is such a thing as spiritual bloodshed. A changed light of suffering flows out over the countenance of one who has been stabbed by words, as distinctly and with an effect as terrible as that of the scarlet life-tide which gushes from a physical wound.

"I must apologize humbly for my mistake," Oliphant said. "It was a great oversight." He cast about him briefly, with a despair that accelerated into frenzy. "How dreadful it must be for you," he cried, "to be afflicted with this sort of mistake! But if you have done as I begin to think you have; if you have only trifled; if you have gone on purposely to inflict punishment on a sincere affection, then I can tell you this, Mrs. Gifford — you never loved, and you don't know what love is! But, no matter what you have done, *I* love you still, with a senseless infatuation, and, as I began by being frank, I can say to you now, if it gives you any satisfaction, that the blow you have given me is bitter — bitterer than death!"

He turned to go to the door.

Octavia did not yet relent. "Yes, it may be bitter," she said, keenly; "but other men have been rejected before now, and it was bitter to them, too, I suppose."

Instantly, the whole scheme of her vengeance became plain to him, then. He flashed one look at her, that told her so, and made her aware of her littleness.

This, and her woman's desire still to be thought well of — to do a wrong, yet somehow be assured that she was in the right — dissolved her firmness. She started from her contemplative attitude.

"What have I done? Oh, what have I said, Mr. Oliphant, that I ought not to? If I have caused you pain, will you not forgive me?"

Perhaps the dumb animal that we strike, in our power, forgives; but its piteous eyes accuse us still. For two or three moments, Oliphant remained mute; and the sight of him as he was then filled Octavia with horror of herself. His lips were steady, and not a muscle of his face moved, yet every heart-beat seemed to send a pulsation of anguish across it.

"Forgive?" he repeated at length, with something like contempt for an idle question. "Your request does me honor, Mrs. Gifford. Of course, it 's a man's proudest prerogative to forgive."

A grim, curt laugh escaped him, and he made his way quickly out of the house.

XVI.

LITTLE EFFIE.

Oliphant's most poignant anguish assailed him after he had left Octavia. He smarted with exasperation at the absolute rebuff he had received; but, beyond that, and still more sharply, he writhed under a sense of the weakness which had made it possible to expose himself to such humiliation and despair, for the sake of a mere fatuous illusion, a baseless dream, that had cost him all his peace of mind and his slowly acquired resignation to circumstances.

He was not resigned, now, you may believe. There was a snapping and a tingling in his veins, all over his body; his brain was tortured by an insufferable heat. It is no exaggeration to say that invisible furies seemed to accompany him and lash him with their whips, as he went along; for this Oliphant, beneath the peaceful, proper, and eminently modern blankness of his outward man, carried capacities for the utmost stress of emotion.

When he reached the gate of the drive he found it impossible to go towards the town. A wrathful, unqualified disgust for Newport had taken possession of him: he felt that his whole sympathy with the place had been a factitious and temporary one, and had suddenly fallen away from him. There was something false in the life; there was something false in Octavia: it all hung together. He walked away blindly towards the long, rolling moorland that lay between High Lawn and the ocean; he leaped a fence, and strode on through the midst of a light, gathering fog, — alone and miserable, yet glad to have his misery to himself. It was a region of low, rough-featured hills, or gradual swells, with ridges of gray rock pricking their way through the surface here and there, and showing in their spiny course like the dorsal fins of some impossible subterrene sort of fish. It was a region bleak, barren, and forsaken, the sight of which accorded with his wretched state of mind. Wandering on, he came at last to where he could look out upon the ocean, close by that spot where he and Octavia had gone down together to the Pirate's Cave; and there he heard the strange variations of an alarum from the steam fog-horn at Beaver Tail, which blew its colossal goblin tones mysteriously through the pale, shrouding vapor that overhung everything around him. Though meant as a warning, to him it brought temptation: it was like the unearthly voice of an evil spirit, calling him on to he knew not what. Then, abruptly, the fog lifted a little, and revealed the patient, waiting sea: the thought of refuge and surcease from grief filled his mind. Yes, that was the meaning of the temptation: the weird voice through the mist was inviting him to suicide. Oliphant was not a swimmer, and one plunge from that rocky ledge by the cave, where he had held his earlier memorable conversation with Octavia, would have meant, for him, speedy and painless death. Although naturally religious, he was not formally so, and had no scruple on that account against voluntary death; but he despised the weak violence of suicide, in a healthy being, both as a cowardly thing and as an unfit interference with natural laws, more shocking than the most hideous result of those laws. All the greater was his horror now, when the desire to end his life began to fasten itself upon him. He struggled hard with the fearful thought; but he did not dare stay where it assailed him in such palpable shape. He faced about, and walked swiftly across the rough downs again, this time making for the town; while the horn, which quavered incessantly up and down upon two hoarse and lamentable tones, hooted after him in evil derision.

Frequently he paused, or sat down on some knoll or rock, and lost himself in undefined revery, or sheer vacancy of numbness and desolation. He never knew quite how he passed the day; but he found that it was near dark when he came along Bellevue Avenue, on the way home. Just by Touro Park he suddenly encountered Roger Deering, and was surprised by it because he had not known that his cousin was in Newport. They both stopped for a rapid exchange of greetings, but both were too preoccupied to notice at the time what recurred to them later. Roger was red-faced, short-haired, restless as usual, but there was something about him that made him look a changed man; and he afterwards had a curious impression that Oliphant's hair had grown gray, but discovered that it was only that Oliphant looked so much older.

"When did you come?" asked Oliphant.

"Only to-day. Little Effie is very ill. I 've just been again to look for the doctor.'

"Ah," said Oliphant vaguely. "What is the matter?"

"Diphtheria," said Roger. The reply left no definite effect on Oliphant's mind; and the two men parted nervously, in haste, taking opposite directions.

Justin and his wife were waiting dinner for their friend; and, among other blissful little diversions of talk, they chatted about Oliphant. His long absence convinced them that he had made his offer, which they were expecting, to Octavia, and had been successful; but they allowed themselves some good-natured laughter at having, in their own case, got so far ahead of those older lovers. At last, when they heard the click of Oliphant's key in the hall door, Justin hurried out to meet him, but shrank back on seeing how haggard the widower was.

"You look ill," Justin said, anxiously. "You have tired yourself out, some way, have n't you? What can we do?"

Oliphant laid down his hat, and seemed unable to speak, for a moment. He moved unsteadily. "A glass of wine, please," he presently answered. "I am exhausted — have had nothing to eat since morning."

The wine refreshed him, and he soon joined the young couple, at dinner; but he was very grave and absent-minded. The only thing of importance that he said was, "I fear I shall have to leave you very shortly, Craig. I must go to New York — yes, complications have arisen that make it necessary. I will explain it all, by and by. Nothing to be alarmed at. Meanwhile, you understand, I shall keep everything going here, just the same, of course; and it will oblige me if you and Mrs. Craig will keep an eye on it for me."

He could not inform them definitely when he should leave; in fact, he had not yet really formed any clear plan. But the events of the following two or three days settled this for him.

The next morning he was at first uncertain whether he had dreamed of meeting Roger, or had actually seen him; but as the fact became clear to him, he remembered that something had been said of Effie's illness: so he went down to the Deerings' small cottage, to make inquiry about it. Great were the astonishment and concern with which he learned that the child was very dangerously attacked, and that the doctor already considered her situation critical.

"I 'm more sorry than I can tell you," said Oliphant to Roger. "But at least it 's fortunate that you are here."

"I was called by telegraph," Roger answered, in an inert, hopeless tone. "But what can I do, now I 'm here? It is these fatal unsanitary conditions that have done the harm; and as for us, we are helpless — at the mercy of the disease, if it has any mercy. Ah, if we had only not come to Newport!"

Oliphant started at the reproduction, in those words, of the thought which was passing through his own mind with regard to himself.

"Well, old man, let 's try to keep up hope," he said, forlornly seeking to throw some cheer into his words, yet knowing that he failed dismally.

"Yes," said Roger. He looked wanly at his cousin, with an effort to express gratitude by his look. "But somehow, Eugene, I feel pretty sure that I shall never feel those little arms around my neck again."

Roger moved suddenly towards the window, leaned one arm upon the sash, and bent his head low, as if gazing attentively out of the window. He was really sobbing.

Oliphant recalled how, not many days before, he had been with Mary Deering and her baby daughter, when Effie was commanded, for some reason, to go out of the room. "What because?" asked the little toddling girl, beginning to pucker her lips; and he had laughed at the phrase, which was a frequent one with her; and the mother, being equally smitten by it, had caught up Effie, cuddled and embraced her, and sent her away with a smile of perfect contentment on her tiny, roseate features. "What because?" He fancied he heard the words at this instant, pronounced in her sweet, wavering treble, with just a suspicion of innocent protest in it; and it was strange how they answered to the sad wonderment in himself, at the misery that had befallen him and the awful suspense in which he beheld his cousins placed. But there was no watchful motherly power that could come to the relief of any of *them*, and dissipate their woes.

"Of course she is conscious," he hazarded, hoping in some way to relieve the father. "She knew you when you arrived, did n't she?"

Roger roused himself, and spoke firmly, though his eyes were moist: "Oh, yes; she said 'Papa,' once. I believe they are always conscious."

That word "they," relegating her to a general class, in a region somewhere beyond the reach of human help; recognizing her as already caught up into the arms of God — to be borne away or restored, who could tell? — made Oliphant quiver with a new consciousness of the poor fellow's terrible position. "I do hope, Roger," he said, "if there 's anything I can do, you 'll let me know. Mary must n't wear herself out."

"She will never leave Effie, Eugene," Roger replied. "Did I tell you she was up all night? Never mind, my dear fellow. It is hard for you that you can't help us, I know; but — I will send for you if — if there is anything of importance."

Oliphant could not trust himself to stay any longer, then. "I shall come again this evening," he said hurriedly, and took his departure.

The voiceless contest went on at the little cottage all day. Even Clarence was subdued; he crept unobtrusively about the house, and did not know what to make of the situation, except that the world began to appear to him a very different sort of place from what he had supposed it. During the afternoon hours the usual crush and sparkle of the driving throng filled Bellevue Avenue. In the quiet of this interior, Mary could hear the genteel rumble and patter of the horses and carriages not far away: the parade of Anglomaniacs and distorted grooms, of beaming beauties and insolently handsome young men and high-stepping steeds, was in full progress. But to the anxious mother the thought of that spectacle had lost all its glamour; the whole concourse, indeed, assumed to her fancy the likeness of a grotesquely pompous funeral train.

Night came, and still there was the same scene in the room where Effie lay:

a childish form prostrate on the bed, feverish and suffering, with golden hair spreading at random over the pillow — the face already grown singularly mature with a knowledge of the awful possibilities of pain; and three figures — the mother, the father, and the nurse — that went and came often, with noiseless, imperceptible movements, ministering continually, and uttering words of soothing that could not be replied to. For the little thing was now scarcely able to speak, and had all that she could do to breathe.

Atlee had called during the day, and had been informed, at the door, of the illness. Now he came again, early in the evening; but he saw no one excepting the servant, who reported his coming, after he had gone, to Roger and Mary, just then resting for a few minutes in another room. On the mention of his name, husband and wife gazed silently at each other, and significantly. As yet, no discussion had been raised between them regarding Atlee, and of course they said not a word at this juncture; but Mary Deering sent up a brief, disconnected, unspoken prayer to heaven, for pardon of the folly which seemed now almost too senseless to require pardon. She understood so little of Providence that she considered her present trial as a direct personal punishment for the apparent wrong she had done Roger; and she imagined that a passionate inward avowal of her misdemeanor might be answered by the saving of her child.

Oliphant and Justin arrived later; and the former settled himself to wait below throughout the night, in case he should be needed. Hour after hour, in the room above, the scene continued unchanged, except that for a long time the doctor was there, observing, thinking, issuing a few directions, and at last going away without imparting any hope. A medicinal pastil was burning slowly on a little side-table; the air of the room could not be freed from a certain deadly closeness; the three figures continued at their post, with a still, concentrated energy, a peculiar exaltation of devotedness, as if they were athletes engaged in a struggle too intense to admit of words. Effie remained nearly motionless; the dry crepitation of her tortured breath emphasized the hush of the room, by its regular iteration. And hour after hour the plain little interior grew more sacred as a centre of parental love, while the man and woman to whom that imperiled life was dear watched its fading, and inhaled the poisonous atmosphere around them without fear of the danger that it threatened to them.

Once, when Effie was to take a prescribed potion, she roused herself, and looked around as if searching for aid, or for some explanation of the awful combat in which she was forced to engage. The voice which had been so long nearly stifled found its way through the choking barrier in her throat, and she gasped painfully, "What because?"

At length, near the morning, she rose on her couch, and called clearly for her mother. The final moment had come, though Roger and Mary, misled by the last bright flicker of the vital flame, fancied at first that she was reviving. Suddenly, the signs of dissolution set in. The child continued sitting up, and the father and mother each held one of her hands, looking anxiously towards her, striving still to give her some comfort. She turned her eyes, large and bright with a new intelligence, first to one and then to the other: but presently their lustre began to dim; her strength waned; there passed from her fingers to each of the hands in which they rested three quick, fluttering pulsations, that did not stir the surface, but seemed to thrill electrically from the interior sources of the little life. The father and mother instinctively met one another's gaze, and without a syllable, recognized that they had received the

last greeting of a spirit about to depart. In the midst of their agony, this mysterious communication gave them one instant of supreme perception — a perception that afterwards lived in their memories tinged by emotion which, paradoxically, was like a holy joy.

Then Effie sank back, breathless, quiet; calm, calm forever; rigid in lifelessness, yet lying as light upon the bed as a drift of newly fallen snow. The white truce upon her face proclaimed surrender and peace.

All night the wind had been sweeping to and fro, bringing together the elements of a storm. When Roger, in the weird, gray gleam of the dawn-light, slipped noiseless as a ghost into the narrow parlor where Oliphant waited, the storm burst in a torrent of rain; and the trees before the house, bending in the wind, swayed their dark-draped branches with gestures of grief and abandonment.

XVII.

REPENTANCE.

Now that the fatal blow had fallen upon Roger and Mary, which their friends would so gladly have strained every faculty to prevent, Oliphant and Justin found that they could help. It is the sad privilege of human beings, at such times, to come when all is over and prove their own essential uselessness by performing every possible act of practical and tender aid in those details that cover up the death in our hearts, as dust is made to cover the actual dead. Yet in seasons of the greatest grief at a personal loss, the things we most prize are the seemingly useless ones — sweet, ineffectual flowers, a few helpless words, expressing the sorrow of those whom we love, that they cannot do anything for us.

Vivian was quick in seconding her husband and his friend to give what assistance they could; for, although she had hardly known Mary Deering, her loyalty to the friendship of Oliphant brought into action her natural fervor of sympathy as a young wife for the stricken mother. Josephine, too, brought flowers to the door of the house of mourning. Oliphant was there at the time, and when the box was opened an impulse led him to hurry to the porch, whence he saw Josephine herself moving quickly away down the shaded street. It touched him that she had chosen to bring the flowers in her own hands.

But nothing was heard from Octavia; she made no sign; so far as Oliphant could tell, she might have been totally in ignorance of the catastrophe.

Yet how could she do anything? She had thrown Oliphant aside in such a way as to preclude every relation, henceforth, except that of the most distant recognition. She had had but very slight intercourse with Mary Deering, and it would have been mainly because of her constant association with Oliphant during the season that she would have made, if at all, any demonstration of condolence. Therefore, she was entirely debarred from showing her sympathy. She felt a great sympathy, nevertheless. I do not care to analyze the sources of it, because injustice would certainly be done in trying to formulate a state of mind requiring so delicate a balance to weigh it, as hers did. But I am sure that genuine womanly compassion and kindness were uppermost in her mood. In presence of this tragedy, too, a sharp light fell upon her recent conduct, which brought out with terrifying distinctness its ugliness and cruelty. She began to be remorseful.

She did form a plan of sending some flowers to Mrs. Deering, anonymously; but the conclusion soon followed that such a course would be cowardly, and merely an attempt to narcotize her conscience. Then, hearing that funeral services were to be held over poor little

Effie at old Trinity, she resolved to go thither and attend them. But from this as well she was restrained, by a conviction that she had no right to do it. "Why should I take advantage of this dreadful sorrow," she said to herself, "under the pretense that a generous feeling of pity makes me set aside my personal affair with Mr. Oliphant?"

And so she sat wretchedly alone at High Lawn, unable to take any step, and suddenly deserted by those who had lately been nearest to her. Josephine did not approach her, and Perry Thorburn had not come to see her, for some time past. It did not need these things, however, to give her a true comprehension of her pitiful error. Just then when she sprang forward and asked Oliphant to forgive her, before he left the house, the first seed of repentance had sprung up in her mind, stirred to life though it was by a false impulse of vanity and conceit. But repentance had multiplied in her, since, from a hundred other germs; and before she heard of Effie's illness at all, her heart was aching for Oliphant. She was disgusted with herself; she utterly repudiated what she had done at the prompting of a vindictive whim, that now appeared hardly less than insane.

Tragic events often come in such a way that, while they seem to bring about certain moral changes in us, and we therefore refer such changes to what we call a mere "accident," those events are really only the afterclap, or the tangible symbol, of what has already taken place in our minds.

Of course I do not know why Effie died just at that time; but I am perfectly clear that Octavia's repentance, which was emphasized and stimulated by this disaster, was in no manner a consequence of it.

The day came for the services at Trinity. The storm had cleared; there was an exultant, cool vigor in the air. Very few people, naturally, attended; but it had been an ardent wish of Justin's that, if any obsequy were held in Newport, it should be where he could offer his farewell to the lost spirit of the child, in music. And he played the Raindrop Prelude, which stole gently through the church with a sweet, dewy freshness and simplicity, yet fell plaintively upon the listeners, and made them think of gentle tears shed in a loving resignation. Oliphant remembered too well how he had heard that melody before; and as it had brought to his mind then the refreshing showers of summer, it now suggested the sad drops of autumn, that patter down a requiem for dead hope.

The coffin was carried out. Oliphant waited for a brief space, and as he made his way to the street he met Josephine Hobart. "Mr. Oliphant," she said, "I want to say to you — though it may seem unusual, coming from a stranger almost, as I am — how much I feel for your cousins. Their loss has gone to my heart more than anything that has happened for many a day. It must have been a great blow to you, too."

"Yes," he answered; "I don't know why, but it is to me like losing a child of my own."

I suppose she must have read the secret of his other loss. Her large, soft, unrevealing eyes were filled with a stilly, comprehensive look of fellowship.

"You are going with them to New York?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"And sha'n't we see you in Newport again?"

Oliphant's face grew vague and listless, for an instant. "I'm afraid not: I don't believe I shall come back," he said.

He had not admitted this to the Craigs.

Before he left her he thanked her for her gracious act of bringing the flowers. They shook hands, and the unconscious trembling of her touch roused in him,

transiently, an undefined wonder at the stress of her sensibility, which he attributed wholly to the death of Effie Deering. But as he went to join his cousins at the New York boat, his mind was on Octavia and the dreariness of the fact that she was not with him, sharing the piteous solemnity of this hour, in which even the glad young love of Justin and Vivian had participated.

Oliphant's care had smoothed the way for Roger and Mary, by putting out of sight the rougher details of the journey; but the night-voyage to New York was a melancholy one for them all. They glided away, however, and were lost in a moment to the gay, pleasure-seeking little world in which they had lately been active. Octavia heard the great boat go by, with its throbbing hum of strong paddle-wheels, and knew that it was taking her honest, defeated lover away from her — perhaps forever; but it was too late to recall him, then. In a few minutes the sound of the departing steamer ceased to vibrate upon her ear: she was left to the desert silence which she had made for herself.

Change and catastrophe had overtaken several of the people about whom this story centres; but it must not be supposed for an instant that such disturbances of mere feeling or fortune affected in the least the dazzling monotony of festal existence in the society around them. It is true, Dana Sweetser seized upon the untimely demise of the Deerings' child as a potent case in point to fortify his position regarding drainage. Sundry physicians insisted that the fatal malady was directly due to the absence of good hygienic conditions. Sundry others, supported by a large number of people who had not yet died, disputed the proposition. Every one agreed that it was very sad for the Deerings; and industrious correspondents, who habitually wrote and telegraphed catalogues of visitors and distinguished dining-room tattle to leading journals, dropped a sentence or two of rose-water pathos on Effie's bier. All the proprieties were observed, and nothing was done to better the drainage; so Dana Sweetser fell back temporarily on the Alaska and British Columbia Inlet Excavation.

One result of the discussion was that the Deerings were elevated to a social importance, in the way of talk, which they themselves had never enjoyed. They were utilized with soup, at dinners, as an introductory topic, or as a relish with the *hors d'œuvres;* by dessert, however, they ceased to be mentioned; and in two or three days their misfortune was dismissed entirely.

But Octavia could not so easily get rid of the things which had lately happened. Her time was in demand for many engagements, day and night, and she moved in the thickest of the whirl. Oliphant being out of the way, moreover, various discouraged gentlemen, who had stood at a distance while he was present, began to crowd round her again. Perry Thorburn likewise suddenly returned to her society, and asked her to drive with him, every day, although he hardly spoke to her of Josephine, any longer. Notwithstanding all this, and the sparkling exterior which she maintained, her inward distress deepened. When alone, she was moody and dispirited; no employment sufficed to calm her restless thoughts; she spent hours reviewing her association with Oliphant and her conduct towards him. At last she paid her intended visit to Vivian, which she had been deferring out of dread at meeting the keen eyes of Oliphant's friends, who would be so quick to detect the change that had come over her, and her responsibility for the change in him. At first she tried to discover when Oliphant was likely to return; but before she left Vivian, she had made a partial confession of the true state of things, though with important reservations. She admitted that Oliphant had

proposed for her hand, and that she had sent him away without hope; but she did not tell of the poisonous thrusts she had given him.

"I 'm so sorry," said Vivian, looking up from a little drawing she was making for Justin — "so sorry for poor Mr. Oliphant;" then she added, her blue eyes scanning the widow's face for an instant with complete but kindly insight, "and sorry for you, too, Octavia."

"For me?" Octavia blushed faintly, and moved her head so that only the dainty profile of her face came within Vivian's range.

"Yes," answered the bride. "I can't help saying so. He is such a sterling man. Of course I don't attempt to judge for you, but I think you may regret, some time, what you have done."

"But do you approve of second marriages?" Octavia rejoined, quickly. "Would *you* be willing" . . .

"No," said Vivian, promptly. "At least," she continued, putting another touch to her sketch, "I can't conceive of myself in that position, and somehow I have a feeling against it. But then, true love is too great a thing to be bounded by my feeling, I am sure. It comes in so many different ways . . . And when it comes, one is in the hands of a higher power, which one ought to be very careful about trifling with."

Nothing more was said, for a few moments. Afterwards, they passed to the alienation of Vivian's mother and brother, which still continued. But while Octavia stood by the piano, making a final remark or two, Vivian casually resumed the subject of Oliphant. "It troubles me," she said, "that Mr. Oliphant does n't come back. Let 's see: it 's three — no, four days, now. Justin wrote him a long letter, but we 've only received one little note from him. He 's staying at the Van Voort House, and I 'm afraid he 's too comfortable to be in a hurry about coming here again."

She laughed lightly, with an air of directing a sarcasm against her own housekeeping; but Octavia understood her. They kissed each other, as they parted.

Octavia went home and spent much of the day composing a short letter to Oliphant: —

My dear Mr. Oliphant, — I shall not wonder if you are surprised at hearing from me, for I feel that there would be no propriety in my writing to you, after what has happened between us — nor should I wish to do so — were it not for a single thing which no one but myself can tell you. And even I have discovered it only since you went from here.

That is, that I now see how wrong I was in my treatment of you, and how much injustice I did you by some of the things I said the last time we met. What led me on, it is hard to say exactly. I am not sure that I myself understand; but even if it were possible for me to unravel it all, perhaps you would rather spare me the mortification, if you had the choice.

You have been called away; it seems to be uncertain whether you will return here, and if you did so we should not be likely to meet, I suppose. This is why I consider it best to acknowledge my fault by writing. I do not ask you, Mr. Oliphant, to forgive — as I selfishly did, that day — but only to pardon me for not seeing sooner what I was drifting to, and preventing it. I cannot hope that you will think of me otherwise than with censure, or that I can ever recover the friendship I have sacrificed; but it is my duty to admit my mistake, and to assure you of my lasting respect. Sincerely,

Octavia Gifford.

After dispatching this, she was more at peace with herself. Ever since Oliphant's departure, she had been undergoing one very peculiar form of nervous

disturbance. The rotary beat of the steamer's wheels, with the transient pause and renewed throb as the engines turned them, kept sounding in her ears at the most inopportune times; and every morning, early, just before dawn woke the sky, sleep deserted her, and she lay waiting intently for the same sound to assure her that the boat from New York was returning.

At first it would steal to her from a distance, through the dusk, like a deep, unsteady breathing; gradually, and then more swiftly, it became defined as a regular and mighty pulsation, coming nearer, increasing in volume: it was what one might imagine to be the voice of a vast shadow. Finally, it developed into a systematic concussion, the nature of which was unmistakable. Octavia would rise, go to the window, and watch the vague white shape as it rounded Fort Adams like a floating town, with mysterious colored lights strung up at stem and stern and at various other points, or shining from the windows. There was something spectral about it, and the palpitation of the huge paddle-wheels was like a shudder. Involuntarily Octavia would shudder, too, and creep back to bed.

But to-night, since her letter had gone, she did not shudder when she woke and saw the boat. A soft warmth enveloped her heart, as if that spectral shape had been the forerunner of some great happiness destined to come to her in its wake.

George Parsons Lathrop.

HÂFIZ OF SHÎRÂZ.

Muhammad Shamsu'ddin, better known by the *nom de plume* of Hâfiz, was born early in the fourteenth century of the Christian era. It is impossible to determine the exact date of his birth, but the chronogram on his tombstone states that he died at an advanced age in the year of the Hijrah 791, corresponding to A. D. 1388. Muhammad (praiseworthy) was his real name (*'alam*); Shamsu'ddîn (sun of faith) was his honorary title (*lakab*); and Hâfiz (keeper, that is, rememberer, of the Kur'ân) was his poetic surname, the so-called *makhlas* (asylum) or *takhallus* (refuge), both significant terms for the disguise under which an author may mask and shield his personality.

Most Persian poets are known to us solely by their noms de plume, which commonly have a double meaning, and are all the more highly prized on this account. Sa'dî (fortunate) probably assumed this name out of respect for Sa'd bin Zangî, the fifth of the Atâbak sovereigns, in whose reign he flourished, and to whom he dedicated the Gulistân. Firdausî (Paradisical) signifies also gardener, which was the occupation of the poet's father, and doubtless, too, his own in early life. Jâmî (goblet) means likewise native of Jâm, a small town near Herat, in Khurâsân. Nizâmî (stringer of pearls) may also be interpreted as reformer of religion. In all such cases the more commonplace signification may safely be assumed to be the correct one, the other explanation being merely a witty conceit of complimentary afterthought, the origin of which is usually illustrated by an anecdote. Thus it is said that at the first interview of Abu'l Kasim Mansûr with the Sultân Mahmud the monarch was so charmed with the poet that he exclaimed, "This man has made our pâlace a paradise" (*firdaus*); hence the epithet *al Firdausî*, the Paradisical. It would be superfluous to

warn philologists against the questionable and quicksandy nature of anecdotal etymologies. 'Umar al Khayyâm (the tent-maker) took his nom de plume from the trade which he learned from his father, and practiced whilst pursuing his astronomical studies in his native village, near Nîshâpûr. But it must be remembered that *bayt* means tent and verse; and in Persian poetics the analogy between tent-making and verse-making is carried out to the fullest extent, and curious functional correspondences are discovered between the parts of the respective structures. The pavilion is a poem, and the simple epithet *al Khayyâm* appeals to the Persian imagination as a suggestive equivoque.

Hâfiz frequently puns on his own name. Thus he says, "Whether I am a reverend doctor or a debauchee, what is that to thee? I am the keeper (*hâfiz*) of my own secrets and the knower of my own times." Again he alludes to it in the following self-praise: "By the Kur'ân which thou keepest in thy heart, I have never heard sweeter strains than thine, O Hâfiz!" In one of the idyls he boasts that of all the Hâfizes of the earth (*hâfizâni jahân*) not one has equaled him in interweaving worldly wit and wisdom with the sententious truths of the Kur'ân; and he concludes one of his odes with the assertion that

> "'Neath the vaulted sky, no Hâfiz has obtained
> Such wealth of grace as I have from the Kur'ân gained."

But notwithstanding the lofty import of his name and the pride with which he alludes to it, it is evident from his poems that he drew fuller and more frequent draughts of inspiration from the *kharâbât* (tavern) than from the Kur'ân.

Native records and traditions furnish very little positive information concerning the comparatively uneventful life of Hâfiz. His intense devotion to study and to literary pursuits rendered him averse to travel, or to a residence at any of the courts of them any petty and rival dynasties which had sprung up out of the ruins of the great Mogul empire, and which, while diminishing the political power of Persia by dismembering it, favored the cultivation of poetry and polite learning through the ambition and emulation of each princedom to become the chief centre and nursery of the arts and sciences. Hâfiz was held in high honor by these sovereigns, who sent him repeated invitations to visit them, and sought in vain, by splendid gifts and offers of patronage, to draw him away from the quiet and retired life of a scholar. Sultân Ahmad tried to prevail upon him to come to Baghdâd; but the poet prudently declined to become the pensioner of a monarch who, although a man of elegant tastes and fine accomplishments, a connoisseur of gems and an amateur in keramics and bricabrac, was a terror to his subjects, a tyrant whose cruel and capricious temper was aggravated by an excessive use of opium. Hâfiz, however, wrote him a letter of thanks and an ode which is quite as eulogistic as this sovereign's notorious character would permit.

Once, at the urgent solicitation of Mahmud Shâh Bahmanî, Hâfiz set out on a journey to the south of India; but on arriving at Hurmûz and embarking on the ship sent for his conveyance, he became so alarmed and nauseated by the sea that he made some excuse for going ashore, and returned forthwith to Shîrâz. He then addressed to the Shâh an ode in which he recalled the stormy horrors of the sea, which he would not encounter for all the pearly treasures in its depths. Mahmud was much amused at this apology, and rewarded the poet for his good intentions with a purse of a thousand pieces of gold.

Very different was the treatment he received from Yahyâ, Shâh of Yazd, whom he actually visited, but who does not appear to have been especially liberal in largesses. Hâfiz always alludes with some bitterness to this monarch,

and ascribes his niggardliness to the envy and ill-will of courtiers, whose heads he would fain see beaten and bandied in the game of golf. In the fourth fragment he contrasts this meanness with the munificence of other princes: —

"From Hurmûz's king, unsung, unseen, a hundred gifts I won;
I saw and sung the king of Yazd, but left his courts with none."

Now and then Hâfiz complains of his native land, and even expresses a desire to turn his steps towards Baghdâd; the rose of Persia puts forth no bud of joy for him; Shîrâz does not appreciate his poesy; and he takes no pleasure in envious Fârs. But these were only the passing moods of a fine-strung and sensitive nature. In reality he was strongly attached to the place of his birth, and, during his short sojourn in Yazd, experienced, like his contemporary Dante, when banished from Florence,

"sì come sa di sale
Il pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale."

In the sixty-eighth quatrain he paints in vivid and realistic colors the consuming pains and emaciating effects of nostalgia. His love of Shîrâz finds utterance in several odes, in one of which, written during his stay at Yazd, he vows that, on his return, he will go straight to the wine-shop, and there relate his adventures to the music of the barbiton and the merry clink of beakers.

Touching the domestic life of Hâfiz, we know only that he was married and had a son, who died December 23, 1362, as we learn from the twenty-fifth fragment, where the exact date is given according to the Muhammadan era: —

"On Rabî' ul-Awwal's sixth, one Friday morn,
My moon-faced darling from my heart was torn.
Seven hundred sixty-four years since the Flight
This hardship on me came as water light.
Can sighs and plaints and tears my peace restore
When now my life as empty sport is o'er?" [1]

[1] By the phrase "as water light," Bicknell means "with the facility of water." This is hardly the true sense of the original: *chu âb gasht bamân hall hikâyati muskkil*, "like water came upon descending the painful tale." In other words, the news came upon him like the sudden and chilling shock of a stream of falling water.

The sad event is sorrowfully recalled in a characteristic ode; and the thirty-third fragment shows how tenderly the bereaved father clung to the memory of his child: —

"The days of sweet spring have come; the damask and wild roses now,
With tulips, from earth arise: oh, why in the dust then art thou?
My tears I will shed in streams, as pour from the spring clouds in rain;
These tears on thy dust shall fall, until thou art risen again."

In another ode Hâfiz deplores the decease and praises the virtues of his wife. In the first verse he says, —

"The friend who made my house a home where peris well might be,
Was, peri-like, from head to foot from every blemish free."

"In her face refinement blended with the sweet endearments of love," and "she wore the richest crown in the ample realm of beauty." Hammer and Rosenzweig both assume that this ode was written on the death of an intimate friend. But the couplet above quoted seems inconsistent with such a supposition. The word *yâr*, here translated "friend," means literally helpmeet, and, like the French *ami* or *amie*, is used, as a term of affection, to denote spouse. In Persian, however, yâr may be either masculine or feminine, and the personal pronoun *û* signifies either he or she, there being only one form for both genders. This epicenity adds much to the indefiniteness and gives great latitude to the interpretation of Persian poetry, both in a natural and in a mystical sense. The line of demarcation between the literal and the allegorical, the sensual and the spiritual, is thus rendered faint and not easily definable. This vagueness possesses a peculiar charm for the Oriental, and by the opportunity it affords of juxtapositing incongruities and giving a fantastic turn to ideas fur-

nishes a cheap surrogate for humor. Sometimes the poet celebrates an abstract ideal, rather than a concrete embodiment of beauty. Again, the beloved object is the Divine Being, a prince, a patron, a teacher, a boon companion, or a friend.

It is highly probable that many of the odes, which are repugnant to us because they are supposed to describe a too ardent affection for men, really express a tender attachment to women. The so-called *mulamma'* or party-colored ode, of which every alternate line is Arabic, tends to confirm this hypothesis, since the Arabic pronoun, which has a distinct form for each gender, is here feminine. The same is true of another ode written in a medley of Arabic, pure Persian, and the dialect of Shîrâz. In his youth Hâfiz fell passionately in love with a maiden who was known by the pet-name of Shâkhi Nabât (shoot of sugar-cane, or stick of candy), and who seems to have preferred him even to his formidable rival, the Prince of Shîrâz. Later in life he became deeply and desperately enamored of a beautiful heiress surnamed 'Arûsi Jahân (bride of the world), and sought her hand in marriage; but the young lady, though admiring his genius and esteeming his character, did not return his affection, and declined a nearer union in the bonds of wedlock. In view of these tender experiences, and perhaps many others of a similar kind, it is hardly credible that Hâfiz, whose native city is still celebrated for its charming women, should have wasted all his sweet lyrics upon cup-bearers, minstrels, strolling Lûliân, musk-scented dandies with corkscrew love-locks, fruity-faced wine-bibbers, and tulip-cheeked boys.

Muhammadan law and custom, it is true, place all sorts of absurd restrictions upon the free and friendly intercourse of the sexes, and the unnatural state of society thus produced fosters unnatural vices. Strong, manly love degenerates into puling sentimentalism and pederastic passion, tainting erotic poetry, and destroying whatever pleasure we might otherwise take in the genial conceptions and graceful diction of the writer. Only a vitiated taste can relish the putrescent piquancy of this kind of literary *haut gout*.

Nevertheless, there is good reason for believing that Eastern poets have been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented on this point, and that the disgusting theme is treated by them less frequently than is usually supposed. Oriental, and especially Persian, women of the middle class enjoy far greater freedom than Europeans generally imagine. Although it would be a sin against decency and decorum for them to appear in public unveiled, except in cases where extreme ugliness or the wrinkles of old age might suffice as a mask, yet it is a mistake to suppose that they pass their lives jealously immured within the walls of a harêm. The witty and spirited satire entitled Kitâbi Kulsûm Nana (Book of Kulsûm Nana), ostensibly composed by a conclave of Persian matrons for the guidance of their sex in domestic and social affairs and in the general conduct of life, gives ample proof that the dames and damsels of Iran are quite tenacious enough of their prescriptive rights and traditional prerogatives, and fully competent to maintain them against all marital and paternal encroachments. The manner in which they may assert their liberty and pursue their pleasure in entertaining guests, receiving and returning visits, frequenting the bath, or paying their devotions in the mosque is set forth with sufficient explicitness to satisfy the most advanced advocate of "woman's rights" in the Western world.

Despite all her apparent languor and love of luxurious ease, the Persian woman is *un esprit fort* in her own sphere. In habits of thought and tone of feeling she has much in common

with the French woman. Making due allowance for the generic difference between Oriental and Occidental culture, the ladies of gay Shîrâz and grave Ispâhân are strikingly akin to those of Paris in all the salient traits of character and qualities of mind. The same exquisite taste and native grace; the same tact in asserting their independence in all matters touching *les petites morales;* the same wit-craft and witch-craft, which Firdausî declared to be "matchless and supreme" in his countrywomen, — in short, the same *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* are peculiar to both.

Oriental *convenance* would hardly permit a poet to blazon in his verse the name of his lady-love, or in any way to give prominence and publicity to her personality. Indeed, the proper thing for him to do would be to disguise so far as possible the object of his attachment, and to dissemble the real source of his "thought's unrest." For this purpose, the aforementioned sexual ambiguity of the Persian language would stand him in good stead, and offer a most convenient covert under which to conceal his passion from the ordinary reader, whilst revealing it to her who, knowing his secret, could read it between the lines. Occasionally, too, he might let it peep out, as Hâfiz does in the thirty-fifth ode, where he refers to the miracle of love which has transformed his dry writing-reed into a succulent shoot of sugar-cane (Shâkhi Nabât), yielding sweetness more delicious than honey. The magic which wrought this metamorphosis, and put sap and savor into his hard and hollow *kilk*, was the powerful spell of the tender sentiment, which Shakespeare declares to be the hidden spring and inspiration of all lyric song: —

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

A reminiscence of this event and of the experiences attending it is contained in a ghazal where the name of sugar candy is said to excite the jealous taunts of the "sweets" (*shîrînân*) of Shîrâz.

One of the best known and most popular of Hâfiz's odes is the eighth, which begins as follows: —

"If that Shîrâzian Turk would deign to take my heart within his hand,
To make his Indian mole my own I'd give Bukhârâ and Samarkand."

Bicknell and all the German translators, except Nesselmann, assume that it was addressed to some young man; but there is really no ground whatever for this assumption. The Turk of Shîrâz evidently refers to one of those wandering Lûliân, famous for their skill in singing and dancing, and for the beauty of their maidens, who, in the third couplet, are said to embroil the town by their blandishments, and, true to the predatory habits of their tribe, prey upon and spoil the "heart's content" of the Shîrâzian youth. "Turk," as we have already observed, is the synonym of capricious charmer or cruel coquette. In the fourth couplet the poet contrasts the unadorned loveliness of the Lûlî maid with the meretricious embellishments of the city ladies, who would fain enhance their fading fascinations by cosmetics and cold cream. There is a glamour of love which makes John see the golden halo of a Madonna in the carroty hair of Mary Jane; but the poet declares his vision to be untinged by any such beneficent illusions and illuminations of personal affection, of which the fair girl is as independent as a fine complexion is of rouge or pearl powder.

"My loved one's beauty has no need of an imperfect love like mine:
By paint or powder, mole or streak, can a fair face more brightly shine?"

Persian women adorn their faces with artificial moles or beauty spots of a permanent character by tattooing themselves with a mixture of chelidonium (*zard-chub*, yellow wood) and charcoal. Erasible moles are made with pitch or

oxide of antimony, put on by means of a wooden pin (*khati khattât*). Pulverized antimony is also used to form streaks on the eyelids, and a paste of indigo to pencil the eyebrows. Such streaks or lines are called *khat*, which Rosenzweig incorrectly translates *Flaum* (down). Muhammadan scholiasts of the mystical school interpret the powder, paint, moles, and streaks symbolically, as referring to the ink, color, dots, and lines of the Kur'ân, the face of beauty being typical of the sacred page. In all the dry and dusty tomes of Christian hermeneutics it would be difficult to find absurder specimens of far-fetched, fine-spun, and fantastic exegesis and subtlety of scriptural exposition than are constantly met with in the writings of Musulmanic doctors and commentators on the prophet's word.

An interesting and characteristic anecdote is related in connection with this ode. When, in 1387, Tîmûr conquered Fârs and captured Shîrâz, he summoned the aged Hâfiz into his presence, and said, "I have destroyed the mightiest kingdoms of the earth with the edge of my sword, in order to enrich and enlarge the two chief cities of my native land, Bukhârâ and Samarkand; and you presume to offer them both for a black mole on your Beloved's cheek!" "Sire," replied the poet, "it is by such acts of reckless generosity that I am reduced to the state of poverty in which you now behold me." This witty retort so pleased the Tatâr chief that he immediately relieved the hypothetical poverty so artfully hinted at, and showed the poet many marks of favor.

Hâfiz died, as we have already stated, A. H. 791, corresponding to A. D. 1388. In the chronogram engraved on the alabaster slab which covers his tomb, the reader is told to seek the date in the Earth of Musallâ (*Khaki Musallâ*); and by summing up the numerical value of the letters in this phrase, kh 600 + a 1 + k 20 + m 40 + s 90 + l 30 + â (ye) 10 = 791, we ascertain the year of his decease. Bicknell englishes this chronogram very ingeniously as follows: —

"On spiritual men the lamp of Hâfiz gleamed;
'Mid rays from Glory's Light his brilliant taper beamed;
Musallâ was his home: a mournful date to gain,
Thrice take thou from *Musallâ's Earth Its Richest Grain.*"

The numerical value of the letters contained in Musallâ's Earth is M 1000 + L 50 + L 50 = 1100; from this sum take three times the numerical value of the letters in Its Richest Grain: I 1 + I 1 + C 100 + I 1 = 103 × 3 = 309, and the result is 791. Mediæval writers were very fond of composing eteostics, especially for inscriptions and epitaphs; but Latin, having only seven numerical letters, did not afford them much scope for the exhibition of their skill; whereas, in Persian and Arabic, every letter of the alphabet has a numerical value. Hâfiz wrote quite a number of chronograms for the purpose of commemorating the virtues and recording the death-date of his friends and patrons. These monumental verses have been translated by Bicknell in a most ingenious and felicitous manner. Indeed, his version is the only one in which any attempt is made to preserve the chronogrammatic character of the original; and it is in this peculiar feature that the whole point of the poem centres and consists. Nesselmann omits them entirely as untranslatable.

In consequence of Hâfiz's outspoken antagonism to the popular religion, and the skeptical and scoffing tone which pervades his poems, the priests refused to give him religious burial. This bigotry naturally excited the indignation of his friends and admirers, and a serious strife arose between them and the orthodox party. After much bitter altercation, it was agreed to consult his Dîvân as an oracle, and to accept the result as a divine decision. The volume opened at the following couplet: —

"Wish not to turn thy foot from Hâfiz on his bier;
He shall ascend to Paradise, though steeped in sin while here."

Accordingly the customary prayers were perfunctorily recited at his grave, in the little cemetery in the northern suburb of Shîrâz, where his body lies surrounded by the flowers and shaded by the cypresses so often celebrated in his songs. There, too, the youth of his native city still meet, in the cool of the day, to read his verses and quaff to his memory

"that cup of ruby sheen,
Which opens wide the gates of times serene."

On his tombstone are embossed two odes from the Dîvân, in one of which he enjoins upon those who come to sit at his tomb to bring with them minstrels and the wine-cup.

The wide popularity of Hâfiz's writings, and the deep root they had taken in the hearts of all classes and conditions of men, from the king to the cottager, futilized all efforts to eradicate their influence. The only alternative, then, was to direct it into safe channels, and to make the well-springs of his poesy serviceable in irrigating and fertilizing the arid fields of Islâm. The very bigots, who had raised such a storm about his interment, now endeavored to convert him into an upholder of the faith and a champion of the established religion, by giving to his poems a symbolical and spiritual interpretation, such as our biblical expositors have given to Solomon's passion for the beautiful Shulamite. The confessed wine-bibber is thus transformed into a seer; and his admiration of musky locks and dark moles, of dimpled chins and cypress forms, is explained as an ardent aspiration of the soul after divine and eternal beauty. Even when the poet declares that the wine he prizes is "real, and not symbolic," the cunning exegete is not to be deceived by such plain statements; for if the only realities are spiritualities, which none can deny, real wine must mean spiritual wine.

"Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?"

The more one would force him into day by thrusting sharp-pointed facts under his nose, the deeper he burrows under them, losing himself in mazes of his own making. Where Hâfiz frankly admits his extreme and fatal susceptibility to tender emotions by comparing himself to "the taper made to burn and melt," the keen-eyed and subtle scholiast discerns the fervent piety and consuming devotion of an ecstatically religious nature. It was in this style that Hâfiz's works continued to be expounded and perverted for two centuries after his death, the commentators Shamî and Surûrî having attained especial distinction for their exegetical ingenuity and temerity. In the latter half of the sixteenth century the Bosnian grammarian Sûdî annotated the Dîvân, and explained the ghazals in a sober, rational manner, without seeking to refine away every carnal element and every confession of natural feeling, and to subtilize the glowing sensuousness of these lyrics into vapid and vaporous allegory. Sûdi, on the other hand, with all his sturdy sense and the real aid he affords in the solution of grammatical and lexical difficulties, often carries his literalism too far, and is prone, as he plods along, to stumble upon mare's nests of quite an opposite kind; as, for example, when he infers from the following quatrain that Hâfiz was afflicted with blear eyes: —

"My tear, like my friend's cheek, had rose-red grown;
In my eye's orbit was my heart's blood shown:
Said then my loved in most endearing tone,
'Dear friend, what makes thine eye this ailment own?'"

It is always interesting to discover hints of an author's life and personality in his writings; but in reconstructing the man out of such materials, imagery must not be mistaken for incident, nor tropes converted into individual traits;

otherwise we shall get a mere patchwork of metaphors, — a creature fantastically put together out of the airy nothings which his own imagination has bodied forth, and in whom psychical affections are confounded with physical disorders, and the tearful humor of unrequited love identified with rheumy eyes. Elsewhere Hâfiz ascribes his "bloody tear" to "love's smart," the only remedy for which, say the physicians, is cautery, "the burning of thy heart." In another verse the poet complains of "a giddy head;" must we therefore infer that he was subject to vertigo or epilepsy?

Jâmî, in his sketches of eminent men, written early in the fifteenth century, numbers Hâfiz among the great doctors of theology, and gives him such complimentary and characteristic titles as Lisân al Shaib (tongue of the unseen) and Tarjamân al Asrar (interpreter of secrets). His Hâfiz is *hâfizu kalamu-'llah*, the keeper of the word of God. But the rigid representatives of Muhammadan orthodoxy refused to recognize this claim. Ottoman zealots were particularly severe and uncompromising in their condemnation of the Dîvân, and wished to have the reading of it prohibited by a decree of the Shaikhu 'l Islâm. As the result of this agitation, the case was submitted to the celebrated Muftî, Abû Su'ûd, who, in a grave and perfunctory manner, framed his decision so equivocally as to save his own reputation for soundness in the faith, and at the same time, prevent the interdiction of the poet's works and rebuke the fanaticism of his Turkish persecutors.

In later life, Hâfiz was associated with the Sûfîs, whose ascetic practices and saintly pretensions he never ceased to ridicule, but with whose speculative opinions he strongly sympathized. This sect derived its name from the coarse garments of wool (*sûf*) worn by its members. *Sûfî* has no radical connection either with the Greek σοφός (wise) or the Arabic *sâfî* (pure); its relation to these words is that of a pun rather than of an etymology. It is now used chiefly in the sense of "wise" or "spiritual;" but this is really a secondary signification, originating in the presumed character of those who bore the name. "Wool-clad" came to be synonymous with "sage," as in England "gownsman" is equivalent to "scholar."

Hâfiz was also, at one time, a professor of exegesis, and lectured on Zamakhshari's commentary on the Kur'ân in a college founded by his friend and patron, the Vazîr Kîvâm ud Dîn Hasan, whose virtues he commemorates in several odes. The Vazîr had himself annotated Zamakhsharî, and doubtless overpersuaded the poet to undertake the same task. But Hâfiz found little relish in ruminating the dry subtilties of hermeneutics, whose sapless husks yielded him the scantiest supply of nutriment. He was not one of those dryasdust organisms that can keep up the intellectual life by chewing on scholia, as an ass thrives on thistles; but a real child of Nature, bound umbilically to her ever-throbbing and all-sustaining heart. Thus he exclaims, —

"Ask for a song-book, seek the wild, no time is this for knowledge;
The Comment of the Comments spurn, and learning of the college."

And again, —

"Where bides the minstrel? For at once my zeal and learning's meed
I offer for the harp and lyre, and the melodious reed.
Of the nice points the school propounds my heart has weary grown;
My service for a while I'd give to wine and love alone."

In one of the fragments he suggests the propriety of a stipend for his professional services, a point which the Vazîr, in his zeal for sacred exposition, seems to have overlooked. Nevertheless, Hâfiz's lyric muse did not disdain to visit him even in his chair of hermeneutics. It was in the quiet retirement of this school that he recited many of his poems to his pupils, to whose youthful enthusi-

asm and care we owe the first collection of them in a Dîvân.

Hâfiz never tires of denouncing the pietists and devotees of his day. He compares them to jugglers, who live by imposture, and prey upon the credulous and simple-minded, and characterizes them as "men with short sleeves and long fingers." The robe of the dervish is the raiment of deceit, and the monk's cowl the covert of guile. The wine-bibber is uniformly set in favorable contrast to these sanctimonious hypocrites.

"Better the drunkard void of fraud and wiles
Than virtue's braggart who by fraud beguiles."

Since indulgence in wine is opposed by religious fanatics, who make a mask of sobriety, it becomes associated with the honest and generous qualities in which the blue-clad bigot is notoriously wanting.

"My heart abhors the cloister and the false cowl, its sign:
Where is the Magian's cloister,[1] and where is his pure wine?"

According to Persian tradition, Jamshîd, the founder of Persepolis, was the

"Bacchus that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

This famous monarch was excessively fond of grapes, and always kept a quantity in a jar. One day, on returning from the hunt, he found his favorite fruit in a state of fermentation. The pungent flavor of the juice excited his suspicions of foul play: he therefore poured it into a demijohn labeled "Poison," and placed it aside until he should discover the author of the misdeed. Soon afterwards, a lady of the court, who suffered severely from chronic nervous headache, resolved, in a fit of desperation, to put an end to her existence. As she wandered about, "distraught and full of pain," she found the demijohn, and drank freely of its contents. Thereupon she fell into a deep sleep, from which she awoke so refreshed that she continued from time to time to sip the beneficent bane, until it was all gone. The complete recovery of the lady from her inveterate ailment led to an investigation of the cause, and she finally confessed by what delicious potion her health had been restored. Orders were immediately given for the fermentation of more grapes, and the king and his courtiers grew merry and mellow, as they imbibed the wonderful beverage, which was henceforth known as *zahri khûsh*, or sweet poison.

The fondness of the Persians for wine has always been a great and scandalous offense to rigorous Musulmâns. Thus Hâfiz, in The Cupbearer's Book exclaims, —

"If lives the body when the soul is gone,
The heart bereft of wine can still live on."

The loveliest forms and phenomena of earth and sky, the dawn, the dewdrop on the tulip, the hues and fragrance of flowers, all suggest the cheering and inebriating cup, and invite to indulgence. When his last hour comes, he hopes that he may be found with a goblet in his hand, and be borne straight from the tavern to the sky; and desires that after death his clay may be fashioned into flagons, and his skull, in the form of a beaker, continue to be a source of inspiring and elevating influence. In this wish 'Umar al Khayyâm anticipated Hâfiz by three centuries, when he declared that at the sound of the "wakeful trump" his dust would rise up before the door of the wine-shop; and the old Anglo-Latin poet, Walter Mappes, a contemporary of Khayyâm, begins his well-known drinking-song with the same conceit: —

"Mihi est propositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori."

Persian vintners are usually infidels, sometimes Christians, but chiefly Magians, since no true believer would vend a drink denounced by the Prophet as the mother of woes. Under love of

[1] *Dairi mughân*, the tavern, the temple of the sincere and single-minded, in contrast to the monastery, the abode of vile and venal souls.

wine, therefore, might be easily concealed a tendency to heresy, and especially an attachment to old Persian fire-worship. Drinking the blood of the grape, under such circumstances, would have a sacramental significance. It would be not merely a physical enjoyment, a pleasure of the palate, but also a religious act, a protest of the conscience, a solemn declaration of devotion to the faith of the fathers. Thus the tavern becomes a temple of the Magi, a place filled with the light of God; the vintner is a high-priest of the Magi, whose wisdom is superior in kind to that of "mine host of the Garter Inn," as the ministrations of the *Sâkî* differ essentially from those of a "drawer in the Boar's Head Tavern."

In every country where there is a state religion, all deviations from it, all sects and schisms, are regarded as so many revolts against spiritual tyranny, and so many assertions of intellectual liberty. This is the position held in Muhammadan Persia by Christianity and Magianism, both of which are inclined to strain a point in praise of wine, merely because the Kur'ân prohibits it. Thus wine-bibbing becomes a synonym of free-thinking. The wine-shop is something more than a common tap-room, and combines the cabaret with the chapel of dissent. The reader who fails to perceive this esoteric significance and underlying symbolism will naturally wonder at the poet's constant and rather monotonous glorification of wine, and soon weary of it.

The intimate connection between fire-worship and wine-drinking is suggested by Hâfiz when he speaks of wine as the "fulgent fire," which Zarathushtra sought in the depths below; and in the same poem he exclaims, —

> 'O Sâkî, give me that imperial bowl,
> Which opes the heart, exhilarates the soul.
> By 'bowl' I image the eternal wine;
> By 'wine' I signify a trance divine."

In the vocabulary of Sûfism, the Sâkî (cup-bearer) stands for the Holy Ghost, the source of spiritual enlightenment and inspiration; and to "stain the prayer-mat with wine" is to imbue the heart with divine love. Indeed, this symbolism is not confined to Persia and the East, but pervades, though less effusively, the poetry and religion of every people. Bread and wine, the cornfield and the vineyard, Demeter and Dionysus, are universal emblems and personifications of human sustenance and cheer. Religious exaltation and enthusiasm, the rapture of the sibyl and the ecstasy of the saint, are suggestive of vinous intoxication. When the disciples were full of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, they were thought to be drunk; and in the Christian ritual the blood of the grape is associated with the supreme moment and sacrificial consummation of the world's spiritual redemption.

The Persians call wine *âtishi raz*, the fire of the vine, and the Greeks called Dionysus πυριγενής, the fire-born, — an epithet which does not need for its explanation the silly story of the untimely birth of the god through the fright of his mother Semele, at the sudden apparition of her lover, Zeus, in the form of lightning.

In the Lieder des Mirza-Schaffy, Bodenstedt expresses a thoroughly Persian thought, when he says that wine is degrading or ennobling, according to the nature of him who takes it. 'Where is it said that wine is wrong for all?" exclaims 'Umar al Khayyâm.

> "'T is lawful for the wise, but not for fools."

It was to the "Magian Shaikh," who read the secrets of the sky in Jamshîd's magic cup, that Hâfiz appealed in theological perplexities and questions of casuistry. Weariness of robe and rosary, and willingness to pawn his cowl for an intoxicating draught and to souse his book into the wine-butt, are explained by Sûfi exegetes as expressing his disgust for outward ceremonial in worship

and barren traditionalism in theology; whilst under the imagery of riot and revelry is represented spiritual aspiration. In Sûfi phraseology the musky locks of the loved one are emanations and expansions of divine glory, redolent with celestial perfume. The closest union and most sacred covenant of the soul with the Supreme Spirit are symbolized by betrothal and nuptial ties. The purest and most poetic expression of this phase of Sûfism is found in Sa'dî's Bustân, especially in the third chapter, and in the Masnawî of Maulânâ palâlu-d-Dîn Rûmî.

Doubtless some of Hafiz's odes, convivial songs as well as love-poems, admit and even require a mystical interpretation. In the one hundred and eighty-sixth ghazal, for example, bright cheeks, alluring dimples, languishing eyes, and wanton ringlets are intended to typify divine attributes. In such cases the two elements are so closely blended that it is hard to separate them, and to distinguish the natural from the figurative, the earthly from the heavenly, the warm hues of carnal affection from the glowing fervor of religious adoration. But in the majority of Hâfiz's poems the sense is plain enough, and the keenest scholastic subtilty would find it as difficult to detect an esoteric meaning in them as to discover sublime mysteries and theosophics in the odes of Horace, the lyrics of Anakreon, or the songs of Burns.

Indeed, there is in Hâfiz a constant tendency to reverse the symbolical method; instead of spiritualizing objects of sense and making them the vehicle of religious sentiment, he is fond of carnalizing sacred things, and using them to justify natural appetites and to exalt earthly affections. The Mecca to which he pilgrims is the vintry; his Ka'ba is the wine-cup; the arch of Mihrâb, which attracts and directs his devotions, is "an eyebrow's bow." When 'Umar al Khayyâm was urged to renounce the pleasures of this life in order to inherit the joys of the life to come, he replied that a little cash in hand was better than any amount of credit. Hâfiz, too, was not disposed to wait for the sky to fall in order to catch larks. "Strive always after ready bliss," was his motto. The fowler who lays his snare for the phœnix will take only empty air. In many passages he compares the stature of his beloved to the graceful cypress, which he prefers to the Sidrah and the Tûbâ, and all the celestial trees that afford shade and refreshment to the elect in Paradise.

Hafiz often gives a facetious turn to texts from the Kur'ân, and makes jesting allusion to its chief doctrines. Thus, in reply to the reproaches of the zealot, he adduces the zealot's creed, and excuses his propensity to tippling by appealing to the dogma of predestination, which is one of the fundamentals of Islâm. On the Day of Alast, the All-Wise One foreordained him to love woman, wine, and song; and what is feeble and short-sighted man that he should presume to thwart eternal providence and annul the divine decrees? He takes particular delight in playing upon the catch-words of the sects and the terminology of pious cant: —

"Come, Hafiz, to the house of wine, and I will show thee there
Thousands of men, who, ranged in line, rejoice in answered prayer."

Less irreverent, of course, to the Muhammadan than to the Christian mind would be the comparison of the power of wine or of love to the resuscitating breath of Jesus that can restore the dead to life.

Hafiz sums up his ethics in a short and comprehensive couplet intelligible even to the meanest understanding: —

"Harm no one; otherwise do all thou wilt:
My statutes recognize no other guilt."

This simple rule of universal kindness implies also the largest tolerance. Pantheism has no motive for proselytism

and no place for persecution. Diversity of speculative opinion is not an element of discord, but a source of pleasing variety and a stimulus to intellectual effort.

"For none in our drunk rev'lers' sect inquire
Who worship matter and who worship fire."

"One to love's eyes the cell and wine-house seem;
Whate'er the spot, the Friend's bright features beam.

"Where in the convent pious works abound,
The cross and the monk's cloister bell are found."

In the same spirit, Khayyâm asserts his superiority to sectarian shibboleths, and reverences mosques and pagodas, synagogues and churches alike, as holy temples and "true homes of prayer."

But while Persian poets and mystics were proclaiming these liberal ideas, and opening world-wide the doors of spiritual hospitality, in Europe popes and bishops, synods and ecclesiastical councils, were rooting out heresy with sword and fagot, and the chief countries of Christendom were ablaze with the baleful fires of the Inquisition. It was Khayyâm, too, who said that of all the dogmas taught by the three and seventy sects of Islâm he accepted only one, — the love of God. And for centuries after him sentiments and principles like these, which the comparative science of religion has but recently made familiar to the Western mind, were repeated and enforced by seers and sages, until they became a part of the aphoristic and axiomatic wisdom of the East.

Like all Eastern poets, Hafiz is exceedingly repetitious, both as regards ideas and imagery. The Greeks used to say, Give us your fine things two or three times. But the Persians would deem it undue rigor and irksome restraint to be limited to this moderate amount of iteration. They never tire of a fine thing, and reproduce it on every possible occasion. This is preëminently true of the lyric poet, who weaves his verses out of the staple of his internal states, as the spider spins its web out of its own vitals. This species of poetry is therefore intensely subjective, and confined to a narrow circle of emotions; and the perpetual harping on one string makes even the best of the Dîvâns rather tiresome as consecutive reading.

Another characteristic of all classes of society in Persia is a notable love of nature; not so much in its wild and rugged aspects as in its milder and more cultivated forms. They have a passion for gardens and flowers, quiet groves and the soft cadence of murmuring brooks; and the sentiment of such scenes pervades all their poesy, and is liable to surfeit the Occidental reader by its monotony of sweetness. Possibly, when Hâfiz sang of the *chaman*, he may have had in mind, not a parterre, but a green field or stretch of lawn; features which to-day have almost wholly disappeared from the Persian landscape, having been supplanted by patches of waving corn, bright with blue-bottles, poppies, and grape hyacinths. All these phenomena of the world of sense are brought into direct and living relations with the world of the imagination, and made to portray the affections and to reflect the desires of the mind. The garden borrows its fragrance and the zephyr its perfume from the amber-scented locks of the loved one; the rose takes its color from her cheeks, and the narcissus steals its languor from her eyes. Some of the metaphors drawn from this source are quite apt and original, as when the spark of love, which has fallen into and indelibly branded the poet's heart, is compared to the deep puce mark which the wild tulip of Shîrâz bears in the centre of its white petals.

In the twenty-eighth quatrain "the musk-moled maiden's heart is seen through her transparent breast, like a pebble in a limpid stream." Shakespeare puts the same words into the mouth of love-sick Lysander: —

"Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart."

It is curious to note such coincidences, which are the results, not of accident, but of intellectual affinity. Thus Hamlet asks, "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" So Hâfiz discovers the head of the same monarch in the tiles on the roof. And Khayyâm saw mangled by a potter's wheel

"Ferîdun's fingers and Kai Khosru's heart."

He recognizes in the graceful handle of the wine-jug an arm that

"Has many a time twined round some slender waist;"

and bids the reader tread lightly on the common dust, since perchance

"'T was once the apple of some beauty's eye."

Even the lump of clay cries out to him who fashions it: —

"Use me gently, pray;
I was a man myself but yesterday."

In grammatical construction the verses of Hâfiz are models of simplicity and perspicuity. From the standpoint and standard of European criticism, his chief defects, which he shares with all Persian poets except Firdausî, are the want of rhetorical sobriety and symmetry; a fondness for obscure allusions and far-fetched conceits; an exuberant and unchastened imagination, prone to run riot in mixed metaphors, and to spin them out until they become so attenuated as to break down by their own weight. His motley tropes, instead of illustrating the subject, often tend to confuse the reader by the protean facility with which they change their shapes, and glide from one image into another.

On the principle of sympathy through external similitude, which prevails so largely in ancient medicine, especially in the branch of philter lore, he speaks of his "pine-cone heart" as longing for reunion with the "pine-like stature" of his friend. Even indigo is personified as an archer, because it "draws a bow" over the arch of the eyebrows, from which the fatal arrows of love are sped. An oft-recurring figure of speech, derived from the Oriental pharmacopœia, is to call red lips "ruby tonic," the catholicon which can heal all his ailments. He compares the lock resting on the cheek, and turning up at the end to a hook, which he longs for as he takes to the sea. The wee mouth of his maiden "sweetly proves" the truth of the atomical philosophy. He dwells with glee upon her tiny waist, "no thicker than a hair." Everywhere in the Orient large hips as well as a slender waist are regarded as essential to female beauty. In the Indian drama of Sákuntala, the royal lover recognizes the footprints of the heroine by the depth to which her heels sink into the white sand, owing to the weight of her hips. Amru, the author of the sixth Mu'allakat, describes his lady-love as slim and tall, "with gracefully swelling hips, which the door of the tent is scarcely wide enough to admit." In the Anvâri Suhaili of Husain Vaiz, the enthusiastic lover likens the hips and waist of his sweetheart to a mountain (*kûh*) suspended by a straw (*hâh*). German minnesingers had the same ideal of female beauty so far as the waist is concerned. Wolfram von Eschenbach says of a fair damsel, —

"You know how ants are wont to be
Around the middle slight and small:
Still slimmer was the maiden tall."

The Greeks possessed a finer sense of symmetry than to imagine that a woman should be patterned after a wasp or an emmet in order to be a model of beauty.

Some of Hâfiz's metaphors strike us as rather ignoble. It is not pleasant to think of a young girl's long eyelashes as daggers dripping with blood nor to see ants in the soft down of her cheeks. The dimple in the chin, shining with perspiration, is a well-pit, into which the passionate pilgrim is liable to fall.

Hâfiz's allusion to his maiden, with her moon-face and moist dimple, recalls Heine's description, in his Harzreise, of "the large, voluminous lady, with a red square mile of face, and dimples in her cheeks which looked like spittoons for Cupid." It would be difficult to decide which of the comparisons is more defamatory of this most delicate and effective feature of female beauty. The Persian is certainly more matter of fact, and lies under the disadvantage of not intending to be funny.

Another peculiarity of Oriental poets, always offensive to the most refined Occidental taste, is the habit of extravagant self-praise, in which they constantly indulge. True, the same tendency shows itself sporadically in European literature. Shakespeare was fully conscious of his genius, and knew the enduring worth of his "powerful rhyme." In language almost identical with that of the Sonnets, Firdausî, in his satire on Shâh Mahmûd, extols his own epos, the Shâh Nâma; and Sa'dî, in the introduction to the Gulistan, expresses like confidence in the lastingness of his work.

In a Persian or Arab poet, self-praise is not an individual idiosyncrasy, and does not necessarily imply excessive self-conceit. The very structure of the ghazal requires the introduction of the poet's name in the final couplet, and this mention of himself is expected to be laudatory. Indeed, the author must exercise considerable ingenuity and fertility of invention in order to avoid too great monotony of self-commendation. Heaven, our poet tells us, flings down upon his poetry her "clustered Pleiades," in recognition of the superiority of his pearls of song to her pearly garland of stars, just as opera fanatics throw laurel-wreaths to a popular prima donna and Spanish ladies cast their necklaces at the feet of a favorite *torero*.

Self-encomiums (*fakhrîyât*) are treated in Arabian poetics as a distinct and well-defined class of compositions, as legitimate as elegiacs or erotics. We have no more right to infer that those who cultivate this kind of poetry are exceptionally vain than that every author of a drinking-song is a toper, every composer of martial music a hero, and every writer of madrigals a love-lorn swain. A fair specimen of this auto-eulogy is the following, from Hâfiz: —

"The beauty of these verses baffles praise:
What guide is needed in the solar blaze?
Extol that artist by whose pencil's aid
The virgin, Thought, so richly is arrayed.
For her no substitute can reason show,
Nor any like her human judgment know.
This verse, a miracle, or magic white —
Brought down some voice from Heaven, or Gabriel bright?
By me as by none else are secrets sung,
No pearls of poesy like mine are strung."

Making due allowance for Oriental hyperbole, every student of Persian literature will indorse the opinion here expressed. The age of Hâfiz was that of a brilliant galaxy of poets, the golden age of lyric song. Kamâl (perfect), the author of Zephyrs of Friendship (Nafhat al Uns), and Aimâd, surnamed the "faultless," on account of the finish of his style and the purity of his sentiments, were his contemporaries. But the united suffrages of his countrymen and of European scholars have assigned to Hâfiz the foremost place in Persian letters, and a permanent place among the world's great poets. It is not, however, by an enumeration of isolated qualities that an adequate estimate can be formed of his rare and peculiar genius. He is not to be measured, much less exhausted, by an anthology of elegant extracts. There is in him, also, a certain subtile and precious element and nimble essence which evades the cold edge of the keenest critical analysis. What he says of the manifold and indefinable sources of the lover's passion is equally true of the fascination exercised by his own poetry: —

"'T is a deep charm which wakes the lover's flame,
Not ruby lip, nor verdant down its name.

Beauty is not the eye, look, cheek, and mole;
A thousand subtle points the heart control."

In his works we find preëminently that glowing interfusion and fruitful espousal of thought and phrase which is the supreme achievement of the creative imagination, and which Goethe represents as the wedlock of word and spirit:—

Let the word be called the bride;
Bridegroom let the spirit be!
At this marriage-feast abide
Those who prize, O Hâfiz, thee.

E. P. Evans.

A SEQUEL TO MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS, IN A LETTER FROM MR. MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

My friend Mansfield Humphreys has written me the following letter, which, with some remorse of conscience, — in the old English phrase, "again-bite of inwit," — I lay before the readers of The Atlantic: —

TOPPINGTON PRIORY, ——SHIRE,
21*st October*, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. GRANT WHITE, — Everybody has gone to church, this morning, as usual; but as I have been there frequently, I made an excuse, and remained at home: not, however, chiefly for the reason which I have assigned, but that I might write you this letter.

Others may pardon you for giving in The Atlantic of July, 1883, an account of that luncheon party at the Priory; whether I can do so, I have not yet quite determined. The story has been read here and commented upon quite freely; and an Edinburgh publisher has actually issued the thing as a little book. All this would be well enough; but it seems that you so awkwardly worded your story that some people have suspected, and indeed do actually believe, that there is no Mr. Washington Adams, and that I — I, Mansfield Humphreys, — am the "real American" who was the object of interest on that occasion. Grievous are the wounds received at the hands of a friend; and your careless pen has scratched me deeply. What will my clients and my fellow directors think of my figuring in such a masquerade? And to what grave misconstruction on the part of our friends at the Priory did you expose me by your thoughtless ambiguity of phrase! Pardon me for suggesting that it would be well for you to serve a brief apprenticeship in a lawyer's office, that you may learn to express yourself with clearness and precision.

Well, that will do, I suppose, for an indignant protest; but as to the truth of the affair, there is of course no need for any words between you and me. I had half a dozen hearty laughs at the expense of Professor Schlamm and the rest, with some compunctions, I will confess, for bringing such a bear as Mr. Washington Adams into the garden of our charming hostess; of whose fine womanly personality you must remember that I, like you, was before entirely ignorant. For the rest I cared little, except perhaps for Lord Toppingham himself, who, notwithstanding a slight stiffness of the mental joints (with all his liberalism), is one of the cleverest and sweetest-natured men I ever met. But she, the countess, was so serenely gentle, so divinely complaisant, with all her lovely dignity of mien, that I was more than once almost disconcerted, and came near breaking down. I was kept up by the consciousness of the eyes of the motley crowd around me. If she and Lord Toppingham only had been present, I verily believe that I should

have fallen at her feet,[1] confessed my imposture, and begged her pardon. Would she have given it? You shall see. But it is one thing to play a practical joke and enjoy it, and quite another to have one's escapade paraded to the world. I have, however, this consolation: you are the chief sufferer, and have already been pretty roughly handled. The British lion is apt to growl and lash his sides, and sometimes those of other people, when he discovers that men have been laughing at him behind sober faces.

A few days after you had left this neighborhood, I determined to call at the Priory. I rode over; and on sending up my card, I was soon ushered into Lady Toppingham's morning parlor, — a very different sort of place from the corresponding room at Boreham Hall, as you described it. Although it was about as large as an ordinary Boston or New York drawing-room, it produced a sense of mingled daintiness and coziness. Why or how, I can hardly tell, for there was nothing unusual in it, — nothing that you would not find in a similar room in New England or New York; but, as in many such rooms there, gentlewoman and elegant comfort were written all over it in alternating interwoven characters. Lady Toppingham rose and gave me her hand, which, please remember, if you should ever venture to write again about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this island, is, contrary to the common notion, the custom here, unless the caller does not appear as a social acquaintance, and the interview is more or less of a business character. I must confess that I enjoy this distinction, and wish that, with some other habits of life in England, it could be carried into "the States."

A nursery-maid was standing half behind my hostess's chair, and on the floor, playing about her feet, was a boy-baby, about a year and a half old, so radiant with all glory possible to infancy that I can only call him splendid. To anticipate a little, in a few minutes he was on my knee, alternately cooing and crowing and kicking and pulling my whiskers, until, after a few fond maternal remonstrances, he was sent back to the nursery. I found him as firm and as springy as a just-landed trout.

"Lord Toppingham is out this morning, shooting, with my cousin, Captain Surcingle," said my hostess, as I took my seat. "I am sorry it should have happened so: he does n't go out quite so often as most men do here. He will regret it himself. We hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you ere this at the Priory. You have not called before, I believe?" with a slight, searching look that flashed into my eye like a reflection from a mischievous boy's bit of looking-glass.

"No, madam; unless, indeed, I may be considered to have called after a fashion, when I took the liberty of giving my card to Mr. Washington Adams."

"Mr. Adams is a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly call him a friend. Indeed, I am inclined to think that I have many better friends than he is. Hardly more than a slight acquaintance, I should say; for I am sure that many persons know much more of me than he does, and much more of him than I do."

"Then I may venture to say, without at all implying that his call was uninteresting, that he is a very extraordinary person. Have you many men of his sort in the States?"

"Too many of his sort, I must confess; although not many quite so pronounced in style as he is. I fear you may have found him somewhat rude."

"Not in the least, if rudeness consists in offensive intention. He was very well meaning, very considerate, and *very* self-possessed. But he appeared to be quite ignorant of what we should call the ways of society. Did you ever happen to see Mr. Adams in society, Mr. Humphreys?"

[1] On the margin: "metaphorically, you know."

"Indeed, madam, I can't say that I ever did; and you must therefore pardon me if you were a little shocked." This I said in a careless, smiling way; but I felt that the feminine toils were closing round me. For that, however, I was prepared in a measure, or I should not have ventured into the lioness's den. For Lady Toppingham alone, I believe, of all the company, was quite sure that something was wrong.

You may wonder that such an extravagant creature as my Mr. Washington Adams, one who in Boston or Philadelphia, or hardly in Chicago, could not be found with a lantern, should pass muster among people of ordinary information, in any part of Europe, as a representative American, on five minutes' inspection. But if you do so wonder, you merely show that you have failed to apprehend the vagueness of their notions, and their credulity about us, and their fidgety curiosity to find something in "America and the Americans" which is new, peculiar, and above all unpleasant. You are such a lover of England and English folk, and you were treated with such kindness here by every human creature that you met, even casually as a stranger, that this assertion as to their ignorance of our country and ourselves, and as to their feeling toward them, may be received by you with some incredulity.[1] And if you judge them only by certain narrow but prominent classes, you have some reason for your incredulity. The superior part of the men in political life, the publicists, the traveled and intelligent among the mercantile and manufacturing class, and above all the journalists, have passed out of this dense stage of ignorance; but only to enter into a confusing twilight, the result of a struggle between limited knowledge and unlimited prejudice. They see; but they are color-blind to the few and faintly characteristic traits of the men and women who are the real products and the real representatives of generations of American training. They start with the postulate that what is English cannot be American: although why it cannot, none of these uneasy mortals have yet been able to show. From their false starting-point, they of course proceed to false conclusions. No one will dispute that there are certain differences in the general aspect of the two peoples (in so far as either of them can be said to have a general aspect), in their manners, their habits, and their speech; but these varying shades are merely on the surface, and are caused by varying circumstances; most of them transitory as well as superficial; none of them tending to any change of nature. What will be the result of the great emigration from Ireland and from Germany, which has taken place mostly within your and my remembrance, and the settlement of the Far West, also the work of the last twenty-five or thirty years, remains to be seen; and I leave it out of the question, as I did in my railway talk with Lord Toppingham. But here I am, lecturing you again, just as I lectured him. I doubt that you will be half so courteously tolerant of me and my fad as he was.

To return to my lady and her gentle catechising. I saw at once that in apologizing for Mr. Washington Adams's possible failures in conduct, I had opened a seam in my armor. She saw it, too, and instantly took advantage of it.

"Why, Mr. Humphreys, if you never saw Mr. Adams in society, what reason have you for supposing that he did n't know how to behave himself? Are we to assume that there is danger of that with all Americans, except," with a slight, gracious bend of her head, "Mr.

[1] Not at all. My good friend Humphreys forgets certain passages of the book, in which that admiration which he and others have found so glowing is tempered by the expression of opinions much like his own, and, moreover, by the record of evidence of just such ignorance as he himself has found.

Mansfield Humphreys?" This without even a curve of her lip or a twinkle of her eyelid.

"Indeed, notwithstanding your keen-edged compliment, I am willing to own that there are a great many of my countrymen who would be very much out of place in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table of Toppington Priory. Are there not as many of your own fish who would be just as much out of water here? Would you like to cast out a drag-net into the streets of London, or the waste places of England, and haul into the Priory whatever you might catch?"

"No, certainly not; but that 's quite impossible with us, you know," smiling, but sitting a little straighter. Then, with a slight increase of impressiveness in manner, "But you seem to have a strange mixture of knowledge and of ignorance about this — this American — gentleman whom you introduced to Lord Toppingham. You fear, and you doubt, and you talk about drag-nets, and" —

"Pardon me, madam," I broke in; "but loosely as we all use that word 'gentleman,' nowadays, I cannot but protest when I hear a gentlewoman speak of a creature like Mr. Washington Adams as an American gentleman."

"You admit, then, sir, that you introduced to Lord Toppingham and to his wife a person who is not a gentleman, even in America!" As my fair hostess said this, she bent upon me a look full of confident intelligence and, as I thought, of gentle triumph; but that may have been merely because I felt that I was beaten. I remember my grateful consciousness that there was no severe displeasure in her clear blue eyes. But my time had come.

"Lady Toppingham," I said, rising, "I can withstand you no longer. I am here to make a confession and an apology. Unless a bit of acting with a better purpose than a mere joke degrades me from the position with which you have just honored me, I introduced to your society no one who was unworthy of it. I was Mr. Washington Adams."

My hostess rose quickly, with a flush upon her face, saying, "And you came, sir, a stranger, into this house under a feigned name, to hoax an English earl, and — his wife, and their guests! Looking at you as you stand there, it is hard to believe it."

"Unhappily, madam, it is true: unhappily, if it brings upon me your displeasure. Yet I came not exactly as a stranger. You probably know that I had had the pleasure of a morning's talk with Lord Toppingham, the agreeable result of which to me was the honor of an invitation to the Priory on my own poor merits, and when he did not know that I bore a letter of introduction to him from Dr. Tooptoe. As to my little masquerade, for that I must throw myself upon your mercy. I regarded it as hardly more than a continuation, with a living illustration, of our colloquy on the rails. I was tempted to show Lord Toppingham and his friends a specimen of the only sort of American which they, or at least most of their countrymen, recognize as genuine; the only one in which they seem to take any real interest. If in doing so I have violated the rights of hospitality, or if I have offended Lady Toppingham, I can only bear the burden and the blame of my offense, ask pardon, and bid you good-morning."

I bowed, and stepped backward; but I saw in her eye that she did not mean to let me go. There was awakened in her woman's nature the hunter's greed; a feeling corresponding to that with which a man follows up the wild beast which he has roused, or that with which an angler lusts after the trout that is making his reel sing and his pole bend double. While I was wondering what would be her next word, her attitude towards me and the expression of her

eye suddenly changed, and she broke into a gentle but merry and hearty fit of laughter. She fell into her chair again, and laughed, still looking at me, until, as I stood before her, I felt myself blushing to my very forehead.

After a moment she said, "Pray be seated, Mr. Humphreys. Please don't stand there with that penitent air, or I shall be tempted to laugh at you, instead of laughing with you, as I am doing now, I assure you. It was a tremendous farce; as good as a play. How you must have enjoyed the general mystification It was indeed rather a bold thing to do, if you 'll permit me to say so; but where there is no wrong and no offense, success is an excuse." Then, as if our interview had thus far been of the most ordinary nature, "Would you mind touching the bell for me?"

I did so, and a man-servant quickly entered. "Tell Jackson to bring Lady Charlotte here;" and going to a vase of flowers she busied herself with them a moment, till a nursery-maid appeared with a little girl, about a year and a half older than the boy whom I had found with her on my entrance. She took the child upon her lap, and the maid retired to a window on the other side of the room. I wonder if there is an instinct in a young mother that teaches her that the presence of her child in her arms not only enhances all her womanly attractions, but adds to her dignity, and makes every true man her humble servant.

The child looked at me with infantine approval, and the mother said, "This has been rather a strange interview for a first morning call; but," smiling, "I forget, — it is a second. I must tell you, then, that we do not feel toward you quite as if you were a stranger; for not only did dear old Dr. Tooptoe write most kindly of you in a private letter to my lord, but your friend, whom we saw a good deal of before he left our country, spoke of you so often and in such a way that we felt as if we knew you, and looked for your coming with pleasure."

"Did he hint" —

"Not a word."

"Did Lord Toppingham suspect?"

"No; I 'm inclined to think not. He was mystified, of course, and suspected something; but not, I believe, that you were Mr. Washington Adams. You may think it odd, but I did not tell him what I myself suspected in a vague sort of way; for you 'll remember, I had never seen you. I rather enjoyed Lord Toppingham's bewilderment; and I felt sure that you would be here soon, and that it would all be settled, one way or another. But indeed, Mr. Humphreys, you tried me rather sorely that morning; did you not? Are you in the habit of such performances, — a professed practical joker?"

"Never before, I assure you, did I do such a thing. That was my first appearance in such a character; and it shall be my last. I feel like saying, with the school-boy brought up for discipline, 'I did n't do it; and I 'll never do it again.'"

"But how came you to present us, as an American, such a monstrous creature, such a libel, I am sure, upon your countrymen?"

"A little too sure, perhaps; for Mr. Washington Adams was no monster, no libel, but, as you saw him, a portrait, a real man; a little highly charged, to be sure, but no more so than Mr. Du Maurier's figures in his social sketches."

"And the Americans are like Mr. Washington Adams?"

"I did not say so. Your phrase is general, universal. Some are."

"Men who go about whittling?"

"Verily, my lady, there be Americans that whittle."

"And carry bowie-knives and pistols in that dreadful way?"

"There are many men in America

who carry bowie-knives and pistols, and handle them as freely as others, both here and there, handle canes and riding-whips. But if you went to America you would have to look far to find them. In all my life I have never seen one."

"And who," drawing down the corners of her mouth, "spit tobacco as you" —

"Pardon me, madam, I did no such thing, as you might have known before if you had asked your servants."

"Well, then, as you pretended to."

"I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my portrait would have been very imperfect if that feature of it had been omitted. You would find that, much more easily than the whittling and the pistol-carrying, although not in any private house where you would be likely to be a visitor. But in railway cars, and in hotels, except in your own rooms and those of your friends, you would have difficulty in escaping it. Indeed, one of the peculiarities of American public atmosphere in winter is a singular and unmistakable odor, produced by such narcotic expectorations upon the heated surface of a stove. Pray, excuse me; although I can hardly forgive myself for speaking so plainly of something the very memory of which is nauseous."

"And then Mr. Washington Adams was, or represented, a real man, — a real American, after all; and we are not so much out of the way as you would have us believe."

"Let me explain. I was tempted into the escapade which you have so kindly passed over by the frequent, the almost incessant, presentation by British writers of all sorts — dramatists, novelists, journalists, travelers — of a creature whom they offer to you, and generally in so many words, as the American; and who is accepted by you — most of you — as 'the American.' A man who behaves himself decently, and who is a fair representative of the well bred and well educated — I will not say the cultivated — American, you pass by without remark; and if you wish to characterize American society, you choose for the purpose a man who speaks and acts like Mr. Washington Adams. You look upon us, in the first place, as one homogeneous lot or lump of nondescript human creatures; and of that congregation you make Mr. Washington Adams the representative. I 'm not speaking now of the few better informed and more kindly intentioned among you, but of the majority who are full of ignorance and of prejudice, and of those who serve their interest and gratify their feelings by pandering to the combined ignorance and prejudice of others. Your whole current literature, particularly your newspapers, to this very day are full of such perversion and misrepresentation. Any queer, coarse, grotesque slang, which may have been heard in some part of America, or picked out of some American newspaper, and which is never used by decent, educated men, is repeated, with the remark 'as the Americans say.' All this, and the uneasy desire, so commonly manifested by your travelers and by your writers on social subjects, not to see things simply as they are in America, but to find something new and strange, if not ridiculous, in speech or habits of life, provoked me, after my talk with Lord Toppingham, to play my prank, and make a little fun of you before your own eyes. In playing it, I presented, of course, a highly charged portrait, not of any American that you would be likely to meet, but of such a one as most of your countrymen seem to be desirous of meeting; although, as my good friend Captain Surcingle said to me, not 'as a wegla thing.'"

"Poor, dear old Jack," said Lady Toppingham: "he can be an awful goose; but there is something in him, after all. No man could ride to hounds as he does, and not be a good fellow."

"Indeed, I 'm sure you 're right as

well as kind about the captain, — although I 'm not enough of a Nimrod to see the connection between goodness and riding to hounds. But as to my Washington Adams, again ; my sword, as I have already confessed to you, was double edged, and cut both ways. There was not a trait of manners or of speech in my figure, I am sure, which was not a truthful representation, slightly highlighted and dark-shadowed, of what might be seen and heard in some part of America, among certain people. The sense of monstrosity which you had was due less to any exaggeration than to the presentation of all these traits in one man and in the course of an hour or so ; as a dramatist will crowd the important events of years or of a life into five acts, which can be presented in one evening. You had your not uncommon British notion of '*the* Americans' concentrated into human pemmican. No wonder that you found it rather highly seasoned. And let me ask you, If I were to offer to the world as a representation of the manners and customs of the English, what I might see at the Toppingham Arms in the village on Saturday night, would not Lord Toppingham, and Sir Charles Boreham, and Dr. Tooptoe, and Mr. Grimstone, be likely to scout it, and perhaps even to resent it a little ? "

" That *would* be absurd. I 'm sure you would n't do that. It would n't be at all fair."

While this talk was going on, the little Lady Charlotte had slid down from her mother's lap, and had toddled over to me and begun to play with the seal and key upon my watch-ribbon. Soon I took her, too, upon my knee, to her apparent satisfaction, and with the evident approbation of the mother. As she sat there, a voice was heard, which even I recognized, and my hostess said, " There 's Lord Toppingham ; " and, after a moment's hesitation, " Shall I tell him ? "

" No, please don't. Let me do that myself."

" As you wish, of course ; but why ? "

" My offense, if it were one, was personal to Lord Toppingham ; and with all thanks to you, madam, and feeling fully what must be the strength of your advocacy, I don't quite like to seek shelter behind a woman's — fan." I had almost used another word, although I had not begun it, and a little blush and a sparkle of the eye showed me that the lady had read my thought.

A few moments passed : then enter Lord Toppingham in his shooting gear. As he opened the door he saw the pretty burden of my knee, and exclaimed, " Why, Chartie, darling, where have you got ? " before he was well in the room. He came quickly to me, and giving me a cordial grasp of the hand said, " I 'm sure we 're glad to see you, at last. Heard you were here, and only stopped to wash the powder off my hands. You 've got on famously, I see, with one very important member of this household," glancing at his little daughter, who was now with her mother ; " and that, I see," looking into his wife's bright, sweet face, " has done you no harm in another quarter." And then he, too, gave me to understand how you had prepared for me such a frank and warm reception.

We passed pleasantly enough through the unavoidable few minutes of commonplace talk which open a first interview, during which he mentioned that his companion had gone home with a bit of percussion cap in his cheek. " His first wound," he added ; " his baptism of fire, as that sham Louis Napoleon said about his poor little Prince Imperial."

" For shame, Toppingham ! Is poor Jack hurt ? "

" Not half so much as he might be by his own razor, or a woman's hair-pin. It 'll just give him an opportunity for a becomin' *mouche*." Then to me, " He

was very much taken by your friend, Mr. Washington Adams, — was n't he Kate? You must have observed it. Most extraord'nary person, that! Do tell us somethin' about him. Never saw such a queer-actin' person in my life!"

"Come, come," said Lady Toppingham, "don't trouble Mr. Humphreys about that now. He has explained and apologized for all Mr. Adams's peculiarities; and we 've had quite enough of that sort of American," with an emphasis and a glance that gave me a little consolation.

"You 'll stop to dinner with us, of course: pray do;" and my hostess heartily confirmed the invitation.

I excused myself; said that I had brought a horse with me, and glanced at my costume.

"Never mind that. Your horse will stop, too; he 'll be well looked after in the stables. And as to your morning coat, never mind that, either. I can send you everything else that you 'll require. Do stop. We 're quite alone for a day or two; somethin' not very common at this season of the year. You 'll save Lady Toppin'ham and me from playin' Darby and Joan."

Just then a servant entered, and said, "Miss Duffield is here, my lady. She 's stopping a moment to talk with Mrs. Timmins," who, I discovered, was the housekeeper.

"Oh, I 'm glad she 's come," said Lady Toppingham. "Now I 'm sure you 'll stay," with the slightest possible side turn of the head. "Gentlemen always do stay where Margaret Duffield is. Although I don't know but you 're so spoiled with your wonderful American beauties, we hear so much about, that you may prove unimpressible. Lord Toppingham 's her guardian. She 's quite at home here, — comes and goes just as she pleases; may not show herself for a while yet."

She did, however, show herself at that moment, entering with a charming union of modesty and self-possession; and after greeting and kissing Lady Toppingham, she gave her hand and offered her cheek to her guardian. As there were only four of us, I was introduced by the mere mention of my name. This and her greetings brought light to her eyes and an enchanting accession of color to her cheek. She fully justified Lady Toppingham. I have rarely seen so beautiful a girl; never, one so lovely. You will imagine a fair, rosy, blue-eyed, golden-haired young woman, round and radiant, with all the soft white splendor of what is called Anglo-Saxon beauty. But you will be wrong. That beauty is found in England, but it is far from being so common as is generally supposed; not so common as in New England, I have sometimes thought. Not noticeably tall, Miss Duffield was yet a little above the average height of women, and the eye-alluring charms of her perfect figure were enhanced by what I saw at a second glance was a gown a little shorter-waisted than the fashion. That sharp, hard line, which seems to be defined by some mechanical force, and to divide harshly the upper from the lower half of the figure, was absent; and this added not a little both to the dignity and the grace of her bearing. Her broad, low brow was as white as marble, and so was her neck. Her eyes would have been black but for a slight olive tint that enriched and softened them; and her hair, which was not banged or brutified in any way, but parted and drawn gently above her pink-tipped ears to a knot, seemed black upon her full white temples, but where the light shone on it of a warmer hue. Her nose was saved from being perfect Grecian by a slight upward curve from the thin nostril, a type of that feature somewhat more common here than it is with us, although, generally speaking, England is not distinguished as a country of fine noses. Of the winning beauty of her mouth I shall not venture to attempt to

give you an idea. It was no little rose-bud, but nobly lined, and full and rich with promise; the teeth and their setting seeming to have been furnished by Hygeia. Briefly, imagine a dark-eyed, dark-haired Hebe, with an expression of intelligence and character which are not Hebe's peculiar attributes, and you will have an approximate idea of Miss Duffield. Her dress was perfect: dark olive-green from throat to ankles, including her very gloves, with a light gray broad-leafed hat and feather. Some Englishwomen dress so admirably that it is all the more unaccountable that so many of them dress ill.

My little friend Chartie made for the new-comer as soon as she entered the room, calling her Aunt Peggy, climbing into her willing lap, and lavishing upon her the somewhat oppressive although gentle caresses of a petted, loving child, and managing, during a few moments which were occupied with desultory talk, to push back her hat, and so to disarrange her hair that, although the general result seemed to me more admirable than the most elaborate hair-dressing I had ever observed, the young lady withdrew, accompanied by my hostess, to repair damages.

"Lady Toppingham told me that Miss Duffield is your ward."

"Yes; she is my wife's cousin, the orphan daughter of her mother's younger sister, who was married to a gentleman of moderate estate, which, on his early death without a male heir, went to a distant relative. She is a dear, good girl, although somewhat wayward; as lovable as she is beautiful. I could not love her more if she were my younger sister or my daughter."

"I cannot doubt it."

"When I say wayward, I don't mean that she's inclined to be fast and slangish, like so many of our girls, although she does n't lack spirit. Far from it. But she's quietly set in her own ways: not very fond of gayety, although she can be the merriest and most companionable creature in the world; likes to be a good deal by herself, with her music and her books, and to take long walks; knows all the old women and the young mothers in the cottages about here, and they all worship her."

"Strange that such a girl as she is has not been married ere this."

"Yes, indeed; but she does n't appear at all inclined to marriage. Poor Madge! she has only one hundred and fifty pounds a year; but she seems perfectly content. She might have been Marchioness of Tipton, and outranked her cousin. She might have had Sir John Acrelipp, who has thirty thousand a year, if she had only held up her finger; but she would n't. Jack Surcingle is awfully cut up about her, and although he is only a second son he has a thousand a year from his mother and his uncle, besides his allowance and his pay; but she laughs and talks with Jack, and is as kind as kind can be; and yet I can see that on this subject she keeps him at arm's-length."

"A musician, you say?"

"Yes, indeed; which I'm not, I'm glad to own. Can't see the use of it. She does n't sing much, only a few little airs and ballads for me and the children; but she's what Hans Breitmann would call a biano-blayer, and quite awful in the way of Bach and Beethoven, and opuses and things."

"Rather a remarkable girl, it seems to me."

"Well you may say so; but, with all her sweetness, somewhat troublesome to a guardian. I don't know what we shall do with her; such a mixture of attractiveness and reserve, of poverty and content. She makes us anxious, sometimes, for her future."

"Lord Toppingham," I said here, rising suddenly, "I've a confession to make to you, and an apology."

He rose also, and looked inquiringly into my face. Then I repeated to him

what I had said to Lady Toppingham; telling him how I had been tempted to it by our long colloquy in the railway carriage, and adding that I could not remain under his roof and leave him ignorant of what I had done, nor if he felt that I had given him just cause of offense.

He took a turn up and down the room, and then stopping before me said, "Frankly, it was carrying a practical joke rather far, upon a first acquaintance, as I'm glad to see that you feel yourself; and if I had discovered it without your confession, I own that I might have been offended. But I see just how it was: I think I can understand your motive, and I certainly honor your candor. And — well, let us forget everything but the fun of it," and with a pleasant smile he held out his hand.

In a moment or two Lady Toppingham returned, saying, as she entered, "Will Mr. Humphreys stay to dinner?"

"Thanks; since you 're so kind as to ask me, and you seem quite ready to excuse my morning rig, and to take me as I am, I will."

"We shall be most happy. I thought you 'd stop. You 're very good," with the least perceptible spark of merriment in her eye, and something in her manner that gave me the notion that she would have been glad to drop me a little mock curtsey; but she did n't.

Now came five o'clock tea, and with it Miss Duffield. Needless to tell you how we chatted through this delightful *goûter:* delightful, thus taken with two or three, or half a dozen, pleasant companions in the lady's parlor or the "living" drawing-room of a country house; but a bore, — I confess it, an unmitigated bore, — when it is made the occasion of a small and early entertainment in the city, where thirty or forty people, or more, come and go in costly morning dresses, the women with their bonnets on, tinkle teacups and spoons, and gabble the commonplaces of society.

Our talk gradually subsided into a silence, which we were not ready to break, while the rays of the sun slanted through a pretty oriel window, as the great light-giver sank behind a heavy mass of clouds. In the course of our conversation I had spoken about music to the ladies in a way that revealed, as I intended it should, my love for the mysterious art, half sensuous, half emotional, which, as you know, is one of the chief pleasures of my life. "Come, Margaret," said Lady Toppingham, suddenly breaking the silence, "go to the piano, and give Mr. Humphreys some music."

She rose immediately, and saying only, "With pleasure," went to the instrument. Lord Toppingham rose and left the room, and looking in again in a moment said to the countess, "Kate, Mr. Humphreys will excuse you for a little while; I want to say a word to you."

Miss Duffield sat down before the piano, which I opened for her, and the deft fingers of her right hand, not small, but lithe, well rounded, white, and rosy-tipped, ran lightly up little chromatic scales here and there upon the keyboard. Invariable this, with all musicians: they feel and coax their instruments, whether piano-fortes, or violins, or what not, before they set earnestly to work. As she did this little preliminary trick, her left hand lying in her lap, she turned to me and asked, "Are you of the Humphreys of Dorset?"

"No; my people came from this county. But that was a long while ago. Don't you know that I 'm an American, from Massachusetts, — what you, and we too, call a Yankee? I 've some cousins at home named Duffield."

Her hand fell lightly down beside its fellow, and for one precious appreciable instant she bent upon my eyes a look which I had seen in others of her countrywomen, when I told the same to them; only it was softer, less like a

stare; there was a mingling of sorrow, almost of pleading, with its gentle wonder.

Did you ever ask yourself if such women truly feel, really are, what they undesigningly express; whether there is in fact any necessary connection between their outer and their inner selves? I have sometimes doubted it. And if there is such a relation between soul and body in them, what becomes of the poor women who have not eyes and lips like Miss Duffield's? I remember coming suddenly upon a good homely girl who I thought was in distress, and about to weep. Alas, poor young woman! if I had entered only a few minutes before, I should have known that she was more than usually happy, and that that distortion of her face was her way of smiling. As the thought that suggests this flashed across my mind, Miss Duffield sat quickly up, and took half a dozen double handfuls of roaring chords out of the instrument, which trembled under her aggressive touch. After a moment's silence she played one of Schubert's airs; and Schubert himself would have thanked her as heartily as I did. I asked for more; and without a word she played reminiscences, of her own arranging, I suspect, of the garden music in Gounod's Faust. The happy wires sang love under her persuasive fingers. For this I did not thank her, and we sat a few moments without speaking. Then reaching from the music-rack a book which had caught my eye, I opened it, and put it before her, saying, "What you have done is charming, indeed; but I know that you must like something better. Please, will you not play me one of these?"

"That! That's Bach," she said, with surprise in her face. "Do you like Bach?"

"Why not?"

"Why, you 're an American, you say, and I should n't think of playing Bach to an American. I know you have Italian opera over there, with Patti and Nilsson and all the rest. But Bach! It 's only of late years even here that people generally begun to like Bach; except the real musicians, you know."

"But I learned to like Bach in America when I was a little boy, before Patti and Nilsson were heard of. Just as few people in America as in England really like and understand Bach; but in my boyhood I was one of a sort of club that met every week to enjoy Bach and Beethoven, and there are many other such in America. I know of one which began in the last generation, and has met weekly for thirty-five years."

She said no more, but played one of those sonatas in which the great master of the antique school makes a fugue sing the passion of a broken heart amid all the intricacies of counterpoint. And then she played another, and yet another, and another, until the twilight began to fall upon us; and rising hastily, she said, "Excuse me; I must dress for dinner," and left me in the darkling room.

As this parlor was not used at night, it was not lighted, and I sat undisturbed, musing happily under the influence of the music, for nearly half an hour, before a servant entered with a candle, and a message: "My lady sent me to show you your room, sir, if you 'd like to go to it now." But going out I met Lord Toppingham himself, who said, "I 've been lookin' for you in the drawin'-room. What made you sit here in the dark?" Then he kindly accompanied me to my room, with an air of welcome, and hoping that I would ask for anything I wanted (but all was amply provided) he left me to the valeting of my solicitous attendant, and I soon went down to him and the ladies.

Of course, in such a little party of four, I took my hostess in to dinner, which she had wisely ordered to be served at a round table standing at the edge of

a huge bay-window of the dining-room. Our dinner was chatty and pleasant; but although Miss Duffield was directly opposite to me, she said hardly a word to me during dinner, directing most of her conversation to her guardian. Before we returned to the drawing-room the afternoon clouds had gathered overhead, and were pouring rain. "Of course you 'll not go wandering off about the country in such a night as this," my hostess said. "You 'll stop till to-morrow. What a blessing that some one was sent to keep us from boring each other to death! Really, Mr. Humphreys, you 're quite a merciful dispensation."

I stayed over till next morning at the Priory, and far into the next day, and departed only from necessity, and with a hearty and accepted invitation to return directly for a visit of some days, on which I was promised a meeting with some pleasant people. There were some eight or a dozen guests all the time, who shot and dined, and dined and shot; and they were pleasant enough; but what they were is not to my present purpose. I enjoyed it all, but most the society of my hostess and her cousin. They charmed me more than any other women I had ever met. Well-bred, simple, unaffected, sensible, well-educated women I had seen before; but never women who to all these qualities added a sweet feminine meekness of manner, combined with a capacity to show spirit, and even to be bold, upon occasion. This muliebrity seems to me the crowning charm of the sex in England. With it these ladies, into whose close companionship I was gradually drawn, fed fat the hunger of my soul. Our common love for music, and the likeness of our love, brought me very near to Miss Duffield; this nearness being much favored by her evident lack of sympathy with most of the men around her, and by her independence. We were thus often alone, and never more alone than at times when there were others near us. You know my love for walking in the country, which at home I have generally to enjoy in solitude. She rivaled me, and allowed me to accompany her on some of her strolls, and even on some of her charitable missions. On one of these I discovered the reason of the reserve that awakened her guardian's anxiety. Our talk had gradually led up to it, and she exclaimed, —

"Oh, I 'm weary of seeing men around me doing nothing, thinking nothing, and leading such petty, selfish lives! Of course I know there are able men enough and busy men enough in England; but I 've been to London only once since I was a child, and I see nothing of that sort of man, but men that shoot, and hunt, and play billiards, and gamble, or vanish away to the Continent on some shameful business, like those ——;" and she mentioned two or three noble families, whose names were well known in the divorce court. "Either these, or else a dull squire. My dear guardian is worth a regiment of such men. There 's Surcingle: he does n't gamble, and he 's good. But what do you think he said," she added, laughing, "one day when I told him he did nothing but play billiards? That he did: that he hunted, and shot, and ate, and smoked, and played cricket, and made — talked to me; and although he is n't the wisest, he 's about the best of them. And yet I detest prigs and pedants. I know I 'm only a woman, but I can't help thinking; and it seems to me that the way in which our society is organized tends to make such men; for most men are selfish and indolent, except about their own pleasures."

I stayed ten days at the Priory, which were the happiest of my life; and at last took myself off, for very shame. But erelong I returned to my little inn at B——, and again visited the Priory frequently, although without sleeping there.

One morning I went over early, and was walking through the park by a little dell, or shaw, about three quarters of a mile from the house, when my attention was attracted by what was plainly a splash of blood upon the path; then drops large and frequent stretched on before me, and they were fresh. I followed them quickly, and after a rod or two I came upon a sight that made my heart stand still. Miss Duffield lay across the path, with a little pool of blood by her side. She was pale, but conscious. A gleam of joy came from her eyes, as I sprang forward to help her.

Briefly, this had happened: On one of her walks, she had seen, on a dwarf tree at the edge of the shaw, a little cluster of leaves, beautifully discolored by some caprice of nature; but the twig on which it grew was so tough, and stretched so far over the edge, that although she could touch she could not break it. Therefore this morning she had brought with her one of those little clasp pruning-knives which are used by amateur gardeners of her sex; and leaning forward she was able to cut off the twig, which she at once thrust into the buttoned opening of the waist of her walking-dress, and was about shutting the knife, when the turf yielded on the edge where she was standing, and she fell forward into the shaw. The fall would have been of little importance, although she was somewhat bruised and strained; but the knife was driven into her left wrist. As she drew it out, it was followed by a spurt of blood. In terror and pain she managed to scramble up to the path, and started to run home; but the wound bled freely, and after running a few yards she fell fainting to the ground. As the loss of blood had not yet been very great, the horizontal position, acting upon one of her high health and strength, brought her to her senses just before I appeared.

I saw at once, from the bright color of the blood and its regular gush, that she had cut an artery clean in two. Grasping her arm firmly, I said, "You must let me help you, or — Will you trust yourself to me?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

And now my experience as an amateur assistant in our soldiers' hospitals, in my youth, stood me in good stead. Cutting her sleeve open to the shoulder with my pocket-knife, I soon made an extempore tourniquet with my handkerchief and a small pebble, using as a lever a stout twig that I found hard by; and it was hardly more than a minute from the time when I found her before I had the brachial artery compressed and the flow of blood stopped. But what to do! I could not leave her; and although I could carry her a little way, but with danger of opening the artery again, of what good was that? Not a living creature was within sight, and we were three quarters of a mile from the house. Before this I had thought of the isolation of these great English houses; but now it came upon me with horror, and with cursings in my heart. She did not speak one word, but looked at me in silence.

I saw a little knoll near by, which would give me a farther view. I raised her as gently as I could, and laid her by the side of the path, with my coat under her head. I ran up the knoll, and looked about: in vain. I called out with all my strength. My voice sounded to me faint and hollow and ghostly. I came down again to watch my patient. She lay quiet, and, opening her eyes, looked at me with calm confidence. Then stretching out her unwounded arm, she pressed my hand, but did not speak. Again I went upon the knoll, and, peering about, what joy to see in the distance a young rustic fellow crossing an open in the park! I shouted and threw up my hands, and managed to attract his attention, and to turn his steps toward me. But with what leaden

feet he came! Yet I did soon bring him to quickening his pace, and when he had come near I rushed upon him, saying, "My lad, don't be frightened. Here's a lady hurt. You understand me?"

"Ees."

"It's Miss Duffield, Lady Toppingham's cousin. You know her?"

"Ees, oi knaw un. She do be t' koindest leddy yereabaout."

"Well, she'll die if she is not helped. Get a wagon, a cart, anything on wheels, just as quick as lightning. You understand?"

"Ees: I be to get cairt to cairt un up to aouse."

I was about to offer him money; but although slow of speech, he was ready in action, and was off on a run.

My patient I found doing as well as I could hope for. We neither of us spoke. There was no water near; I had nothing to give her. She stretched out her right hand to me again: I held it, and watched my tourniquet in silence. Such a silence I had never known before. I heard the beating of my heart, of hers. I heard the light breeze sighing a sad monotone; the little creakings of the tiny insects around us. It seemed to me that I heard the grass grow. I saw all trifling things: the dry twigs, the odd shape of some of the leaves upon the shrubs, the very grains of sand in the path. I saw the beauty of her arm, and remember tracing the course of a blue vein down its inner side. I saw that the little cluster of leaves which was the cause of all this woe still remained in her corsage.

All at once the sound of quick hoofs and of wheels, — not farm-cart wheels, but light wheels, moving rapidly, thank God! — and in a few moments they stopped where the path went out of the copse upon the road, and help appeared with the manly form and troubled face of Captain Surcingle. He had been driving through the park in a light dog-cart, on some jockeyish business, when he was seen and stopped by my messenger.

Goose as his cousin called him, the captain could not have behaved better. He was silent, sympathetic, attentive, helpful, doing without a word just what I bade him. Keeping Miss Duffield's wounded arm across her body, we carried her carefully to the dog-cart, and lifted her into it. I told her that I should have to place her upon the bottom of the cart, and rest her head upon my knee. She laid it there without a word. I wrote a few lines on the blank leaf of an old letter, stating the case, and gave it to my rustic messenger, telling him to get it to the village surgeon as soon as possible. The captain mounted his seat and gathered up the reins, when, turning his head, he saw the position of my patient.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Humfweys, p'waps you would n't mind dwivin'. I should n't mind havin' you. You see, you und'stand hawses in 'Mewica, mebbe, but you don't und'stand sittin' in dog-cahts, you know."

"If you wish, and if Miss Duffield wishes" —

The weary eyes opened on me with a piteous look; and she said faintly, "Thanks, dear Jack; but please don't have me moved again." I don't know whether dear Jack could have heard her, but I cried out, —

"Never mind, captain; no time for that. Drive on, please! Gently, now."

The good fellow distinguished himself as a whip, and took us swiftly to the house, and as softly as if we were driving over velvet. Indeed, his knowledge of the park enabled him to cut off turns and corners, and to take almost a straight line over the grass

Needless to tell you the commotion at the Priory. Miss Duffield was soon in bed; and erelong the surgeon arrived on horseback. The artery must be taken up, of course. He needed help,

and asked for the gentleman who applied that tourniquet. The consequence was that I assisted at the little operation, while Lady Toppingham held the patient's other hand, and Mrs. Timmins stood by to give any help that might be necessary. She underwent the operation in perfect silence. I did not look at her while it was performed, and after the bandage was applied I immediately left the room. As I passed around the foot of the bed she opened her eyes and smiled; I bowed silently, and have not seen her since. But from that time I have been at the Priory, Dr. Catlin having expressed a wish that I should remain for two or three days.

This happened last Monday morning; and every day the report has been that she was doing as well as possible. Indeed, as it turned out, the accident which might have been mortal was really of no grave consequence. Therefore, this morning, all the household went to church, leaving her in the care of nurse and housekeeper, while I shut myself in my room to write to you.

After a while I was interrupted by a gentle knock at my door. It was the maid who, at the Priory, specially waits on her; for she has no maid of her own.

"Please, sir," she said, "Miss Duffield's compliments, and she 's very much better this morning. Nothing now only a little weakness. She thought she would put her arm in a sling, and come down; but the doctor would n't pummit. An' please, sir, would you find her a nice book. An' she sends you this," holding out to me what I recognized as the cluster of leaves which I had seen in her corsage that morning. On one of the leaves was a little drop of blood, which I have not washed off.

This is all I have to tell you now. Should there be anything more hereafter which would interest you, I shall write. Faithfully yours,

W. Mansfield Humphreys.

Note. It is difficult for me to discover the relation of the latter part of Mr. Mansfield Humphreys' letter to Mr. Washington Adams's visit to Toppington Priory, or to the subject of my friend's colloquy with Lord Toppingham in the railway car. Doubtless the incidents which he relates were of profound interest to the parties directly concerned in them; and they have an obvious tendency to complications of which we may possibly learn something hereafter. The publication in England, to which he refers, of the account given in The Atlantic of the colloquy and the visit, as a little book, was entirely at the suggestion and request of the publisher, with whom I had had no previous communication, and who proposed it because he thought that it would be the means of diffusing some useful and much-needed information. It has been the subject of some animadversions by a writer in a well-known London publication, which are of such a nature that a very brief examination of a few of them may be profitable. The little book seems to have disturbed the digestion, and certainly to have deranged the intellect, of the critic. He has even been wholly unable to apprehend its purpose. "It is meant," he says, "to give, so far as it goes, an essentially accurate picture of what English society actually is." This is amazing. Such a picture its writer had, indeed, endeavored to paint in a previous book, England Without and Within, which has been found by some British critics almost too flattering. The purpose of Mr. Washington Adams, on the contrary, was solely to give to the many British readers of The Atlantic some information (as simply and baldly true as that two and two are four) about "America and the Americans," which, as its intelligent and enterprising Edinburgh publisher saw, was really much needed by a very considerable part of the British public. That the ignorance thus assumed does really exist, even among many of the most cultivated, best bred, and most estimable members of that society, no one acquainted with it can doubt.

On one or two special points the critic referred to takes exceptions, as to which it may be well that he should be put to his purgation. One of these is that a man of Lord Toppingham's rank and breeding is represented as dropping his final *g*'s in *ing* and the *r* in words like *pardon*. The language of the personages in Mr. Washington Adams was put into their mouths merely from my own observation; but on looking into the matter there is the best British authority for it. Punch is not without examples of such talk by such people; and it could not otherwise be faithful. For example, Punch, September 6, 1873, under the heading Evil Communications, etc. Scene, a pastry cook's; a governess, with her young masculine charge.

"*Lord Reginald.* Ain't yer goin' to have some puddin', Miss Richards? It 's so jolly.

"*Governess.* There again, Reginald! *Puddin'*, — *goin'*, — *Ain't yer!* That 's the way Jim Bates and Dolly Maple speak; and Jim 's a stable-boy, and Dolly 's a dairy-maid.

"*Lord Reginald.* Ah! but that 's the way fa-

ther and mother speak, too! And father 's a *duke*, and mother 's a *duchess!* So, *there!*"

And again, the same volume, under the heading, Fragment of Fashionable Conversation: Scene, a first-class railway carriage, —

"*Little Swell* No. 1. Huntin', to-day," etc.

Indeed, the point is indisputable. There is no more authoritative observer upon this subject than Mr. Alexander Ellis, F. R. S., etc., the eminent author of the great work on English Pronunciation; and he represents (Part IV., p. 1211), no less a person than Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, as saying in one of his lectures, "attachin' 'imself to 'im," instead of "attaching himself to him." All this, however, is probably, as I have already conjecturally indicated in England Without and Within, but a relic of the good usage of a not remote past.

As to the dropped *r*, the same high authority (Mr. Ellis) records the following examples (idem, pp. 1212, 1213). Dr. Hooper, president of the British Association, said "eitha, neitha, undataken" (for either, neither, undertaken); a peer, "obse'ving, brighta, conve'sant, direc'ta, pa'cels" (for observing, brighter, conversant, parcels); certain professional and commercial men, "futsha boa'd, rema'ks" (for future, board, remarks). [I look only to the consonants, and ask Mr. Ellis's pahdon, if I have thus misrepresented his vowel sounds.] This point may be dismissed without further consideration. But I admit with pleasure that I never heard a well-born, well-bred person in England say "yer" for *you;* possibly, Mr. Punch might suggest, because the range of my social observation stopped one grade below the ducal rank.

Lady Boreham and the society at Boreham Hall seem chiefly to afflict this critic. He appears to resent as a personal insult this little passing glimpse of one limited variety of life in England; and although it is a mere link, a coupling between the first and the second parts of the little sketch, only an incidental bit of machinery to make the rest work together, he devotes most of his attention to it, and will have it that the Boreham people are set forth as "*the* English," just as the Washington Adams's have been held up for half a century in England as "*the* Americans." He is woeful because Lady Boreham is represented "almost exactly as the French caricature Englishwomen." The coincidence is remarkable, and somewhat significant; for I have never been in France; nor have I ever seen any French caricatures of English people, except those in Gavarni's London, in which I remember no such figure as Lady Boreham. She is as exact a picture as I could make, in the little time and space that I could give to her, of a sort of woman who is not very uncommon in England, but to whom this little sketch portrait is my first and only reference. I grieve that my reviewer takes her so sorely to heart; and if he really believes that she was presented as the typical Englishwoman, I sympathize with him cordially. For I do not say here for the first time how charming I found the sex in England, whatever their rank or condition. But is it not permitted to hint that there is one woman in England who is not absolute in feminine charm? And have our British friends become so sensitive, are their mental integuments so excoriated, that they cannot have it said that there is one household in England which is characterized by dull respectability? Truly it makes a difference when, the name being changed, of thee the fable is narrated. My critic seems, as he read, to have taken off his skin and sat in his nerves.

One grievance heavily alleged is that this lady "drops all her *h*'s;" this being done in a way that conveys a notion that her speech is the representative speech of the book, — an old and not very admirable device of injurious criticism. Moreover, the assertion is absolutely untrue. If I had so represented Lady Boreham's speech, I should have been guilty of deliberate slander. The truth is that she, the least important personage of all that appear, speaks just six times! In only one instance does she utter more than a dozen words! She uses words beginning with *h* only eleven times in all; and all of these, every one, she aspirates, just as the other personages do, except two, *home* and *hotel!* Now if any general assertion may be safely made as to English-speaking in England, it is that only a very few among the highest bred and most thoroughly educated persons say *home* and *hotel*. A man who is so precise in his aspirations as to say *h*umorous (which thirty years ago no one said) will yet say '*otel* always, and '*ome* whenever the word is preceded by a consonant. Even the women, whose speech, in almost all conditions of life, it is worth a voyage to hear, say '*ome* and '*otel*.

My critic, however, makes one admission which atones for all his misrepresentation, intentional or unintentional. He says that my friend Humphreys, in his masquerade, "deliberately makes a beast of himself." I don't agree with him any more than Lady Toppingham does, or my correspondents do. Humphreys merely showed the company at the Priory a concentrated representation of certain rude, grotesque forms of life. But the personage which he "disfigured or presented" is not new to the British public, but a very old acquaintance, indeed. He is merely the man who has figured on their stage, in their fiction, in their serial literature, in their illustrated books, for more than half a century as "the American;" and my reviewer thus admits that during that time British authors and journalists and artists (see Punch *passim*) have been presenting "the Americans" to their world as — beasts. The word is his, not mine. With Phèdre I can say *C'est toi qui l'as nommé*. He has fully justified Mansfield Humphreys.

Richard Grant White.

THE POLITICAL FIELD.

THE state elections of last fall disclosed results which surprised the politicians of both parties, and developed new conditions and probabilities for the approaching presidential contest of 1884. These results showed that the two great national political organizations are still of nearly equal force in the important States of the North that have heretofore been the ground of sharpest conflict in national campaigns, and that in spite of all the ferment of new issues of the past three years no new organization has arisen of sufficient strength to be called a party, or even a respectable faction. The voting population is still divided into two great camps, — Republican and Democratic. What lies outside of those camps, in the way of temperance associations and labor-reform leagues, produces some effect in state canvasses when allied with one or the other of the great parties, but standing alone cannot much affect results, and is not likely to play any appreciable part in the coming presidential campaign. The vital, potent political forces still gather under the old ensigns, although it would be hard for any one to say just what those ensigns now signify.

Further, the late elections showed that the great wave of Democratic success of 1882 brought about no permanent change in the convictions of the voters. The Republican defeats of that year were so overwhelming that short-sighted prophets predicted the speedy death of the party. There seemed to be a hopeless disintegration of the Republican forces. Party discipline could not be enforced, and appeals to party feeling were ineffectual to bring the voters into line. New York, a Republican State in 1880, elected a Democratic governor by 192,000 majority. Pennsylvania, which had been steadily Republican for twenty years, except in 1874, gave the Democratic candidate for governor 48,000 majority over his Republican competitor. Massachusetts, which had only once refused the Republicans a majority since their party was formed in 1854, put in the state house a man peculiarly objectionable to them, because he had deserted them as soon as their victories began to cost some effort.

Nothing seemed plainer, after the elections of 1882, than that the Democrats had the prize of the presidency already in their grasp. They had won their victories, not by presenting any new issues, but simply by appealing to the dissatisfaction of the voters with the course of the Republican leaders. General Garfield used to say that every man in public life has a precipice ahead of him, — how near he cannot know, — towards which he is steadily marching. It may be far off or close at hand, but sooner or later he will fall over it. As with the politician, so with a party. It cannot always hold the favor of the majority and keep itself in power. The longer the career of success behind it, the greater the probability that its precipice of defeat is close ahead. The elections of 1882 appeared to be the first descents of the precipice, the sheer fall of which was to come in 1884.

Nor did the October elections of 1883 indicate any change in the current of Republican disaster. Iowa, always Republican, was carried with difficulty, growing out of the prominence of the prohibition question; but Ohio, which had regularly been carried by that party the year before a presidential election, went Democratic, in spite of the political vagaries and want of personal popularity of the Democratic candidate for governor. It is true that in Ohio the

liquor question complicated the contest to the prejudice of the Republicans. In reason it should not have done so, because the Republican legislature gave the people a fair chance to choose between two constitutional amendments, — one for prohibition and the other for license; and the Scott law, which imposed heavy taxes on drinking-saloons, proved popular, and ought logically to have drawn to the Republicans the ultra-temperance vote, if that vote were ever logical or practical. Probably the Republicans would have carried Ohio if the question of how to deal with whiskey-selling had been shut out of the canvass; but the Democrats refused to admit this, and they gained in other States all the encouragement and momentum of a great victory in the State that had long been the key of the Republican position.

Thus everything appeared to be in their favor in the November elections. Yet without any marked activity or enthusiasm on the part of their opponents, and in fact with hardly a respectable show of campaign organization to contend with except in Massachusetts, they were beaten in the three pivotal States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, which they had carried so easily the year before. In Pennsylvania, the 40,000 majority for Pattison in 1882 was changed to a majority of 16,000 for the head of the Republican ticket. In New York, Governor Cleveland's prodigious majority of 192,000 was all swept away, and the Republican candidate for secretary of state, General Carr, was elected by about 17,000 majority. The Democrats pulled through the rest of their state ticket, it is true, and were able to attribute the defeat of their leading candidate to his views on the temperance question; but the result, compared with that of the previous year, was none the less for them a mortifying disaster. In Massachusetts, the previous year, General Butler, after long effort and by the exercise of political adroitness and audacity that reached the height of genius, had managed to weld together into a majority party all the odds and ends of new movements and old factions — labor reformers, communists, greenbackers, woman suffragists and idealists, and agitators of various creeds — in connection with the old Democratic party of the State. His year in the gubernatorial chair can hardly be said to have disappointed any of his miscellaneous supporters. Like Sydney Smith's flea, he displayed a diabolical activity. He was always reforming something or other, and by constantly keeping himself in the public eye he was able to assume at all times a dramatic attitude of leadership, well calculated to work upon the imagination of his followers. Yet when the ballots were counted, his majority of 14,000 was found to have disappeared, and Mr. Robinson, his antagonist, came off victorious by 10,000 votes.

Only in one contested State did the Democrats win a victory, and there their success was of great importance and advantage in the presidential struggle, — not to them, but to the Republicans. That State was Virginia. Paradoxical though the statement may seem at first thought, the Democratic triumph in that quarter strengthens the whole Republican line for the approaching national campaign. Senator Mahone, who led the opposition to the regular Democracy in Virginia, is to that State what General Butler is to Massachusetts. He represents the elements of ignorance, discontent, irresponsibility to social restraints, and disorganization of established conditions. To the negro voters he had joined the lower classes of the white voters into a motley organization, called the Readjuster party. His assertion that the state debt could not and should not be paid in full attracted to him the thriftless small farmers; the careless mountaineers, who live on one small corn-patch, a few hogs, and a rifle;

and the idle politicians of the county towns. The Republican leaders turned over the colored vote to him because he promised them success and offices. He had a small contingent of admirers in Washington, — men who hang on the skirts of the administration, and whose knowledge of Southern politics is gathered in the hotel lobbies of that city. These men appeared at one time to have persuaded the President that Mahone must be supported as an "entering wedge" to split the solid South, and that if he were successful this year it would be feasible next year for the Republicans to carry three or four Southern States. The "Mahone alliance," as the political scheme concocted in Washington was called, was utterly distasteful to the Republican masses of the North, — a foundation stone in whose political faith was the honest payment of public debts in exact accordance with contracts. The ablest of the Republican leaders repudiated it openly; all regarded it as indefensible before Northern constituencies. Now that the Virginia alliance is broken up by the failure of Mahone to carry the election, the Republican party is well rid of a load which threatened to break it down in the coming campaign. It will henceforth have no bargains and trades with state-debt readjusters or repudiators to explain.

When we come to look for the causes which have brought about a reaction in favor of the Republicans, the good conduct of the national administration must be given the first place. After the ridiculous defeat of President Arthur's candidate for governor of New York in 1882, the administration let state politics sedulously alone, excepting some little countenance given to Mahone. It may almost be said to have let national politics alone, too. President Arthur has made a King Log kind of administration, because he had the sagacity to see, after the failure of his attempts at activity, that the policy of drifting was the only one likely to heal Republican dissensions and rehabilitate the party. Any effort on his part to become a positive force in politics would have revived old antagonisms and produced new ones. The people never fully trust a Vice-President who succeeds to the executive chair. They say, "We did not put that man there;" and if he seeks to urge any particular line of action upon his party or upon Congress, they are apt to say, "The good man whom we elected, and whom death removed from office, would not have behaved in that way." In short, they are offended if he exercises the full measure of the powers and privileges of his position, and are best satisfied if he merely administers the office in a business-like way, leaving questions of policy for his party to determine, without his interference. In this spirit Mr. Arthur has of late discharged his duties; doing a good deal of traveling and fishing, attending to the routine business of the Executive with intelligence and fairness, and letting politics take care of themselves. The effect upon the Republican party has been salutary. The old factions find no fresh cause of quarrel with him or with each other, and his quiet, decorous, undemonstrative administration has afforded the Democrats no point of attack. Mr. Arthur is entitled to the credit of being the first Vice-President succeeding to the presidency in our history who has strengthened his party. All the others, Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, were disorganizers.

The Republicans also gathered some strength from local causes. In Pennsylvania, the "reform" administration of Governor Pattison, which took office with much *éclat*, failed to meet expectations, and irritated the voters by bringing about a tedious, expensive, and unnecessary extra session of the legislature; in New York, the phenomenal majority governor, Cleveland, proved a commonplace though fairly competent

executive, and demonstrated no real fitness for party leadership; in Massachusetts, Governor Butler's investigating zeal, his efforts to "stir things up," and his scheme of basing political power on the discontent and communistic tendencies of the laboring classes in factory towns gave the Republicans an opportunity to rally the stable, property-owning classes against him. It is a noticeable fact, however, that national issues played no appreciable part in these state canvasses, and that in New York, where the result was most significant, there was no particular state issue. Indeed, there can hardly be said to have been any campaign in that State, in the usual significance of the word. The two parties nominated their tickets and appointed their committees, but there were few public meetings held, and the columns of the newspapers gave little evidence that an election was approaching. The great Republican gain in New York must be attributed chiefly to the renewed vitality of the party as a national organization.

Besides the revival of the Republican party in the Northern States, the recent elections show that that party is gaining no new footholds in the South, — a fact to be regretted by all patriotic men. Every State which joined the rebellion is going to cast its electoral vote, next fall, for the Democratic candidate for President, whoever he may be. In no one of them will there be a contest such as will be carried on in every Northern State. All will be strongly, hopelessly Democratic, as a matter of sentiment and sympathy coming down from the war period and the epoch of reconstruction; not because the Democratic party now proposes to do anything the Southern people want done, or because the Republican party advocates any measures they favor, but purely from feeling and tradition. It is high time for the influential classes of the South to develop healthful political antagonisms among themselves, but they are evidently not going to do so in season to affect the coming presidential contest. The solid South will still exist, to throw its great electoral vote in a lump into the scales. The Democratic party will again be able to count upon that vote as assured in advance and without effort, and thus to concentrate the campaign activities upon the task of adding to it forty-five electoral votes from the entire North. That this condition of things is lamentable, no thoughtful man who looks beyond mere party success will fail to perceive; but it exists, and there is no present help for it. The Northern States are the only battlefields of the next contest; the States south of the Potomac and the Ohio are not debatable ground.

At the same time, there is good reason to believe that this continued solidity of the South will not be a dominant topic of discussion in the canvass, and will not enter as an important factor in the result in the presidential election in the Northern States; I mean that the voters will not be urged to make the Northern States solidly Republican because the Southern States persist in being solidly Democratic. We have had enough of that sectional cry in the past. If the Republican party is to be continued in power, it should be because it has practical and immediate purposes for the good of the country, promising wise legislation and prudent administration and honest dealing with new issues, and not because the South obstinately clings to an obsolete sentiment of sectionalism. Intelligent people in the North know that the Southern people are no longer seeking to change anything in the constitution or the statutes established as the result of the war; that they cherish no plans for the division of the country, or the denial of rights to the blacks; that they differ among themselves on living national issues; and, in a word, that they are now

patriotic, prosperous citizens of the republic, with abundance of sectional feeling and prejudice still, but with absolutely no sectional aims. The Republican party will do well to let them alone to wear out their stupid provincial sentiment of fidelity to a single party, and make its fight with little regard to the fact that they have prejudged the general question between the parties, and determined to throw their States solidly on one side.

We therefore see that, without taking account of the changes in public sentiment which may be effected by the doings of Congress at its present session, the prospects for the near presidential contest are that the two old parties will face each other in the Northern States with about the same show of relative strength, distributed in about the same way, as in 1880. A close and exciting campaign will probably ensue. Yet it is difficult to foresee what the parties are going to fight about. No important public question, now alive and open, divides them. Towards no such question does one party take a decided and unanimous affirmative position, and the other an equally decided and unanimous negative. Let us name some public questions, and apply the test: civil service reform, the internal revenue system, the tariff, national banking, silver currency, postal telegraphy, the disposition of the surplus in the treasury, internal improvements, the restoration of our ocean commerce, the construction of a navy, a positive foreign policy, — is there any one of these topics of current national interest concerning which the two parties take issue? It may be said that a majority of the Republican party favor the civil service system, recently introduced, and that a majority of the Democrats do not; that a majority of the Democratic party oppose the protective tariff system, and a majority of the Republicans sustain it; and so on through most of the list: but in each question there is a minority of one party siding with a majority of the other. In this muddled condition of opinion, neither party seems willing to select a few questions, formulate them plainly, assume a positive attitude towards them, and ask the verdict of the voters upon them. Unless the situation is changed this winter, we are likely to have nothing better than a bundle of patriotic platitudes and political truisms presented in the party platforms, which nobody will care a straw about.

In such an event the struggle will largely turn upon the popularity of the candidates. In old times, when the country newspapers placed mottoes under their headings, one much in use was, "Measures, not men." We are likely to have a campaign of men, not measures. If each of the great parties fails to present any measures as distinctively its own, then the independent and unattached voters, who hold the balance of power, will take their choice between the presidential candidates, on the ground of their relative personal fitness for the place. Such a choice would be entirely legitimate. If there are no national questions at issue, then sensible men may well make up their minds which of the two candidates for the chief magistracy shows the better record and the better promise for statesmanlike performance in the White House. A contest over the respective merits of two strong candidates would not be altogether regrettable, provided it did not degenerate into slander and abuse, as presidential campaigns have, of late, shown a tendency to do. A little hero-worship, now and then, is not a bad thing for a nation. If the Republicans should nominate a man like Senator Edmunds, and the Democrats a man like Senator Bayard, the parties might as well dispense with platforms, and conduct the canvass on the records and character of the two men, as to put forth a series of sonorous, empty resolutions. It would be altogether better, however,

if one of the parties, at least, would take up a few of the genuine issues that lie on the surface of public thought, and announce definite purposes concerning them. During the present generation we have seen the mass of American voters educated on many great questions by a thorough public discussion in political canvasses. Such questions as manhood suffrage, specie payments, and the honest payment of the public debt have been debated and determined during the past eighteen years. It may be urged that there are no such issues now pending. Very true; a nation cannot always feed on the strong meat of great controversies. But there are real issues before us, of practical importance, and it is the duty of party leaders to cease skirmishing around their edges, and to meet them fairly.

The Republican party, as the party of new ideas and positive doctrine in the past, might well be expected to lead the way in taking position. In line with its history and traditions as a strong government party, it might take up affirmatively the following questions: —

First, the extension and defense of the civil service system. This system is already partially established in the departments at Washington and in the large post-offices and custom-houses, where original appointments are now made only by selection from candidates recommended by the commission as having passed a creditable examination. Civil service reform, in its origin and in all its progress, until very lately was a Republican movement; and although a few prominent Democrats, notably Senator Pendleton, have of late given it valuable assistance, the mass of the Democracy is as hostile to it to-day as the mass of the Republicans were when Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, began to preach the new faith in Congress twenty years ago. Democratic success in the approaching presidential election will imperil the fair beginnings of the reform; at least, the Republicans would be justified in saying so. Their platform should call for the broadening and strengthening of the new system. The Democrats could honestly oppose this demand with the Jacksonian theory, so firmly held by the great majority of them, that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Second, maintenance of the protective tariff policy, coupled with reform of the inequalities, abuses, and outgrown features of the present law. The Republican party is historically a protectionist party, and the Democratic party is a low tariff, or tariff for revenue only, party. If one would cease to be afraid of Iowa and the other of Pennsylvania, and each would honestly enunciate the belief of the mass of its members, we should have an educating discussion which could hardly fail to result in the public good.

Third, postal telegraphy. The business public is fast coming to the conclusion that the telegraph is the modern mail, and that every argument in favor of the post-office being a government institution applies to it. If it is of unquestioned advantage to the public that correspondence which goes in a leather bag should be carried by the government, why should correspondence which goes on a wire be left to the mercy of greedy, speculative corporations? The Republican party could consistently take the lead in this question, and the Democratic party, as the opponent of an efficient centralized government, could with equal consistency assume the negative of the proposition.

Fourth, a vigorous foreign policy for the extension of our commerce and our national influence, backed by a strong navy. The state-department policy of the short Garfield administration, though bungled in South America by incompetent agents, was undoubtedly approved in principle by the majority of the Republican party, who are tired of the timid and selfish attitude of national iso-

lation which our government customarily assumes in the affairs of the world. Men of broad and progressive opinions believe that a republic of fifty millions of people should make its ideas and influence felt all round the globe, for the good of other nations as well as for the extension of its own commercial relations. On this question, the Democrats, who are conservative as to public expenditures, opposed to giving the national government any real military or naval power, and very much disposed to narrow their vision down to petty matters lying close at home, would naturally take the negative side.

Why not add, or rather put in the first place, the new civil rights issue which Colonel Ingersoll and Frederick Douglass have recently tried to raise in Washington, in opposition to the Supreme Court decision which declared Charles Sumner's civil rights law to be unconstitutional? This question may well be asked by old Republicans. The answer is that the public mind is no longer interested in the affairs of the negro race. A generation of controversy and four years of terrible war gave the negro in America freedom and the ballot. Now the common sentiment is that enough has been done for him, and that he should make his own way upward in the social scale. There is no demand for a constitutional amendment which will put the machinery of federal courts at work to secure him good seats at the theatres, good beds in hotels and sleeping-cars, and the right to be shaved in the fashionable barber-shops. People are content, now that the tension of sympathy with the enfranchised race has relaxed, to leave such matters to state legislation.

Other questions might be added, but here are enough for an active intellectual canvass. Such a canvass would have an excellent effect on the public mind. Instead of getting angry anew over bygone quarrels and threshing the old straw of dead controversies, the voters would be led to the frank discussion of living issues which affect the whole body of the American people.

E. V. Smalley.

UNHEARD MUSIC.

Men say that, far above our octaves, pierce
Clear sounds that soar and clamor at heaven's high gate,
Heard only of bards in vision, and saints that wait
In instant prayer with godly-purgèd ears:
This is that fabled music of the spheres,
Undreamed of by the crowd that early and late
Lift up their voice in joy, grief, hope, or hate,
The diapason of their smiles and tears.
The heart's voice, too, may be so keen and high
That Love's own ears may watch for it in vain,
Nor part the harmonies of bliss and pain,
Nor hear the soul beneath a long kiss sigh,
Nor feel the caught breath's throbbing anthem die
When closely-twinèd arms relax again.

Edmund W. Gosse.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Mr. Stedman, in the graceful and exhaustive comment with which he has prefaced this fine edition of Poe's most popular masterpiece,[1] mentions Doré's obvious defects, and lays stress on his equally obvious originality and power, as shown in several works, to which he accords the highest praise; but while he asserts a likeness between the genius of Poe and that of Doré, he seems to feel himself on insecure ground in commending this particular interpretation of the one by the other. In fact, here are two imaginative creations, — one poetic, one artistic; both are effective, but in our judgment they are incongruous. The common element which Mr. Stedman finds in the working moods of the two men is practically confined to their tendency toward romantic and fantastic themes; in method they are very dissimilar. Poe weaves his spell slowly and subtly, with exceeding watchfulness against detection, and prepares, by scarcely noticed increments of feeling and trifles light as air, for his dénoûment; in Doré's work, so to speak, there is nothing but dénoûment. The latter drops the mask at once, and conquers, if at all, by force; Poe ambushes, like Ariel, in the invisible air, and captivates us, — wins, if at all, by charm.

Mr. Stedman apparently means to mark a difference between the poem and the illustrations by stating that Doré "proffers a series of variations upon the theme as he conceived it, — 'the enigma of death and the hallucination of an inconsolable soul.'" It does not require much knowledge of Poe's individuality or much literary insight to perceive that death was, in this composition, merely the background that threw his own despair into strong relief, and hallucination only the transitory shadow of what he called "the Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance" of reality. Doré parts company with Poe in a way against which the latter protested in his analysis of this poem, by pushing the suggested meaning to an excess, and making the under the upper current of the theme. In the stanzas the lover is not an abnormal being; he is neither sick in body nor unhinged in mind. He has drifted from his book to his dream, from the nepenthe to the bitter-sweet of his sorrow; he is suddenly aroused to the substantial world about him, and, being sensitive to the superstitious promptings of flickering firelight, rustling curtains, the impenetrable darkness on which his door opens, the wind without and the calm within, — being, moreover, accustomed to yield to the pleasure of such fantasy-engendering sensations, — he is wrought into a half-nonchalant, half-expectant mood, which does not become serious until, by gradual but conscious surrender to the fascination of the Raven's eyes and croaking refrain, he falls under the myth-making faculty of his own mind, which brings its credence with itself. This, at least, was Poe's apprehension of what he himself created.

On turning to these illustrations, one finds the unity of the original, its progressive and golden-linked art, the humor of the fantastic touch, the naturalness of it, all gone. The lover is dazed from the first; he seems without self-control. The only change of his figure is from rigidity to spasm; the only variation of his dream is from one spectral horror to another. To mark but a few of the essential differences between Poe's and Doré's conception, the lover, instead of being absorbed in his own sorrow,

[1] *The Raven.* By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. With Comment by Edmund C. Stedman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

grieves for his mistress' fate; instead of being fascinated by the Raven's eyes, that "burned into my bosom's core," he is lost in mental abstraction; instead of typifying by his hopeless woe a fact potentially of universal experience, he impersonates the victim of an exceptional and malign fate. We may be sure that the imagination of Poe never saw that rare and radiant maiden clasped in skeleton arms upon the nightly shore whence flew the ominous bird; she wandered happy in that Aidenn far from the regions where he must dwell; sure, too, that it was not the scythe-armed death, throned on the round earth, that rose before him when he dreamt the "dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before," — that is a very old and ordinary apparition; sure that he did not see merely gravestones, funeral wreaths, and stiff corpses beneath that gloating lamplight, and that the face of only one woman floated in his vision. But what, we wonder, would he himself, so sensitive to the fortunes of his work, have said to the cut in which the hero questions the Raven with the pose of a rope-dancer; or to the last of the series, the most materialistic of all, in which the lover's soul, lying in the shadow of "Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance," is represented as a body stretched on the floor, in the deep oblivion — to adopt the most charitable hypothesis — of a paralytic shock? Such designing is a degradation of his finely elaborated art.

These divergences (and many others could be pointed out) make Doré's work, though indebted to Poe's for its accessories and incidents, a separate creation, to be judged of by itself. It depicts, we are told, "the enigma of death and the hallucination of an inconsolable soul." The Sphinx rightly appears in it; for the associations of that symbol displace those of the head of Pallas throughout. The apparitions, too, are such as might haunt an insane mind; for, to any other, superstition becoming so palpable would become absurd. The figure which stalks, or stiffens, or writhes, through the varying scenes is the melodramatic Poe as he has been too often conceived, — a man of shattered nerves, haunted by phantasms of fear, half crazed; the Poe of Baudelaire's ravings, of Curwen's fablings, — the hero of a thousand songs, sonnets, and elegies. Such a preconception of Poe, such romancing about his sorrows, probably underlie the misrepresentation of which the illustrations are guilty. It will be strange, indeed, if the Poe myth, which substitutes a fallen angel for a poet, just as Doré substitutes delirium for imaginative sorrow, should after all survive as popular history through such books as this. In opposition, however, to the impression of Poe given by the cuts stands Mr. Stedman's remarkably just criticism and estimate of this particular poem among Poe's other verse. As he says, it is not the poet's best in imagination, in passion, or in the lift of its melodies; it is nevertheless his greatest because of the wide reach of its power. The comment makes a complete monograph of its subject. Similarly, over against Doré's frenzied drawings stands the admirable design of the title-page, by Vedder, marked by that self-restraint, that solemn suggestiveness, that calm beauty of the nobler symbolism, in which, rather than in simple supernaturalism, Poe delighted. By such examples of the critical spirit in which Poe is to be approached, and of the artistic spirit in which he is to be interpreted, the reader may well profit. It is hardly necessary to add that as a publishers' work this volume has rarely been equaled in this country.

The Princess invites illustration by the wide scope it offers the artist in its diversified landscape, its romantic incidents and dramatic situations. He does not need to stray from his subject, to indulge in "variations of the theme," as

the metamorphosis of a poem into a picture-book is now called; if his fancy and invention only keep pace with the poet's, his powers will be fully employed and his success assured. In this illustrated edition[1] of the poem of which the reputation as a masterpiece has been steadily rising for a generation, the designers have fortunately been content to follow the lead of Tennyson. They have not presumed that their eyes are truer-sighted, or their imaginations more masterly in the creative craft, than his who set the text for their marginal comment. They have simply endeavored to make more vivid and definite the castle, the wood, and the river; the girlish dismay of the fluttered neophytes, gowned in lilac and daffodilly; the mien and command of the princess; and all the beauty, the richness, the charming attitudes, of which the melodious and lucid description almost excuses the illustrator from his task. Only in the subordinate parts, the head and tail pieces, and the scrolls of the songs, has any original invention been shown; and even here good taste has not been at all trespassed upon, as is evinced by the self-restraint which limited pictorial interpretation of the perfect lyric, "Tears, idle tears," to the figure of a woman striking the harp. These numerous ornamental designs, however, are not the whole secret of the peculiar decorative effect which the series as a whole makes on the eye: the architecture, the gardens, the exquisiteness of the minor furnishings, by which the poet half laughingly marked the ineradicable instincts of woman for all adornments, help to lend a sort of arabesque character to the whole, and frame in, as it were, the beautiful faces which look out, page after page. This atmosphere of simple loveliness which enfolds the poem in its summer haze, the perfection of art which make the medley an unflawed thing of beauty, seems to have been thoroughly appreciated by those who had this volume in charge, and to have been transfused into the general character of the cuts, which, in spite of considerable individual differences in drawing and execution, maintain a very high standard of excellence. The figure-pieces are frequently unusually good, and show a great gain over those of last year in The Lady of the Lake, to which this is a companion volume. The engraving, too, is, as a rule, careful, completed work, markedly smooth, effective, and technically finished. It is a pity that the binding should have a cheap look, and be stamped with so inferior a design.

Two editions of Gray's Elegy afford new views of the long familiar but always fresh English landscape, with bits of characteristic English accessories from the old settle by the fire to the arches of the great abbey. In Harry Fenn's edition[2] the sketches are said to be made from the actual scene of the poem, the country churchyard of Stoke Pogis and its neighboring uplands and hills. This fact may not in itself add much to the value of cuts except in the truthfulness and vivacity of some of the nature pieces. Possibly, it indirectly led the artist to a certain boldness, a too strictly literal rendering, in other portions of his work: for example, the famous gems that the caves of ocean bear lose their lustre if presented in oyster shells, amid the scientific wonders of submarine scenery; to meet the sun upon the upland lawn does not imply walking into that luminary; and surely the incident of the village Hampden's resisting the little tyrant of his fields did not take place in boyhood, as it is here represented. Such defects of conception limit the value of the designs; the peculiar way in which the verses of the poem are broken up by the irregular shape of the cuts may also

[1] *The Princess.* A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

[2] *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* By Thomas Gray. Illustrated by Harry Fenn. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

seem a blemish, and the gravestone cover is positively in bad taste; but there are several very pretty sketches and some fine engraving in this gift-book, which will certainly give pleasure. In the other, which is called the Artists' Edition,[1] the same injury to the beauty of the page by cuts shaped like a stairway, and to the integrity of the poem by splitting up the lines irregularly, is noticeable, but in a much less degree. The illustrations are larger, and the whole volume is much more ambitious. There can, however, be but little variation in the essential conceptions of so plain and narrowly defined a subject. The quiet inclosure of the dead set in continual antithesis to the broad expanse of what by contrast seems a more vital nature, the remembrance of the busy labors and the home comforts which made up the short and simple annals of their lives, and the scanty outlined history of an unknown youth who lies there must suggest to all minds nearly the same visual images, however ingeniously the details be treated. Thus in this, as in the edition already noticed, one opens at random, and finds the abbey arch, the noontide under the trees, the yews and elms, and all the common symbolism of spade, scythe, rank grass, and the like. The designs have a breadth and softness quite in harmony with the general tenor of the stanzas, and the engraving is, in most cases, up to the average of American work, but seldom of the best.

Jean Ingelow's ballad, The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, has long been such a favorite with our people that it would be difficult to suggest a modern poem with a better right to the sort of illustration which, by an admirable custom, is given to brief popular pieces. Partly because it is a ballad of old Boston, but chiefly because it is so tender, musical, and pitiful, this poem deserves to be held in credit, and its memory to be revived, and its value enhanced, if that be possible, by illustration. In the edition under review[2] the landscape is given, — the town with its shipping and tower, the old sea wall with its flights of mews, the broad and reedy Lindis, the beacon flaming over the waste; the principal incidents are pictured, — the mayor climbing the belfry, the old mother spinning, Elizabeth trolling her milking song, the sweep of the mighty Eygre, the watch on the roof, and the death disclosed at the door in the morning ebb. In all this there was opportunity for effective and beautiful cuts, as indeed many of these designs would be were they not so often veiled with that unintelligible mistiness which still injures some of the modern engraving, or else allowed to melt away into an obscurity that seems meant merely to conceal the drawing. Notwithstanding these blemishes, — for such they must be regarded, — the book is to be commended for no inconsiderable portion of its illustrations, which help the text quite perceptibly in vigor and picturesqueness.

Although Mr. Scott has touched a nearly threadbare theme,[3] and has failed to accomplish the miracle of throwing new light upon it, his illustrated account of the Renaissance of art in Italy is not without a certain *raison d'être*. This lies in the singularly clear and admirable method which he has adopted in arranging his material. The work is divided into four books: the first treating of the rise of Italian art; the second, third, and fourth, of its progress, culmination, and decline. Mr. Scott gives a concise and untechnical history of the architecture, sculpture, and painting of

[1] *An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* By Thomas Gray. The Artists' Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

[2] *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571.* By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

[3] *The Renaissance of Art in Italy.* An Illustrated History. By Leader Scott. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1883.

that rich period, which extended from the middle of the fourteenth century to the end of the sixteenth. With the literary phase of the Italian Renaissance he deals only incidentally, in the course of the chapters into which his four books are subdivided. Not the least interesting of these chapters is that devoted to the minor arts of tapestry, gem-carving, metal-work, and interior decoration. The author addresses himself, as will be seen, to the general reader, and is deserving of his consideration. The volume is generously illustrated with wood-engravings, reproductions of famous canvasses and marbles, portraits, landscapes, etc., many of which are choice examples of the art.

THE ANNEXATION OF HEAVEN.

It has been a favorite generalization of philosophers that superstition has been crowded out of the world by the increase of light in what had been dark places; that as the ancients peopled the Cimmerian darkness with all manner of shapeless spirits, and these troublesome demons were driven farther and farther away as the known boundaries of the earth expanded, and that as our own ancestors in New England were troubled by devils and witches, the woods being full of them, but were dispossessed of the belief as the Indians were driven away and the woods cut down, so, in general, that the penetration of mysterious corners of the globe has not only rid mankind of one-eyed men, men with their heads under their arms, men with tails, and similar candidates for side-shows, but has freed the imagination from dire shapes that people the air and prefer midnight to noonday. When the last recess of Africa has been explored, when the valleys of the Himalayas have all been traversed, when Australia has been covered with a survey and the arctic and antarctic snows have yielded their last superficial secret, then, it is claimed, the human mind will have known the last footfall of ghost or spectre, and a universal light will have made impossible a lurking place for any superstition.

We are so near this consummation of mundane knowledge that we naturally look for signs of the accompanying spiritual deliverance. Was it in anticipation of their final expulsion that the world was visited, forty years ago or so, by a swarm of spirits, knocking at all doors for admission? And, having found a welcome, do these visitors show a reluctance to leave the fireside? The stacks in our libraries preserve for the curious the records of human trembling, when men were huddled together in the centre of the world, within the borders of an encircling ocean; has the place yet been filled which is to contain the record of human curiosity and admiration when Chinese, Japanese, and Corean visitors ceased to draw crowds, but unseen travelers from the undiscovered country were hospitably entertained?

The question is the rhetorical form into which such speculation naturally falls. We have no mind to go farther than a question just now, or to consider at all that bulk of printed matter which concerns a commerce between the next world and this. Libraries may contain it, but literature knows it not. It is only when books which claim the proportions of art come before us that we stop to read them, and reflect upon their consequence to men and women, or their influence upon literary form and spirit.

When such books come not single spies, but in battalions, we ask what impulse sent them forth to visit us.

Three or four recent books are possibly a vanguard, and one may be taken as in some sort the leader of the file. A Little Pilgrim [1] has been long enough before the public to have acted as an incentive to writers disposed to like flight of imagination. It recites, in delicately chosen phraseology, the awakening of a soul after the sleep of death, and the first experience which was met by one who on earth had led a life of service and of heavenly spirit. Mrs. Oliphant, if we may use a name commonly attributed to the author of this little book, has taken the most favorable conditions for picturing the transition of life from this world to the next, and by a supposition of a heavenly life under earthly conditions has made it easier for the imagination to pass to an earthly life under heavenly conditions. What, she seems to ask herself, would be the emotion of a soul, always occupied with the good of others, when it was transferred to a sphere where this unselfish life is the normal and usual order? The little Pilgrim therefore receives the notice of a change of outward nature with no sense of a shock, but with a tranquillity which springs from a previous adjustment of her spirit to this environment. The sensations corresponding to physical sensations are like the old, except that they are more subtle and refined. Light, sound, touch, fragrance, are still translatable into human speech, but the words used intimate a nicer shade of sense, and, in a single word, are gentler in their manifestation.

"By and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn as of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It could not be the light of the moon, which she had seen before she went to bed; and all was so still that it could not be the bustling, wintry day, which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light, growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof; her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window. The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room; she was in no scene she knew. Indeed, it was scarcely a scene at all; nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child; when she had awoke in the deep night which yet was day, early, — so early that the birds were scarcely astir, — and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her, as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her, and see where she was."

The new experience is tested by the

[1] *A Little Pilgrim.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

familiar measures, and always the same external likeness is found, but with a deeper interior significance. She finds herself dressed in a robe she does not know, but it falls so pleasantly and softly about her, fulfilling thus all necessary conditions of dress, that she abandons further thought of it; she moves forward, "walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf." She sees people coming and going, but suffers no disturbance from them. She questions about them in her mind, and hears an answer before she has asked a question. They have died, and the word suggests a similar question of herself.

"Then she said, 'Perhaps I have died, too,' with a gentle laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"'Yes,' said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, 'you have died, too.'"

This word brings the little Pilgrim out of her confusion by the sharp decision of a clear fact; and thus, with a little agitation at the birth of a consciousness within her of another life, she passes into a full and contented possession of the abundance of that life.

The transition thus made, and her heroine fairly within the bounds — or shall we say the limitless expanse? — of another world, Mrs. Oliphant's task is to resolve for her some of the problems which the new life would naturally suggest. There is no attempt at establishing the physical conditions of being; rather, body, light, air, are assumed, but everything is subordinated to the expansion of personality. Just as we go on our way without perpetually feeling of our pulse or counting our breath, so, Mrs. Oliphant delicately hints, her little Pilgrim was occupied by so much that gave exercise to her spiritual faculties as to make any mention of the corporeal functions incongruous. She was here; she was there; she had strength; she had rest after weariness: what need to inquire closely into the operations of her physical nature, when it fulfilled all needed offices in leaving her personality free to act in response to its highest demands?

There is, then, as the central figure in this little drama, a human person, who has lost no attribute of personality, but has gained in greater freedom and harmony. As on earth the little Pilgrim goes hither and thither in a service of love, so she fulfills the same service above, under conditions which magnify her power and increase her content. A few typical instances are taken of persons coming into the other world in a half-blind, bewildered, or lame state, who are at once the proper subjects for her gracious attention. It is to be noted that the operations of the drama are wholly in that other world; there is no passage back and forth between this world and that. Only the memory remains to reproduce the past scenes, and lift them, in the light of a fuller knowledge, to a truer place.

Thus the little Pilgrim finds herself in a society. It is a society of souls, having relations to one another, and each expressing its own personality through natural media. As the little Pilgrim is a sort of heavenly nurse, so the painter paints, the poet rhymes, and the singer sings. It is, to tell the truth, a somewhat artistic circle into which the reader is introduced. One shocks one's self by asking what the business man is to do; and he may be told, perhaps, that in the spiritual world the circumstance of earth is of little account, and that the honest book-keeper or salesman is not even on earth dependent upon his ledger or his merchandise for the satisfaction of his soul. Very true; yet are not the canvas, the musical instrument, and pen, ink, and paper equally unessential?

The fact is that the moment Mrs. Oliphant hints, even gently, at manual occupation a host of material questions obtrude themselves, and it is for this reason that we think her book becomes

gradually involved in perplexity, even while she is enlarging the scope of the little Pilgrim's experience. She hints at a home, but takes the reader no farther than a vine-covered porch; detail of circumstance, once entered upon, brings a troop of difficulties with it, and detail of spiritual experience it is hard to give without some corresponding physical fact.

The one fact to which the book holds, and upon which it relies for the explication of all others, is the love of God, and the warmth of this belief imparts a certain glow and generous color to the entire poem; for poem the book is, — an imaginative work, with a distinct attempt at keeping all the parts in subjection to the central idea. It is as if Mrs. Oliphant had selected a scheme of color, and took pains that her convention should not be disturbed. She has been reasonably successful in this, and has produced a work which, apart from its very tender illustration of a profound theme, may be viewed as a work of literary art.

It is as such that we are primarily considering these books before us, and therefore we must confine ourselves to this view of Miss Phelps's Beyond the Gates.[1] If Mrs. Oliphant's book was a poem, this may be described as belonging to the class of literature which has had many excellent representatives, the travel-novel. In one aspect, it is a record of personal observation in a new country; in another, it is the development of a personality through the experience of life.

The story is in autobiographic form, and its heroine is a woman who has led a life of vigorous activity and of suffering. She was a nurse in the hospitals during the war; she concerned herself about the lives of factory girls; she was the mainstay of an aged mother, a hearty younger brother who was at college, and a younger sister. Her father, a clergyman, had been dead many years. In her own more intimate experience, Mary, the heroine, had early loved a man who had married another, and she had averted her eyes, and so far as she could her thoughts, from him. She had not, as she says, an ecstatic temperament. Life she took soberly and with energy, and the higher things of life interested her in a rational way. She was not a devotee, but an honest believer in the truths of the Christian religion. "I believed," she says, "in God and immortality, and in the history of Jesus Christ. I respected and practiced prayer, but chiefly decided what I ought to do next minute. I loved life and lived it. I neither feared death nor thought much about it."

To this healthy-minded woman, untroubled by nervous disorders or a too active imagination, came a fever, and after the fever a stupor, in which she lay for thirty hours; but while in this stupor, when apparently almost lifeless, her spirit experienced a life of years spent beyond the confines of the body, and within the borders, for the most part, of heaven. The thirty hours served as the worldly time of a drama which involved elaborate processes and the lapse of years in the lives of those left on earth.

Mary's first apprehension in this new state is of the presence of her father. He conducts her by easy stages, adapted to her childish condition in a new sphere, away from her earthly associations, until they are by themselves upon a moor, when he bids her rise; and with an effort she is conscious of a passage from the round globe into space. "I use the words 'ascension' and 'arising,'" she says, "in the superficial sense of earthly imagery," and from time to time she explains how impossible it is to convey an accurate notion of what she sees and hears by means of ordinary language. Now that she has left the earth behind she is by herself for a while, becoming wonted to the new situation, and adjust-

[1] *Beyond the Gates.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

ing her confused recollection of former notions of heaven with the actuality. Her father comes to her aid, and helps her struggling thought to take adequate shape. Soon she begins to apprehend the life about her: she hears birds and the musical brook engaged in a harmonious Te Deum; she slowly discovers that what we should call nature is in this heavenly place, sentient and worshiping. Then there comes upon her a revulsion of feeling, as she remembers the loss which has fallen upon those on earth, and she prays to return to them. This prayer is not granted, but in place comes a new conception of obedience to a supreme will, which she learns through her father.

"'It is not always permitted,' he said gravely. 'We cannot return when we would. We go upon these errands when it is Willed. I will go and learn what the Will may be for you touching this matter. Stay here and wait for me.'

"Before I could speak he had departed swiftly, with the great and glad motion of those who go upon some business in this happy place; as if he himself, at least, obeyed unseen directions, and obeyed them with his whole being. To me, so lately from a lower life, and still so choked with its errors, this loving obedience of the soul to a great central Force which I felt on every hand, but comprehended not as yet, affected me like the discovery of a truth in science. It was as if I had found a new law of gravitation, to be mastered only by infinite attention."

The lesson once learned, she is permitted to revisit the earth, where she finds her cold body laid out for burial; comforts her mother, brother, and sister; attends her own funeral, with the arrangements of which she is quite well pleased; goes to the grave with the body, and remains after the sexton has hurried away. In the vigil which she keeps she becomes possessed of a full belief in the resurrection of the body, and returns to heaven. At first she meets no one; then she is aware of a stranger by her, and the walk to Emmaus is repeated, except that the Presence is not revealed by itself, but by the disclosure of a young girl whom she afterwards meets, and who proves to be one whom Mary, when on earth, had tried, but with a consciousness of failure, to redeem from an abandoned life. This girl, nevertheless, had found her way to heaven through a love for Mary, which Mary herself had not suspected, and now, being an older resident, acts as her guide. They come to water, beyond which lies a city; and Mary, fearing to walk upon the water, is drawn across in a nautilus shell by her more experienced and trusting companion.

Into this city they come, with its clean, well-ordered streets, in which are no old, or infirm, or beggarly people, but where are museums, libraries, art-galleries, and a hospital for hearts; and at last approach a small and quiet house, "built of curiously inlaid woods, that reminded me of Sorrento work as a great achievement may remind one of a first and faint suggestion." The dog on the threshold rises, as they come forward, and meets them cordially. Her companion now bids her enter, but herself withdraws, and Mary enters the house, seeing no one, but hearing footsteps, until her father again appears. It is one of the heavenly mansions, which he has been getting in readiness for his wife; and in this revelation of heaven a home becomes a great and noble fact.

Centred in this home, she now takes up an active life, in which the parts correspond, though with infinite distance, with occupations below. Instead of working at Ollendorf, she undertakes to acquire the Universal Language. Instead of a symphony concert in the Boston Music Hall, with the bronze statue of Beethoven on the stage, she attends a great festival, at which Beethoven himself conducts the orchestra and chorus

in the rendition of an oratorio which he has composed; and even after the instruments and voices have ceased the leaves on the trees repeat the music. She attends a Symphony of Colors, among the managers of which is Raphael, and even, it is rumored, Leonardo. The spectators sit in the centre of a great white globe, upon the surface of which appear in succession colors and harmonies of colors. She goes to a meeting in the open air, at which she hears St. John the Divine.

Her mother now comes and joins the home, bringing word of the fortunes of those below. There arises now in Mary a great thirst for knowledge, which shall embrace all the unanswered questions of her earthly life, and shall be had by access to the spirits of the mighty who have died. She even begins to wonder if she may not visit a world which the creations of human imagination have peopled with their forms, and come to know Don Quixote, Dinah Morris, Juliet, Uncle Tom, Colonel Newcome, Sam Weller, and other famous heroes and heroines.

While in the midst of these speculations there rushes over her the remembrance of her lost love, and then, as the last drop in her experience, he comes. At first she fears to love him, but he informs her that his wife has not yet died, and has married again, and he is free. With this consummation of her desires she ends her heavenly vision, for her stupor now ceases; she returns slowly to earthly consciousness as one wakes from a dream, and again is on the cold earth, but with heaven in her heart.

In a rapid outline of such a book, many facts, more or less necessary to the development of the story, must be omitted, yet we think we have not missed the argument of the work. There is, as the reader will have seen, a change in the character of the narrator. From being a healthy-minded, reasonable, cheerful, and sane woman, busy in the lives of others and honestly helpful, she is transformed by the exigencies of the story into a person of ecstatic temperament, ejaculatory, even at times hysterical. In this respect there is not the consistency which was to be observed in A Little Pilgrim. Heaven has wrought a great change; and though Mary comes into the fuller apprehension of truths which she had before dimly perceived, one cannot help thinking that the expansion of character is not in the direction of a large, holy life.

In another respect the book differs from A Little Pilgrim. The field of action is no longer exclusively another world, but there is a movement back and forth; and indeed, after the character is fairly at home in the celestial city, heaven itself becomes in its detail a sublimation of earth. Is it to be said that this is the case with the revelation of St. John the Divine, who describes walls and gates and pavements? But the book of Revelation is fundamentally an ethical book, and this is fundamentally an æsthetical one, having to do chiefly with sensations. In the approach to the celestial city, Miss Phelps incorporates many fine conceptions. Her expansion of the sentiment of the soul lingering after death is rich and suggestive, and there are single sentences which have a penetrating power, as where she says, "When I felt the spiritual flesh, when I used the strange muscle, when I heard the new heart-beat of my heavenly identity, I remembered certain words, with a sting of mortification that I had known them all my life, and paid so cool a heed to them: 'There is a terrestrial body, and there is a celestial body.' The glory of the terrestrial was one. Behold, the glory of the celestial was another. St. Paul had set this tremendous assertion revolving in the sky of the human mind, like a star which we had not brought into our astronomy."

Yet the heavenly city itself is a new earth, and we think that Miss Phelps's

conception should be classed rather with the Utopias of imagination than with the heavens. The vague background of landscape and architecture, which in A Little Pilgrim seemed to give projection to the figures passing in front, becomes in Beyond the Gates a very positive foreground, and one scarcely sees divine personages except in the distance. We are given very marked space in which to limit our conception of eternity.

The fiction of a dream answers Miss Phelps's purpose in enabling her to account for the adventures of her heroine. Mr. Baker,[1] who also adopts the autobiographic form, does not concern himself with any such slight concession to probability, but boldly carries his character from earth to heaven, and narrates his earliest experience there. He saves himself by calling his story a parable, as the story of Dives and Lazarus is a parable; and uses the first person in telling it, in order, we suppose, to gain directness, and because it is a revelation of personal consciousness. In this case a hero, and not a heroine, is the chief actor, and the manner of his passage into the other world has significance. He is a physician, who saves the life of a ragamuffin from the attack of a mad dog, but receives in the encounter a wound, which is healed for the time, but, according to the law of the disease, is liable to a fatal issue even so late as a year after. Not only he, but his family, his friends and neighbors, are aware of the terrible fate which overhangs him. At first he receives the homage of all men; then his heroism becomes an old story, and those who admired now shrug their shoulders; but the man and his wife never lose the sense of the ever-present shadow. So, finally, when the end comes, and the heroic physician perceives that he is to undergo the terrible sensation of a consciousness in which he will lose his personal dignity and become a brute, a vile animal, he braces himself to meet the ordeal, provides against all contingencies, and then enters the dark valley through this most hideous gate.

We do not know, nor greatly care, how accurate is Mr. Baker's pathology of hydrophobia; the scene portrayed by him is so offensive that most will hurry over it, merely glancing at it to take note of the intensity with which a strong man feels a degradation of nature which has come through strictly physical means. The contrast is in the calm which succeeds the violence, the perfect naturalness of the other world into which he passes. "If there is any way," he says, "in which I could convey the idea of the absence of anything to astonish, to thrill, to move one a grain out of the even tenor of waking life, I would use it to make plain the fact that never in my life had I felt more quietly and completely at home with myself and everything than I did in that waking moment. So when I was with my Lord, it was exactly as when Peter and the rest were with him upon the sea-shore, the grateful odor of the broiling fish upon the air."

As in Beyond the Gates, so here the hero lingers beside the dead body which he has left, and considers the matter of comforting the mourners, but is also conscious of a Will which holds his own in perfect subjection. "A goodly part of the pleasure to me in this was due to the perpetual sense I had of divine control; but it was merely the control of rhythm upon music. I had long ago resolved, for instance, that if I could, after death, I would surely give my wife some token of my continued existence and nearness to her. Now I had none of that desire, though I knew I could have done so had I wished. Two things withheld me. First, such fullness of life streamed through me that I could not conceive how any one could doubt that I was still living. Besides,

[1] *A Blessed Ghost.* A Parable of the Better Country. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884. [Advance Sheets.]

I knew it was not the will of God I should show myself to her in any way; and how can I express the compelling influence upon me of that adorable will? To differ from it was simply inconceivable. Even to desire to differ from it was as if a wren perched upon a clock tower should think to alter with claw and beak the motion of the hands and works there. It was as if a baby should fancy arresting the revolution of the earth upon its axis by planting infantile feet upon and bracing itself against it. Yes: the will of the Father was the shoreless breadth and beauty and unfathomed current of things, the Gulf Stream of all movement; and it was in my going with it lay to me the entire power, as it did the pleasure of all movement, of myself, and of everything. It was this irresistible setting in of the ocean of existence in one way and my entire surrender to it which gives me, as it does all in heaven, my unobstructed power to go and to come, to do and to be."

The revelation of heaven attempted by Mr. Baker's parable scarcely goes beyond the exchange of thought upon the new life which his hero holds with friends, new and old, whom he discovers about him. He also attends a concert, and he expands the conception of many mansions, but the reader is not granted a minute inspection of place and scenery. The parable is forgotten; as soon as the heavenly company is fairly reached, the book becomes a discourse upon a life which has been freed from human limitations, and has entered upon unbounded possibilities. As in A Little Pilgrim, the absorbing idea is of personality retained, enlarged, and made glorious through the redemption made by a Person. To the other conceptions Mr. Baker has added that of sacrifice as a way of approach.

Do these books, then, give us reason to think that we are to see a new domain of literature, — that heaven is to be annexed to earth in literary art? It is doubtless true that when a great theme absorbs the minds of men the literature and art of the day will in some sort bear witness to it; and speculations on a future state are likely to affect the imagination of poets and painters; even novelists may be thus affected. It is equally true that art, whether in painting or in letters, has laws which are supreme, and that in any portraiture of heaven the essential condition of success must be in obedience to these laws. Nothing could be more suicidal than a lawless picture of heaven. The keynote struck with different degrees of intelligence by the three writers whom we have cited is the union of divine and human personality. They perceive that this makes heaven, but in striking their chords they for the most part forget this, — Mrs. Oliphant least of all, — and wander off into themes which are not variations, but separations.

There was a time when art in painting essayed a similar result. No one can look at the Adoration of the Lamb in Ghent, by the brothers Van Eyck, without seeing that art, in taking its theme from the revelation of heaven, was not afflicted by an anxious curiosity, but chose the centre of heaven as the centre of its representation of heaven, and wrought with all the power which had been given to the executing hand. The change of interpretation from that day to this does not alter the relation of art, whether literary or pictorial, to the subject. If there be a profounder conception of the divine harmony than that which satisfied the Van Eycks, if the eye of the modern believer is no longer contented with the symbol of the lamb, but is eager to look beyond symbols to a reality which knows no surer expression than a Person, then it becomes the business, whether of art or literature, to be as truthful to current belief as the Van Eycks were to the belief of their day, and at least as reverent.

It would be idle to inquire at the end

of a paper why art has relinquished these themes, or to pursue the speculation whether some other form of art, as music, may not hold them in reserve. It is enough to say that if literature is ever to engage in the occupation of the other world it must first believe in it, and then use its imagination to expand the known properties. If it merely hauls into boundless space the baggage of this world, it is pretty sure to lose its way, and reach no definite end. For forty years or so we have had by our doors a mass of printed matter, which is witness to the struggle of human minds after a spacial and temporal representation of the life after death. All this while there has been a rapid movement in theology and philosophy, which tends to destroy the delusive notion that eternity is merely a prolongation of time. These books which we have cited have caught a breath from the higher philosophy, and it is that which gives them any value. Nevertheless, they are still shackled by the materialistic conceptions of heaven, the pagan notion of elysian fields in the future. If the religious imagination is ever to produce a work having heaven for its theme, and yet obedient to the gospel of hope, it will not make it its first business to secure a suitable other world in which to set up its figures of humanity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It goes without saying that in this country we do not know much about feudal castles. Whatever wondrous reconciliations between opposed styles in architecture we may have to show, a traveler would journey hundreds upon hundreds of miles without once seeing towers and battlements, or so much as a moated grange. It was therefore a great surprise when, lately passing through a woodland near my home, I came upon what completely satisfied my notion of an ancient manor house. The inmates, if there were inmates, I fancied were taking a hundred years' sleep, so mouldy and solitary was the air of the place. With a boldness I would now call foolhardiness, I determined to explore the gloomy mansion. When at last I stood in a spacious chamber, well at the top of the house, it seemed somewhat strange that I could not remember by what steps I had arrived there. But my attention was soon directed to the great array of old armor which hung on the walls. I thought of the stir that such a *trouvaille* would cause in the State Historical Society (hitherto compelled to take up with Indian and Mound Builder relics). I felt a thrill of satisfaction that my name, as the finder, would be connected with this valuable antiquarian collection. In the midst of these reflections, I was startled by the sound of footsteps in some adjoining chamber. Instantly, fear laid hold on me; on cautious tiptoe, I hurried out through the nearest door, and was rejoiced to find not so much as a ghost to dispute the passage. There was a flight of stairs, down which I hastened with a kind of winged speed (for I still heard footsteps). Following the turn in the landing, I came to another flight of stairs, and descended this to another; and so on, down, down, until a landing, or hall-way, was reached that had but one door, and a window opposite. Thinking to make my way out at last, I opened the door. Complete darkness. A slight, soughing draught from I knew not whence brought a thick veil of cob-

webs across my face. I dared not take refuge in this mysterious limbo; yet something must be done, for the steps of the pursuer were heard louder and nearer. Quick as thought, I ran to the end of the hall, and leaped through the window, — not to the ground, however, but into another chamber! Then I — but for artistic reasons I prefer not to recount the manner of my escape. There 's but one fault to be found with the charming tales of Morphean adventure told in The Spectator: the author seems to think it needful he should reverse his spells, and invite the reader to witness the dissolution of the "baseless fabric." Why should he take such pains, when the reader does not ask to be disenchanted?

— Steam and gunpowder have often proved the most eloquent apostles of civilization, but the impressiveness of their arguments was perhaps never more strikingly illustrated than at the little railway station of Gallegos, in Northern Mexico. When the first passenger train crossed the viaduct, and the wizards of the North had covered the festive table with the dainties of all zones, the governor of Durango was not the most distinguished visitor; for among the spectators on the platform the natives were surprised to recognize the Cabo Ventura, the senior chief of a hill-tribe, which had never formally recognized the sovereignty of the Mexican republic. The Cabo, indeed, considered himself the lawful ruler of the entire *Comarca*, and preserved a document in which the Virey Gonzales, *en nombre del Rey*, — in the name of the king, — appointed him "protector of all the loyal tribes of Castro and Sierra Mocha." His diploma had an archæological value, and several amateurs had made him a liberal offer; but the old chieftain would as soon have sold his scalp. His soul lived in the past. All the evils of the age he ascribed to the demerits of the traitors who had raised the banner of revolt against the lawful king; and as for the countrymen of Mr. Gould, the intrusive *Yangueses*, his vocabulary hardly approached the measure of his contempt when he called them *herexes y combusteros*, — heretics and humbugs.

"But it cannot be denied," Yakoob Khan wrote to his father, "that it has pleased Allah to endow those sinners with a good deal of brains;" and the voice of rumor gradually forced the Cabo to a similar conclusion, till he resolved to come and see for himself.

When the screech of the iron Behemoth at last resounded at the lower end of the valley, and the train swept visibly around the curve of the river-gap, the natives set up a yell that waked the mountain echoes; mothers snatched up their babies; men and boys waved their hats and jumped to and fro, in a state of the wildest excitement. Only the old Cabo stood stock-still. His gaze was riveted upon the phenomenon that came thundering up the valley; his keen eye enabled him to estimate the rate of speed, the trend of the up-grade, the breadth, the length, the height, of the cars. When the train approached the station the crowd surged back in affright, but the Cabo stood his ground, and as soon as the cars stopped he stepped down upon the track. He examined the wheels, tapped the axles, and tried to move the lever; and when the engine backed up for water, he closely watched the process of locomotion, and walked to the end of the last car to ascertain the length of the train. He then returned to the platform, and sat down, covering his face with both hands.

Two hours later the governor of Durango found him in still the same position.

"Hallo, Cabo!" he called out, "how do you like this? What do you think now of America Nueva?" ("New America," a collective term for the republics of the American continent.)

The chieftain looked up. "*Sabe Dios*,

— the gods know, Señor Commandante, but *I* know this much: with old America it 's all up."

"Is it? Well, look here: would you now like to sell that old diploma? I still offer you the same price."

The Cabo put his hand in his bosom, drew forth a leather-shrouded old parchment, and handed it to his interlocutor. "Vengale, Usted, — it 's worthless, and you are welcome to keep it." Nevertheless he connived, when the governor slipped a gold piece into the pouch and put it upon his knees, minus the document.

But just before the train started, the governor heard his name called, and stepped out upon the platform of the palace-car, when he saw the old chieftain coming up the track. "I owe you a debt, Señor," said he; "*y le pagarè en consejo*, — I want to pay it off in good advice: Beware of those strangers."

"What strangers?"

"The caballeros who invented this machine."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" laughed the governor, as the train started.

The old Cabo waved his hand in a military salute. "*Estamos ajustado:* Señor Commandante, this squares our account."

— A few words upon the leading characteristic of the modern stage, at least in England, and in America so far as our theatre takes its cue from London. I will begin by saying that Mr. Lawrence Barrett, above all other American players, deserves the gratitude of our poets and playwrights for his plucky, steadfast promotion of their dramatic work. How charming and full of encouragement to all concerned is his successful revival of Mr. Boker's Francesca da Rimini, after its merits had been treated with indifference for twenty-five years! That highly poetic drama has recently ended a triumphal run of nine weeks in New York, at the close of which Mr. Barrett made a neat address. From his remarks, however, — and this brings me to the point, — it is plain that we have no "actors;" the actor is a memory of the past, his place having been taken by the "artist." Throughout the stage speech in question, there is but one mention of an actor, — Edwin Booth. On the contrary, brief as it was, the word "artist" is used no less than seven times, and applied to Mr. Barrett himself, to Mr. Wallack, to Miss Anderson, to Mr. Irving, and to the "artists" of the Lyceum Company.

Possibly Mr. Barrett makes a distinction, judging that the terms "actor" and "artist" justly indicate the relative qualities of Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving. If so, there are not a few who will agree with him. For Booth certainly is an actor by birth and purpose; and Irving seems to me an artist, first of all. No independent observer, visiting the Lyceum in London, and familiar with Mr. Irving's rise and influence, can think otherwise. It is due to his art instincts, supplemented by incredible tact and social diplomacy, that he has brought all England to accept his supremacy. Never before was there a player or manager, if we except Charles Kean, with so apt a feeling for the picturesque; and Kean, as a stage artist, was years in advance of the predestined time. Mr. Irving allied himself, with quick perception, to the art revival which followed the pre-Raphaelite movement, and has made his stage its mirror, and himself its embodiment. His most striking impersonations are addressed to the eye, and "made up" from famous pictures. The absurdities of his love-making in the early acts of The Lady of Lyons are forgotten near the close, where he returns from the war, in dress and visage the living counterpart of Buonaparte in Egypt. In Hamlet, Irving and Miss Terry compose a *tableau vivant* of Millais's Huguenot Lovers; in Charles the First we have the very portrait by Van

Dyke. Then his beautiful and elaborate mountings of Romeo and Juliet, — in fact, of all the plays in his repertory! Paul Veronese, reborn and turned stage manager, could not excel them. Yes, Mr. Irving is without doubt an artist, and a great one, and no setting can be too rich and truthful for an imaginative play. For all this I am duly grateful, yet wonder how far he could rely upon his histrionic powers alone; and I am disposed to reserve my warmest plaudits for actors like Salvini, Jefferson, Booth, whose passion and genius make exacting audiences forget the mean accessories of the shabbiest stage.

— There has always been something of a puzzle to me in the diversity that subsists between the two forms or modes of working of the imagination; between imagination active and creative and imagination receptive and passive, — or comparatively passive, for of course the mind is never, strictly speaking, at rest. The distinction is real, and not nominal, merely. Among the people we talk with, the authors we read, we notice in how different measure they have received from nature the precious gift. But it is not a matter simply of the more or less of imagination; there is the manifest difference of kind or quality, also. It appears that one cannot have the higher, creative faculty, at least to any large degree, without possessing the inferior faculty, which acts upon images presented to it from without, taking up and appropriating conceptions it has not originated. On the other hand, one can very well have this receptive imagination without a particle of the creative. I have a friend who is singularly destitute of the latter, while more than commonly endowed with susceptibility to imaginative impressions; and there seems something strange in the same person being at once so rich and so poor in this sort of intellectual treasure. Though able to appreciate and genuinely enjoy poetry and fiction, and quick in response to the thousand appeals which both nature and life make to the imagination, she is incapable of *producing* anything in the line of imaginative art. And there are others far less imaginatively impressionable,— some, in fact, who are obtuse, where she is readily responsive, — who nevertheless can do what she cannot, whose imagination works inventively where hers is powerless. I do not mean to imply that they are necessarily the enviable persons, and she the one to be compassionated; perhaps it is rather the contrary, and the power to enjoy widely and deeply the things of the imagination is to be craved more than the ability to produce imaginative works, unless they are to be of the highest. I do not know if my friend's mental constitution is an unusual one, but I have observed this same limitation of power in regard to other qualities, intellectual or quasi-intellectual. I really know of no one with a keener sense for, and stronger delight in, humor and wit, yet never by any chance was she known to say a witty thing, or to suggest a humorous one.

Will any psychologist kindly furnish me with an explanation of her case which is a real explanation, and not merely a change of verbal statement of it. I confess there is something unintelligible to me in the way a mental force can work strongly in one direction, and be shut off from action in another near and parallel one.

— I lately heard a young woman say with considerable indignation, as a time-honored but time-dishonoring guest left her house, that she should teach her boys one thing: that they never must make an evening visit lasting more than half an hour. I protested, remembering certain acquaintances whom I am only too glad to have come early and stay late; but when we had talked longer about this important subject, I was forced to admit that this devoted mother was likely to do her young sons a kind-

ness. I should even like to have the making and enforcing of a law that half an hour should be all that an uninvited guest could be allowed to accept or demand. Too much time is little better than wasted in trying to fulfill fancied obligations to our neighbors. To be sure, there are old and dear friends who come now and then, at our well-known desire and entreaty, to spend an evening, when there is time for a long talk and a leisurely comparing of interests and experiences and opinions. But those persons who are really welcome visitors, and who have it in their power to give pleasure, are not likely to weary us by coming too often; for they usually can spare little time from the employments and purposes which have made them what they are. There are other friends and acquaintances, however, who are to be separately considered. We are bound to each other by various ties of affection and association, of kinship and common interest; we belong to the same set in society, or go to the same church; in short, we have relations, either of a public or private social character, with a certain number of persons. We are supposed to recognize each other's existence by paying a short visit at suitable intervals. We pay the compliment of making a call out of courtesy, and because of our interest and our desire to let every other duty and pleasure go by, while we spend a little time in each other's society. Now the system of social visiting (which was lately complained of in these columns, under another aspect) means either something or nothing to us. Either it has its use and reason, and is a welcome thing, or else it is a hindrance and a mockery. The formal call should certainly be short; and it is apt to be short in the daytime, when everybody is in more or less of a hurry, and is obliged to let the fact be known; but it is in the evening that most suffering is inflicted. Unless there is some permission or invitation given, it seems a very daring thing to assume that a family would desire to relinquish all its plans for an evening's rest or enjoyment in order to spend the time in entertaining one person.

It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be admitted during the evening: on the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed, if it is known at the outset that he has come in for a short time; that he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and, in short, worth listening to and entertaining. But the illy-concealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face after another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half hours, and each member of the family in turn comes despairingly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a deplorable thing. We are responsible for the state of our consciences, and if we have allowed them to become so dull that they do not give us the unmistakable warning to go away, then we must not fret if we are warded off, dreaded, and called bores. I was delighted to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend, without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written at some time during

that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes; it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stay longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overhurried city life, nothing is so precious as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish — or ought to wish — to make life pleasant for ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time; but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct towards us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. Red-Letter Days Abroad, by John L. Stoddard (Osgood), is ostensibly a book of travels, occupied with Spain, Ober-Ammergau, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, but the pictorial portion of the book is its excuse for being. There are many pleasing pictures, with text to accompany them. The text is arranged in order and reads straight forward; nevertheless, the writer is a speaker addressing an audience and pointing to his views. The device of assuming a companionship in travel, common enough in books, becomes here an irresistible suggestion of a showman. — Good Night and Good Morning, words by Lord Houghton, illuminations and etchings by Walter Severn (Roberts Bros.), is eight cards temporarily strung on blue silk, in a manner which exasperates the masculine mind, and makes him wish to relegate the thing to the work-basket. — Lead, Kindly Light, is Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, illustrated by St. John Harper and G. R. Halm (Roberts Bros.) with figures and decorative work, all obviously symbolic. There is, it may be said, no unity about the book, for the figures do not represent any single personality, but make a diverse and scattered commentary on the hymn. — The Bryant Calendar (Appleton) follows the present vogue of a large card with a block gummed upon it, the literature of which cannot be known in full till the end of the year. The art part of the calendar is rather commonplace, and the pink of the scroll and the rose introduces an unpleasant accent into what otherwise might be a somewhat pleasing combination of colors. — Fair Words about Fair Women, gathered from the poets by O. B. Bunce (Appleton), is an anthology made with good judgment, and arranged in a series of hypothetical evenings of a club. Wisely enough, the editor does not force his little fiction upon the reader. The tablets and other decorations, by How, if we read the name correctly, are graceful and in harmony. — Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles, by the Rev. H. H. Bishop, is an oblong book of coarse wood-cuts, arranged to show the changes which have taken place from the earliest days of Britain, with a running commentary of text. It is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of which the American agents are E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York. — The Hymns of Martin Luther, set to their original melodies, with an English version, edited by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, assisted by Nathan H. Allen (Scribners), is an admirable souvenir of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. It contains Luther's prefaces, and gives the English reader the best results of German scholarship in a clear and agreeable form. — A Little Girl among the Old Masters, with introduction and comment by W. D. Howells (Osgood), is surely one of the most delightful glimpses of a rare childhood. The little girl, sojourning in Italy, found her best friends among the early Florentine painters, and thought their thoughts over again in her sympathetic mind, reproducing them in her own childish dialect. The humorous and quaint commentary of Mr. Howells fits perfectly with the child's

pictures, and the pictures themselves recall William Blake and Kate Greenaway, as well as the Florentines. Fortunate the old masters in finding such an interpreter. — A Year of Sunshine may perhaps be placed here, since it relies in part upon its red lines and general attractiveness. It is a volume of cheerful extracts for every day in the year, selected and arranged by Kate Sanborn. (Osgood.) It has suspicious blankness at the foot of each page; these empty spaces, however, are not for rainy days, but for autographs. We know some persons who would not have a perfectly cloudless day if they were asked to fill some of those blanks.

Books for Young People. The Chronicle of the Cid (Dodd, Mead & Co.) belongs to the very commendable class of books, which we heartily welcome, of world's literature made accessible to the young. This is mainly from Southey's version, by Richard Markham. The illustrations, by H. W. McVickar and Alfred Brennan, have little left of what excellence they may have had before being rendered by whatever process was adopted. — Our Boys in China is described on the title-page, apparently by the author, Harry W. French, as the thrilling story of two young Americans, Scott and Paul Clayton, wrecked in the China Sea, on their return from India, with their strange adventures in China. (Lee & Shepard.) The book is a sequel to the author's previous Our Boys in India, and is an attempt at a reconstruction of erroneous conceptions of China upon a basis of improbable fact. — Mr. Charles Nordhoff's Man-of-War Life, a boy's experience in the United States navy during a voyage around the world in a ship of the line (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a reissue of a book originally published in 1854, but too good to go out of print, and now dressed in the book-clothes of the period. Mr. Nordhoff has a manly way about him in his narrative, which recommends the book to every honest boy. — Oliver Optic is writing a series called the Boat-Builder series, of which the second number, Snug Harbor, or the Champlain Mechanics, is before us. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Adams has changed his tactics somewhat, and now makes his books less adventurous and more educational. In this volume he advocates, by the agency of a story, the introduction of industrial training into a common-school education; and one is quite ready to let him ride so excellent a hobby, although his horse would get to the end of the road quicker if his rider did not think it necessary to make a war hobby-horse of him, and attack the riders who prefer other roads to the educational goal. We are thankful for the change, however, even though the youngsters of Mr. Optic's invention still wear heads out of all proportion to their shoulders. — The series of Minor Wars of the United States (Dodd, Mead & Co.) may be taken as appealing to young readers. A recent volume is A Narrative History of King Philip's War and the Indian Troubles in New England, by Richard Markham. The author has used freely such accounts as those of Gardener and Mrs. Rowlandson. It was a pity to follow the archaic spelling in copying the older chronicles; such fidelity is useful only in strictly antiquarian work. The whole story is a painful one, and ought never to be told by itself, but as a part of the fuller life of the communities; as it is here given, the young reader will be quite likely to misunderstand the whole business. — Another volume in the same series is History of the War with Mexico, by Horatio O. Ladd. Mr. Ladd recognizes the moral obliquity which brought on the war, but he glories in the valor of the American soldier, and is enthusiastic over the results of the war in the increase of the Union and its wealth. The book gives, what is not easily had elsewhere, a brief sketch of the war, not too technical for the ordinary reader, and not too burdened either with philosophy or rhetoric. — Elsie's New Relations, what they did and how they fared at Ion, a sequel to Grandmother Elsie, by Martha Finley (Dodd, Mead & Co.), may be classed among juveniles, though the principal characters are all young married people. They are married, but they are very, very young, and one feels a little compunction at being allowed to intrude on some of their very private interviews. — Stories from Livy, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church (Dodd, Mead & Co.), will be found a good book to put beside the author's previous renderings of Virgil and others. Do the publishers really think that they treat Flaxman handsomely in their versions of his designs? — Part Fifth of the Boy Travellers in the Far East, by Thomas W. Knox, is the Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa. (Harpers.) Like the previous volumes, it is an ornate, liberally illustrated work, chock full of useful information, which the boys reel off by the yard, but there is no indication that two boys ever did cross Africa. The whole journey has the air of having been made in a library. — The Ball of the Vegetables, and other stories, in prose and verse, by Margaret Eytinge (Harpers), is a lively book, but the liveliness is that of a jumping-jack rather than of a cricket. — The Bear-Worshippers of Yezo, or the adventures of the Jewett Family and their friend Oto Nambo, by Edward Greey (Lee & Shepard), is a continuation of a series, and is evidently based on extensive acquaintance with Japan; but could not the information all have been reduced in quantity and made more rememberable? — Kittyleen, by Sophie May (Lee & Shepard), is one of the series of Flaxie Wiggle Stories, and, like the rest, is taken up with the joys and sorrows of very young children, whose language is less perfectly developed than their ingenuity. — Phil and his Friends, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard), is the story of a boy who was left in pawn with a landlord by a graceless father in debt for his board. Starting with this improbability, the rest of the book is credible and of no special value. — Mrs. Celia Thaxter's Poems for Children (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is an agreeable little volume to read with a child, the incidents are so simple and so musically related. It ought to be a favorite, with its soft printing in brown ink and its general attractiveness. The illustrations, by Miss Plympton, give a decorative look to the book, but are not clearly defined, like Mrs. Thaxter's poetry. — The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch is parts of Plutarch's Lives, edited for young people, with

an introduction by John S. White, head-master of Berkeley School. (Putnams.) The text is Clough's Dryden. There are good maps and some interesting engravings. Perhaps the introduction to a full reading of Plutarch might have been more attractive if it had been briefer; the bulk is against it, but we have only welcome for an honest and serviceable book like this. — Speech and Manners for Home and School, by Miss E. S. Kirkland (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a little story embodying some of the elementary principles of grammar and conduct. It is a photographic reproduction, the author says, of certain parts of school-teaching. There is a good deal of quiet humor, and much ingenious working in of errors of speech and manners. It is a good book to place in the hands of a hopelessly ungrammatical and ill-mannered child. — The bound volume of Harper's Young People for 1883 makes an annual which it would seem impossible, from its size, to read through in a year, yet its fifty-two parts have probably been no severe tax upon those who have taken this watermelon in weekly slices. — Heroes of Literature is the title of a volume for young people, in which John Dennis has endeavored to excite an interest in English poetry by giving running comments upon the persons of poets from the earliest times to the present. (S. P. C. K., Young, New York.) — The small reader will find nothing among the Christmas books of the year more delightful than The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Scribner's Sons.) The old Sherwood Forest legends never had a prettier setting than Mr. Pyle's pen and pencil have given them.

History. In the important series of Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, published for the State by Weed, Parsons & Company, Albany, the latest volume is Documents relating to the History of the Early Colonial Settlements, principally on Long Island, with a map of its western part, made in 1666, translated, compiled, and edited from the original records in the office of the secretary of state and the state library, by B. Fernow, keeper of the historical records. The volume comprises Indian deeds, patents, letters, court records, and the like, a mine of curious material for the student. All the old quarrels are here fought over, and village scandal becomes subject for historical societies. — A new edition of Still's Underground Railroad Records (William Still, Philadelphia) has a life of the author added. Here is a book which contains an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and suggestion for the future novelist who wishes to use, as he will be sure to, incidents of the struggle between freedom and slavery. There is no more human appeal in literature than these annals make. — Of a different sort is the historical work in two volumes, by James D. Bulloch, naval representative of the Confederate States in Europe during the civil war, entitled The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe, or How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped. (Putnams.) The author is probably the only person who could give so full a history of this service, and the reader will be grateful that he is not long detained over the questions of the conflict, but carried directly into the history of the secret service, which necessarily includes a pretty full study of the relations held to the Confederacy by the government of Great Britain. — Historical Sketches of New Mexico, from the Earliest Records to the American Occupation, by L. Bradford Prince (Leggett Bros., New York), should not be slighted because in external appearance it is a little unprepossessing. Judge Prince has collected in a convenient form a great deal of curious and interesting material, arranged in chronological order, relating to New Mexico, and has made his book a useful brief for the historical student. — Oregon, the Struggle for Possession, by William Barrows, is the second volume in the series of American Commonwealths (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and makes an excellent antithesis to Cooke's Virginia. Mr. Barrows goes carefully over the story of the contest for Oregon, and brings out in piquant fashion the various forces at work in settling the Oregon question. His narrative of Whitman's Ride will bring to many readers a new and striking piece of American romance, and his study of Webster's connection with the question throws light upon a confused subject. — Newfoundland, its history, its present condition, and its prospects in the future, is the joint production of Joseph Hatton and the Rev. M. Harvey. (Doyle & Whittle, Boston.) The book has a curious little history. The original work was written mainly by Mr. Harvey, who had free access to materials in Newfoundland and the advantage of residence in the country. He was assisted by Mr. Hatton, an accomplished journalist, with access to material in London; the book was published in England, and now is republished here under the editorial revision of its principal author. The book thus has "growed." It is an interesting work, by a painstaking student, who sets about a thorough representation of the country, and if the reader will add Mr. Lowell's New Priest in Conception Bay he will supply the only apparent deficiency, for the authors have left one to infer the social characteristics of the people. — The Nature of Positive Law, by John M. Lightwood (Macmillan), may perhaps be included in this section because of its direct relation to historic study. Mr. Lightwood has undertaken to supplement and correct Austin's work by a use of such labors as those of Sir Henry Maine and Von Ihering, and his general results may be summed up in his statement, "Law is a collection of rules regulating either human actions or human relations, which spring from and explain the current rules of morality, and which therefore depend for their support upon the general assent of the people," and not upon Force, which is only occasionally summoned in aid. — Mosaics of Grecian History, by Marcius Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson (Harpers), is an attempt to give within a moderate compass a History of Greece, of which the skeleton is the construction of the editors of the work, and the flesh is composed of patches from a great variety of authors. It makes a narrative history, but it fails to explain by its own contents why any one should read history. — The

Course of Empire, outlines of the chief political changes in the history of the world (arranged by centuries), with variorum illustrations by Charles Gardner Wheeler. (Osgood.) This is a historical handbook. Beginning with the fifth century before Christ, a map of Europe is given in colored outline, and then follows text, containing a brief statement of the political complexion. The variorum illustrations are short passages from a variety of authors. The plan excludes America from the map, and gives no conception of the real historic course of such an empire as that of England. We cannot highly praise the scheme of the book. — Louis XIV. et Strasbourg, essai sur la politique de la France en Alsace, d'après des documents officiels et inédits, par A. Legrelle (Hachette, Paris), is a third edition, revised and enlarged. It traces the history from the Celtic beginnings down to the end of the First Empire, but the bulk of the work of course is concerned with the period of Louis XIV.

Biblical Criticism and Ecclesiastical History. The fourth volume of Dr. Schaff's Popular Commentary on the New Testament (Scribners) includes the Catholic Epistles and Revelation, and thus completes the work. It is very minute, and to our minds wordy. Hints surely are worth more than full explanations in such works. — The second volume of a new edition of Dr. Schaff's History of the Christian Church (Scribners) has appeared. It is devoted to antenicene Christianity, A. D. 100–325. In the revision the author has undertaken to press into service the many investigations of scholars which have appeared since the publication of the first edition. — In the series of the Fathers for English Readers, published by the S. P. C. K. (Young, New York), the latest volume consists of biographies of St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Martin of Tours, by J. G. Cazenove. — Perhaps we may place here Arius the Libyan, an idyl of the primitive church (Appleton) in the time of Constantine and Athanasius. It is an attempt to reconstruct in fictitious form the life of that time.

Literature and Literary History and Criticism. Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists (Putnams) is a tidy series of three volumes, containing essays by masters of English style. The editor confines his selection to English and American literature of this century. Irving, Hunt, Lamb, and De Quincey are the earliest, and Leslie Stephen is the latest. It is a delightful collection in attractive form. — Classic Heroic Ballads, selected by the editor of Quiet Hours (Roberts Bros.), does not in the main go back of Walter Scott. The selection is certainly good for what it contains, and the editor has kept in mind the two qualities of such ballads, a story and a song. — The English Grammar of William Cobbett, carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres (Appleton), comes upon the heels of a recent edition of the same book, which gave more notice of Cobbett himself. Cobbett's grammar has the merit of being exceedingly practical and direct. The editor has annotated the work very closely. — Mr. F. H. Underwood has followed his biographies of Longfellow and Lowell with one of Whittier (Osgood), which will serve as an accompaniment to his poems. — Mr. George Willis Cooke, who prepared a study of Emerson, has now produced George Eliot, a critical study of her life, writings, and philosophy. (Osgood.) Where a writer like George Eliot has written abundantly on a great range of ethical, social, and religious subjects, the task of a critic is largely that of one who should make a concordance of ideas, and this Mr. Cooke appears to have done. He has the patience and charity of a critic, but hardly the penetration which seizes upon a central thought and turns it into an epigram. — Slavonic Literature, by W. R. Morfill, is a compilation from original authorities for the use of general readers of the facts relating to the dawn of European literature among the Slavs. (S. P. C. K., Young, New York.) — Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has edited a translation of the letters of Heloise to Abelard, given in Berington's Lives of Abelard and Heloise, and furnished a graceful introduction. The book is a dainty little volume, as befits the subject. (Osgood.) — In Topics of the Time (Putnams), the sixth number bears the title Art and Literature, and contains half a dozen papers from the leading English reviews. — Golden Thoughts from The Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos the Quietest, with preface by J. Henry Shorthouse (Scribners), may fairly be brought into literature, — as fairly as the Imitation of Christ. It is more mystical than that work, but, like it, appeals to a fine consciousness. — The Valley of Unrest, edited by Douglas Sherley (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.), is a specimen of bookmaking so unusual that it is difficult to decide on its literary merit, which seems not striking, compared with the brick-red paper upon which the text is printed in black ink. The anonymous writer (obviously the editor), who poses as a schoolmate of Edgar A. Poe, relates a picturesque episode in the boy-life of the poet. Whether or not the story is invented, it has an oddity about it that would charm even without typographical eccentricities. — The Macmillans have issued a neat edition of Matthew Arnold's prose works in seven volumes. We shall find occasion later to speak at length of Mr. Arnold's writings, and especially of his poems, which ought to have been included in the present collection. — The Sonnets of Milton, edited by Mark Pattison (D. Appleton & Co.), is among the latest of the Parchment series, — a charming set of little books. The writers of poems of fourteen lines would do well to give night and day to the study of the first ten or twelve pages of Mr. Pattison's Introduction to the Sonnets. This introductory essay is admirable, as are also the editor's notes and comments on the Sonnets.

Fiction. Hand and Ring, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnam), is a story which relies on the author's ingenuity in tying a hard knot, and then untying it. — Who 's to blame ? by Henry Fauntleroy (Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville), is an attack, in the form of a story of Western life, upon the alleged rottenness of the judiciary. — Nights with Uncle Remus, myths and legends of the old plantation, by Joel Chandler Harris (Osgood), is a successor to the jovial Uncle Remus, and enriched by the author's new confidence in his powers. One may be a general reader

and be delighted, or a comparative anthropologist, or whatever it is, and be edified. It is curious to see how Æsop reappears, and the Greek slave finds an avatar in the African slave. — Judith, a chronicle of old Virginia, by Marian Harlan (Our Continent Publishing Co., Philadelphia), is a tale of the Nat Turner insurrection, and still more a picture of Virginian life, which it represents with firm touches. — Belinda is Rhoda Broughton's latest novel (Appleton), in which intrigue is carried to the last step but one. It is a feverish, unwholesome book, with a smirking bow to propriety. — Vagabondia, by Mrs. Burnett (Osgood), is her Dorothea-Dolly novel corrected, and, since it must live, given a respectable home and dress. — A Castle in Spain, by James De Mille (Harpers), enjoys some very clever illustrations by E. A. Abbey. — The latest numbers in Harper's Franklin Square Library are A Struggle for Fame, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, and Hearts, by David Christie Murray. — Round about Rio, by Frank D. Y. Carpenter (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a lively tourist-novel, in which a party of Americans visit Rio, and a wedding takes place on the last fly-leaf.

Art. Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture, by Charles C. Perkins (Scribners), is an octavo volume, abundantly illustrated, in which the sculpture before Niccola Pisano is treated as a separate essay, after which, in greater detail, follow three books, The Revival and Gothic Period, The Early Renaissance, and The Later Renaissance. It is a pity that a handbook so convenient and so full should not have enjoyed better printing. — The new volume of L'Art (J. W. Bouton & Co.) does more than sustain its claim to the first place among art publications. The critical and descriptive letterpress is unusually valuable. M. Octave Lacroix continues his charming account of Un Voyage Artistique au Pays Basque. The various papers on the Salon of 1883 will reward the reader. In the critical department is an appreciative estimate of Mr. C. B. Curtis's unique catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo. The excellence of the literature of the present issue is handsomely supplemented by artist and engraver. Several of the full-page reproductions of old masters are exceedingly fine, and there are two etchings, — La Nouvelle Cathédrale, and Le Quai de Rive-Neuv at Marseilles, — which the possessor will at once desire to frame. — The Catalogue of the Art Department of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute (Cupples, Upham & Co., is an ideal catalogue. The volume contains an alphabetical list of 731 paintings, drawings, engravings, etc., and is illustrated by 57 full-page pictures reproduced from the original works by etching, photo-engraving, and the albertype process. In almost every instance the work thus reproduced is worthy of the careful pains bestowed upon it by the editor, who has placed us under further obligations to him by supplementing the collection with a series of well-written papers on various art-topics. Among the contributors to this section of the catalogue are Arlo Bates, E. H. Clement, J. J. Jarves, Charles De Kay, E. A. Silsbee, and Mrs. M. G. Van Renssalaer. The typography and printing of the book do credit to the press of Mr. Arthur Turnure. In mechanical execution the Paris Salon has issued no catalogue comparable with this.

Biography. Life of Wagner, by Louis Nohl, translated from the German by George P. Upton (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), furnishes one with a somewhat inflated account of the musician's career. It is written by an enthusiastic admirer. — Francis Bacon, a Critical Review of his Life and Character, with selections from his writings, by B. G. Lovejoy. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Lovejoy adds on his title-page that it is adapted for colleges and high schools. Perhaps the justification of this is in the author's statement: "The aim of this sketch has been to point out with particularity the frailty of the man, in order to avoid confusing his intellectual excellence with his moral weakness." Will it be believed that this editor, enumerating the editions of Bacon, stops short at Basil Montagu's, which he describes as a nearly perfect collection! — In the New Plutarch series a recent number is Marie Antoinette, by Sarah Tytler (Putnams), which aims to be more personal than historical in its treatment. The queen has her votaries, though they are not as passionate as those of Mary Queen of Scots.

Poetry. Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets, by Frances L. Mace (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is marked by much true poetic feeling, expending itself largely upon subjects which do not immediately win the reader. — Stray Chords, by Julia R. Anagnos (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is largely lyrical in its character, with an occasional almost old-fashioned air, — as old-fashioned, that is, as Moore. — Poems in Prose, by Ivan Tourguéneff (Cupples, Upham & Co.), may fairly be placed here, since the *motif* is always a poetical one, and the form is often rhapsodical. Little prose bursts, a page or two long, give one no ill-conception of Tourguéneff's sighs and breathings. — In Nazareth Town, a Christmas Fantasy, and other poems, by John W. Chadwick (Roberts Bros.), the prevailing sentiment is that of personal friendship and sympathy. — Mr. Edwin Arnold has published Indian Idylls from the Sanskrit of the Mahâbhârata (Roberts Bros.), a translation for the first time into English of some of the stories, and inferentially an introduction to the great fountain of Hindu poetry.

Text Books and Education. American Colleges, their Students and Work, by Charles F. Thwing (Putnams), is a revised and enlarged edition of a useful little book by a recent graduate, who has taken pains to collect trustworthy information from a number of representative colleges of their internal economy and the social life. — Modern French Readings, edited by William J. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has for its leading object "to furnish the student with progressive materials for becoming acquainted with the current language of France, under the influences that are giving it a new phase of development." Thus the earliest author cited is Berquin, and the latest is Victor Hugo. There is a good collection of notes. — Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, who has before compiled leaflets from standard authors, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and others, has taken up Motley on the same plan, intending the work for the convenience of classes. (Harpers.)

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IN WAR TIME.

III.

Dr. Wendell had very early acquired a few patients in the widely scattered village. Most of them were poor, and were either mechanics, or else workmen attached to the many woolen mills in his neighborhood. But as time went on he had also attracted, by degrees, a few of a somewhat better class. His manners were gentle and amiable, and manners have a good deal to do with business success in medicine, — indeed sometimes insure a fair amount of it even where their possessor has but a moderate share of brains, since patients are rarely competent critics as to all that ought to go to make up a doctor, and in fact cannot be.

Meanwhile, his life was not a hard one. He spent his early morning at the hospital, after seeing any urgent cases near his home; and, returning to Germantown for his midday meal, went back to the hospital to make the afternoon visit.

The next day, after the events we have described, as he came, on his usual evening round, to the beds of Major Morton and Captain Gray, the Confederate officer, he was interested to see that his sister had accomplished her errand, and was standing beside Morton, in company with a lady, and a lad who might have been sixteen years of age. Glancing at the group, Wendell went first to the wounded rebel, whose face brightened visibly at the coming of the surgeon.

"I have been waiting to see you," he said. "I don't think I am as well as I was. I feel the being shut up here. It's such an awful change from the saddle and the open air! Please to sit down, doctor, and don't be in a hurry. I must talk to you a little. You doctors are always in such a hurry!"

"It's rather hard to help it," replied Wendell, good-humoredly; "but is there anything especial I can do for you?"

"Yes. I want to know distinctly if I can pull through. It's a thing you doctors hate to be asked, but still it is a question I would like to have answered."

"I do not see why you cannot. You have a serious wound, but you were not hurt in any vital organ. *I* should say you ought to get well."

"Well, it's a pretty grim business with me, doctor. I am alone in the world with one motherless girl, and I want to get well! I must get well!"

"And so you will."

"No; to tell you the truth, that's my trouble. I don't think I shall."

"Oh," exclaimed Wendell, "you may say you don't feel as if you should; but when you say you don't think you will, I am afraid I feel inclined to laugh, which is perhaps the very best thing I

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can do for you. Is n't it as well to let me do the thinking for you?"

"I can't explain it," said Gray dolefully, "but the idea sticks in my head that I shall die."

"But why? Are you weaker? Do you suffer more?"

"No; I have nothing new except a queer sensation of confusion in my head, and — then I can't change my ideas at will. They stick like burrs, and — I can't get rid of them."

"Quinine, I guess," said Wendell, lightly.

"No; I've taken no end of that, in my time. I know how that feels. Would you mind asking Dr. Lagrange to see me?"

"Oh, of course not; but it is a rule not to call on the surgeon in charge unless there is some grave necessity."

"Well, I don't want to violate any rules. You are all very kind, and for a prisoner I ought to be satisfied; but I am sure that I am going to die."

"I do most honestly think you are needlessly alarmed," Wendell replied; "but if you wish it, I will ask the doctor to look at you."

The assistant surgeon had a faint but distinct impression that this wish implied a distrust of his own judgment, and to one of his temperament this was displeasing; yet knowing the request to be not unreasonable, he at once sent an orderly for the surgeon in charge, and saying, "I will see you with Dr. Lagrange in a few minutes," turned to the other bed.

Major Morton looked better; his mustache was trimmed, and the long Vandyke beard became well his rather sombre face.

"This is my wife," he said. "Dr. Wendell — Mrs. Morton," — Mrs. Morton bowed across the bed, — "and my boy Arthur. They have just come, doctor; and do not you think I could be moved to a hotel to-day?"

"Well, hardly; but I will talk it over with Dr. Lagrange, who will be here presently."

Busying himself in getting chairs brought for the patient's friends, he glanced at them more attentively, — little dreaming what share in his future the manly lad and his handsome, somewhat stately mother were to have. Her perfectly simple manners, touched with a certain coldness and calm which made any little display of feeling in her tones the more impressive, had their full effect on Wendell. This type of woman was strange to him. Her husband might have been full forty, and she herself some three or four years his junior; but she was yet in the vigor of womanhood, and moved with the easy grace of one accustomed to the world. Whatever were her relations to her husband, — and they had met, as Wendell learned afterwards from his sister, without any marked effusion in their greeting, — for all other men, at least, she had a certain attractiveness, difficult to analyze.

The type was, as I have said, a novel one to Wendell; nor was he wrong in the feeling, which came to him with better knowledge of her and more accurate observation, that the satisfaction which she gave him lay in a group of qualities which beauty may emphasize, but which, like good wine, acquires more delicate and subtle flavors as years go by.

"Mr. Morton seems better than I expected to find him," she said, "and I know you must have taken admirable care of him. With your help, I am sure we could get him to a hotel; and then in a few days I might open our country house on the Wissahickon, and we could easily carry him there, — easily, quite easily," she added, with a gentle but emphatic gesture of shutting her fan.

Wendell had less doubt after she had spoken than before. In fact, his intellectual judgment of the case was unaltered; but although his medical opinions upon a disease, or a crisis of it, were apt, like the action of the compass

needle, to be correct, they were as liable to causes of disturbance, and were likely to become doubtful to their originator in the face of positive opponent sentiments; or even of obstacles to their practical results which should never have had any influence. Although unconscious of it, he was in this manner quite frequently controlled by his sister's tranquil decisiveness. Without knowing why he yielded, he began now to edge over mentally to Mrs. Morton's side of the argument.

He said, in reply to her, "Of course, if you have a country house, that would make the change more easy."

In fact, it seemed pleasantly natural to find a ground of agreement with this woman, whose stateliness made her courtesy yet more gracious. She herself did not, it is true, see very clearly the reasonableness of his answer, but she was not apparently surprised at his defection from his former statement.

"We 'll settle it somehow," groaned the major. "Do something; get me out of this den, at least. The rebels were a trifle to these flies!"

"Of course, my dear," assented Mrs. Morton, "I wanted to feel that Dr. — Dr. — you said" —

"Wendell, — Wendell is my name."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Wendell! I was thinking more of the kind remark you had made than of your name! It is a good old New England surname, I think. But before Dr. Lagrange comes, I want to say how gratified I am to find that the decision to which my own anxiety leads me should be justified by your medical judgment."

Wendell was a little taken aback at this ready assumption. As he looked up, hardly knowing what answer to make, Dr. Lagrange came hastily to join their group, and was met by Mrs. Morton, with whom he was evidently on terms of easy acquaintanceship.

"Dr. Wendell is, I think, rather inclined to believe that the major may be taken to a hotel, and in a few days moved out to our country home. I hope our doctors won't differ. What do you think?"

"Ah, my lady," and the surgeon shook his finger at her warningly, "you have changed many folks, — I mean, many men's ideas; and I fancy you are keeping your hand in with my young friend. I don't think that this morning, before you came, when we discussed the question, Dr. Wendell was then quite of your opinion."

Wendell exclaimed, "I did not at that time understand" —

"Oh, I dare say not, and I don't blame you much for taking Mrs. Morton's view. But practically, my good friends, Morton's leg must be taken into account!"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Morton, "that is the first consideration, and really the only one."

"He has," urged Lagrange, "a rather serious wound, and to-day a quick pulse and a little fever. I would rather he waited a few days, — two or three, perhaps." Then Wendell spoke eagerly, under his breath, a few words to his superior, on which the latter continued, "Yes, that will do. Indeed, I am very much obliged by your thoughtfulness for my friend. Dr. Wendell has," and he turned to Mrs. Morton, "a room in the hospital, a very good and airy room, which he wishes Major Morton to occupy."

Wendell added, "It is no great sacrifice, as I rarely use it at night; but in any case, Major Morton is welcome to it."

The young fellow at Morton's side had been thus far a listener. Now he exclaimed, warmly, "Thank you very much, sir! It is a great kindness to give to a stranger."

"For my part," said Mrs. Morton, "I have not the courage to refuse."

"I should think not!" cried the major. "By Jove, refuse!" and he con-

tributed his own share of thanks, with a reasonable amount of emphasis. Then he asked, "Are there nets in the windows?"

"Yes," returned Wendell, a little amused.

"And is the room a good size?"

"Quite needlessly large for one," answered Lagrange, quickly, "and we are very full. Would you mind sharing it with another officer? It will be only for a day or two."

Morton did not like the prospect, but saw at once the need to yield.

"Of course," he replied, "if you are crowded; but I would rather," and he spoke low, "have my rebel neighbor than some one I do not know at all."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Morton, "I am sure that when Dr. Lagrange considers it he will see that you would be far more comfortable alone."

"I am afraid," returned Lagrange, "that I must accept the major's proposition. And now I shall run away, for fear you persuade me to change my mind; and I shall take Wendell, lest you get him, too, into some mischief. Come, doctor, let us see Gray!" He turned smiling to the rebel officer, with whom he conversed attentively and patiently for some time. Then he moved away with a cheerful face from the bed, saying some pleasantly hopeful words of the comforts of the new room. But as soon as he was out of earshot he spoke to his junior, "Watch that man well. There is something odd in his manner. He has a way of emphasizing all his words. Perhaps it is natural, but I never like to hear a wounded man insist that he is going to die! And by the way, stick to your own opinions, and don't let the pressure or notions of lay folks push you off a path you meant to tread. Mrs. Morton is what my old nurse used to call 'main masterful,' but I have found her, as you may, a good friend. In fact, they are not very far-away neighbors of yours. I will remember this when they move Morton to the country."

Wendell thanked him. He felt that he himself had done a gracious and serviceable act to pleasant people.

"And what a fine lad that is, of Morton's!" said Lagrange. "I like his face."

"Yes; a nice boy, I should think," returned Wendell.

When the two officers, the next morning, were eagerly eating a well-cooked breakfast, in their new and cheerful quarters, under the care of an orderly assigned to them by Wendell, Morton, who was in high good humor, remarked, "By George, this is better than that ward! I feel like myself."

"It is certainly more comfortable," rejoined his room-mate, — "good coffee, fruit, — I have n't seen an orange before for a year, — but I don't feel quite right yet."

"Oh, you 'll come up," said Morton, who was apt to relate the condition of others to his own state.

"I suppose so, — I hope so! But I don't feel sure, and that strikes me as odd, because I have been hit before, and never had the depression I now feel. Then that lad of yours made me think about my own child."

"And where is he?"

"At school. It 's a girl. I did not tell you it was a girl. She has been at school in Rahway. I could not either get her away or send money to her, and she and I are pretty much alone in the world. By George, I don't suppose she would know me!"

"Why not send for her?" suggested Morton, whose enormous increase in comfort disposed him to indulge his usual desire that everybody about him should be satisfied, provided it did not incommode Major Morton. "We 'll get that doctor of ours to ask his sister to write and have the child brought on to see you, and my wife can take care of her for a few days."

"But I have absolutely no money!"

On this point Morton was delightfully indifferent. He had always had money and what money buys, and just now, in the *ennui* of illness, this man interested him.

"I can lend you what you want. I'll arrange it."

"I do not know how I can thank you!"

"Then don't do it." The major was languidly good-natured, and had the amiability so common among selfish people. A West Point man by education, he had served his two years on the plains, and then left the army, to return to it with eagerness, as it offered command, which he loved, and a rescue, for a time at least, from the monotony of a life without serious aim or ambition.

After some further talk about the girl, Morton asked, "Where were you in that infernal row at Gettysburg? There 's no use in either of our armies attacking the other. The fellows who try it always get thrashed. I began to think we should never be anything else but thrashed."

"I am sorry the charm is broken!" said Gray. "I was in the Third South Carolina, when we got our quietus on the crest of Cemetery Hill. What a scene that was! I can see it now. I was twice in among your people, and twice back among my own; but how, I can no more tell than fly. Once I was knocked down with a stone. It was like a devilish sort of Donnybrook fair."

"How were you hurt? I was on the crest myself, and after I got this accursed ball in my leg I lay there, and as I got a chance in the smoke I cracked away with my revolver. I remember thinking it queer that I never had struck a man in anger since I grew up, and here I was in a mob of blood-mad men, and in a frenzy to kill some one. Droll, is n't it?"

"For my part," returned Gray, "I was as crazy as the rest until I got a pistol ball in my right shoulder. By George, perhaps you are the very man who shot me!"

"I am rather pleased to be able to say," responded Morton, stiffly, "that I do not know whom I shot."

"I should be very glad to think it was you."

"And why, please?"

"Well, it would be a comfort to know it was a gentleman."

The idea had in it nothing absurd to Morton. He thought that perhaps he would have felt so himself, but he was pretty sure that he would not have said so, and he answered with perfect tact: "For any other reason, I should infinitely regret to think it had been I; and were it surely I, your pleasant reason would not lessen the annoyance I should feel;" and then, laughing, "I will promise not to do it any more."

At this moment Wendell came in, and, seeing the flushed face of Captain Gray, said, —

"I think I would n't talk much, and above all don't discuss the war."

"Oh, confound the war, doctor!" exclaimed Morton. "It is only the editors who fight off of battle fields. However, we promise to be good boys!"

"I don't think our talk hurts me," said Gray. "I was saying that perhaps the major might be the man who shot me. Queer idea, was n't it? And what is more odd, it seems to keep going through my head. What 's that Tennyson says about the echo of a silent song that comes and goes a thousand times?"

"A brain echo?" murmured Wendell. "I, for one, should n't think it very satisfactory to know who shot me. I should only hate the man unreasonably."

"But don't you think that it would be pleasanter to know he was a gentleman?"

To Wendell, with all his natural refinement, the sentiment appeared incon-

ceivably ludicrous, and, laughing aloud, he rejoined, "I don't think I can settle that question, but I hope you will quit talking. I will get you some books, if you like. Oh, by the way, here are the papers;" and so saying he walked away, much amused, and in a mood of analytic wonder at the state of mind and the form of social education which could bring a man to give utterance to so quaint an idea.

A moment later he returned to the bedside to discuss a request of the major, who had asked him to write about Captain Gray's child.

"If you wish it," said Wendell, "I think my sister might go to Rahway."

"Oh, no," said Gray; "that is quite too much to ask."

"Then," suggested Morton, "as you are so kind, could n't you take the little girl in for a few days, doctor? I — that is to say, there will be no trouble about the board."

"Certainly, if you wish it," answered the doctor. "I am quite sure that my sister will not object. Ann shall write at once. But is that all? Can I do anything else for you? No? Well, then, good-night."

IV.

Among the many permanent marks which the great war left upon the life of the nation, and that of its constituent genera of human atoms, none were more deep and more alterative than those with which it stamped the profession of medicine. In all other lands medicine had places of trust and even of power, in some way related to government; but with us, save when some unfortunate physician was abruptly called into public notice by a judicial trial, and shared for a time with ward politicians the temperate calm of newspaper statements, he lived unnoted by the great public, and for all the larger uses he should have had for the commonwealth quite unemployed. The war changed the relations of the profession to the state and to the national life, and hardly less remarkably altered its standards of what it should and must demand of itself in the future. Our great struggle found it, as a calling, with little of the national regard. It found it more or less humble, with reason enough to be so. It left it with a pride justified by conduct which blazoned its scutcheon with endless sacrifices and great intellectual achievements, as well as with a professional conscience educated by the patient performance of every varied form of duty which the multiplied calls of a hard-pressed country could make upon its mental and moral life.

Vast hospitals were planned and admirably built, without the advice of architects, by physicians, who had to learn as they went along the special constructive needs of different climates, and to settle novel and frequent hygienic questions as they arose. In and near the locality of my tale, the hospitals numbered twenty-five thousand beds for the sick and wounded; and these huge villages, now drawn on by the war, now refilled by its constant strife, were managed with a skill which justified the American test of hotel-keeping as a gauge of ability. A surgeon taken abruptly from civil life, a country physician, a retired naval surgeon, were fair specimens of the class on which fell these enormous responsibilities. We may well look back with gratification and wonder at the exactness, the discipline, the comfort, which reigned in most of these vast institutions.

In this evolution of hitherto unused capacities, Dr. Wendell shared. In some ways it did him good service, and in others it was harmful. The definiteness of hospital duty was for a man so unenergetic of great value. He was a wheel in a great piece of mechanism, and had to move with the rest of it. In time

this might have substantially altered his habits; but in a hospital there are, as elsewhere, opportunities for self-indulgence; indeed, more in a military hospital than elsewhere, since there the doctor lacks largely the private criticism and the demands of influential patients, which in a measure help to keep men alert in mind, thoughtful, and accurate. Moreover, the rush and hurry of the wholesale practice of medicine, inseparable from overflowing military hospitals, was hostile to the calm study of cases, and to the increasing exactions which new and accurate methods of diagnosis and treatment were then, and are now, making. On the whole, the effect on Wendell was bad. He did his work, and, as he was intelligent, often did it well; but his medical conscience, overweighted by the need for incessant wakefulness, and enfeebled by natural love of ease and of mere intellectual luxuries, suffered from the life he led, and carried into his after days more or less of the resultant evil. Happily for his peace of mind, as for that of many doctors, no keen critic followed him, or could follow him, through the little errors of unthoughtful work, often great in result, which grew as he continued to do his slipshod tasks. Like all men who practice that which is part art, part science, he lived in a world of possible, and I may say of reasonable, excuses for failures; and no man knew better than he how to use his intellect to apologize to himself for lack of strict obedience to the moral code by which his profession justly tests the character of its own labor.

When Wendell reported for duty, on the following day, and had signed, as usual, the roll which indicated that he was present at a set hour, he was told that the surgeon in charge desired to see him; and accordingly he stopped in the little room which that officer reserved for his own personal needs. As Wendell paused in front of the table, Dr. Lagrange looked up, and putting aside his pen said, —

"Good-morning. I have endeavored, Dr. Wendell, not to forget that the gentlemen on duty here have not all of them had the advantage of army life, but there are certain matters which, if not of first importance, have their value, and which I cannot overlook. I observe that you do not always wear an assistant surgeon's uniform, and that last week, when officer of the day, you wore no sash. Pardon me, I am not quite through. Twice, of late, you have signed your name as present at the hour of the morning visit, when in one case it was ten minutes after, and in another eleven minutes after."

"I did not think, sir, it could make any difference."

"That, sir, I must look upon as a criticism of a superior's opinion. If I did not, as surgeon in charge, consider it of moment, I should not have spoken; but, and with your permission, I now speak only as an older man, and one, as you know, who is disposed to like and help you."

"Of course, I shall be very much obliged," Wendell said. It must be added that he did not feel so. He inferred that, as he had a better intellectual machinery and much wider knowledge than the superior officer, he must be naturally elevated above the judgments of such a person.

"It is not," continued Lagrange, "the want of punctuality to which I now refer, — that is an official matter. It is that you should shelter yourself under a false statement, however minutely false."

Dr. Wendell began with irritation: "I do not think any one could suspect me — could suspect me of that!"

"Then," replied Lagrange, "you were not aware of the hour? I hope I don't annoy you. I like you too well to do so without cause, and, as I said, I am conscious that I am putting the matter in an un-official shape."

Wendell bowed, and, having reflected a little, said, "Thank you, sir. Pray speak freely. I can only be grateful for whatever you think fit to say."

"Well, then," added Lagrange, "let let me go a step further. Try to be more accurate in your work, and — may I say it? — a little more energetic, just a little," and the old army surgeon smilingly put out his hand. "Don't spoil my predictions of success for you in life! You have better brains than I ever had, but" —

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Wendell, touched with the other's want of egotism.

"Yes, yes," went on Lagrange, laughing; "but I should beat you at most things, notwithstanding. There — you won't misunderstand me, I am sure," he added, with a gentle sweetness, which like most bits of good manners was alike pleasant and contagious.

The younger man returned, "You are very good to me. I shall try to remember."

"Well, well," said Lagrange; and then, in his official tones, "Have you seen Major Morton?"

"Not yet, sir. I have just come."

"True — of course; but that other man, — what 's his name, the rebel?"

"Gray, sir. He is in a curious way. I think his head must be wrong. He insists that Major Morton shot him."

"That is strange," returned the surgeon; "very unusual, in fact. Some accident sets an idea in a man's head, and there it stays. I have heard of such cases. I would like to separate them at once, but we have not a vacant bed. See him as soon as possible."

When Wendell left Lagrange's room he went immediately to visit Gray. The door was open, to secure a cool draught of air; and hearing the rebel officer speaking, the assistant surgeon paused a moment to listen. The voice he heard was decided, irritated, and a little loud:

"I think I remember now; yes, sir, you were on the ground. I saw you shoot, and I don't blame you!"

"Good heavens, you could n't have seen me! By George, I never heard anything so absurd! Have the goodness not to repeat it."

"You doubt my word, then, sir?"

"Oh, no, what stuff!"

"Then apologize, sir. I say, apologize!"

"Pshaw!"

At this moment Wendell entered.

"Captain Gray," he said, "this won't do! You have forgotten your promise about talking. Come, put this thermometer under your tongue," and with a finger on his pulse Wendell waited patiently a few minutes. "Hum," he said to himself, not liking the results of his observation. Then he asked a few questions, and wrote a prescription, which meant decided and immediate treatment.

"Am I ill?" said the captain.

"You are ill enough to keep quiet."

"But he did shoot me."

"Nonsense! You are feverish, and your head is out of order."

"But he shot me! I say, he shot me!"

"Oh, confound it!" growled Morton. "Suppose I did?"

"There, I knew it," exclaimed Gray, — "I knew it, sir! He says so."

"I said no such thing! Doctor, may I trouble you a moment?" As Wendell approached his bed, he added, "I cannot stand this any longer. Make some arrangements for me to leave as soon as Mrs. Morton comes back. That will be in an hour. At any risk, at all risks, I must be carried to my own home in the country. Perhaps I did shoot him: who the devil knows or cares!" And as, in his annoyance, his voice rose sufficiently to be heard by Gray, the latter broke in anew: —

"Well, sir, I am glad you admit it. And my little girl, — who is to take care of her? I say," he repeated sharply,

"who is to take care of her? Not this man."

"Oh, she will be looked after," responded Wendell kindly, desiring to soothe the patient, whose diseased fancies were evidently hurting both himself and his neighbor. "Ah, here comes my sister! Ann, let me speak to you a moment;" and so saying, he led her out of the room, and explained to her that Captain Gray was very ill and delirious, and that it would be necessary to separate him from Major Morton.

Ann Wendell at once reëntered the room, took her seat at the bedside, and sat fanning the poor fellow, while her brother left them to attend to other duties. Mrs. Morton arrived soon after; and as Lagrange agreed with his subordinate that it would now be best to move her husband, the proper arrangements were soon completed.

As the major was being carried out of the room, he said, "Captain Gray, I hope you will soon get well; and meanwhile, whatever we can do for you is at your service."

"I sha'n't get well," returned Gray. "I am going to die, to die, and my death is on your head!"

Morton made no reply.

"Don't mind him," the young surgeon whispered quietly to Mrs. Morton, who had turned, with a startled air, — "don't mind him; he is raving."

"Poor fellow," she murmured softly.

"I don't blame him," cried Gray, in a high, shrill voice, "but he did it. And oh, my little one, my little one! Friendless, friendless!" and he sank back, faint and exhausted, upon the pillow, from which he had risen with an effort of frenzied strength.

"You won't forget to call to-night?" said Mrs. Morton to Wendell. "What a strange delusion! What a painful scene!" Then the nurses carried her husband out of the room and downstairs to the ambulance, while Ann Wendell, disturbed and pitiful, sat fanning the fevered man who remained. As she looked at him, his face struck her painfully. It was thin and drawn, beaded with sweat, and deeply flushed.

"When will my child come?" he asked.

"To-morrow. I have had a telegram, and I will bring her here at once. Yes, I will bring her; now don't talk. We will take care of her until some of her relatives are heard from, or she can return to school, till you are well and exchanged."

"You promise me?"

"Yes, I promise," Ann replied, hardly knowing what to say.

"And that man, — he could n't help it! That 's war, that 's war! He shot me, you know. He says so. I saw him. You won't let them have my child, will you, — now, will you?"

Ann had a pretty clear idea that nothing was less likely than that the stately dame, who overawed her with easy graciousness, would desire to assume charge of the little waif.

"Make yourself easy. God will provide."

"Yes, yes, I know, of course; but you will — take care — yes — you will?"

"I will," said Ann, hardly clear as to what she was pledging herself to do, but feeling sure that she must say yes to whatever he asked, and that she was not given time to reflect as to what she ought to do.

"All right," moaned Gray. "Turn this pillow, please. Lord, how wretched I feel!"

Ann did as he desired. She had a strong feeling that she ought to say something to relieve him: "You must not say Major Morton shot you. How could you know that? You must have made him feel horribly. I would n't say it if I were you!"

"But," cried Gray, seizing her wrist, "I know it, and before you came he said it! He acknowledged he shot me!

What was that you said about to-morrow? To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Stop, excuse me, Mistress Wendell, — I am not at all clear in my head; but let him say what he likes, he shot me! Remember that, he shot me!"

Miss Wendell was deeply distressed. She could not appreciate the state of mental disturbance which possessed the man, and to her inexperience it seemed at once improbable and yet possible that he could have been sure of the hand which had smitten him. It all left her with one of those vague but lasting mental impressions which may wear out with time, or be deepened by future circumstance, and which are, as it were, memorial ghosts that trouble us despite our unbeliefs in their reality. For the present she put it aside; but in her simple life it was a great and strange event, never pleasant to think or talk of. She stayed with Gray till it was quite late, and then went home with her brother, promising to return the next afternoon, when she hoped to be able to bring the little girl.

The following day she busied herself, as usual, about the household and among the flowers in her little garden, until the hour came to meet the train, which was, little as she then guessed it, to bring into her life new cares and fresh anxieties. It was close to the late twilight of summer when she stood waiting at the station. Her life had been, as I have said, simple. Her nature and her creed alike taught her to be eternally willing to do for others acts of kindness; indeed, to be ever ready, for these had grown to be habitual, and excited in her mind no comment whatsoever; so that in this sense virtue was its own reward, in that it made each new act of virtue easier, and so kept calm a conscience which was only too apt with rebuke. She now stood silently watching the crowd of soldiers going to the front, of officers in varied uniforms, all the eager, hurried travel of ever anxious men and women moving southward. At last she saw a conductor coming towards her, and guessed at once that the girl at his side was the child for whom she had come.

"I am Miss Wendell, and I am here to meet a child named Gray."

"Yes," the conductor replied, "that is all right. I was to turn her over to Miss Wendell. Here is the check for her trunk. Good-by, missy!" and so saying he dropped the child's hand and walked away. The girl looked after him with a sense of desertion, and then turned and faced Ann Wendell, silent with the shy, speechless uneasiness of girlhood.

"You are Hester Gray?" said Miss Wendell.

"Yes, ma'am. Where is my father?"

"You shall see him soon, Come, my dear, you must be tired; we won't talk now;" and so having arranged for her trunk to be sent to Germantown, Ann got into a street car with her charge, and set out for the hospital.

Ann was acutely observant of but one person in her small world, — the brother whose life had become one with her own; and she therefore troubled herself but little about the child at her side, save to say now and then a kind word, or to notice that the dress of brown holland, though clean and neat, showed signs of over use.

The girl was perhaps fifteen years old, but looked very childlike for her age. She had been sent four years before, when her mother died, to the school in New Jersey, where, save for one brief visit from her father before the war broke out, she had had the usual school life among a large number of girls, to whom was applied alike a common system, which admitted of no recognition of individualities. But this little existence, now sent adrift from its monotonous colony of fellow polyps to float away and develop under novel circumstances, was a very distinct and positive

individual being. She sat beside Ann Wendell, stealing quick glances at her, at her fellow-passengers, and at the houses and buildings they were passing; not reasoning about them, but simply making up the child's little treasury of automatically gathered memories, and feeling, without knowing that she felt it, the kindliness and quiet incuriousness of the woman beside her. Then, seeing a man drop a letter into a postal box in the street, she suddenly remembered herself, and flushing said, —

"I have a letter to give. If father is too sick, I am to give it to some one."

"I will take it," said Ann, and the child presently extracted a letter, which the careful schoolmistress had pinned fast in her pocket. It was addressed to "Charles Gray, Esq." "I will take care of it, my little woman."

The child made some vague reflections on her being called a little woman, and the train of thought, brief as are always the speculations of childhood, ended at the door of the great brick hospital. Then they walked through the lounging crowd of invalids about the portal, past the sentinel, and up the stairs, until Ann knocked softly at the sick man's door. It was opened by a nurse, who said in a low voice that they were to wait a minute, until he sent for the doctor. While they lingered, Ann heard the deep, snoring respiration of the man within, and tightened her grasp on the child's hand, knowing only too well what the sound meant. A moment later Wendell appeared with the surgeon-in-charge. The two men said a few words apart, and then the elder took the child's hand, and sitting down on the staircase drew her towards him.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Hester, — Hester Gray."

"How long since you saw your father?"

"Ever so long, sir. I don't remember."

"Well, you know when people are sick they do not look as they do when they are well, and your father, Hester, is very sick; so if he is too sick to know you are his own little girl, you must n't be afraid, will you?"

"No, sir, I will try not to be."

"And don't cry," he added, as he saw the large blue eyes filling. Then he took her tenderly by the hand, and saying cheerily, "Now come along; we will go and see papa," he led her into the room, followed by Ann and her brother. When Ann saw the dying man's face, she turned, and whispered to Wendell, —

"Oh, I would n't have done it at all! Why should she see him?"

Wendell made no answer. He was himself wondering why this tender little life should be forced into rude acquaintance with death. The surgeon knew better; knew full well, with the wisdom of many deaths, what a softened sweetness this grim memory would grow to have, in years to come, — what a blank in the life of love its absence might come to be.

Charles Gray was lost even now to the world of loves and hates. Gaunt with past suffering, his cheeks flushed with moving spaces of intense purplish-red, he lay on his back. His eyes, wide open, stared up at the ceiling between moveless lids, while the irregularly heaving chest and the dilating nostrils told of the closing struggle for the breath which is life. Ann wiped from his brow the sweat which marks the earning of death as of bread, — the sign of all great physical effort, — and said in a rising voice, —

"Here is Hester, Captain Gray! Captain Gray, this is Hester! Don't you know her? Your Hester."

He made no sign in reply. Nature had not waited for man to supply her anæsthetics, and the disturbed chemistries of failing life were flooding nerve and brain with potent sedatives.

"Too late!" murmured Wendell.

A slight convulsion passed over the features of the dying man. The child looked up in curious amazement. Her little life gave her no true key to the sorrow of the scene.

"Kiss him," said Ann; "speak to him, Hester. Perhaps he will know you."

The child touched his forehead, recoiled a second from the chill, sweating brow, and then kissed it again and again.

"Speak to him, Hester, — try," repeated Ann.

"Father — father!" cried the child.

"A little water," said the surgeon in chief, knowing that to swallow sometimes for a moment awakens the slumbering consciousness.

The dying man struggled with the spoonful of fluid, then swallowed it abruptly, and moved his lips.

"Does he say anything?" said Wendell.

Ann bent down, and again wiped his face. This time he murmured something, and Ann rose instantly, with a pale face.

"He does n't know any one," she said. "Come, my child, kiss him again, and we will go out for a while."

What Ann had heard were broken words, sent back to her alone through the closing doors which opened to one world and shut out another: "Shot — shot — he shot me!"

"Come," she repeated to the dazed and trembling girl, "the surgeons must be with him alone, dear."

Hester obeyed without a word, crying, she hardly knew why; for tears are the large resource of nature in most of the incidents that startle or perplex the emotional years of childhood; and to be truthful, there was more of terror than of grief in the scene for a child to whom years of absence and silence had made all memories of home and father somewhat hazy and indistinct.

"I will take her away with me at once," said Ann to Dr. Lagrange. "It will be no good for her to see him again."

"You will do the kindest thing for her, I think," he answered; and with this, hand in hand with the child, who pressed close to her side, Ann went out into the street, thoughtful and dismayed. She had seen hundreds of wounded men, in her constant hospital visits, but no one knew who had hurt them; so that in her eyes this single definite fact of individual war seemed like murder. The whole matter of war, indeed, was horrible to Ann. She somehow saw God in its larger results, but not in its tragedies. How could God mean one man to slay another! There, it is true, were the Amalekites and the Jebusites; but as to them, the command to destroy had been sufficiently distinct. Still, this present war was a just war, in Ann's eyes, and her brother had no doubts at all, which was sometimes a comfort to her, and would have been a larger one had Wendell shared her own religious creed, which he certainly did not, being vaguely inclined at times to a half acceptance of the mysticism of Swedenborg. His belief in the competency of his own intellect made it necessary for him to possess some views on matters of religious beliefs, but so far he had never got much beyond the easy goal of destructive criticism.

When the two doctors began to descend the stairs from the dying man's room, the elder said, "Mrs. Morton has written to me to say that she will be glad to meet any expense you may be put to about this child."

"She is a kind and generous woman, I should think," replied Wendell.

"Well, yes, in a cool, quiet way she is. I like her myself, and you will find, if you don't cross her views, that she will be a good friend. But that is her trouble. She respects none but manly, resolute men, and yet she dearly loves

her own way. Money is a very little thing to her, and to Morton also. What a rapid case of pyæmia! I wish one understood it better, or that somebody could take it up and work at it. We have plenty of material. Why could not you try your hand?"

"I have been thinking of it," said Wendell.

In fact, he was always planning some valuable research, but was never energetic enough to overcome the incessant obstacles which make research so difficult.

"We will talk it over," said Dr. Lagrange. "What do you think of Jones, in Number Five? He seems to me a malingerer, and a poor actor at that."

And so the talk went from the frequent tragedy of death to its causes, and thence to the hospital work and discipline; the scamps who were feigning illness; and who were well enough to go to the front, who must be discharged, who be turned over to the provost marshal.

The contrasts in a doctor's life are always striking, and were never more so than in the splendid and terrible years of our great war, which added a long list of novel duties and a training foreign to his ordinary existence. These two men, coming from the every-day calamity of a death-bed, instantly set aside the emotions and impressions, which no repetition ever quite destroys for the most callous doctor, and began to discuss the scientific aspects of the disease with which they had been so vainly battling. They both felt more or less the sense of defeat which waits for the physician as he leaves the room of the dying, — a keener discomfort than the unthinking public can well imagine; but both were able to lose it in their interest in that which caused it.

S. Weir Mitchell.

A TRIO FOR TWELFTH-NIGHT.

I.

Who first brought man the morning dream
Of a world's hero? Whence the gleam
Which grew to glory full and sweet
As the wide wealth of waving wheat
Springs from one grain of corn?
What drew the spirits of earth's gray prime
To lean out from their tower of time
Toward the small sound of Hope's far chime
Heard betwixt night and morn?

First it was sung by heaven; then scrolled
By the scribe-stars on leaves of gold
In that long-buried book of Seth,
Which slept a secret deep as death,
Unknown to men forlorn,
Till a seer touched a jasper lid
In a sand-sunken pyramid,
And out the oracular secret slid,
Betwixt the night and morn.

Zarathustra, Bactria's king, next said,
"When in the sky's blue garden-bed
A lily-petaled star shall fold
A human shape, the gift foretold
Shall blossom and be born:
Then shall the world-tides flow reversed,
New gods shall rise, the last be first,
And the best come from out the worst,
As night gives birth to morn."

II.

So while the drowsed earth swooned and slept
Mute holy men their vigils kept,
By twelve and twelve: as light decayed,
They marked through evening's rosy shade
The curled moon's coming horn,
All stars that fed in silent flock,
And each tossed meteor's back-blown lock.
So watched they from their wind-swept rock,
Betwixt the night and morn.

Slow centuries passed; at last there came
By night a dawn of silver flame,
Whose flower-like heart grew white and round
To a smooth, perfect pearl, with sound
Of music planet-born,
In whose clear disk a fair child lay,
And "Follow me" was heard to say:
Round him the pale stars fled away
As night before the morn.

Forthwith from morning's crimson gate
The Three Kings rode in morning state
Across Uläi's storied stream,
With westward wistful eyes agleam,
As pilgrims westward borne,
They left the tide to sing old deeds,
The stork to plash half-hid in reeds:
A thousand spears, a thousand steeds,
They rode 'twixt night and morn.

III.

Melchior had coat and shoes of red,
And a pure alb sewn with gold thread;
Beneath a tire of Syrian mode
Streamed the soft storm of hair that snowed
From cheek and chin unshorn;
Down to the ground his saffron pall
Fell as warm sunbeams earthward fall,
And he, sun-like, seemed king of all,
Betwixt the night and morn.

Red-robed, red-sandaled, golden-clad,
Came Gaspar, beardless as a lad:
Through his fair hair's divided stream
His red cheeks glowed as poppies gleam
Through sheaves of yellow corn.
Love's life in him was scarce fulfilled,
Like as when daybreak shadows yield
Night's iron lids lie half unsealed
In colors of the morn.

Bronzed Balthasar, with beard thick-fed,
Came last, in tunic royal red
And broidered alb and yellow shoon.
With him life's rose had touched its noon,
And died and left the thorn, —
Which proved by its sharp, thrilling heat
That larger life is less complete
Till the heart's bitter grows to sweet,
As night melts into morn.

IV.

Said Melchior, "In blue silk I fold
The rock's best fruit, red-hearted gold:
So grant us, mighty Mother East,
One who shall raise thy power decreased,
And break Rome's pride and scorn,
Till our red, wine-warm world hath sent
Its breath through the cold West, and blent
The Orient with the Occident
In one wide sea of morn."

Said Gaspar, "I bring frankincense
From Caraman's hills, whose thickets dense
Hide the balm-bleeding bark which feeds
The fuming shrine with fragrant seeds:
So may this child, when born,
Be Love's high Lord, and yield his love
As incense, and draw down the Dove
To crown his brows in sign thereof,
Betwixt the night and morn."

Said Balthasar, "And I bring myrrh,
In death and life man's minister;
Which braves decay as burial-balm,
Or, mixed with wine, brings the deep calm
Which power and love both scorn:
Such be this child, — God's answering breath
To the one prayer the whole world saith,
'Oh, grant us myrrh for pain and death,
Betwixt our night and morn.'"

V.

Twice fifty sennights o'er them bent
The fierce blue weight of firmament.
Through sea-like sands they still pursued
The unsetting star, until it stood
Above where, travail-worn,
A new-made mother smiled, whose head
Lay near the stalled ox, as she fed
Her babe from her warm heart, on bed
Of straw, 'twixt night and morn.

As day new-sprung from drooping day,
Near her in shrining light he lay,
And made the darkness beautiful.
Couched on low straw and flakes of wool
From Bethlehem's lambs late-shorn,
He seemed a star which clouds enfold,
Swathed with soft fire and aureoled
With sun-born beams of tender gold,
The very star of morn.

At her son's feet the kingly Three
Laid, with bowed head and bended knee,
Their gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Nor tarried, — so the interpreter
Of God's dream once did warn, —
But hied them home ere the day broke;
While without awe the neighbor folk
Flocked to the door, and looked and spoke,
Betwixt the night and morn.

VI.

A tall centurion first drew near,
Brass-booted, on whose crest sat Fear.
He bent low to the fragrant bed,
With beard coal-black and cheek rust-red,
And each palm hard as horn;
Quoth he, "Our old gods' empire shakes,
Meherculé! Now this babe o'ertakes
All that our Venus-Mother makes
Betwixt the night and morn."

A shepherd spake: "Behold the Lamb,
Who ere he reign as heaven's I AM
Must undergo and overcome,
As sheep before the shearers dumb,
Unfriended, faint, forlorn.
Him then as King the skies shall greet,
And with strewn stars beneath his feet
This Lamb shall couch in God's gold seat,
And rule from night to morn."

A woman of the city came,
Who said, "In me hope conquers shame.
Four names in this child's line shall be
As signs to all who love like me, —
God pities where men scorn:
Dame Rahab, Bathshebah, forsooth,
Tamar, whose love outloved man's truth,
And she cast out, sweet alien Ruth,
Betwixt the night and morn."

VII.

Next Joseph, spouse of Mary, came, —
Joseph Bar-Panther was his name, —
Who said, "This babe, Lord God, is thine
Only begotten Son divine,
As thou didst me forewarn;
And I will stand beside his throne,
And all the lands shall be his own
Which the sun girds with burning zone,
And leads from night to morn."

Said Zacharias, "Love and will
With God make all things possible.
Shall God be childless? God unwed?
Nay; see God's first-born in this bed
Which kings with gifts adorn.
I would this babe might be at least
As I, an incense-burning priest,
Till all man's incense-fires have ceased,
Betwixt the night and morn."

Whereat his wife Elisabeth:
"My thoughts are on the myrrh, since death
Shades my sere cheek, which, as a shore,
Is wrought with wrinkles o'er and o'er.
Now be this child new-born
A prophet, like my prophet-boy, —
A voice to shake down and destroy
Throne, shrine, each carved and painted toy,
Betwixt the night and morn."

But Mary, God's pure lily, smiled:
"Lord, with thy manhood crown my child, —
More man, more God; for they who shine
Most human shall be most divine.
Of those I think no scorn,
King, prophet, priest, when worlds began;
But higher than these my prayer and plan:
Oh, make my child the Perfect Man,
The Star 'twixt night and morn."

VOICES OF POWER.

To every one who considers the matter, it must be evident that the voices of power are numerous. The novelist, the essayist, the critic, the orator, the singer, the poet, the merchant, the financier, has each his organ. But there are some sources of influence which all acknowledge, partly because they are established, partly because they are prominent, partly because they are universally popular. One or two of these will here be touched on. There is a current impression that the days of pulpit influence are numbered; that preaching is out of date; that the Sunday orator has had his time, — a most important and influential time, it is admitted, but still a period that is ended, to be succeeded in the future by a new dispensation, in which the spoken word will be less and less indispensable to human needs. It is the fashion in some quarters to speak of pulpit oratory in terms of criticism, disrespect, and even of disbelief, as of outgrown machinery. We are told of the small number of churches as compared with the population of the cities, of the relatively thin attendance, of the listless audiences, of the lowered standard of refinement on the part of hearers, of the diminished spiritual force of speakers, of the declining tendency to confess authority in doctrinal affairs; and the intimation is freely given out — supported sometimes by argument, sometimes by facts, not seldom by sarcasm — that the whistling of idle wind and the creaking of officious pulleys have taken the place of the once trumpet-toned gospel.

For this belief there are good reasons, — better than can be expressed in the form of statistics. It is very true that other agencies have to a great extent supplanted the pulpit and taken away a large portion of its ancient office. The preacher is no longer the educated man of the community, the instructor in science, philosophy, literature. He is not, of necessity, the best scholar, the most accomplished writer, the deepest thinker, the most persuasive speaker. He has no longer the whole advantage of academic training. In a period quite within the recollection of living men there were few books, no magazines or cheap papers. Public libraries were almost unknown, — wholly inaccessible to the multitude. There was scarcely any literature, or wide-spread knowledge. The clergyman's collection of printed volumes was mainly theological. He alone propounded questions, and gave answers to them. He alone was acquainted with prevalent thoughts. Learning was expensive, and hard to get outside of great universities, where the minister was educated. The day is not so very far distant in the past when it was a matter of personal distinction as well as of professional necessity to accumulate wisdom. Clergymen were thus educated to speak, — the only people who were well qualified to express an opinion, not on subjects of religion only, but on topics of society and politics as well. They were the oracles of the period, the educated and richly furnished minds, the possessors of the science and sagacity of their age. That period is ended. Books of every description are multiplied; magazines are cheap; newspapers are published by the myriad; people read as they run; information, knowledge, intellectual stimulus, may be had in large measure outside of churches, — more readily outside than inside.

Moreover, there is the institution of the popular lecturer. Here is a speaker who travels over the country, drawing audiences from all classes, dealing with secular themes, and mingling wit with wisdom according to ability. He does

not appeal to authority; he does not resort to tradition. He aims at instruction; but his chief object is entertainment, and the combination is found attractive to the common ear. The favorite lecturer is, in many instances, a preacher, who lays by the solemnity of the pulpit manner, and thus helps to undermine his profession while seeming to extend its influence: for the arts by which he attracts and holds his auditors are thoroughly popular; he addresses the average intelligence, and he assumes as the ultimate criterion of excellence the common reason. When the lecturer is not a clergyman, he is a lay preacher; and if he is an eloquent man, as he often is, his platform takes precedence of the pulpit, his words are listened to with delight, and his method gradually affects the treatment of religious themes, until the very essence of religious thought is qualified, and the sermon is deprived of its peculiar character. In a word, it ceases to be a sermon, and becomes an address.

There is a substantial difference between the two modes of speech. It must not be forgotten that, under one or another form, the preacher assumes the fact of divine revelation either as truth directly imparted, or as a spiritual instinct, or as a philosophy of intuition that pledges the recipient to certain cardinal beliefs of the soul. But criticism throws doubt on the existence of outward communications of knowledge, philosophy discredits intuitive presentiments, and skepticism cavils at the notion of an implanted instinct. The age resents dictation, in an era of magazines and newspapers and journals and reports, of conventions, meetings, and discussions. When men come face to face with each other, and talk things over on rational principles; requiring knowledge; demanding that problems shall be considered on their merits, that speech shall be frank and precise, that mystery shall be discarded, and dogmatism condemned, and preaching set at naught, and feeling subordinated to argument, there is impatience of pretension, restiveness under authority, a disposition to break away from tradition. The preacher relies on formulated ideas; he claims to speak the absolute truth, to bring a message from the Holy Spirit. The assumption is now somewhat attenuated, but it is very old. The Hebrew prophet, who better than any other corresponds to the modern preacher, arrogated to himself the right to speak in the name of Jehovah. He was the Lord's representative. He disclaimed all ability of his own, made himself of no reputation, claimed no private wisdom or virtue, called himself a servant, and was accepted accordingly. Jesus gave voice to the best anticipations of his race. The promise made to Abraham was the message that dropped graciously from his lips. The proclamation of the kingdom of heaven was the ancient announcement of the Messianic reign. It was not he who founded the heavenly dispensation on any authority of his own. He spoke for his Father. Paul planted his feet on the rock of the old covenant. The Church of Rome regarded the Pope as the Lord's vicegerent, the source of all spiritual illumination, from whom power descended to the inferior priesthood. In the Protestant churches the preacher was the leading figure, and whenever he felt the presence of a holier spirit behind him than had visited his predecessors, a fresh inspiration from the incarnate Word, his heart was aflame with the Holy Ghost. The modern preacher goes through certain prescribed courses of study in a "school of the prophets." He takes his diploma from the constituted authorities. He is ordained by the solemn laying on of hands. He is set apart for a peculiar work. He is consecrated a servant or minister of the Highest. Henceforth he speaks words that are put into his mouth. He does not argue; he an-

nounces, declares, affirms. There are certain truths he takes for granted, certain things he knows without experiment. If he chooses to utter his thought on any secular subject, he does not put himself exactly on a level with common reasoners. One will hardly take up a pamphlet written by a clergyman without encountering this peculiarity. The man is a dogmatist on principle. He cannot be anything else. Dogmatism belongs to the profession. It is fortunate for him if it does not eat into his nature.

The skepticism of this generation is of a character to bear directly on the existence of the pulpit. It is rather a matter of temperament than of judgment. It affects conduct more than opinion, being not so much a settled form of reasoned unbelief as a practical disinclination to turn the thoughts in an ecclesiastical direction. The element of "common sense" is larger in it than the element of knowledge. It touches the more cultivated and the more intellectually occupied classes. Literary men, as a rule, do not go to church. They prefer to stay at home, and read or write; naturally finding more pleasure in books that engage them than in sermons that do not. The men of science employ the quiet Sunday hours in making researches in their several departments. The time is especially favorable to the nicer experiments of the new physiology. The philosophical student pursues his studies, uninterrupted by duties or by visitors. When class-rooms are closed and offices are shut, then is his hour for close examination. Then he can be alone, can read his favorite authors, can enlarge his mind. It is his day of recreation and of rest.

Again, the comic disposition of an age fond of entertainment, amusement, laughter, disliking grave thoughts and averse to meditation, is not attracted to pulpit discussions. The words "duty," "immortality," "death," "responsibility," are unwelcome to popular ears. Say what one will, the minister's themes are necessarily serious. He speaks in the name of religion. He represents the soul. His speech drops down from the higher atmosphere of spiritual thought. He has nothing for sportive hearers. It is not his business to tickle idle ears. He is not a jester, a buffoon, a clown, or a merry-Andrew. He is unwilling to make people laugh; he rarely induces them to smile. It is his office to open the fountain of tears in their hearts, to stir their consciences, to awaken their souls, to rouse their sympathies. He speaks of brotherhood, charity, accountability; the wisdom of restraining passion, and curbing desire, and keeping the higher life in view. There are things that look unseemly in the presence of the eternal law, and such things he must condemn. There is a mirthfulness, innocent — nay, positively wholesome — elsewhere, that sinks into silence when the awful, invisible Form comes out of the shadow. That form the preacher never can forget. He would be untrue to himself if he lost remembrance of it for a moment. Whatever theme he deals with, the low murmur of the everlasting flood is ever in his ears, and resounds through his language, imparting a deep solemnity to his utterance. He may be tempted to indulge his humor or wit, if he has any, but he yields as to a temptation, regretfully, half remorsefully, fearing lest something may be taken from the edge of his appeal. Even when his theme is neither theological nor technically religious, he is true to his calling as a minister of righteousness. The liberal preacher, so called, is no less austere than his Calvinistic neighbor; rather more so, if anything, as feeling the importance of correcting a certain latitude of speculation which his "orthodox" friend is not aware of.

But if all this be true, — and true in a great measure it may well be, — why

is it, one may ask, that the pulpit has not fallen more completely into disrepute? Why is the institution supported? Why are preachers listened to? Why do crowds gather every Sunday to hear what earnest, believing men have to say? For it is a fact that preaching has not yet sunk into utter discredit. The churches are not deserted. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that, all things being taken into account, more people in proportion "go to meeting" — go intelligently, earnestly, sympathetically, expectantly — than ever went before. My impression is that there is more live mind in the churches to-day than there ever was. Buildings are larger, congregations are more numerous, the word is listened to more eagerly. If an able man has anything to say from the pulpit, an audience is ready for him; and the more authoritatively he speaks, the better they like it. The ancient faithis alive. The old way of presenting it is not obsolete. Skepticism does not appear to have penetrated the heart of the multitude. As the world grows larger, the number increases of those who frequent the sanctuary, as well as of those who stay away.

To say nothing of the occasions which come to all alike, — hours of sorrow, of disappointment, of defeat, — that everybody meets and must surmount; of the craving to hear a word of solace, encouragement, instruction, to enlarge the horizon of experience, to obtain a wider prospect of life; to say nothing of death, that awful, mysterious certainty, so universal in its sway, so uncertain in its issues, or of conscience, whose voice is heard in every breast, the themes of the pulpit possess an inexhaustible fascination for the majority of mankind. The preacher's cardinal topics are irresistibly interesting. There are grave questions which nobody can answer, yet which everybody asks, — questions that the preacher alone pretends to deal with, that none but a thinker attempts to grasp, but that force themselves on the unthinking mind. To know what answers have been given is a good deal; to be sure that there is no final answer is something. The most light-hearted, even frivolous people, at some moments in their lives, are brought face to face with problems so awful that only earnest minds should confront them, and they, for the most part, are consecrated professionally to the task. The preacher has been educated to consider such problems; he spends his life in endeavors to solve them; he has arrived at a certain degree of conviction; he has won popular confidence by the devotedness of his ministry and the elevation of his life. He is usually noble, simple-hearted, honest, true of intention, single of purpose, disinterested, and sympathetic. He lives in contemplation. He is an idealist. If he is a man of traditions, the traditions he holds by are humane; they embody the treasured wisdom of the race. Those who resort to him are pretty sure to get all that is known. The purely sensational preacher is rare in any community. There are not many men in the pulpit, if there are any, who study immediate effect more than truth. There may, here and there, be one man of remarkable humor, who is tempted occasionally to present ideas in a mirthful light; but this is incidental to his temperament, not radical in his ministration. His aim is heavenward, though he may frequently provoke a smile. Theodore Parker used to say that if he were to give expression to all the funny thoughts that occurred to him, his hall would resound with laughter. Fanciful images thronged his mind; yet nobody doubted Parker's earnestness of purpose, or questioned the absolute sincerity of his nature. Most people imagined that he was somewhat uncompromising, even grim. A prevailing passion for truth is all that can be asked for. Great genius, the gift of insight, of divination, of prophecy, of eloquent

speech, are not to be expected. The saintly disposition is given to few. But the power of personal character is not uncommon, simplicity of intention, purity of mind. Character is very different from genius, accomplishment, or talent in particular directions. It is the force of the unseen world flowing through the soul. There is much in the fact that the minister belongs to no class of men; that he is neither aristocrat nor democrat, rich nor poor, old nor young; that he is simply human; that he meets all men on the same terms; that all doors are open to him; that all domestic secrets are disclosed. The family physician is the only person who has anything like the same universality of influence, anything approaching an equal range of sympathy. No other man in society pretends to it.

When to this is added the quality of personality so generally felt in the preacher, who takes into himself the burden of so much experience, the importance of the pulpit is not surprising. The pulpit should be a mount of vision. A living soul utters oracles there. One hears a voice, sees a form, gazes on an expressive countenance. The lecturer has a portion of the same advantage, but he is not charged with so mysterious a theme, nor does he touch people at so many points. In fact, he does not reach the same people year after year, as the preacher does, and he never addresses the spiritual mind. The audience brings ears, seldom hearts, to the lyceum. It comes in the mood of admiration, not in the mood of worship. Mr. Emerson made the platform an altar, drawing down fire from heaven upon sticks of wood; but he was alone. The most persuasive lecturer does well if now and then he can ascend from low themes to lofty contemplations. The personality of the lecturer may be called *magnetic*, in the absence of a better word. The personality of the genuine preacher is born of the spirit, and is largely made up of the elements of hope, fear, love, aspiration, devotion.

The truth is that faith in the supernatural is not dead; faith in the invisible will never die. The ancient religious instincts of men will change their mode of expression, but they will retain their energy. The scientific method does not threaten them with extinction. The democratic principle does not endanger their authority, and the man who can arouse them is sure of a hearing. Every great epoch has been inaugurated by the pulpit, has been heralded by the preacher. The Hebrew ages were; the Christian age was. The Church of Rome sent out its preaching orders to revive a declining belief; the Protestant reform depended on the pulpit for its extension. Luther's force was, in great measure parænetical; so was Calvin's. In England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, there was a line of orators with their message from the Lord. The Puritan era came in with preaching. The modern pulpit is broader, more elastic, more practical, less theological, less speculative, less doctrinal, less severely logical, but its old spirit of moral operation is preserved. It still appeals to revelation, still falls back on inspiration, still assumes the immediate presence of Deity, — an immanent God, perhaps, but a living God, — with all the old reality and all the old vividness of conception. The radical pulpit simply transfers the divine influence to other fields; it never dreams of abolishing the idea of it. Atheistical it cannot be; pantheistical it may be; theistical, in some form, it commonly is.

The conditions of a powerful pulpit to-day are essentially the same as formerly: devotion, sincerity, open-mindedness, translucency of soul. The pulpit must contain consecrated men, who live for the highest thought, the noblest life, the purest sympathies; who are out of the world, do not seek its prizes, do not court its applause; who are not secta-

rians, not churchmen, not polemics, — men who lay by their individuality, their pride, their self-sufficiency; who are no hypocrites or pretenders; who do not strut, vapor, put on airs of superiority, or practice affectations of any kind, but who stand fairly on the border line, where humanity blends with divinity, — men of glowing enthusiasm, of invincible hopefulness, of perfect goodwill, friends and servants of mankind. Such are not rare, and they are becoming less uncommon with every generation. It will be generally allowed that the great need in all communities and at all times is of men of this stamp. The culture of the moral nature is still the chief concern. The prevalence of knowledge renders compulsory a finer interpretation of nature, history, experience. We depend on the pulpit to supply this perennial demand. We depend on the pulpit to furnish the conditions of its maintenance. The habit of fault-finding because it does not satisfy them is an evidence of the expectation that exists yet in the world of thinkers. That people are discontented, that they complain, that they stay away from church, may be a good sign. The pulpit should be based on the attribute of intellectual power. The occupant of it should be held to a high standard. It is our duty to insist that the Sunday shall not be wasted, given up to quacks, drivelers, buffoons. My quarrel with the community is that it is too acquiescent; criticises too little; is too easily satisfied; accepts mediocrity of learning, talent, devotion; abuses too mildly; ridicules too gently. The people who say the hardest things are, unfortunately, people who do not begin with aspiration. Religious men are the first to detect imposture. The pulpit can be trusted to purge itself from intruders. A distinguished preacher once said, "When I wish to throw stones at the church windows, I shall go outside." It was well remarked, for to throw stones is a hostile and rather a lawless proceeding. It is true, all the same, that the real improvement of the pulpit comes from the inside, from the growth of serious opinion among earnest men, who see what the age and the soul require. The correspondence between John Ruskin and certain clergymen of the Church of England, published two or three years ago, throws much light on the prevailing tendency towards a more spiritual understanding of the pulpit's office; the short preface by Dr. Matteson displaying admirably the temper of the leading ecclesiastics. As, in the case of a battle, the hard fighting is done by the ordinary soldiery, whose disciplined valor carries the day, so, in this warfare of religion, the ordinary labor is performed by obscure men, whose names are never spoken, and whose consecrated lives attest their fidelity to the highest interests of man. The officers bear the brunt of the criticism, but they do not fill the ranks.

The best and the worst has been said about the pulpit, yet it is not probable that any agency will ever take its place. Its very imperfections — and in the nature of things it cannot be all it aims to become — act as a constant spur to its improvement. Other ministrations, honorable and capable as they may be, do not propose to themselves the same objects, of course cannot produce the same results. The newspaper press, for instance, reaches a greater number of people, serves a greater number of wants, touches vastly more points of interest, deals with more immediate concerns, strives after a more comprehensive enlightenment; but its whole design is different. It has another ideal, which it endeavors to reach, but which in proportion as it is attained is seen to be essentially distinct from that of the preacher. The time has gone by when praise of the newspaper press is called for, or is timely. Blame of it is out of place. An attempt to understand the secret of its power is alone wise. That its domain is

immense, its sway almost boundless, its stride prodigious, must be evident to all who have eyes to see. In 1776, but little more than a hundred years ago, there were thirty-seven papers of all grades in the United States. Of these, nine were in Pennsylvania, seven in Massachusetts, four in New York. All of them, with a single exception, were weeklies, and this one was a semi-weekly. There was no daily paper in the country. Five years ago there were eight thousand papers of all orders, of which New York had the largest number, Pennsylvania the next in quantity, while Massachusetts ranked seventh or eighth. Now the dailies are all but numberless. A century since, there was a paper for one in thirty thousand people. Five years since, there was one for five thousand people. In 1876, there were in this country eight thousand one hundred and twenty-nine periodicals of every rank, with a total circulation of something over a billion. The population of the country was, at the same time, a little over thirty-eight million. There certainly is room enough for the growth of the press. It is not likely soon to overpass the pulpit. We sometimes hear people talk as if there were danger of an inundation from newspapers; but can any such event be anticipated? There is more ground for the opinion that we have not newspapers enough for the needs of the people. Less than fifteen years ago, there may have been started, on an average, six new papers a day, yet the actual increase in five years previous to 1876 was only about two thousand. The others had died, or been consolidated, or shrunk from view. The large controlling papers, on which the smaller papers feed, are very few. The metropolitan press is comparatively small. Most papers owe a great deal to the scissors, to the art of making extracts from the great journals; therefore, unless the towns are to become cities, and small journals great ones, — an event at present beyond conjecture, — the power of the newspaper press must have its numerical limitation.

The primary object of the newspaper is to convey enlightenment to the multitude. In the beginning it professed simply to supply intelligence regarding current incidents of importance. When the world was small the paper was small. When intercourse was difficult and infrequent, papers were of necessity local in their scope, limited in their circulation, restricted in their horizon. The Wide, Wide World was a child's look over a fence. With the expansion of the universe, new scenes were brought to view; and with increasing facilities of communication, fresh curiosity was awakened. The demand for information extended. Now the great newspaper gets news from every part of the planet. In every chief centre, in every great city, there must be correspondents, charged with the duty of reporting deeds and transactions. If an event of public interest occurs in Egypt, India, Rome, Constantinople, Mexico, or wherever else, special commissioners are sent out, keen observers, trained writers, careful chroniclers of history, to transmit intelligence in regard to everything that passes beneath the eye. The cost of all this is something fabulous. The amount of energy, of enterprise, of disciplined skill, required is fairly beyond computation. The brain-work of the editor in chief — of the subordinates, too, for that matter — must be prodigious, and it is unceasing.

Then the external facts must be explained, accounted for, and interpreted. Their meaning is to be disclosed, their tendency indicated, their consequence foreshadowed. Hence the prominence of the editorial column, the necessity of comment by experienced minds who have made the subjects a study. The best statisticians, critics, historians, financiers, scholars, must be employed to reduce to reason the crude material of

phenomena. This addition is of comparatively recent origin. Sixty years ago there were no editorial contributions. It is an acute Bostonian, as high-minded as he was sagacious, who has the credit of this innovation. He was himself a singularly able man, of great penetration and enlightened public spirit; but he secured the service of the most competent men in Massachusetts, for his purpose. His editorials acquired fame all over the country; they were copied in other papers, and laid the foundation of the system that has become habitual as well as adequate and conscientious.

Conscientious, it is repeated. For behind every fact lies a moral no less than an intellectual cause. The antecedents are often exceedingly subtle. Phenomena are subject to law; they implicate conscience; they are connected with the inner history of mankind. These relations must be indicated: hence the press preaches. The editor is, in a certain sense, a preacher; he must tell about the right and wrong of movements. There is an ethics of the press. To meet this requirement, men exercised in the knowledge of moral questions are employed. Many clergymen write for the papers. Pulpits are subsidized. Of course, the moralizing is more or less conventional. It appeals to the general conscience. It rarely soars above its occasion, or leaves the beaten track of conviction. The paper assumes the average moral sentiment of the community, — the highest average sentiment, certainly, — and is compelled to be, in substance, commonplace. It cannot diverge far from accepted principle, for by so doing it would be unfaithful to its leading purpose, which is to enlighten the minds of its contemporaries, not directly to elevate their consciences. It takes existing laws of duty for granted, follows the road of tradition, and, however fresh and forcible it may be in expression, abides by conceded examples. Now and then an editor ventures on original theses, indulges in speculative lucubrations, or propounds ethical theories beyond his calling. But this is felt to be out of his province, and is set down to the account of some private eccentricity. The task of uplifting the souls of men is committed to other hands, and if entrusted to him alone would hardly be fulfilled. To him belongs the office of the interpreter, not that of the prophet. Unquestionably, his influence may be great in extending the sphere of the pulpit, in holding the preacher to the level of his vocation, in distributing moral forces, but his power to originate them is small.

This is the most important limitation of the press, and herein it differs from the pulpit, which holds its occupant to the highest mark of ideal aspiration. The more completely he loses himself in heavenly contemplations, the better men are satisfied. The limitations in question may be explained by the fact that the newspaper press is a great business, and must obey the rules of business. Its expenses are enormous. The salaries, rents, costs of correspondence, of editorial writing, of news agencies, reporters, and the rest are incessant as they are absorbing of money. It requires a large outlay to start a daily paper, and to maintain it when started. And this must be made good, and more than made good; otherwise the result is failure. Here and there, to be sure, a paper is begun and continued for a time, longer or shorter, in some particular interest that commands the support of a special individual or company, but this does not count. The press, as a rule, is a venture, conducted on the principle of every pecuniary investment. It offers to the capitalist a fair return for the money he has put into the shares, and if no such return is forthcoming, the investment is not a good one. There are papers that represent more than a million of dollars. If this sum is de-

rived from subscriptions, as it seldom or never is, the public taste must be primarily consulted. If it is derived from advertisements, the business community must be accommodated. The advertisements depend on the circulation; the circulation results from the popular approval. Thus, at last, the public sentiment is made the test of excellence. It is impossible to see how this dilemma can be escaped. There may be papers that live for a while without advertising, — sectarian organs, Sunday-school journals, instituted for denominational purposes, — but they are small and insignificant. And these seek advertisements, though not often with success, inasmuch as their constituency is not large, and is formed of people who are already attached to the cause advocated. Here is an unavoidable peril, not merely financial, but moral; for the public mind nowhere is remarkably high-toned. Remunerative advertisements must be invited; must be, if possible, secured. How far policy may be stretched to meet the exigency will rest on the conscience of the editor or editors. At all events, policy must be invoked. Most papers advertise their circulation, of course with a motive, which appears on the face of the proceeding. Deference to a subscription list is sometimes increased by this means. A falling off of circulation will be injurious. The management may regret this necessity of pleasing a fickle public, may rebel against it, may suggest, teach, remonstrate, inculcate, enjoin; but can circumstances be controlled? Even when the multitude becomes infatuated, possessed, maddened by some strange prejudice, some unwarrantable persuasion, must not the conductors of the paper be careful how they run counter to the tide? No paper that loves its own existence can afford to defy the world. No paper dares be so independent that it will put itself in opposition to all opinion. It is dependent on its very independence. If its patrons maintain it, all is well. But its patrons must maintain it. If the editor sets at naught their judgment, he as certainly drives his vessel on a rock as does the head of an ordinary enterprise.

Here is the distinction between an ideal and a practical profession. The ideal profession stands upon principle; the practical profession stands upon policy. Every calling, as soon as it leaves principle for policy, incurs the danger of moral depreciation. The pulpit does so even more fatally than the press, because its aims are higher. Under the old system of ecclesiastical supremacy, the preacher was upheld by the church. The community was directed by the priesthood. The power of spiritual authority was universally acknowledged. The minister was therefore independent of social influence. He was strong in the support of his superiors, who silently backed his word. Men might like what he said, or they might dissent from it; they were compelled to listen, because the speaker was countenanced by celestial inspiration. In the days of Catholic supremacy, just before the Reformation, a class of preachers was sent out to revive the drooping faith of the believers. Their moral audacity was amazing. They went everywhere with their encouragement and rebuke. They stood before monarchs, princes, gentlemen, ladies. The Pope himself came under their censure, for greater than any earthly dominion was the deathless spirit he represented. In the early days of Protestant rule, the voice of the Holy Ghost in the soul was louder than any human clamor. The period of Puritan energy was also the period of implicit confidence in the monitions of the superterrestrial nature. In these days of naturalism, under the democratic system, the prevailing faith in a revealed will gives the pulpit courage. The wish of the majority sometimes overbears the speech of the timid man. He must consult the press before he utters his con-

viction on any matter of divided sentiment. We have all known instances where conscience clashed against expediency, where the multitude rose up and overturned the authority of the pulpit, and the minister was obliged to depart from his place. The pew rents dwindled, and a new administration was thought more likely to "edify." This event frequently happened in the years that preceded the civil war; but a purely spiritual exigency may arise which brings the common sense of the hearers into collision with the soul of the prophet, and then the consequence is equally disastrous. The preacher who regards his calling as a business, as the novelist has often described him, is lost. He preaches what the congregation likes to hear. He prophesies smooth things, because such only are attractive, such only draw the people who pay. Hence devices for gaining audiences; sensational sermons; loud declamations; the facility with which men persuade themselves that they believe what they have discarded; the habit of thinking one thing in the study, and saying another on Sunday. The office thus becomes a bargaining shop, and it lapses at once into spiritual degeneracy.

This danger the press is exposed to continually and inevitably. How far it eludes the danger it is not for me to say. The editorial conscience can alone answer that question. A curious concomitant of this deference to polite opinion is the tone of infallibility the press assumes. It is obliged to speak with authority in order to keep the confidence of its supporters. It must abide by its assertion; otherwise it weakens its grasp on its adherents. Consistency is its jewel, even if it be consistency in misjudgment and mistake. To retract is perilous; to correct an error is to confess it; to give prominence to a recantation is humbling. To forgive is always difficult; to ask forgiveness requires almost supernatural virtue. None but noble minds can do that. He who grants looks down on a suppliant; he who asks looks up to a judge. He who admits no judge more exalted than personal inclination or popular approval will not often take the attitude of humiliation. It is done sometimes, not often, still less habitually; for it is a hard thing for a paper with a hundred thousand readers who pin their faith to its columns to take back its own asseveration. Fidelity to its main purpose forbids its making concessions which might impair its force.

Another source of limitation in the newspaper press is the necessity of paying attention to local politics. This is not a fault, nor even a misfortune. It may, indeed, imply a most excellent quality; for in a democratic country politics ought to be a leading concern of the people, and the task of informing the general mind about it, of scrutinizing candidates, testing questions, and estimating issues, is of primary importance. Great discussions are continually agitated. The merits as well as the demerits of causes are exhibited, the proportions of phenomena are ascertained, and in the course of debate absolute principles are brought into view. All this is admirable as bearing on the higher education of the community at large. Every considerable paper is, fortunately, obliged to have political sympathies; every leading paper must undertake political advocacy. The sympathies grow from year to year more generous; the advocacy becomes from year to year most just and noble. That the public mind is enlightened by the uninterrupted agitation, the general conscience purified, the standard of equity raised, the level of truth elevated, is heartily conceded; nay, is gratefully acknowledged. That this is in great measure due to the efforts of journalists cannot be doubted. At the same time, it would be miraculous if the habit of confining attention to the details of party

management did not weaken the faculty of ideal contemplation, and render difficult, to say the least, the duty of considering everlasting ideas. This task devolves on other shoulders, not of necessity more willing or able, but suited to another kind of burden.

The press is a great power for distributing intelligence of all kinds. It is a vast popular educator, in science, the useful arts, taste for literature, music, painting, sculpture, in all that belongs to human existence in this world. A critic, a keen observer, a man of singular intelligence, himself a distinguished preacher, once said to me that he never read a paper that he did not come across something he wished to cut out and preserve; and he was prevented from doing so only by the number of such paragraphs. This too is the experience of other men, as I can bear cheerful testimony. This power of the press is increasing continually, and is becoming more and more beneficent. To every one who can look back half a century, it must be evident that in quality as well as in quantity the improvement is immense. That there is room for more will be admitted by none so eagerly as by editors themselves, who are tireless in their endeavors to raise their calling to the rank they perceive it should hold. The real friend of his kind must rejoice in the signs of such advance, for they prove that one of the chief agents of civilization is about its work.

The mission of the stage is no less lofty and peculiar than that of the pulpit or the press. Though its office is primarily to entertain, it aims at doing this in a way more refined and elegant as time goes on, thus promoting the æsthetic education of society. The epoch of Puritan protest against the theatre is gone by. Amusement is no longer associated with vice. The sources of turpitude have been, once and for all, removed from buildings devoted to dramatic art. Clergymen need no longer defend the stage. The best actors move freely in the choicest circles. Even orthodox preachers show, by their attendance at places of theatrical entertainment in foreign cities, that their objections are not founded on principle, but rather on local convenience, and that they would gladly introduce a more generous form of culture at home. The deeper religious objection, that the actor's profession is essentially unreal, illusory, artificial, false, hypocritical, perhaps, inasmuch as he must pretend to be somebody else; must simulate a kindness, a state, a virtue, not his own; must wear borrowed clothes, and put on a mask, and seem to be noble when he is at heart base, is gradually disappearing under finer influences, at the common demand for higher conception, for more consummate skill, for nicer delineation of character, for a delicate quality of dress and decoration which a generation ago were unknown. Coarseness is scarcely tolerated in our days; rudeness is severely criticised. The arts of expression are cultivated because they are insisted on.

The passion for the drama, it is on all sides confessed, has its seat in human nature. The church admitted this long ago, in the miracle plays, by which received doctrines were commended to the uneducated classes. The church must admit it again in the new shape prescribed by the modern spirit, welcoming its gay coadjutor to a share in the task of educating society. For the actors themselves — the foremost of them — are doing what they can to render their profession acceptable to the worthiest men and women. They work hard; they study incessantly; they consult the best standards of feeling. If they are ingenious in producing meretricious effects by the use of paint, cosmetic, and costume, it is simply because the public inclination runs in that direction, not because they themselves love ornament or the resort to tricks. As fast as they are permitted they will ele-

vate the standard of taste. Their business is to make moral sentiment attractive; not to promulgate absolute ethics, not to diffuse information, but to make such morality as exists appreciated, and to recommend it by all the means at their command. The appetite for high tragedy is less and less importunate. Bold, melodramatic effects are seldom produced. Violent ethical contrasts are avoided. Strong painting of moral peculiarities is no longer in vogue. The finer shadings of life are indicated, — a sign of healthy realism in thought and emotion. The desire for comedy is chastened by a very considerable refinement in the character of comedy itself, which is taken out of the region of buffoonery and burlesque, and carried up into the domain of wholesome merriment.

It is beginning to be suspected, in fact, that the actor, and not society, is the principal victim of the profession. He is the sufferer from insincere conditions, if there is any. He must labor at night, when other people enjoy themselves; and his labor is especially exhausting to the nervous energy, so that he must sleep through the sunniest hours of the day. He is cut off seriously from social intercourse, even in the period of his fame; and until his fame is acquired he has no chance to go into the world. The chief interests of mankind — business and politics — have but little part in his life. The movements of social reform pass him by. He dwells habitually in a world of his own, a world apart from his fellow creatures. He belongs to a caste. His notions of behavior are suggested by his environment. His ideas of virtue are apt to be characterized by the peculiarities of a remote and fanciful ideal. The moral persuasions of a distinct order are visibly impressed on his mind. Both his virtues and his vices are incident to a calling that shuts him up in a species of isolation from his kind. His temptations are his own; his victories, too, are his own. Other men have stronger supports, and deserve sterner judgment for errors. In my own experience, both the men and the women merit more honor than is meted out to them.

There have been times when the stage was made to minister directly to the political, social, and moral guidance of mankind; when it was wielded as a force by kings and courts; when its writers regarded it as the object of their lives to satirize folly in the interest of wisdom. In a word, the playwright was a prophet. But, as a rule, the office of the actor is to entertain. This is no mean function. A sorely tasked clergyman of Boston used to frequent, when he visited New York, a certain theatre, well known then, where he was sure to be shaken out of his cares by side-splitting laughter, and sent home a new man. The actor, as it befell, was no model of private virtue, but he performed this vast service for his fellow men. Better offices are rendered now, but they are the same in kind. To diminish in some degree the pressure of toil is a great blessing. Unhappily, they who least need to have the pressure lightened, the leisurely, pleasure-seeking classes, are the chief supporters of the theatre. But the most cultivated people, the most responsible members of the community, will become the patrons of it in proportion as its office is better appreciated. Still, the multitude require, more than the few, this solace of entertainment, for they have not so many resources in their homes and their daily life. They are the people who need to be amused. They bear the heaviest burdens of existence. The rich or educated classes can do without amusement, on ordinary occasions, or can obtain it through other channels. During the days of terror in Paris that marked the French Revolution, in 1793, between twenty and thirty theatres gathered crowds every evening, the actors and

actresses exerting themselves to keep quiet the agonized spirits of the metropolis. In the darkest hours of our civil war, when the ministers were sustaining drooping hearts by holding before them the precepts of eternal justice; when the daily papers published bulletins of dismay, and tried to put the most cheerful interpretation on disaster, the theatres of New York were thronged as they never had been before by men and women who wished to escape from painful thoughts. To some the mirthfulness appeared unseemly, but they who saw deeper beheld with thankfulness this provision for relieving the tension of an overcharged nervous system. Laughter follows close on tears.

This point cannot be too strongly stated. It would be a real misfortune were the actor to undertake the duty of the preacher; for then he would not carry the multitude with him, and the presentation of moral ideas would be sentimental, if not extravagant. For the actor to play the reformer would be a serious mistake, because he would inevitably be betrayed into fustian or silly pedantry. He would disgust many, and amuse none. All attempts to "purify the stage" by making it an adjunct of religion disclose a singular ignorance of the true mission of both. A play written for philosophers would not interest merchants, manufacturers, or artisans. Acting that might please saints could not be acceptable to sinners, as the majority of men are. The stage must represent the society it entertains. The player must be popular. Society, indeed, would be the gainer if actors and actresses would study to accommodate themselves better than they appear to do to the most refined moral sense of the community; if they would accept in good faith their duty as educators of their generation. The customary dependence on the hair-dresser, the milliner, the dealer in cosmetics, the costumer, is not encouraging to moral excellence. The adaptation of French plays, with their inevitable meretriciousness, to say nothing of their daintily concealed lubricity, is not a sign of elevated taste. But this may be a passing fashion. The increasing popularity of American plays argues a nobler future, a more complete adaptation to the ideas of a young, aspiring people.

The actor is an artist. He belongs to the great brotherhood of the masters of perfect form, and he must not confound electric lights with beauty, or make paint a substitute for principles. The introduction of personal charms as a guarantee of histrionic talent, or a passport to histrionic success, as if it were enough to be beautiful, is fatal to lofty attainment, either in morality or in art, and should be frowned at instead of being indulged, as it is by a too generous profession.

That the stage has a very dignified career before it cannot be doubted; that it will rise above its difficulties must not be questioned; that it holds in its possession a mighty power for good will be gladly believed by enlightened minds. Its function is intellectual, and therefore boundless in possibility. There is simply no end to its capabilities. Though its office is to entertain, it is also its office to cultivate, to refine, to elevate, quite as distinctly as the work of the press is to impart a complete information, or as the task of the pulpit is to inspire the human soul. These are the three sources of power. All other agencies are but variations on the themes they propose. As time goes on, the peculiar differences in their design will probably be disclosed more and more. They will come to respect one another as fellow workers, and to rejoice each in the other's success; all jealousy and envy being laid aside, as between real artists who are endeavoring to promote the well being of humankind.

O. B. Frothingham.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XV.

As it often happens that, in affairs of importance, the minor events which lead to the ultimate result seem to occur rapidly, and almost to stumble over each other in their haste, it came to pass that on the very evening after I had got Nino's letter I was sent for by the contessina.

When the man came to call me, I was sitting in my room, from force of habit, though the long delay had made the possibility of the meeting seem shadowy. I was hoping that Nino might arrive in time to go in my place, for I knew that he would not be many hours behind his letter. He would assuredly travel as fast as he could, and if he had understood my directions he was not likely to go astray. But in spite of my hopes the summons came too soon, and I was obliged to go myself.

Picture to yourselves how I looked and how I felt: a sober old professor, as I am, stealing out in the night, all wrapped in a cloak as dark and shabby as any conspirator's; armed with a good knife in case of accidents; with beating heart, and doubting whether I could use my weapon if needful; and guided to the place of tryst by the confidential servant of a beautiful and unhappy maiden. I have often laughed since then at the figure I must have cut, but I did not laugh at the time. It was a very serious affair.

We skirted the base of the huge rock on which the castle is built, and reached the small, low door without meeting any one. It was a moonlit night, — the Paschal moon was nearly at the full, — and the whiteness made each separate iron rivet in the door stand out distinct, thrown into relief by its own small shadow on the seamed oak. My guide produced a ponderous key, which screamed hoarsely in the lock under the pressure of his two hands, as he made it turn in the rusty wards. The noise frightened me, but the man laughed, and said they could not hear where they sat, far up in the vaulted chamber, telling long stories over their wine. We entered, and I had to mount a little way up the dark steps to give him room to close the door behind us, by which we were left in total darkness. I confess I was very nervous and frightened until he lighted a taper which he had brought and made enough light to show the way. The stairs were winding and steep, but perfectly dry, and when he had passed me I followed him, feeling that at all events the door behind was closed, and there was some one between me and any danger ahead.

The man paused in front of me, and when I had rounded the corner of the winding steps I saw that a brighter light than ours shone from a small doorway opening directly upon the stair. In another moment I was in the presence of Hedwig von Lira. The man retired, and left us.

She stood, dressed in black, against the rough stone; the strong light of a gorgeous gilt lamp that was placed on the floor streamed upward on her white face. Her eyes caught the brightness, and seemed to burn like deep, dark gems, though they appeared so blue in the day. She looked like a person tortured past endurance, so that the pain of the soul has taken shape, and the agony of the heart has assumed substance. Tears shed had hollowed the marble cheeks, and the stronger suffering that cannot weep had chiseled out great shadows beneath her brows. Her thin clasped hands seemed wringing each other into strange shapes of woe; and though she

stood erect as a slender pillar against the black rock, it was rather from the courage of despair than because she was straight and tall by her own nature.

I bent low before her, awed by the extremity of suffering I saw.

"Are you Signor Grandi?" she asked, in a low and trembling voice.

"Most humbly at your service, Signora Contessina," I answered. She put out her hand to me, and then drew it back quickly, with a timid, nervous look as I moved to take it.

"I never saw you," she said, "but I feel as though you *must* be a friend" — She paused.

"Indeed, signorina, I am here for that reason," said I, trying to speak stoutly, and so to inspire her with some courage. "Tell me how I can best serve you; and though I am not young and strong like Nino Cardegna, my boy, I am not so old but that I can do whatsoever you command."

"Then, in God's name, save me from this" — But again the sentence died upon her lips, and she glanced anxiously at the door. I reflected that if any one came we should be caught like mice in a trap, and I made as though I would look out upon the stairs. But she stopped me.

"I am foolishly frightened," she said. "That man is faithful, and will keep watch." I thought it time to discover her wishes.

"Signorina," said I, "you ask me to save you. You do not say from what. I can at least tell you that Nino Cardegna will be here in a day or two" — At this sudden news she gave a little cry, and the blood rushed to her cheeks, in strange contrast with their deathly whiteness. She seemed on the point of speaking, but checked herself, and her eyes, that had looked me through and through a moment before, drooped modestly under my glance.

"Is it possible?" she said at last, in a changed voice. "Yes, if he comes, I think the Signor Cardegna will help me."

"Madam," I said, very courteously, for I guessed her embarrassment, "I can assure you that my boy is ready to give you his life in return for the kindness he received at your hands in Rome." She looked up, smiling through her tears, for the sudden happiness had moistened the drooping lids.

"You are very kind, Signor Grandi. Signor Cardegna is, I believe, a good friend of mine. You say he will be here?"

"I received a letter from him to-day, dated in Rome, in which he tells me that he will start immediately. He may be here to-morrow morning," I answered. Hedwig had regained her composure, perhaps because she was reassured by my manner of speaking about Nino. I, however, was anxious to hear from her own lips some confirmation of my suspicions concerning the baron. "I have no doubt," I continued, presently, "that, with your consent, my boy will be able to deliver you from this prison" — I used the word at a venture. Had Hedwig suffered less, and been less cruelly tormented, she would have rebuked me for the expression. But I recalled her to her position, and her self-control gave way at once.

"Oh, you are right to call it a prison!" she cried. "It is as much a prison as this chamber hewed out of the rock, where so many a wretch has languished hopelessly; a prison from which I am daily taken out into the sweet sun, to breathe and be kept alive, and to taste how joyful a thing liberty must be! And every day I am brought back, and told that I may be free if I will consent. Consent! God of mercy!" she moaned, in a sudden tempest of passionate despair. "Consent ever to belong, body — and soul — to be touched, polluted, desecrated, by that inhuman monster; sold to him, to a creature without pity, whose heart is a toad, a venomous creep-

ing thing, — sold to him for this life, and to the vengeance of God hereafter; bartered, traded, and told that I am so vile and lost that the very price I am offered is an honor to me, being so much more than my value." She came toward me as she spoke, and the passionate, unshed tears that were in her seemed to choke her, so that her voice was hoarse.

"And for what — for what?" she cried wildly, seizing my arm and looking fiercely into my eyes. "For what, I say? Because I gave him a poor rose; because I let him see me once; because I loved his sweet voice; because — because — I love him, and will love him, and do love him, though I die!"

The girl was in a frenzy of passion and love and hate all together, and did not count her words. The white heat of her tormented soul blazed from her pale face and illuminated every feature, though she was turned from the light, and she shook my arm in her grasp so that it pained me. The marble was burned in the fire, and must consume itself to ashes. The white and calm statue was become a pillar of flame in the life-and-death struggle for love. I strove to speak, but could not, for fear and wonder tied my tongue. And indeed she gave me short time to think.

"I tell you I love him, as he loves me," she continued, her voice trembling upon the rising cadence, "with all my whole being. Tell him so. Tell him he must save me, and that only he can: that for his sake I am tortured, and scorned, and disgraced, and sold; my body thrown to dogs, and worse than dogs; my soul given over to devils that tempt me to kill and be free, — by my own father, for his sake. Tell him that these hands he kissed are wasted with wringing small pains from each other, but the greater pain drives them to do worse. Tell him, good sir, — you are kind and love him, but not as I do, — tell him that this golden hair of mine has streaks of white in these terrible two months; that these eyes he loved are worn with weeping. Tell him" —

But her voice failed her, and she staggered against the wall, hiding her face in her hands. A trembling breath, a struggle, a great wild sob: the long-sealed tears were free, and flowed fast over her hands.

"Oh, no, no," she moaned, "you must not tell him that." Then choking down her agony she turned to me: "You will not — you cannot tell him of this? I am weak, ill, but I will bear everything for — for him." The great effort exhausted her, and I think that if I had not caught her she would have fallen, and she would have hurt herself very much on the stone floor. But she is young, and I am not very strong, and could not have held her up. So I knelt, letting her weight come on my shoulder.

The fair head rested pathetically against my old coat, and I tried to wipe away her tears with her long, golden hair; for I had not any handkerchief. But very soon I could not see to do it. I was crying myself, for the pity of it all, and my tears trickled down and fell on her thin hands. And so I kneeled, and she half lay and half sat upon the floor, with her head resting on my shoulder. I was glad then to be old, for I felt that I had a right to comfort her.

Presently she looked up into my face, and saw that I was weeping. She did not speak, but found her little lace handkerchief, and pressed it to my eyes, — first to one, and then to the other; and the action brought a faint maidenly flush to her cheeks through all her own sorrow. A daughter could not have done it more kindly.

"My child," I said at last, "be sure that your secret is safe with me. But there is one coming with whom it will be safer."

"You are so good," she said, and her head sank once more, and nestled against my breast, so that I could just see the bright tresses through my gray beard.

But in a moment she looked up again, and made as though she would rise; and then I helped her, and we both stood on our feet.

Poor, beautiful, tormented Hedwig! I can remember it, and call up the whole picture to my mind. She still leaned on my arm, and looked up to me, her loosened hair all falling back upon her shoulders; and the wonderful lines of her delicate face seemed made ethereal and angelic by her sufferings.

"My dear," I said at last, smoothing her golden hair with my hand, as I thought her mother would do, if she had a mother, — "my dear, your interview with my boy may be a short one, and you may not have an opportunity to meet at all for days. If it does not pain you too much, will you tell me just what your troubles are, here? I can then tell him, so that you can save the time when you are together." She gazed into my eyes for some seconds, as though to prove me, whether I were a true man.

"I think you are right," she answered, taking courage. "I will tell you in two words. My father treats me as though I had committed some unpardonable crime, which I do not at all understand. He says my reputation is ruined. Surely, that is not true?" She asked the question so innocently and simply that I smiled.

"No, my dear, it is not true," I replied.

"I am sure I cannot understand it," she continued; "but he says so, and insists that my only course is to accept what he calls the advantageous offer which has suddenly presented itself. He insists very roughly." She shuddered slightly. "He gives me no peace. It appears that this creature wrote to ask my father for my hand, when we left Rome, two months ago. The letter was forwarded, and my father began at once to tell me that I must make up my mind to the marriage. At first I used to be very angry; but seeing we were alone, I finally determined to seem indifferent, and not to answer him when he talked about it. Then he thought my spirit was broken, and he sent for Baron Benoni, who arrived a fortnight ago. Do you know him, Signor Grandi? You came to see him, so I suppose you do." The same look of hatred and loathing came to her face that I had noticed when Benoni and I met her in the hall.

"Yes, I know him. He is a traitor, a villain," I said earnestly.

"Yes, and more than that. But he is a great banker in Russia" —

"A banker?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Did you not know it? Yes; he is very rich, and has a great firm, if that is the name for it. But he wanders incessantly, and his partners take care of his affairs. My father says that I shall marry him, or end my days here."

"Unless you end his for him!" I cried indignantly.

"Hush!" said she, and trembled violently. "He is my father, you know," she added, with sudden earnestness.

"But you cannot consent" — I began.

"Consent!" she interrupted, with a bitter laugh. "I will die rather than consent."

"I mean, you cannot consent to be shut up in this valley forever."

"If need be, I will," she said, in a low voice.

"There is no need," I whispered.

"You do not know my father. He is a man of iron," she answered sorrowfully.

"You do not know my boy. He is a man of his word," I replied.

We were both silent, for we both knew very well what our words meant. From such a situation there could be but one escape.

"I think you ought to go now," she said at last. "If I were missed it would

all be over. But I am sorry to let you go, you are so kind. How can you let me know" — She stopped, with a blush, and stooped to raise the lamp from the floor.

"Can you not meet here to-morrow night, when they are asleep?" I suggested, knowing what her question would have been.

"I will send the same man to you to-morrow evening, and let you know what is possible," she said. "And now I will show you the way out of my house," she added, with the first faint shadow of a smile. With the slight gilt lamp in her hand, she went out of the little rock chamber, listened a moment, and began to descend the steps.

"But the key?" I asked, following her light footsteps with my heavier tread.

"It is in the door," she answered, and went on.

When we reached the bottom, we found it as she had said. The servant had left the key on the inside, and with some difficulty I turned the bolts. We stood for one moment in the narrow space, where the lowest step was set close against the door. Her eyes flashed strangely in the lamplight.

"How easy it would be!" I said, understanding her glance. She nodded, and pushed me gently out into the street; and I closed the door, and leaned against it as she locked it.

"Good-night," she said from the other side, and I put my mouth to the key-hole. "Good-night. Courage!" I answered. I could hear her lightly mounting the stone steps. It seemed wonderful to me that she should not be afraid to go back alone. But love makes people brave.

The moon had risen higher during the time I had been within, and I strolled round the base of the rock, lighting a cigar as I went. The terrible adventure I had dreaded was now over, and I felt myself again. In truth, it was a curious thing to happen to a man of my years and my habits; but the things I had heard had so much absorbed my attention that, while the interview lasted, I had forgotten the strange manner of the meeting. I was horrified at the extent of the girl's misery, more felt than understood from her brief description and passionate outbreaks. There is no mistaking the strength of a suffering that wastes and consumes the mortal part of us as wax melts at the fire.

And Benoni — the villain! He had written to ask Hedwig in marriage before he came to see me in Rome. There was something fiendish in his almost inviting me to see his triumph, and I cursed him as I kicked the loose stones in the road with my heavy shoes. So he was a banker, as well as a musician and a wanderer. Who would have thought it?

"One thing is clear," I said to myself, as I went to bed: "unless something is done immediately, that poor girl will consume herself and die." And all that night her poor thin face and staring eyes were in my dreams; so that I woke up several times, thinking I was trying to comfort her, and could not. But toward dawn I felt sure that Nino was coming, and that all would be well.

I was chatting with my old landlady the next morning, and smoking to pass the time, when there was suddenly a commotion in the street. That is to say, some one was arriving, and all the little children turned out in a body to run after the stranger, while the old women came to their doors with their knitting, and squinted under the bright sunlight to see what was the matter.

It was Nino, of course — my own boy, riding on a stout mule, with a countryman by his side upon another. He was dressed in plain gray clothes, and wore high boots. His great felt hat drooped half across his face, and hid his eyes from me; but there was no mistaking the stern, square jaw and the close, even lips. I ran toward him, and called

him by name. In a moment he was off his beast, and we embraced tenderly.

"Have you seen her?" were the first words he spoke. I nodded, and hurried him into the house where I lived, fearful lest some mischance should bring the party from the castle riding by. He sent his man with the mules to the inn, and when we were at last alone together he threw himself into a chair, and took off his hat.

Nino too was changed in the two months that had passed. He had traveled far, had sung lustily, and had been applauded to the skies; and he had seen the great world. But there was more than all that in his face. There were lines of care and of thought that well became his masculine features. There was a something in his look that told of a set purpose, and there was a light in his dark eyes that spoke a world of warning to any one who might dare to thwart him. But he seemed thinner, and his cheeks were as white as the paper I write on.

Some men are born masters, and never once relax the authority they exercise on those around them. Nino has always commanded me, as he seems to command everybody else, in the fewest words possible. But he is so true and honest and brave that all who know him love him; and that is more than can be said for most artists. As he sat in his chair, hesitating what question to ask first, or waiting for me to speak, I thought that if Hedwig von Lira had searched the whole world for a man able to deliver her from her cruel father and from her hated lover she could have chosen no better champion than Nino Cardegna, the singer. Of course you all say that I am infatuated with the boy, and that I helped him to do a reckless thing, simply because I was blinded by my fondness. But I maintain, and shall ever hold, that Nino did right in this matter, and I am telling my story merely in order that honest men may judge.

He sat by the window, and the sun poured through the panes upon his curling hair, his traveling dress, and his dusty boots. The woman of the house brought in some wine and water; but he only sipped the water, and would not touch the wine.

"You are a dear, kind father to me," he said, putting out his hand from where he sat, "and before we talk I must tell you how much I thank you." Simple words, as they look on paper; but another man could not have said so much in an hour, as his voice and look told me.

XVI.

"Nino mio," I began, "I saw the contessina last night. She is in a very dramatic and desperate situation. But she greets you, and looks to you to save her from her troubles." Nino's face was calm, but his voice trembled a little as he answered: —

"Tell me quickly, please, what the troubles are."

"Softly — I will tell you all about it. You must know that your friend Benoni is a traitor to you, and is here. Do not look astonished. He has made up his mind to marry the contessina, and she says she will die rather than take him, which is quite right of her." At the latter piece of news, Nino sprang from his chair.

"You do not seriously mean that her father is trying to make her marry Benoni?" he cried.

"It is infamous, my dear boy; but it is true."

"Infamous! I should think you could find a stronger word. How did you learn this?" I detailed the circumstances of our meeting on the previous night. While I talked, Nino listened with intense interest, and his face changed its look from anger to pity, and from pity to horror. When I had finished, he was silent.

"You can see for yourself," I said, "that the case is urgent."

"I will take her away," said Nino, at last. "It will be very unpleasant for the count. He would have been wiser to allow her to have her own way."

"Do nothing rash, Nino mio. Consider a little what the consequences would be if you were caught in the act of violently carrying off the daughter of a man as powerful as Von Lira."

"Bah! You talk of his power as though we lived under the Colonnesi and the Orsini, instead of under a free monarchy. If I am once married to her, what have I to fear? Do you think the count would go to law about his daughter's reputation? Or do you suppose he would try to murder me?"

"I would do both, in his place," I answered. "But perhaps you are right, and he will yield when he sees that he is outwitted. Think again, and suppose that the contessina herself objects to such a step."

"That is a different matter. She shall do nothing save by her own free will. You do not imagine I would try to take her away unless she were willing?" He sat down again beside me, and affectionately laid one hand on my shoulder.

"Women, Nino, are women," I remarked.

"Unless they are angels," he assented.

"Keep the angels for Paradise, and beware of taking them into consideration in this working-day world. I have often told you, my boy, that I am older than you."

"As if I doubted that!" he laughed.

"Very well. I know something about women. A hundred women will tell you that they are ready to flee with you; but not more than one in the hundred will really leave everything and follow you to the end of the world, when the moment comes for running away. They always make a fuss at the last, and say it is too dangerous, and you may be caught. That is the way of them. You will be quite ready with a ladder of ropes, like one of Boccaccio's men, and a roll of banknotes for the journey, and smelling-salts, and a cushion for the puppy dog, and a separate conveyance for the maid, just according to the directions she has given you; then, at the very last, she will perhaps say that she is afraid of hurting her father's feelings by leaving him without any warning. Be careful, Nino!"

"As for that," he answered sullenly enough, "if she will not, she will not; and I would not attempt to persuade her against her inclination. But unless you have very much exaggerated what you saw in her face, she will be ready at five minutes' notice. It must be very like hell, up there in that castle, I should think."

"Messer Diavolo, who rules over the house, will not let his prey escape him so easily as you think."

"Her father?" he asked.

"No; Benoni. There is no creature so relentless as an old man in pursuit of a young woman."

"I am not afraid of Benoni."

"You need not be afraid of her father," said I, laughing. "He is lame, and cannot run after you." I do not know why it is that we Romans laugh at lame people; we are sorry for them, of course, as we are for other cripples.

"There is something more than fear in the matter," said Nino seriously. "It is a great thing to have upon one's soul."

"What?" I asked.

"To take a daughter away from her father without his consent, — or at least without consulting him. I would not like to do it."

"Do you mean to ask the old gentleman's consent before eloping with his daughter? You are a little donkey, Nino, upon my word."

"Donkey, or anything else you like, but I will act like a galantuomo. I

will see the count, and ask him once more whether he is willing to let his daughter marry me. If not, so much the worse; he will be warned."

"Look here, Nino," I said, astonished at the idea. "I have taught you a little logic. Suppose you meant to steal a horse, instead of a woman. Would you go to the owner of the horse, with your hat in your hand, and say, 'I trust your worship will not be offended if I steal this horse, which seems to be a good animal and pleases me;' and then would you expect him to allow you to steal his horse?"

"Sor Cornelio, the case is not the same. Women have a right to be free, and to marry whom they please; but horses are slaves. However, as I am not a thief, I would certainly ask the man for the horse; and if he refused it, and I conceived that I had a right to have it, I would take it by force, and not by stealth."

"It appears to me that if you meant to get possession of what was not yours you might as well get it in the easiest possible way," I objected. "But we need not argue the case. There is a much better reason why you should not consult the count."

"I do not believe it," said Nino stubbornly.

"Nevertheless, it is so. The Contessina di Lira is desperately unhappy, and if nothing is done she may die. Young women have died of broken hearts before now. You have no right to endanger her life by risking failure. Answer me that, if you can, and I will grant you are a cunning sophist, but not a good lover."

"There is reason in what you say now," he answered. "I had not thought of that desperateness of the case, which you speak of. You have seen her." He buried his face in his hand, and seemed to be thinking.

"Yes, I have seen her, and I wish you had been in my place. You would think differently about asking her father's leave to rescue her." From having been anxious to prevent anything rash, it seemed that I was now urging him into the very jaws of danger. I think that Hedwig's face was before me, as it had been in reality on the previous evening. "As Curione said to Cæsar, delay is injurious to any one who is fully prepared for action. I remember also to have read somewhere that such waste of time in diplomacy and palavering is the favorite resource of feeble and timid minds, who regard the use of dilatory and ambiguous measures as an evidence of the most admirable and consummate prudence."

"Oh, you need not use so much learning with me," said Nino. "I assure you that I will be neither dilatory nor ambiguous. In fact, I will go at once, without even dusting my boots, and I will say, Give me your daughter, if you can; and if you cannot, I will still hope to marry her. He will probably say 'No,' and then I will carry her off. It appears to me that is simple enough."

"Take my advice, Nino. Carry her off first, and ask permission afterwards. It is much better. The real master up there is Benoni, I fancy, and not the count. Benoni is a gentleman who will give you much trouble. If you go now to see Hedwig's father, Benoni will be present at the interview." Nino was silent, and sat stretching his legs before him, his head on his breast. "Benoni," I continued, "has made up his mind to succeed. He has probably taken this fancy into his head out of pure wickedness. Perhaps he is bored, and really wants a wife. But I believe he is a man who delights in cruelty and would as lief break the contessina's heart by getting rid of you as by marrying her." I saw that he was not listening.

"I have an idea," he said at last. "You are not very wise, Messer Cornelio, and you counsel me to be prudent and to be rash in the same breath."

"You make very pretty compliments, Sor Nino," I answered tartly. He put out his hand deprecatingly.

"You are as wise as any man can be who is not in love," he said, looking at me with his great eyes. "But love is the best counselor."

"What is your idea?" I asked, somewhat pacified.

"You say they ride together every day. Yes — very good. The contessina will not ride to-day; partly because she will be worn out with fatigue from last night's interview, and partly because she will make an effort to discover whether I have arrived to-day or not. You can count on that."

"I imagine so."

"Very well," he continued; "in that case, one of two things will happen: either the count will go out alone, or they will all stay at home."

"Why will Benoni not go out with the count?"

"Because Benoni will hope to see Hedwig alone, if he stays at home, and the count will be very glad to give him the opportunity."

"I think you are right, Nino. You are not so stupid as I thought."

"In war," continued the boy, "a general gains a great advantage by separating his adversary's forces. If the count goes out alone, I will present myself to him in the road, and tell him what I want."

"Now you are foolish again. You should, on the contrary, enter the house when the count is away, and take the signorina with you then and there. Before he could return you would be miles on the road to Rome."

"In the first place, I tell you once and for all, Sor Cornelio," he said slowly, "that such an action would be dishonorable, and I will not do anything of the kind. Moreover, you forget that, if I followed your advice, I should find Benoni at home, — the very man from whom you think I have everything to fear. No; I must give the count one fair chance." I was silent, for I saw he was determined, and yet I would not let him think I was satisfied.

The idea of losing an advantage by giving an enemy any sort of warning before the attack seemed to me novel in the extreme; but I comprehended that Nino saw in his scheme a satisfaction to his conscience, and smelled in it a musty odor of forgotten knight-errantry that he had probably learned to love in his theatrical experiences. I had certainly not expected that Nino Cardegna, the peasant child, would turn out to be the pink of chivalry and the mirror of honor. But I could not help admiring his courage, and wondering if it would not play him false at the perilous moment. I did not half know him then, though he had been with me for so many years. But I was very anxious to ascertain from him what he meant to do, for I feared that his bold action would make trouble, and I had visions of the count and Benoni together taking sudden and summary vengeance on myself.

"Nino," I said, "I have made great sacrifices to help you in finding these people," — I would not tell him I had sold my vineyard to make preparations for a longer journey, though he has since found it out, — "but if you are going to do anything rash I will get on my little ass, and ride a few miles from the village, until it is over." Nino laughed aloud.

"My dear professor," he said, "do not be afraid. I will give you plenty of time to get out of the way. Meanwhile, the contessina is certain to send the confidential servant of whom you speak, to give me instructions. If I am not here, you ought to be, in order to receive the message. Now listen to me."

I prepared to be attentive and to hear his scheme. I was by no means expecting the plan he proposed.

"The count may take it into his head to ride at a different hour, if he rides

alone," he began. "I will therefore have my mule saddled now, and will station my man — a countryman from Subiaco and good for any devilry — in some place where he can watch the entrance to the house, or the castle, or whatever you call this place. So soon as he sees the count come out he will call me. As a man can ride in only one of two directions in this valley, I shall have no trouble, whatever in meeting the old gentleman, even if I cannot overtake him with my mule."

"Have you any arms, Nino?"

"No. I do not want weapons to face an old man in broad daylight; and he is too much of a soldier to attack me if I am defenceless. If the servant comes after I am gone, you must remember every detail of what he says, and you must also arrange a little matter with him. Here is money, as much as will keep any Roman servant quiet. The man will be rich before we have done with him. I will write a letter, which he must deliver; but he must also know what he has to do.

"At twelve o'clock to-night the contessina must positively be at the door of the staircase by which you entered yesterday. *Positively* — do you understand? She will then choose for herself between what she is suffering now and flight with me. If she chooses to fly, my mules and my countryman will be ready. The servant who admits me had better make the best of his way to Rome, with the money he has got. There will be difficulties in the way of getting the contessina to the staircase, especially as the count will be in a towering passion with me, and will not sleep much. But he will not have the smallest idea that I shall act so suddenly, and he will fancy that when once his daughter is safe within the walls for the night she will not think of escaping. I do not believe he even knows of the existence of this staircase. At all events, it appears, from your success in bribing the first man you met, that the servants are devoted to her interests and their own, and not at all to those of her father."

"I cannot conceive, Nino," said I, "why you do not put this bold plan into execution without seeing the count first, and making the whole thing so dangerous. If he takes alarm in the night, he will catch you fast enough on his good horses, before you are at Trevi."

"I am determined to act as I propose," said Nino, "because it is a thousand times more honorable, and because I am certain that the contessina would not have me act otherwise. She will also see for herself that flight is best; for I am sure the count will make a scene of some kind when he comes home from meeting me. If she knows she can escape to-night she will not suffer from what he has to say; but she will understand that without the prospect of freedom she would suffer very much."

"Where did you learn to understand women, my boy?" I asked.

"I do not understand women in general," he answered, "but I understand very well the only woman who exists for me personally. I know that she is the soul of honor, and that at the same time she has enough common sense to perceive the circumstances of her situation."

"But how will you make sure of not being overtaken?" I objected, making a last feeble stand against his plan.

"That is simple enough. My countryman from Subiaco knows every inch of these hills. He says that the pass above Fillettino is impracticable for any animals save men, mules, and donkeys. A horse would roll down at every turn. My mules are the best of their kind, and there are none like them here. By sunrise I shall be over the Serra and well on the way to Ceprano, or whatever place I may choose for joining the railroad."

"And I? Will you leave me here to be murdered by that Prussian devil?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Why, no, padre mio. If you like, you can start for Rome at sunset, or as soon as I return from meeting the count; or you can get on your donkey and go up the pass, where we shall overtake you. Nobody will harm you, in your disguise, and your donkey is even more sure-footed than my mules. It will be a bright night, too, for the moon is full."

"Well, well, Nino," said I at last, "I suppose you will have your own way, as you always do in the world. And if it must be so, I will go up the pass alone, for I am not afraid at all. It would be against all the proprieties that you should be riding through a wild country alone at night with the young lady you intend to marry; and if I go with you there will be nothing to be said, for I am a very proper person, and hold a responsible position in Rome. But for charity's sake, do not undertake anything of this kind again" —

"Again?" exclaimed Nino, in surprise. "Do you expect me to spend my life in getting married, — not to say in eloping?"

"Well, I trust that you will have enough of it this time."

"I cannot conceive that when a man has once married the woman he loves he should ever look at another," said Nino gravely.

"You are a most blessed fellow," I exclaimed.

Nino found my writing materials, which consisted of a bad steel pen, some coarse ruled paper, and a wretched little saucer of ink, and began writing an epistle to the contessina. I watched him as he wrote, and I smoked a little to pass the time. As I looked at him, I came to the conclusion that to-day, at least, he was handsome. His thick hair curled about his head, and his white skin was as pale and clear as milk. I thought that his complexion had grown less dark than it used to be, perhaps from being so much in the theatre at night. That takes the dark blood out of the cheeks. But any woman would have looked twice at him. Besides, there was, as there is now, a certain marvelous neatness and spotlessness about his dress; but for his dusty boots, you would not have guessed he had been traveling. Poor Nino! When he had not a penny in the world but what he earned by copying music, he used to spend it all with the washerwoman, so that Mariuccia was often horrified, and I reproved him for the extravagance.

At last he finished writing, and put his letter into the only envelope there was left. He gave it to me, and said he would go out and order his mules to be ready.

"I may be gone all day," he said, "and I may return in a few hours. I cannot tell. In any case, wait for me, and give the letter and all the instructions to the man, if he comes." Then he thanked me once more very affectionately, and having embraced me he went out.

I watched from the window, and he looked up and waved his hand. I remember it very distinctly — just how he looked. His face was paler than ever, his lips were close set, though they smiled, and his eyes were sad. He is an incomprehensible boy — he always was.

I was left alone, with plenty of time for meditation, and I assure you my reflections were not pleasant. O love, love, what madness you drive us into, by day and night! Surely it is better to be a sober professor of philosophy than to be in love, ever so wildly, or sorrowfully, or happily. I do not wonder that a parcel of idiots have tried to prove that Dante loved philosophy and called it Beatrice. He would have been a sober professor, if that were true, and a happier man. But I am sure it is not true, for I was once in love myself.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE VAGABONDS AND CRIMINALS OF INDIA.

THE study of the vagabonds and criminals of India demonstrates with special force the purely arbitrary nature of the moral standards which men have set up for themselves in different parts of the world. When, in the West, Buckle first made the statement that, given a certain proportion of Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Germans, the average number of suicides, murders, and larcenies committed by them could be accurately calculated, it was feared that his statistical treatment would undermine sound morality. Yet the Hindus have so little doubted that there must always be a fixed ratio of crime and vice that they have strengthened the natural certainty by the influence of their religion and ethics. A few years ago British officials were startled on finding that the census returns of a certain Hindu province included the names of thieves, murderers, sorcerers, poisoners, and beggars; but that these returns were given in all seriousness was later confirmed by similar reports from other provinces. The truth is that in India crime and vagrancy, like fighting and farming, are regular professions, and the men who follow them have laws, a religion, and a language all their own, and are united by ties more binding than any which have held together mediæval guilds or modern trades-unions. Were this merely the result of their efforts to consolidate their forces, it would not be so remarkable. Men who have lived by illegitimate means have, the world over, drawn together for mutual aid. But the *esprit du corps* which gave power to strolling beggars and vagrants in the Middle Ages, to Robin Hood and his "tough-belted" outlaws, to Spanish and Italian banditti, and which to-day stimulates the criminal classes of Europe and America, has always been maintained in direct disregard to established laws, while that which exists among Hindu vagabonds results from strict adherence to them. In one instance there is a rebellion against, in the other compliance with, social commands. It would be impossible to understand this exceptional phase of immorality without knowing something of the caste system which has been the cause of it.

Whether the four great castes of Brāhmans or priests, Kshatriyas or warriors, Vaisyas or merchants, and Sudras or servants were formed because of the legend relating the manner of their origin from the head, arms, thighs, and feet, respectively, of Brāhma, or whether this was an after-invention, intended to give divine sanction to an existing state of affairs, it is difficult to decide. But however that may be, it is certain that this division was made in an early age, probably even before the end of the Vedic period, and that its consequent religious and social requirements have been of such primal importance that, despite reformers and missionaries, invaders and conquerors, they have been faithfully observed unto the present time. The Brāhman, who has outlived Chaldean and Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian civilizations, and survived Mohammedan, Mogul, and Christian rule, is to the European traveler of to-day what the Pope of Rome will be to Macaulay's famous New Zealander. In almost every country, class distinctions have been continually modified as men with higher culture became more liberal. But in India any change or modification has been prevented by the fact that Hindus of all stations of life have for long centuries been taught that their highest spiritual and temporal duty is to marry within their own castes, and to follow throughout their lives the pro-

fessions to which they are born. That such artificial barriers were at times overthrown is a matter of course. *Cela va sans dire.* The very statutes upon this subject, recorded in the Code of Manu and the Institutes of Vishnu, presuppose the crimes against which they guard. Hindus were but mortal, and, notwithstanding the law and its penalties, there were intermarriages. But, like the mulatto, who cannot be ranked with his Caucasian or his African parent, the offspring of these *mésalliances* could not be included in the social genus of either their father or their mother. The increasing complications of civilized life gave rise to new forms of work; yet the man who deserted for them the trade of his forefathers was isolated from his family and former associates. The problems thus raised were solved by the creation of a multiplicity of lower castes. But just as the ethnologist occasionally finds individuals of abnormal physical formation, beyond the limits of classification, so there were some beings who, because of their vile trade, or still viler birth, seemed to the Hindus moral monstrosities, for whom there was no place in their social scheme. Strong as was the hatred of Greek for barbarian, or of Jew for Gentile, it was exceeded by that of the Hindu for Mlekkas or non-Aryans. He could not ignore the aboriginal inhabitants of the country which he had conquered, and whom he had not been able to wholly exterminate, but he looked upon them as creatures too low to be used as slaves or servants, or even as beasts of burden. They were, in his estimation, no better than unclean animals, from whose contaminating contact and presence it was necessary to shield legitimate members of society. For all social purposes it was the same as if they did not exist. They were not permitted to belong to any caste, and the law and the religion of the land knew them not. There was thus, in the midst of a people whose obligations of every kind were defined with unparalleled exactness, a large population of men and women to whom all rights and duties were denied. To their numbers were added those political and religious offenders among men of caste for whom death of the body was deemed too merciful a punishment, and the sons and daughters born of what was considered the infamous union of a Brāhman with a Sudra. The large proportion of this degraded class were therefore literally out-castes.

Driven forth from human habitations, it was truly the wilderness that yielded food for them and their children. Outcasts — or pariahs, as they are usually called — were not merely banished from towns and villages, but were forbidden to join together to form any of their own. Because their use of fire and water would have sullied the purity of those elements, they were forced to eat uncooked meat and vegetables, and they could drink no water save that to be found in marshes, or in holes made in the ground by the hoofs of animals. Since they communicated their impurity to everything they touched, the work of their hands was as much shunned by their social superiors as they were themselves. And furthermore, as legally they were not recognized to be in existence, there was for them no redress if whatever little property they possessed was confiscated; while the murder of one of them by a man of pure caste was considered by him no greater crime than the stepping on an insect is by a European. The refined cruelty with which they were treated is almost beyond the comprehension of races who, whatever may be their practice, believe that all human beings are equal in the sight of God; and it seems still more monstrous when contrasted with the kindness of the "mild Hindu" to his domestic animals. On the one hand, the Sacred Books of India teach that "scratching the back of a cow destroys all guilt, and

giving her to eat procures exaltation in heaven;" but again we are told that "he who associates with an outcast is outcasted himself a year. And so is he who rides in the same carriage with him, or who eats in his company, or who sits on the same bench, or who lies on the same couch with him."

So much of the world's work in the past could not have been accomplished, had it not been for the extreme forms of servitude and slavery, that these seem like necessary evils. But there is no vindication for a social system which has encouraged a degradation lower and more bitter than Babylonian captivity, Spartan helotism, or European serfdom; which has reduced men and women to poverty and wretchedness beyond belief; and which, by preventing their working with or for others, has actually forced them into crime and knavery.

At first pariahs must have rebelled against this pitiless injustice. Perhaps, as has been suggested, it was caste tyranny which, in still earlier times, led Aryans to seek a new home in Europe, and which gave the impetus to that other large immigration supposed to have been made from the southern part of India into Africa. It is certain that once an inspired poet sought, like the prophets of Israel, to rouse his fellow-sufferers to action. This was Tirūvalluvā, the "divine pariah," probably a disgraced Brāhman, who bitterly resented his wrongs. "Thy time is come. Therefore, awake, O thou man of the jungle!" he called to the pariahs, in poetry as impassioned as that of Jeremiah or Isaiah. His was but a voice in the wilderness. What was needed was a Moses, to show the way out of it. Other outcasts, seeking to reinstate themselves by quiet and stealth, crept back gradually to cities and villages. But their movements were observed, and the condition upon which they were allowed to remain was that they should become brick-makers, — earth, by its inherent virtue, purifying itself from their touch; while for wages they were to receive nothing but their food; and they were required to make their home in the outskirts of the town, in worse than Ghetto retirement. Uninterrupted hard work under a burning sun, supported by a diet of raw vegetables, principally onions, had at least one advantage,— it hastened their death; and this was the only way in which their misery could be alleviated. But they clung to life with a tenacity which increased in proportion to its evils, and few consented to better themselves socially by the sacrifice of physical health. Many who had scarcely advanced beyond the savage state relapsed into it; hiding themselves in the jungle, and avoiding all communication with other men. The majority, to whom this was too distasteful, embraced a nomadic existence, and procured their actual necessities sometimes by fair means, sometimes by foul; in all such matters being ruled by circumstances. These latter were the ancestors of the present vagabonds and criminals, and the roaming they then began has proved as ceaseless as that of the Wandering Jew. The hope of escape became less and less with every generation, and they finally resigned themselves to their fate. Custom can reconcile man to what is disagreeable, and, like the aged prisoner who was broken-hearted at leaving the prison which in his youth he had entered with loathing, pariahs finished by prizing the social isolation which at first had been so bitter to them. So soon as they showed themselves as unwilling to lead a settled life and to follow legitimate trades as the Brāhmans were that they should do so, the strictness of the laws against them was very much relaxed. Men of caste were not so particular in keeping them at a fixed distance, and even condescended to be amused, and in minor ways assisted by them.

A system which stifled hopes, ambitions, and aspirations made the repent-

ance and self-improvement of sinners and ne'er-do-weels utterly impossible. Outcasts, instead of being cut down like grass and withering as the green herb, grew both in strength and numbers. To-day they constitute one third of the native population of India. They have exhausted all the resources of life in tents and by the wayside, and have perfected themselves in lawlessness. Every nomadic calling and custom which has ever been known in any part of the world has its counterpart in India. Indeed, that country is so preëminently the headquarters of gypsydom that one wonders how there ever could have arisen any doubt as to the origin of the European Romanys. There is not a family or tribe of Hindu outcasts which has not one or two traits in common with the gypsy, while, as Mr. Leland has pointed out, in the Rōm or Trāblu we have the pure, thoroughbred Romany, in name and in language as well as in character. There are really endless shades of difference in the habits and pursuits of pariahs. Among them, as among the "travelers" of Europe and America, there are musicians and actors, horse-dealers and bear-leaders, tinkers and smiths, fortune-tellers and basket-makers, jugglers and acrobats, beggars and tramps. With them all, even when they are apparently honest, there lingers a subtle if inexplicable hint of villainy and duplicity, or, "as among the Greeks of old with Mercury amid the singing of leafy brooks, there is a tinkling of at least petty larceny." And as suggestion may become certainty, or as tinkling often grows louder than song, so vagabondage is unfortunately too frequently cast into the background by crime, and pariahs devote themselves wholly to murder and theft. Their choice of occupation has been at times regulated by their innate tastes and tendencies: for there is a natural diversity in the instincts of such men as Dōms and Nāts, who are usually actors and musicians, and of Mângs, who are the most good-for-nothing of all beggarly loafers; or of such as Bhils and Jāts, whose fierceness makes them good warriors, and of Korvarus, whose name has become proverbial for stupidity. But as a rule, just as chance has led birds by the water-side to feed on fish and those in field and forest to subsist on grain and worms, so circumstances have compelled some outcasts to murder and rob in order to secure the necessities of life, but have allowed others to gain the same end by tight-rope dancing and the turning of somersaults. For very much the same reasons, while many are as restless as if cursed with the curse of Cain, there are others who wander only at certain seasons, and still others who confine their depredations and vagrancy to one particular locality. The English police draw a very distinct line between the non-wandering criminal and non-criminal wandering tribes, but they themselves do not invariably observe this distinction. For, if the former found a good opportunity to commit crime in some far distant province, they would not hesitate to journey thither; and if a chicken strayed into the tents or a purse fell at the feet of the latter, they would have no objections to appropriate it.

The variety of races included in this large class has been further increased by the fact that during comparatively recent years members of high castes have allied themselves with the wanderers, attracted to them by the freedom of their lives. Brāhmans have shared the fortunes of highwaymen. Rajputs and Sudras have abandoned kingdoms and villages for huts and tents. But as men of every nationality, when they accept the laws and customs of the United States, become identified with native-born citizens, these voluntary outcasts have so adapted themselves to vagabondage that, for all intents and purposes, they are not to be distinguished from gen-

uine pariahs. While it would require volumes to enumerate their divisions and subdivisions and to record their experiences in the past, it is possible even in a short article to treat of them as a class, since all, however much they may differ in minor particulars, agree in their conception of life's chief object and duties. All, from highest to lowest, make the physical maintenance and survival of the individual the mainspring of activity. However different may be the means employed by them, their aim is always the same. If the definition of "conduct" is the adjustment of acts to ends, then their actions may be dignified by that name. For in order to accomplish their object, — that is, in order to fully satisfy their bodily appetites, — they have established for themselves religious commandments which they scrupulously obey, and a social code to which they strictly adhere.

Irreconcilable as crime and religion seem, they have often gone hand in hand. The Virgin Mary has had few more faithful followers than mediæval outlaws and Italian brigands; but the prayers of robbers and highwaymen to the Refuge of the Afflicted are quite as incongruous as are those of a Louis XI. to the Mother of Mercy. The piety of Hindu ruffians and rogues is at least more consistent. One of the principal deities of the Hindu Pantheon is Dēva, or Kāli, or Bhawāni, the Sakti, or female part of Siva, who is the goddess of destruction. Human sacrifices are to her what prayer and meditation are to Brāhma, and streams of human blood what libations of clarified butter are to her fellow deities. More terrible than Baal or Moloch, she revels in death's-heads and skeletons, and exults in carnage. Virtuous men and women have no gift wherewith to propitiate her, but assassins cater to her divine appetite, and theft is to her as a sweet-smelling incense. Were her worshipers philosophers, they could plead an altruistic motive for their murders; for the blood of one man will quench her horrible thirst for a thousand years, and the blood of three men for a hundred thousand. As it is, they believe in sincerity that their vilest atrocities are ordained by heaven, and that they are rewarded for the perpetration of them by the immediate protection of deity; a belief which would be simply impossible to criminals in Christian countries. The doctrines and laws based upon such a worship convert crime into a religious duty. It was in vain that towards the beginning of their struggles Tirūvalluvā endeavored to elevate the moral nature of pariahs by assuring them that virtue is the only true wealth, and that pleasure consists in the mastery of the passions. He might as well have recommended flying as the most perfect way of getting from one place to another, or mewing as the most intelligible manner of communicating their thoughts; for they would have found it quite as easy to mew or to fly away into space as to be virtuous or self-controlled. But when orders were given them as to the how and the whence necessities were to be procured, they recognized a practical element therein, and obeyed them to the very letter. The thieves of India to-day have religious precepts which define the privileges and limits of their trade, and are as sacred to them as the commandments of Moses are to Jews and Christians. These they believe to have been revealed, together with their slang, by the god Kartikeya, who, according to Captain Burton, is a mixture of Mars and Mercury. Murderers too have heaven-sanctioned mandates, which set forth the orthodox manners in which murder can be committed, and which men are and which are not its legitimate victims. Never has there been such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Men who morally are so blind that wrong seems to them right scruple at the slightest deviation from laws which

are valueless. The Soonaria, who is an inveterate pickpocket and petty pilferer, vows to his goddess never to become a highwayman or burglar. He may steal *ad libitum* during the daytime, but should he do so between the hours of sunset and sunrise he would be guilty of mortal sin. It was because of their religious principles that the Thugs, before their extermination by the English, never robbed without first committing murder, never allowed one of a captured party to escape, and always spared pariahs and women. The neglect of his ablutions is no greater crime for a Brāhman than the violation of these decrees is for pious criminals. The downfall of the Thugs is attributed to their relaxation in religious discipline. A certain gang of Phansigars is said never to have prospered because on one occasion they murdered a woman.

Bhawāni worshipers are sincerely earnest in their piety. They never undertake an expedition, no matter how insignificant, without first appealing to her for help; and they have a number of minor rites and ceremonies by which they endeavor at all times to please and honor her. The Lungotee Pardhis, who are desperate burglars, are so devout that the women of the tribe never wear silver anklets, because the statue of the goddess, placed in every tent as its presiding genius, is made of that metal; they cannot wear red apparel, because she is always represented resting on a ground of that color; they cannot sleep in cots, since she reclines on one; and, for fear of offending her, shoes are never, under any circumstances, carried within their tents. The Bowries, who infest the central provinces, make pilgrimages from enormous distances, at great personal inconvenience, to Kerolee, where there is a shrine of Dēva, supposed to possess special merit and sanctity. As in Catholic countries children are dressed in blue and white in honor of the Virgin, so the Thugs used white and yellow nooses because these were colors consecrated to Dēva. The Thugs had good reason to reverence the goddess, for, according to a favorite legend, there was a time when she herself was their immediate accomplice. In her insatiable hunger for human food, she devoured all the men they murdered on their expeditions, thus lessening the circumstantial evidence against them. But she made one condition, as all supernatural beings, from the spirit that denies down to the wicked witch of fairy lore, have a way of doing in their contracts with mankind; she forbade them ever to look at her while she was at her repast. Once, a novice in Thuggee — for there must always be a Peeping Tom of Coventry — disobeyed her injunction, and turned and gazed at her just as the feet of the last victim were disappearing down the divine throat. In her fierce wrath, she declared that thenceforward she would withhold her active aid, but, that she might not altogether lose such valuable servants, she taught them how they could cut up and bury the bodies of the slain without leaving a trace. Then she gave them a rib for a knife, the hem of her garment for a noose, and one of her teeth for a pickaxe. It was because of its heavenly origin that this pickaxe, thrown into a well at night for purposes of concealment, would rise in the morning at the first word of command from the Thug who had it in charge.

Superstitious to a degree known only in India, unprincipled men, who live by deeds of daring, quail before unreal dangers. Let but a hare or a snake cross his path, or an owl screech in the distance; let but one of his party kill a tiger, or a dog run off with the head of a sacrificed sheep, and there is not a robber or highwayman hardy enough to pursue his enterprise, even if petitions and sacrifices have already been offered in due form to Bhawāni. But the chirping of a lizard, the cawing of a crow from a tree to the left side, the appear-

ance of a tiger, or the call of a partridge on the right, will restore his confidence, making his success seem sure. The classical robber of the Hindu drama hastens cheerfully to his work if he passes a rat-hole.

While the first outcasts robbed and murdered and begged from necessity, their descendants to-day do so in order to fulfill what they consider to be a social obligation. With the blindness of the heroes of Greek tragedy, they, in an early period, bound themselves irrevocably to their fate by adopting distinctions of caste similar to and inexorable as those which had wrought their wretchedness. There are castes even among outcasts. Pariahs are, in consequence, as jealous of their impurity as Brāhmans are of their purity. The privileges and restrictions of their own making are more serious impediments in the way of their improvement than the enmity of the "twice-born," or Hindu aristocracy. Their vital principle of belief is that the most unpardonable of all offenses is for an outcast to desert the tribe in which he is born, or abandon the profession of his fathers. In their social starvation, they themselves reject the meat and drink that could save them. Intermarriages are as strictly avoided by professional criminals and vagrants as if the laws of Manu had been made for them. A Hindu Thug, in the palmy days of Thuggee, would have died rather than marry one of his daughters or sisters to a brother murderer who professed the creed of Mohammed. The Mângs, whose poverty and squalor are unrivaled, would indignantly refuse a Brāhman who might offer himself in marriage. Among these people, a Lazarus, while he might eagerly seize the crumbs from a Dives' table, would scruple sitting at it with him. The Chenchwars carry their contempt for all castes and tribes but their own to such an extent that they declare they live in the jungle for the sake of health, because there the smell of other men cannot reach them.

The criminal's estimation of the crime peculiar to his family is a serious realization of Falstaff's ideas as to the moral value of his purloining of purses: "Why, Hal, it is my vocation! 'T is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation!" When a Thug strangler was asked whether he never felt remorse after killing innocent people, he answered in perfect good faith, "Does any man feel compunction in following his trade, and are not all our trades assigned us by Providence?" Conscientious scruples might as well be expected of a spider feasting on the flies in its nets, or of a tiger devouring its human victims. Nor are the pariah's feelings on the subject merely negative. The most confirmed criminal and the most good-for-nothing vagabond alike take real pride in their wickedness and vileness. Men of the caste of Calaris, when interrogated as to their trade, with thorough self-satisfaction proclaim themselves robbers. The greatest compliment which a Thug could receive was praise of his skill as single-handed strangler. The very word *Thug* signifies deceiver. Phansigar, Ari Tulucar, Tanti Callern, Warlu Wahudlu, as stranglers have been called in different parts of India, refer to their use of a noose. Thieves and beggars, like the Artful Dodger, would scorn all other but their own employments. This distorted conception of duty cannot be wondered at, since even the Bhagavad-Gita, a book which contains the highest moral wisdom of the Hindus, teaches that it is

> "Better to do the duty of one's caste,
> Though bad and ill performed and fraught with ill,
> Than undertake the business of another,
> However good it be."

Indeed, so much stress is laid upon this doctrine that no occasion is lost of impressing its necessity upon the people. "Verily," it is asserted in the drama of Sakuntala, "the occupation in which a

man is born, though it be in bad repute, must not be abandoned." At least in this one respect outcasts are in thorough accord with the men who despise them.

Their laws have been obeyed to the very letter throughout many generations, and hence pariahs have acquired great proficiency in their hereditary callings, but have become absolutely indifferent to their mental and moral welfare. Free from conflicting aims, they have been able to direct their entire energy into one channel. Indian acrobats and jugglers learn to turn and tumble and master the art of legerdemain with an ease that would be the envy of Western Houdins or Ravels. No national theatre or college of musicians is needed in a country where men have greater natural talent for acting than even Italians, or are devoted to music from infancy, as Slavonian bards are to poetry. It is not surprising that the pariah fortune-teller continues to gull the Gorgio in the streets of Bombay and the courts of Cairo, as well as in the green lanes of England and wild prairies of America, since shrewd observance and an intuitive knowledge of the follies of humanity have, with the peaked corners of her eyes, been heirlooms in her family for untold ages. Neither is it strange that beggars are adepts in every device and stratagem practiced by the brotherhood throughout the world, since their ancestors for many centuries have made alms-asking the study of their lives. But it is as thieves and murderers that they shine forth stars of the first magnitude. "To be imperfect being their essence," in the words of De Quincey, "the very greatness of their imperfection becomes their perfection." Grimm's master thief might take a lesson, and profit thereby, from Bowries and Soonarias. Well might De Quincey's Toad-in-the-hole and amateur murderers give a dinner in honor of the Thugs, for the latter were the most skilled professionals in the art of murder who have ever existed. The work of Hindu assassins and robbers is never marred by the shortcomings and oversights of bungling apprentices. As the painter looks to his brushes and canvas before he begins his picture, so these artists give due attention to all minor accessories before proceeding to their main work. If it be to their advantage to assume a disguise, or affect qualities foreign to their nature, they do so with a heroism worthy of a better cause. Thugs, when on their murdering expeditions, were so courteous and friendly in manner that travelers falling in with them begged to be allowed the privilege of joining their parties, and threw themselves on their protection as they journeyed through lonely places. Highwaymen, who have found it to their advantage to maintain a respectable exterior, live, when not on active duty, in large, fine houses, and cultivate their fields. Budhuck Bowries, true wolves in sheep's clothing, pass themselves off as religious mendicants, and are so familiar with the necessary prayers and customs that none but a real Gossei or Byragee can detect the imposture. Other tribes of Bowries, for ostensible occupation, repair millstones; and in this manner they make their way by day into houses that they intend to rob by night, and acquaint themselves with the habits of the household. Peddling, fortune-telling, and all kindred small trades, which are to the lower classes what the eye of the Ancient Mariner was to the wedding-guest, serve as convenient passports into premises which otherwise they would never be allowed to enter.

From philosophers who believe that a man must

> "contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will,"

these evil-doers deserve praise for their perseverance and energy. But beyond this, nothing can be said in their favor. Hindu highwaymen and robbers are utterly without the love of adventure and keen pleasure in physical strength

which led the fearless northern Berserkers over wide seas, laughing at the tempest as they went, into far distant lands, in quest of plunder. Much can be forgiven men who, like Regner Lodbrok, in the very arms of death, chant with exultation of the days when they smote with swords. But sympathy is never awakened for Thug-like caitiffs, who, instead of facing foes in fair fight, fall upon them as a tiger springs upon its prey. One admires the chivalric bravery of outlaws typified by Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslé who, unaided, defied all the men of merry Carlisle; or by Robin Hood, who gave Guy of Gisborne proof of his unerring skill as marksman before he would contend with him in single combat. Men of this stamp are fit heroes of romance. But one feels nothing but contempt towards professional murderers, for whom the chances in their own favor must be three to one before they venture upon an attack, and who will smile, Judas-fashion, in a man's face even as they give his death-signal.

Like the student who devotes himself to one study, but neglects general culture, these men have won their success in iniquity and in petty professions at the expense of all the finer feelings and nobler qualities of which human nature is capable. If, on the one hand, they manifest a marked proficiency, on the other there is a total deficiency. Entirely concerned with the gaining of their daily bread, for all other purposes they have no guide but impulse and expediency. Eat thou, and be filled! has hitherto been their one law. Hence they have never realized that they owe a duty to their fellow-men as well as to themselves. They know nothing of that higher moral dictate which exacts that the aims of the individual must not interfere with those of the community; that one man's good must not be another man's ill. For them there is no struggle in deciding between physical pleasure and moral duty. Their standard of right and wrong being their own bodily well-being, whatever contributes to it seems to them good; whatever interferes with it, bad. According to their lights, self-sacrifice is vicious; brutish selfishness is virtuous. They test the merit of their pursuits by their profitable results, and consequently attach the same value to assassination and fortune-telling, theft and bear-leading, provided by these means they obtain the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger and quench their thirst. "Since vices with them are profitable, it is the virtuous man who is the sinner." Because they have no sense of morality, their actions cannot be fairly judged by our standards. They neither intend to bid defiance to the law, as is the case with ordinary criminals in the West, nor do they hope, with Nihilists and Socialists, to sanctify means by the end they have in view. They are not *im*moral, but *un*moral. And because their deficiencies are the result of degeneracy, and not of primitive imperfection, there is less chance for their development than for that of savages. They are moral as well as social outcasts.

Their curious moral insensibility is strikingly shown in the fables current among them. Strange as it may seem, pariahs have a literature of their own. The popular tales of India originated with them, and are the expression of that laughter at their betters which lightens the burden of servitude, and their satire is gayly reëchoed in the farces and burlesques of Dōm composition. They have at least one poet, Tirūvalluvā, whose inspiration, however, was derived from Brāhman rather than from pariah ideals. Interesting as their stories, plays, and poetry are, forming really a study by themselves, it is only in their fables that they deal directly with ethical questions, and hence these alone are appropriate to the present subject. The fables of all nations are in-

tended to convey a moral lesson, usually of a homely, practical nature, calculated to suit the lower and ignorant classes, who would be much less impressed by the lofty doctrines of a Zeno, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Thomas à Kempis. They recommend virtue and depreciate vice, not for themselves, but because man will and must gain by practicing the one and avoiding the other. If a dog, in crossing a stream, loses the bone from its mouth by snapping at its reflection in the water; or if a crow, succumbing to the insinuating compliments of a fox, drops its piece of cheese by opening its mouth to display its vocal powers, the lesson to be learned is that greediness, covetousness, and vanity are passions the gratification of which will, in the long run, produce pain much greater in proportion than the immediate pleasure derived from them. Be good, not for goodness' sake, but because it is to your advantage to be so! The fables of the pariahs are like these inasmuch as their basis is pure utilitarianism, but differ from them in upholding the expediency of evil. Be selfish, cruel, and ungrateful, for generosity, kindness, and gratitude may contribute to the pleasure of your fellows, but will leave you decidedly in the lurch! This is the teaching of outcasts. As the pariah himself is an anomaly in civilization, so is his fable a curiosity in the literature of ethics. The following is a fair illustration of the *naïveté* with which he avows self-interest to be with him the first of all considerations: —

THE CROW AND THE MANGOUS.

A pariah had spread nets in the jungle, in hopes to catch therein a bird for his midday meal. A crow, who was hovering in the air in wait for prey spied a piece of cocoanut in the grass.

"Here," he cried, "is an appetizing fruit, which has fallen upon the ground expressly for my benefit!" He flew down to secure it, but scarcely had he touched it when he was caught fast in the pariah's net. In vain did he seek to escape. The snare held him fast, and the black wanderer discovered that he was a prisoner. Then he broke out into loud cries and wails of supplication to his brother crows. But they only mocked him, as they flew above his head, and told him that the first time he would prove of use in the world would be when his body furnished them with a hearty meal.

"Deliver me," cried the captive to some rats, who sat looking on, "and I will make with you an eternal alliance!" "We know better," they answered in chorus. "Before long the pariah will give you a taste of his heavy stick, and then we will have one enemy the less!" and with a squeal of triumph they disappeared in their holes.

"Appa! Appa!" wailed the crow. "Will no one help me?" "Cut the net with your beak," suggested a lizard, who was passing by. "I could not possibly do anything for you. Only yesterday you devoured another of my kinsmen."

"Why," remarked a mangous, who had been looking on with great interest, "do you appeal only to animals who know well enough that you would devour them, were you free? He who lets you out will be a great fool." "You help me to escape," pleaded the crow in plaintive tones. "We have the same enemies, and together we can wage war upon all rats and snakes. There is force in numbers." "I will," said the mangous, convinced by his reasoning; "but on one condition: I have always wanted to make a pilgrimage to the banks of the Ganges; you must carry me thither on your wings." The crow, enchanted with this plan, accepted his new friend's condition at once, and the mangous began to gnaw at the threads that bound him. So soon as the bird was free, he took his companion on his back, and flew up into the air. But when he had reached a

great height, he shook his feathers so hard that the wretched mangous was thrown upon the rocks beneath, where he broke his back. The crow then pounced upon him, and began to tear him to pieces. "Is this your promise?" said the poor victim as he writhed in his death agony. "Why do you complain?" laughed the bird. "Did you not yourself declare that he who would set me free would be a fool?"

Never count upon the gratitude of a famished stomach.

Moral: If you hear a man call you from the bottom of a pit, throw a stone on his head; for if you aid him to get out, it will be he who will kill you.

As the crow laughed at the mangous, so would the pariah make merry over the idea of a good Samaritan, for he judges all men by himself. The same spirit of self-preservation and advancement at any cost is the inspiration of all the fables, and cunning is preferred to strength. The fox, and not the lion, is the favorite type. In one story, a jackal, who cannot make way with a goat by main force, entices it from its flock by promises of superior pasturage, and then, when out of reach of the goatherd, kills and eats it; and this is a reminder to thieves that "that which cannot be obtained by force must be won by stratagem. He who profits by the work and snares of others will never be in need of food." In another, two travelers dispute as to their respective rapidity of movement, and, determining to test their powers then and there, call upon a pariah, whom they see in the distance, to be umpire. He, as soon as they are well started, seizes the luggage, which they had left under a tree, and departs with a speed of which neither disputant can boast. And from this tale the man who lives by his wits learns that "one must always profit by the quarrels of others, and derive benefit from them." Virtue is declared to be nothing but the covering of vice, — the most virtuous man being in reality the cleverest hypocrite, — and friendship is measured by its usefulness. And so they go on, forming one uninterrupted eulogy of duplicity, hypocrisy, stratagem, and double dealing of every kind; totally ignoring the existence of such qualities as honesty and charity, equity and courage.

The fact is that pariahs have been obliged to look so closely at physical death that they no longer start at moral shadows. They are more like the ideal man of the Helvetius and D'Holbach school of philosophers than any genuine child of the forest. Once they have eaten and been filled, they are wholly without cares and anxieties, hopes and regrets. When not engaged in the active pursuit of their profession they are absolutely free, having rid themselves of all such hindrances as ambitions, conventionalities, and responsibilities. They are as comfortable in their tents and huts as Rajahs are in their palaces, and because they own no land all places are alike their homes; with them, *Voir c'est avoir*. They can feed on carrion with as much relish as on the daintiest dishes; and, careless of the morrow, will squander in one night's spree the proceeds of a season's work. Their social and family relations are regulated not by any instinctive affection or sense of duty, but solely by caprice. As a rule, they are kind, friendly, and faithful to each other; but are quite as ready to be cruel, indifferent, and treacherous, if it suits them to be so. An Othello would be an impossibility among men who gladly purchase a life of laziness for themselves at the price of their wives' infidelity. A hen has greater maternal instinct than pariah women, who at times will leave their young children alone in places where they are almost sure to supply a meal for stray wolves; and at others, when the police attempt to search their tents for stolen goods, take

their infants by the heels and swing them round their heads, threatening to continue doing so unless the intruders depart. Filial feeling, when it becomes burdensome, disappears from their midst as quickly as the mirage in the desert fades away before the weary traveler. Some of the most forlorn outcasts in the jungle carry the old and infirm members of their tribe far into the wilderness, and there, while life is still in them, deliver them to the tender mercies of beasts and birds of prey. "Ho! ho!" the eldest son of the poor victim sings, in the words of a hymn composed for the occasion; "let us rid ourselves of this old carcass. Ho! ho! the jackals will have a fine feast, but the worms will fast."

The strongest emotion, perhaps, of which pariahs are capable, outside of their interest in their bread studies, is the wanderer's love for the free life of the roads.

> "Vie errante
> Est chose enivrante,"

Béranger's Bohémiens sing, and there are no men who have so keenly felt this intoxication as Hindu outcasts. It is with them a passion more akin to the attachment of the tiger to the jungle, or of the gull to the sea, than to the patriotism of Scot or Swiss. Probably in the days when the influence of philosophy and learning brought to the pariah class by disgraced Brahmans was still alive, there were philosophers of the Hayraddin Maugrabin type to explain this emotion as an intense realization of liberty. An exulting joy in freedom breathes through some of the old Romany ballads.

> "Free is the bird in the air,
> And the fish where the river flows;
> Free is the deer in the forest,
> And the gypsy wherever he goes:
> Hurrah!
> And the gypsy wherever he goes,"

is the refrain of an Austrian gypsy song. But the modern Hindu wanderers no more question their liking for a life of roaming than the tiger or the gull analyzes the instinct which leads one to the jungle, the other to the foam of the sea. They are happy in their tents, in stormy weather as in sunshine, without knowing or caring why. But their happiness is dearly bought. It is only by their ignorance that they escape that increase of sorrow which comes with an increase of knowledge.

Man might be content, Mephistopheles affirms, were it not for the heavenly light of reason lent him from on high. Pariahs long since extinguished within them its faintest gleam, and therefore find it easy to be satisfied with their lot. Their satisfaction has in one way been a blessing, since it has enabled them to bear burdens which would have crushed the spirit of stronger men. But it is also their curse. One of the most powerful factors in the world's progress has been and is man's discontent with existing circumstances. Were it not for the liberal party in politics, there would be no reform. It is the rebellious restlessness of the people breaking out in civil wars which secures for them greater liberty. Because of their deadening system of caste, Hindus accept their fate as inevitable, and do not question the possibility of its amelioration or change. Once the vagabond and criminal classes ask themselves if they are happy, and if they might not become happier, then, but not till then, there will be communists in India. Hell must be harrowed before the heights of heaven can be scaled. Until these outcasts have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and have felt in its full bitterness the degradation of their social position, they will remain the human animals they now are.

Elizabeth Robins.

NEWPORT.

XVIII.

THE NIGHT-VOYAGE.

When Oliphant arrived at New York, the widespread rush and murmur of the city's activity repeated, in its different way, the buffeting and general troubled noise of the waves at Newport. He had escaped their haunting effect, only to find himself standing on the edge of a second, but human, ocean; and a leap into one seemed much the same as a leap into the other. He did not know where he was going, what he was to do henceforth: he had no purpose. To merge himself in this chafing tide of humanity, not knowing what was to be his future, struck him as little more than another mode of suicide, similar in its result to that of losing himself in the currents of the sea.

Putting up at the Van Voort House, he accompanied Roger and Mary in the final ceremony of laying Effie in Woodlawn Cemetery; then he went to his hotel and did nothing. The next day he made inquiries regarding a passage to Europe, and secured the refusal of a berth. Immediately afterwards he began planning a trip to California. In short, he was aimless. I don't know that it was his fault, especially. The present century, which overflows with the most pronounced aims of all sorts, probably harbors more people who find it impossible to have an aim than any century heretofore.

On the third day, he received a letter from Justin, detailing some roundabout approaches which had been made by Mrs. Chauncey Ware towards a reconciliation, together with incidental items of Newport news. Mrs. Ware had allowed semi-official information to be conveyed to Justin that she would recognize his marriage with Vivian if he would abandon the musical profession, and enter a certain banking-house where she could procure him a reasonably good position, with prospects of a partnership. Justin had said in reply, somewhat truculently, that his marriage was recognized by the church, and to some extent by mankind, and that he did not think he would make a very good banker; but that, if his mother-in-law would treat him with the courtesy he was prepared to offer her, he thought they could agree admirably. It appeared, furthermore, that Count Fitz-Stuart was believed to have ratified a treaty with Mrs. Farley Blazer, by which he consented to cede himself to Miss Ruth, in consideration of sundry state obligations, which the count had incurred, being assumed by Mrs. Blazer; and that the engagement of Lord Hawkstane and Miss Tilly Blazer had been announced.

With regard to the latter piece of gossip, Oliphant, who read Justin's communication in Roger's office on Exchange Place, observed, "The milk and water have coalesced at last. I don't know which dilutes the other the most."

Justin's allusions to his own affairs, however, set Oliphant thinking as to how he could help the boy; more particularly since Justin had remarked in his letter, "I have entered on a harder struggle than I foresaw, but I am not afraid."

He went to his lawyer, the very next morning. "I 'm about to go away from New York," he said, "for an extended absence. There are some little things that ought to be arranged; and I think, to provide against accidents, I 'd better make a new will."

The making of the will did not take long, but in it there was a provision for Justin. Oliphant did not expect that to

be of any immediate use; but he wanted to lead up to an arrangement which he now proceeded to effect, whereby certain regular payments were to be made to Justin, in such a way that he could not avoid accepting them, ostensibly to aid the continuance of his musical studies.

He also inquired of the lawyer about Raish, whose case he found had been set to come up before Judge Hixon, in the course of a month or so. "There won't be the ghost of a chance for him, I hear," said the legal adviser. "Great pity — not so much on his account, but for his excellent family connections. His relatives will feel it severely."

On returning to the Van Voort, he made up his mind to take the California trip: somehow, though he believed that he never should think of Octavia again without a repulsion that fell little short of animosity, he could not bring himself to leave the country while she was in it. And having come to his conclusion, he wrote and posted a letter to Justin, announcing his speedy departure; giving him also a general sketch of what had happened at his last visit to High Lawn.

The next afternoon's mail-delivery brought him the few lines that had been wrung from Octavia, the day before, by her silent self-reproaches. If this missive had come a few hours later, it would have failed to reach him, because, growing restless, he had determined to start that night for California. As it was, he read it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket with a slight sigh, and a recurrent pang of the first wretchedness which Octavia's refusal had inflicted upon him. He took it as one more evidence of the irony which had controlled his whole career, that she should not have come to her present state of mind until she had wrought irreparable havoc with him. Of what use was her repentance to him, now?

Before beginning to pack, he read the letter a second time, preparatory to burning it. But, as he read, a sudden and wild thrill of renewed hope coursed through him. Octavia's words developed, as he thought, a double meaning. "I was wrong in my treatment of you. . . . Uncertain whether you will return here, and even if you did so we should not be likely to meet, I suppose." . . . Might not these phrases be a roundabout way of saying that she had erred in not accepting his love, and wished that he *would* return and see her? He could not reason about it; he only felt; and his recent conviction that Octavia had inspired in him a resentment amounting to hatred did not seem worth even passing notice. California became an impossibility; vanished, in short. It was imperative to get to Newport. Too late for the afternoon train, he telephoned for a state-room on the boat. Every room was engaged; but this only stimulated his eagerness to go. There was not much time remaining, and hastily packing up his things he took a coupé, drove down through the city to the wharves, and went on board the steamer, with the intention of staying up all night, or dozing in the big saloon.

Before the start, he met, in the crowd of many hundreds that was drifting about the loudly upholstered cabins, clogging the stairs, and packing itself away on the open decks, Perry Thorburn. "How did you come here?" exclaimed Oliphant.

"I had to run on for a day, on business," Perry explained, with a smile which only half concealed some unpleasant thought. He had really come to look into his affairs, and to perfect a scheme for making up as well as he could the losses his father had inflicted upon him. "The old man 's on board, too. Got a room, have you?" he continued. "Awfully crowded to-night."

"No," said Oliphant; "but I 'm in a hurry. I was just thinking I might have taken the late train and got off at Providence. The boat 's cooler, though."

Perry offered him one of the berths in his state-room, as he and his father were separate; but Oliphant declined it, rather liking the idea of being alone and of passing a sleepless night in reverie upon his revived hopes.

Everything seemed strangely beautiful and joyous to him. As the boat swept around the Battery with easy, omnipotent motion, and steamed up East River, passing miles and miles of masonry on either side, lined by clustering ships whose spars and rigging rose in slim black lines against the background of dense brick or light sky, like the characters of some unknown language inscribed there, the scene stirred and elated him by its might of human interest. It soothed him, too. He knew what misery and squalor swarmed upon those river banks, and what anxious hearts beat in myriads behind the long front of populous buildings; but he felt that there was a dignity in the human struggle, which was intensified by the desperation of it, and redeemed much of the pettiness and evil. He had had his struggles, also, and could sympathize; besides, his present happiness filled him with a livelier sense of human brotherhood than he had felt for a long time.

The mellow light of a peaceful sunset that was approaching suffused with delicious radiance the smoky heaps of dull-toned architecture, and glimmered softly on the gray-green waters through which the steamer was plowing. The city melted away like a dream; the Long Island shore crept off towards the outer ocean; the green banks of Connecticut, with rounded promontories and dim inlets, rolled by. The number of passengers on the decks diminished; the brass band, which had been blaring with a specious brilliancy at the after end of the saloon, ceased playing: Oliphant began to enjoy comparative solitude. Perry joined him for a while, and they went to supper with old Thorburn. Afterwards Oliphant and Perry smoked a cigar or two on the after-deck. Finally the widower was left entirely alone, and went forward to the upper deck at the bow.

It was night now. The stars were shining in great multitude and beauty; the golden points or crimson spots like fading coals, that marked the position of lighthouses on either coast, came out at irregular intervals, registering the progress of the voyage, then sank back into invisibility. The great steamer proceeded on her way with throb and beat and shudder; with her four decks — orlop, cabin, hurricane, main; with her double cordon of state-rooms arranged like a system of cells; with her masses of costly merchandise, her heterogeneous crowd of costly passengers, her colored lanterns that glowed above her like luminous insects of large size, hovering in the air and accompanying her movement. There was no stir of life upon her at this hour; and Oliphant, sitting close to the cabin wall, well wrapped up against the night chill, looked ahead over the dimly gleaming Sound, and meditated. He was very confident of his coming happiness; all his doubts were over; there was a bounding exultation in his blood. The frustrations and disappointments that had beset him all his life seemed to be at an end; he was sure that he was about to enter upon that period of contentment and enjoyable activity for the hope of which we all live. How absurd his passing thought of suicide, a few days before, must have seemed to him then!

The steamer went on: the broad, foamy wake behind her seemed to weave itself into a record of the forsaken past, and every pulsation of the engines was to Oliphant like the expectant beat of his own heart, moving towards a bright future. A thin shrouding of mist was drawn over the stars, after a while, which was occasionally dispersed, and then returned to dim the prospect. The steamer began blowing signals now and

then from her pipes. Presently, signals in a similar tone were heard somewhere in advance; a vessel of the same line was approaching. The two damp and screaming voices seemed to establish an understanding, as the red and gold and green of the other boat's lights came into sight through the fog, like the gleaming eyes of a monster. She was steering to the right. Nevertheless, suddenly she changed her direction, swerved quickly around, and came swiftly towards the New York boat, head on.

There was a quick, excited ringing of engine-room bells; there was more blowing of whistles; but nothing served to avert the catastrophe. The Newport boat loomed up clearly in the fog, for an instant; and then there came a violent shock, followed by the ripping and tearing and groaning of rended wood. The New York boat's engines stopped; she was fatally wounded by the other, and floated helpless on the tide.

At once an indescribable tumult arose among her passengers. The saloon lights went out. Innumerable people burst from the state-rooms like resurrected bodies, and ran madly hither and thither in their white garments, silent or with loud shrieks. The rush of scalding steam, escaping from the engine-room with a deep roar of release, partially muffled these cowardly cries, and strangled many of the flying figures; but the noise and tumult on board were strangely in contrast with the silence of the night that surrounded and shut in all this trouble like a vast and stilly tomb.

A few found life-preservers; others seized upon chairs, or doors, which they or some one else had wrenched off, no one knows how; and many who could swim leaped overboard without anything to aid them in floating. Everything that occurred, all the things that were done, occupied so short a space of time that the results did not seem to proceed from any conscious action. Countless heads of people, swimming, struggling, or drowning, were sprinkled in black dots on the water.

The steamer had lurched somewhat, but did not appear to be sinking. Immediately upon the collision, Oliphant had clambered up to the topmost deck, and had gone aft that way. Perry Thorburn, who, in the midst of a frantic, pushing throng on the open canopied deck just below, was looking vainly for his father, saw Oliphant leaning down and peering over from above. He shouted to him and pointed towards the water, and Oliphant nodded. Still, some minutes elapsed before he leaped: with many others who could not swim, he preferred to take the last chances on the doomed vessel. In a minute or two, however, after Perry had thrown himself from the rail, a twisted lance of flame burst from the boat's side: fire had broken out on board.

Perry was a good swimmer, and had struck out towards the other steamer, which, after recoiling from the shock, had sheered off, and was now getting out boats. But he paused very soon, treading water and turning to look again for his father. A quantity of broken timbers, boxes, and other buoyant objects were already drifting about in the water, and he found it advisable to get hold of one of these and rest a while. When the fire leaped forth, he pushed still nearer the wreck. The flames increased, and lit up the broad, liquid surface around him: it was then that he saw the bulky form of his father sliding down a rope, which he had evidently tied to a post and flung into the water. Perry began making his way in that direction. Old Thorburn had not much skill in swimming, but he succeeded in getting a little way out. He kept casting about for some artificial aid. Near him was a woman, with a small child in her arms, who, almost by a marvel, had got hold of a long bench, and was sustaining herself by it. Thorburn came up with her and caught at the wood, apparently much fatigued. The

bench was not large enough to keep them both up: the woman expostulated.

Thorburn was wild with the danger of his situation. There was to him, no doubt, something unsurpassably outrageous in the idea that he, the owner of the steamer, with all his wealth, his power in Wall Street and among the railroads, his vast plans and teeming resources, should not only sustain an actual heavy financial loss by the accident, but should be put in peril of his life, struggling there in the salt tide like a common individual of the general public, or as if he were of no more account than a drowning rat. Small wonder if his heavy mouth grew fierce and his indignant eyes more belligerent than usual.

He began to pound the woman's hands unmercifully, in order to make her loose her hold.

Perry, who was still a good distance away, shouted to his father, sharply: "Don't do that, dad! Stop, I say! I 'm coming." At the same time he was exerting every muscle to propel himself and his piece of flotsam to the spot.

It was virtual murder that was being attempted before his eyes, and the person who sought to destroy another's life was his own father! This Perry perceived clearly; and the sight of the deed and the thought of its awful significance were more abhorrent to him than any danger of engulfment and drowning that threatened himself. Words spoken by a man in the water are necessarily somewhat gasping and uncertain in utterance; and whether it was from this cause, or the plashing of the waves around him, or the increasing hum of the flames on the boat, or the conflict of cries from other throats, old Thorburn seemed not to hear his son's appeal. He continued to beat the helpless woman, encumbered by her child, and to tear her hands away from her accidental raft.

So unequal a contest could not last long. It was apparently but a few seconds before the unknown woman yielded, and dropped away from the frail support. But at that supreme juncture, with the fate of suffocation and death closing upon her, the heart of the woman was unselfish: it gave what might prove to be its final beating, its last impulse, to an effort on behalf of her still more helpless baby, who, benumbed by the unwonted situation, was not even conscious of the deadly peril. She lifted her child into the air as high as she could with one arm, while with the other she vaguely and instinctively sought to delay her sinking.

Just then Perry, who was drawing nearer, saw another dark mass approaching her, only a few feet away. It was a man, clinging to a broken timber. The man signaled the woman with a cry: "Here!" She heard him, and with a last desperate turn and bewildered floundering through the thick water she succeeded in grasping the means of rescue that he offered. That, also, was very slight; insufficient for the floating of two persons. But the man who had called to her scarcely waited to test it before he abandoned it entirely.

For an instant he lifted his face heavenward, as if gazing at the stars, which now beamed mildly down upon the fearful and glaring spectacle of the steamer in conflagration and her scattered victims; for the scurrying mists had disappeared. Ay, thus he fronted those stars, which Count Fitz-Stuart had wearily dismissed as being "so old," and Raish had adopted as figuring the glowing butts of cigars he had smoked. Then he cast himself off, and disappeared beneath the low-crested waves.

While the face was turned upward, however, the broadening wall of fire from the steamer's side had shed upon it a vivid illumination, and Perry had been able to recognize the man.

It was Oliphant.

"Oliphant, old boy!" he screamed with hoarse desperation. "Wait! Where are you?"

Where? Where indeed? no answer came to Perry's shout. It was impossible to determine at the moment whether Oliphant rose again, or not; for, despite the ghastly distinctness of the scene, everything that happened was rapid, confused, bewildering, and almost unreal. The surface of the Sound seemed to have grown smoother, as if subdued by a terror of what was taking place. Perry swam close to the stranger woman, and began assisting her. Boats had begun to pick up some of the survivors. He could not bear to approach or even look at his murderous old father, who still puffed, fumed, and splashed, in his efforts to advance by means of the half-submerged bench. The flames poured roaring upward from the steamer, in deep volumes, wide belts, thick coils, volatile spirals, — ruddy, crimson, or like melted gold, — and the bones of the mighty structure were heard to crack as if she had been in the grasp of a fiery anaconda. Their terrific splendor was reflected in the flood so intensely, so universally, that Perry seemed to himself to be swimming through a burning lake of Hell.

Again came the question, where was Oliphant? Perry could not abandon the belief that, somehow or other, his friend had been rescued; yet the picture of that face looking starward was stamped upon his mind; he saw it subsiding into the vague, relentless wash of the waves. He imagined the stalwart but helpless figure of that quiet, manly man going down, down, down into the silent, unknown depths; and he could feel, very nearly as if it were his own experience, the strangling sensation, the struggle against suffocation, the final dreamy resignation which, he had heard, accompany death by drowning.

Meanwhile, high over the weltering gleams, over the black eastward smoke of the burning bulk, and the quivering mirror of water that tremulously gave back a glow of red, the stars hung poised in eternal flight — calm, restful, yet distributed over the sky as capriciously as if they had just been lodged in their places by some haphazard volley from an exploded world.

XIX.

LOVE AT LAST.

Dana Sweetser, whose great cares and responsibilities had aided in making the ravages of time more apparent upon his countenance, was engaged, on the morning that followed the steamboat disaster, in an elaborate toilet. He had mourned at length over some colored socks which his laundress had just returned in a bleached condition, owing to some vicious compound used in the washing, and was reflecting upon the disappointments of life, as he softened with powdered magnesia the over-rubicund tint which a liberal diet had begun to bestow upon his nose, when his valet burst into the room with a rumor of what had happened. Two or three general telegrams had been received, which, among other details, announced that Mr. Thorburn had been lost. Dana was terribly broken down by this information: even his interest in his personal appearance was pathetically subdued; and as soon as he could put himself decently together, he sallied forth to gain further particulars.

The report in regard to Thorburn proved to be wrong; for both he and Perry were among the saved. There had been a great sacrifice of life, but, considering the nature of the calamity, a surprisingly large number of people had been rescued. When the New York papers arrived, after noon, with fuller accounts than had yet been received, the circumstance of one man attempting to force a mother and child away from their only means of safety was related, among various other startling and curious par-

ticulars which the survivors had given to correspondents, and roused general execrations; but Thorburn, being unknown to the mother — who had also reached the shore alive — was not identified as the wretch. He was in Newport by the time the papers came, and was met by a great many telegrams and sundry effusive callers, congratulating him on his personal good fortune.

Perry remained at Watch Hill, the nearest inhabited point on the coast, whither the rescued had been conveyed, and where many bodies of the drowned either floated in or were brought ashore. He was looking for some trace of Oliphant. . . .

Late in the afternoon he entered Newport, completely exhausted, and drove in a hired carriage slowly up Pelham Street, unwilling to go to his father's house, and bent upon engaging some bachelor quarters which he knew had been vacated a few days before. It was a lovely afternoon: the declining sun sent long, reddish rays between the old white houses, soft beams that caught the light dust and gave it a tint as delicate as peach-bloom, or smote the outstretched branches of trees, and woke them to strange ardor of coloring, set off by the cool green in shadow and the first dull brown of changing foliage. A scanty drift of fallen leaves was blown occasionally along the sidewalks by the September wind, with a dry, rattling whisper. The sunbeams twinkled, too, upon the turning wheel-spokes that were plying on the avenue, as Perry reached the Park. A pink-coated fox-hunter crossed the head of the street, with his nag at a walk, holding his hunting-crop languidly, and exhibiting himself in a light of meritorious and manly fatigue: he was doing the heroic, for the benefit of that sybaritic society which rolled by him so suavely in the comfort of its stylish turnouts. Newport was still itself: smiling, serene, light-hearted; rejoicing in the gentle gratification of being almost English. But the sight did not soothe Perry: it sickened him. Life at Newport, which a few days before had seemed so proud, so splendid and fair, became suddenly in his eyes a pretentious patchwork, a thing of gorgeous shreds and tatters, gay as a fool's motley, and covering only a mass of petty or flippant traits of character, bound together by a restless desire for superficial pleasure. He had just been brought face to face with the most fearful realities; he had witnessed an act of perfect self-sacrifice; and now, as he came from that experience, with a burden of unspeakable sorrow on his heart, this world of ostentatious levity was a positive offense to him.

He obtained the rooms he wanted, sent for his own servant, and some clothes from his father's house, and then despatched messengers to ascertain where he could see Josephine; lying down, meanwhile, to rest.

During the two days since she had written to Oliphant, Octavia's mood had been brightening. The fine warm ivory of her cheeks took on a delicate tinge of rose; her vivacity, always fresh and in force, was exquisitely, unconsciously, varied by a tremor of feeling, a more genial ardor of sympathy with every one and with everything that was going on, which made it doubly enchanting. She did not dare to hope much; she scarcely reflected at all; the claims of the past upon her and the question of loyalty to Gifford's memory retained no hold. She confessed nothing except that she was possessed by a sweet prescience that soon she should be at peace with Oliphant and united to him. On the night when he set out upon his journey to Newport, she went to a large ball given by the Spanish minister — one of the last and most iridescent phases of the expiring season. The entertainment was dazzling in the highest degree. An immense tent had been connected with the minister's house, ex-

tending over a large stretch of lawn; and in the interior, walled with an odorous wilderness of extravagant plants in flower, the dancing took place, on a floor of perfect smoothness, made for the occasion. The weather was warm, and both in order to cool the place and for the sake of decoration, a grotto of ice had been contrived at the farther end, through which changing lights of blue and green and yellow fire were thrown at intervals, transforming the glittering blocks to a fluorescent mass. The whole house was spectacular in the richness and glow of its appointments, its illuminations, its floral adornment; and the dense assembly that circulated through it flashed and shone with a fabulous magnificence of beautiful costumes and sparkling jewels. Octavia took her place in the scene as a natural part of it, and held her own with ease. She drew quietly to herself the best of attention; she danced frequently, with the greatest enjoyment; and those who had seen most of her noticed the uncommon buoyancy of her talk and bearing.

Yet, when the hour came for going away, she herself was surprised at the subtile depression that weighed upon her. The ice-grotto had begun to melt, and was on the point of collapse; the chemical lights had faded; and at just about that time, the last satiated flames that had consumed the steamer on the Sound were throwing their exhausted ribbons of fire into the melancholy air.

In her room, Octavia remained awake for a while, to hear the approach of the boat; but its ominous though welcome roll of thunder from the booming paddles did not come to her ears. The failure made her somewhat uneasy, yet at last she fell asleep, without being able to explain it, and slept on until near noon. When she woke, she had a conviction that Oliphant would appear before nightfall. She prepared herself for that meeting, with the half-shy yet tender and minute care that a woman uses — in a tribute almost devout to the lover's ideal of her — when she is on the eve of seeing the man she holds dearest. Not a detail of her personal appearance was decided upon, without reference to this great anticipation.

But alas, Oliphant did not come. On looking at her paper, which for a moment did not seem to her worth reading on a day that she believed was to be so joyously memorable, Octavia's fluttering expectations received an abrupt check; and soon, although she had heard not a syllable from Oliphant and no hint of him was given in the report of the disaster, her suspense became unbearable.

"Do you know," she asked Vivian, whom she immediately went to see, "whether Mr. Oliphant was on board?"

"Mr. Oliphant! What put that into your head?" the bride exclaimed. "Of course not. He 's gone to California."

Octavia was bewildered, and began to be pained by an unforeseen anxiety lest he had not received her letter. She told Vivian of her writing; and then Vivian was puzzled, too. It was resolved between them that Craig should try, by telegraphing, to ascertain whether such a person as Eugene Oliphant had been among the passengers.

The answer came to him at length, in the night.

That same evening, also, Perry saw Josephine. She was visiting again in Newport; but as it was two or three hours before he slept off his fatigue, he did not arrive at the house until nine. When she met him, he was so pale, so haggard, so worn, that she started back in affright.

"What is it?" she cried. "I heard of the accident, after your messenger came. Was your father really lost?"

"No," said Perry, his voice choking. "If you can come out, I will tell you."

Josephine threw a light wrap over her shoulders, and they emerged into the grounds, which were near those of Octavia's villa. Without a word he

walked down towards the water, and she followed him. They could see the bay dancing softly, mystically, in the light of the new moon, while the boundary-trees in front of them blotted the silvery radiance with a pattern of black, twisted trunks, sharply and uncouthly distinct. Then Perry paused.

"It was not my father," he said. "It was Oliphant who was lost."

A cry of horror and of suffering escaped from Josephine's lips. She leaned forward, and hid her face upon her arm, against one of the trees. For the first instant, her emotion seemed to Perry only what he might have expected; but it lasted so long that he began to question. With a rush, then, the truth came to his mind.

"You loved that man!" he exclaimed.

She lifted her head, at this, and met his intense, jealous scrutiny without wavering. There was a riddle in her eyes, still, as there always had been, and doubtless always would be; and in this semi-obscurity of the night it was more than ever hopeless to attempt solving that riddle. Her face was very white, he could see; yet he could almost have doubted whether the voice which answered him came from the softly moving lips, or from the shadows that surrounded her.

"Yes," it whispered. "I loved him."

Something like an imprecation rose to Perry's lips, but he only groaned: "I wish I could have died in his place!"

"You must n't say that," Josephine returned, with strange calmness, though speaking hardly above her breath. "You have no right to wish it."

"Why?" he demanded, bitterly.

"Because it was fate. You must accept what fate brings."

"Ah, if it had brought me *you!*" he began, in a passionate way. "But no! You never could have married me; and even if things were different, I could hardly offer myself to you now." He went on rapidly, pouring out an account of the catastrophe and his father's brutal conduct. "After that," he said, "how should I hope to win a woman like you? The son of such a father! I suppose I have the same traits in me, somewhere."

"But you 're not like him," Josephine returned, coming suddenly to his defense, against himself. "If you were you would n't condemn him."

"Then you think there 's some chance for me?" he asked, giving way to a slight laugh of scorn. It was succeeded by a burst of earnest entreaty. "Oh, Josephine," he cried, "is there any hope, any possibility, that I may win you by and by? I will be content with any love you can give, if you think you might be happier with me than without me. Only let me know if I may keep this hope before my mind!"

"I cannot speak of it now," she said, in her mysterious tone, that was neither cold nor warm, but neutral, and shuddering a little. "It may be *our* fate — but not now; not now." After a silence she asked, "Is this what you came here to say?"

"No," he assured her. "I want you to help me in a difficult task. This news must be broken to Octavia."

He then explained to her that he had found upon Oliphant, tightly folded in a letter case within a covered pocket, the note Octavia had sent him. It was somewhat water-soaked, but legible still, and Perry had been able to guess from it something of the events which had inspired it.

Josephine consented to go with him to High Lawn, and he waited outside the door, while she went in to see Octavia.

"It is all over, Octavia," she said, quietly, as the widow entered to greet her. "You and I have been separated lately; but there is no need of it any more."

Octavia came up and caught her arm, with a quick, apprehensive demand for her meaning. Briefly and tenderly, as well as she could, Josephine imparted everything.

Octavia took the blurred letter, and glanced at it for an instant; then sank into a chair, gazing wanly at the woman who stood motionless opposite her. She shrank, and seemed to wither visibly.

"O God, O God!" she cried. "I have killed him. And how I am punished! That it should be my letter brought back to me, and that you, Josephine, should be the one to bring it!"

A heart-broken moan buried anything further that she might have been moved to say, and the tears streamed from beneath her eyelids.

Oliphant was interred at Woodlawn, beside little Effie; and Octavia, without vehemence, but resolutely, and setting aside every conventional consideration, took her share in all the final dispositions. With Justin she went to place the flowers around him in his coffin, and looked once more upon her hapless lover. His face was not like that of a dead man; it was that of one who had been awakened and told that he might depart from imprisonment. True, the sinister and perhaps ironical change which comes over the countenances of those who are to open their lips no more on earth had fallen upon it. But through the baffling dumbness of its slightly pinched lines — that peculiar silence that seemed to be voluntary, like a mask put on in order that the wearer might conceal some intelligence too important to be betrayed by a look — there stole a far-off, wonderful, calm light of exalted joy.

What had he last thought of, as he passed away? She imagined the noble scorn that must have swept through every vein and nerve, when he measured the monstrous selfishness of old Thorburn, and instantly threw into the balance against it his own sacrifice. The final consciousness in his mind must have been one of absolute, magnanimous love; not for her, nor for any one individual, but a sentiment so large and ideal that it made the laying down of his life for a woman he had never seen before, and for her little child, a pleasure surpassing any other. Whether that woman was valuable in herself or not, she came before him in that tragic hour as a type of motherhood, she presented to him an image of life in its most sacred form; and the love in his heart went out towards it with perfect purity and power.

Such were the broken meditations that came to Octavia, while she arranged the flowers. She performed the task without flinching; yet a few irrepressible tears fell softly upon her hands, and the hands trembled slightly, like leaves wet with dew, just stirring in the breath of daybreak.

A year later, Octavia was again at Newport for a few days, soon after the season began. The place was still beautiful to her, and she remembered her old enthusiasm for it; but the spectacle of its life no longer held any charm. And yet how short a time since she had been a part of it! Was it out of that vanity and frivolity that her own folly had arisen, which led her to jest maliciously with Oliphant's love?

Once while she was there, she saw Josephine and Perry Thorburn driving together, and was conscious in a dreamy way of the fact, which had been imparted to her, that they were engaged; but she had no meeting with them. Much more important and distinct to her mind was a long, kind letter which she received from Vivian Craig, written in Germany, whither Justin had gone after Oliphant's legacy was made over to him.

"I am wearing your diamonds that you gave me for a wedding present," said Vivian in her letter, "and baby has been crying for them. Just as I

write, though, she is laughing again at their pretty sparkle."

So, in the quick round of life, the widow's tears had become the moment's plaything of a child, and a rainbow coloring flashed from them.

The last day that Octavia spent in Newport, she went out on foot, and walked over the bleak downs where Oliphant had wandered on that dreary day of his defeat. She arrived at the great house near the cave; but the place was closed and empty now, and she could go down to the rocks without intrusion. For a long while she sat lost in thought upon the lonely little ledge on which, when she last visited it, Oliphant had sat with her. It was very silent there; the waters hardly murmured in the cave: no one was near. What an immense solitude surrounded her! And how much greater was the solitude of her own heart! Yet she felt a presence attending her: the soft breeze, that crept up to her and tenderly played with a tress or two of straying hair upon her forehead, was like Oliphant's hand caressing her. The slumbering ocean, too, which had absorbed his life, seemed conscious of him.

But had he not once loved another woman, and she another man? Which was the true love? She could not unravel the knot; but at least she knew that, whatever the limitations of one heart or of individual devotion, the great ideal passion survived through all these changes. Oliphant had brought something of rare worth into her life; had given her a higher conception of love. To this extent she shared in it, that it had touched her in passing, and that she now knew its quality. Though she had failed to grasp and keep it, the power and the fragrance remained with her still, like the lingering, lifting odor of the sea blown in at random through an artificial atmosphere.

Love had come, and love had gone. How strange that it had not stayed with Oliphant, who so well deserved to have it! How strange that he should have chosen to follow her, instead of Josephine; and that Josephine's passion for him should have been so blindly frustrated! Octavia herself was also left alone. And yet, though love had thus come and gone, it was somehow here at last.

Octavia rose from the ledge to walk back: she was about to leave Newport forever. As she stood for a moment there, her small, fine figure was relieved against the gray bastion of rock like a silhouette.

She was clad wholly in black — black never more to be abandoned.

George Parsons Lathrop.

A MEMORY.

O RINGLET, with the golden gleam,
What memories are clustered here!
The shadow of a passing dream,
The silent falling of a tear;

A breath of summers long ago,
Drifting across the moment's space;
A long-forgotten sunset glow
Upon a long-remembered face.

A. A. Dayton.

EN PROVINCE.

VI.

THE COUNTRY OF ARLES.

I.

On my way from Nîmes to Arles, I spent three hours at Tarascon; chiefly for the love of Alphonse Daudet, who has written nothing more genial than the Aventures Prodigieuses de Tartarin, and the story of the "siege" of the bright, dead little town (a mythic siege by the Prussians) in the Contes du Lundi. In the introduction which, for the new edition of his works, he has lately supplied to Tartarin, the author of this extravagant but kindly satire gives some account of the displeasure with which he has been visited by the ticklish Tarasconnais. Daudet relates that in his attempt to shed a humorous light upon some of the more erratic phases of the Provençal character he selected Tarascon at a venture; not because the temperament of its natives is more vainglorious than that of their neighbors, or their rebellion against the "despotism of fact" more marked, but simply because he had to name a particular Provençal city. Tartarin is a hunter of lions and charmer of women, a true "*produit du midi*," as Daudet says, who has the most fantastic and fabulous adventures. He is a minimized Don Quixote, with much less dignity, but with equal good faith, and the story of his exploits is a little masterpiece of the light comical. The Tarasconnais, however, declined to take the joke, and opened the vials of their wrath upon the mocking child of Nîmes, who would have been better employed, they doubtless thought, in showing up the infirmities of his own family. I am bound to add that when I passed through Tarascon they did not appear to be in the least out of humor. Nothing could have been brighter, softer, more suggestive of amiable indifference, than the picture it presented to my mind. It lies quietly beside the Rhone, looking across at Beaucaire, which seems very distant and independent, and tacitly consenting to let the castle of the good King René of Anjou, which projects very boldly into the river, pass for its most interesting feature. The other features are, primarily, a sort of vivid sleepiness in the aspect of the place, as if the September noon (it had lingered on into October) lasted longer there than elsewhere; certain low arcades, which make the streets look gray, and exhibit empty vistas; and a very curious and beautiful walk beside the Rhone, denominated the Chaussée, — a long and narrow causeway, densely shaded by two rows of magnificent old trees, planted in its embankment, and rendered doubly effective, at the moment I passed over it, by a little train of collegians, who had been taken out for mild exercise by a pair of young priests. Lastly, one may say that a striking element of Tarascon, as of any town that lies on the Rhone, is simply the Rhone itself: the big brown flood, of uncertain temper, which has never taken time to forget that it is a child of the mountain and the glacier, and that such an origin carries with it great privileges. Later, at Avignon, I observed it in the exercise of these privileges, chief among which was "that of frightening the good people of the old papal city half out of their wits."

The château of King René serves today as the prison of a district, and the traveler who wishes to look into it must obtain his permission at the *Mairie* of Tarascon. If he has had a certain experience of French manners, his application will be accompanied with the

forms of a considerable obsequiosity, and in this case his request will be granted as civilly as it has been made. The castle has more of the air of a severely feudal fortress than I should suppose the period of its construction (the first half of the fifteenth century) would have warranted; being tremendously bare and perpendicular, and constructed for comfort only in the sense that it was arranged for defense. It is a square and simple mass, composed of small yellow stones, and perched on a pedestal of rock which easily commands the river. The building has the usual circular towers at the corners, and a heavy cornice at the top, and immense stretches of sun-scorched wall, relieved at wide intervals by small windows, heavily cross-barred. It has above all an extreme steepness of aspect; I cannot express it otherwise. The walls are as sheer and inhospitable as precipices. The castle has kept its large moat, which is now a hollow filled with wild plants. To this tall fortress the good René retired in the middle of the fifteenth century, finding it apparently the most substantial thing left him in a dominion which had included Naples and Sicily, Lorraine and Anjou. He had been a much-tried monarch and the sport of a various fortune, fighting half his life for thrones he did n't care for, and exalted only to be quickly cast down. Provence was the country of his affection, and the memory of his troubles did not prevent him from holding a joyous court at Tarascon and at Aix. He finished the castle at Tarascon, which had been begun earlier in the century, — finished it, I suppose, for consistency's sake, in the manner in which it had originally been designed rather than in accordance with the artistic tastes that formed the consolation of his old age. He was a painter, a writer, a dramatist, a modern dilettante, addicted to private theatricals. There is something very attractive in the image that he has imprinted on the page of history. He was both clever and kind, and many reverses and much suffering had not embittered him nor quenched his faculty of enjoyment. He was fond of his sweet Provence, and his sweet Provence has been grateful; it has woven a light tissue of legend around the memory of the good King René.

I strolled over his dusky habitation — it must have taken all his good-humor to light it up — at the heels of the custodian, who showed me the usual number of castle properties: a deep, well-like court, a collection of winding staircases and vaulted chambers, the embrasures of whose windows and the recesses of whose doorways reveal a tremendous thickness of wall. These things constitute the general identity of old castles, and when one has wandered through a good many, with due discretion of step and protrusion of head, one ceases very much to distinguish and remember, and contents one's self with consigning them to the honorable limbo of the romantic. I must add that this reflection did not in the least deter me from crossing the bridge which connects Tarascon with Beaucaire, in order to examine the old fortress whose ruins adorn the latter city. It stands on a foundation of rock much higher than that of Tarascon, and looks over with a melancholy expression at its better-conditioned brother. Its position is magnificent, and its outline very gallant. I was well rewarded for my pilgrimage; for if the castle of Beaucaire is only a fragment, the whole place, with its position and its views, is an ineffaceable picture. It was the stronghold of the Montmorencys, and its last tenant was that rash Duke François, whom Richelieu, seizing every occasion to trample on a great noble, caused to be beheaded at Toulouse, where we saw, in the Capitol, the butcher's knife with which the cardinal pruned the crown of France of its thorns. The castle, after the death of this victim, was virtually demolished. Its site, which

Nature to-day has taken again to herself, has an extraordinary charm. The mass of rock that it formerly covered rises high above the town, and is as precipitous as the side of the Rhone. A tall, rusty iron gate admits you from a quiet corner of Beaucaire to a wild, tangled garden, covering the side of the hill — for the whole place forms the public promenade of the townsfolk — a garden without flowers, with little steep, rough paths that wind under a plantation of small, scrubby stone-pines. Above this is the grassy platform of the castle, inclosed on one side only (toward the river) by a large fragment of wall and a very massive dungeon. There are benches placed in the lee of the wall, and others on the edge of the platform, where one may enjoy a view, beyond the river, of certain peeled and scorched undulations. A sweet desolation, an everlasting peace, seemed to hang in the air. A very old man, a fragment, like the castle itself, emerged from some crumbling corner to do me the honors — a very gentle, obsequious, tottering, toothless, grateful old man. He beguiled me into an ascent of the solitary tower, from which you may look down on the big sallow river and glance at diminished Tarascon, and the barefaced, bald-headed hills behind it. It may appear that I insist too much upon the nudity of the Provençal horizon — too much, considering that I have spoken of the prospect from the heights of Beaucaire as lovely. But it is an exquisite bareness; it seems to exist for the purpose of allowing us to follow the delicate lines of the hills, and touch with the eyes, as it were, the smallest inflections of the landscape. It makes the whole thing seem wonderfully bright and pure.

Beaucaire used to be the scene of a famous fair, the great fair of the south of France. It has gone the way of most fairs, even in France, where these delightful exhibitions hold their own much better than might be supposed. It is still held in the month of July; but the bourgeoises of Tarascon send to the Magasin du Louvre for their smart dresses, and the principal glory of the scene is its long tradition. Even now, however, it ought to be the prettiest of all fairs, for it takes place in a charming wood which lies just beneath the castle, beside the Rhone. The booths, the barracks, the platforms of the mountebanks, the bright-colored crowd, diffused through this midsummer shade, and spotted here and there with the rich Provençal sunshine, must be of the most pictorial effect. It is highly probable, too, that it offers a large collection of pretty faces; for even in the few hours that I spent at Tarascon I discovered symptoms of the purity of feature for which the women of the *pays d'Arles* are renowned. The Arlesian head-dress was visible in the streets, and this delightful coiffure is so associated with a charming facial oval, a dark, mild eye, a straight Greek nose, and a mouth worthy of all the rest that it conveys a presumption of beauty which gives the wearer time either to escape or to please you. I have read somewhere, however, that Tarascon is supposed to produce handsome men, as Arles is known to deal in handsome women. It may be that I should have found the Tarasconnais a race of Apollos, if I had encountered enough specimens to justify an induction. But there were very few males in the streets, and the place presented no appearance of activity. Here and there the black coif of an old woman or of a young girl was framed by a low doorway; but for the rest, as I have said, Tarascon was mostly involved in a siesta. There was not a creature in the little church of Saint Martha, which I made a point of visiting before I returned to the station, and which, with its fine Romanesque side-portal and its pointed and crocketed Gothic spire, is as curious as it need be, in view of its tradition. It stands in a

quiet corner where the grass grows between the small cobble-stones, and you pass beneath a deep archway to reach it. The tradition relates that Saint Martha tamed with her own hands, and attached to her girdle, a dreadful dragon, who was known as the Tarasque, and is reported to have given his name to the city on whose site (amid the rocks which form the base of the château) he had his cavern. The dragon, perhaps, is the symbol of a ravening paganism, dispelled by the eloquence of a sweet evangelist. The bones of the interesting saint, at all events, were found, in the eleventh century, in a cave beneath the spot on which her altar now stands. I know not what had become of the bones of the dragon.

II.

There are two shabby old inns at Arles, which compete closely for your custom. I mean by this that if you elect to go to the Hôtel du Forum, the Hôtel du Nord, which is placed exactly beside it (at right angles) watches your arrival with ill-concealed disapproval; and if you take the chances of its neighbor, the Hôtel du Forum seems to glare at you invidiously from all its windows and doors. I forget which of these establishments I selected; whichever it was, I wished very much that it had been the other. The two stand together on the Place des Hommes, a little public square of Arles, which somehow quite misses its effect. As a city, indeed, Arles quite misses its effect in every way; and if it is a charming place, as I think it is, I can hardly tell the reason why. The straight-nosed Arlésiennes account for it in some degree; and the remainder may be charged to the ruins of the Arena and the Theatre. Beyond this, I remember with affection the ill-proportioned little Place des Hommes; not at all monumental, and given over to puddles and to shabby cafés. I recall with tenderness the tortuous and featureless streets, which looked like the streets of a village, and were paved with villainous little sharp stones, making all exercise penitential. Consecrated by association is even a tiresome walk that I took the evening I arrived, with the purpose of obtaining a view of the Rhone. I had been to Arles before, years ago, and it seemed to me that I remembered finding on the banks of the stream some sort of picture. I think that on the evening of which I speak there was a watery moon, which, it seemed to me, would light up the past as well as the present. But I found no picture, and I scarcely found the Rhone at all. I lost my way, and there was not a creature in the streets to whom I could appeal. Nothing could be more provincial than the situation of Arles at ten o'clock at night. At last I arrived at a kind of embankment, where I could see the great mud-colored stream slipping along in the soundless darkness. It had come on to rain, I know not what had happened to the moon, and the whole place was anything but gay. It was not what I had looked for; what I had looked for was in the irrecoverable past. I groped my way back to the inn over the infernal *cailloux*, feeling as if I had been playing policeman for half an hour. I remember now that this hotel was the one (whichever that may be) which has the fragment of a Gallo-Roman portico inserted into one of its angles. I had chosen it for the sake of this exceptional ornament. It was damp and dark, and the floors felt gritty to the feet; it was an establishment at which the dreadful *gras-double* might have appeared at the table d'hôte, as it had done at Narbonne. Nevertheless, I was glad to get back to it; and nevertheless, too — and this is the moral of my simple anecdote — my pointless little walk (I don't speak of the pavement) suffuses itself, as I look back upon it, with a romantic tone. And in relation to the inn, I suppose I had better mention

that I am well aware of the inconsistency of a person who dislikes the modern caravansary, and yet grumbles when he finds an hotel of the superannuated sort. One ought to choose, it would seem, and make the best of either alternative. The two old taverns at Arles are quite unimproved: such as they must have been in the infancy of the modern world, when Stendhal passed that way, and the lumbering diligence deposited him in the Place des Hommes, such in every detail they are to-day. *Vieilles auberges de France*, one ought to enjoy their gritty floors and greasy window-panes. Let it be put on record, therefore, that I have been, I won't say less comfortable, but at least less happy, at better inns.

To be really historic, I should have mentioned that before going to look for the Rhone I had spent part of the evening on the opposite side of the little place, and that I indulged in this recreation for two definite reasons. One of these was that I had an opportunity of conversing at a café with an intelligent young Englishman, whom I had met in the afternoon at Tarascon, and more remotely, in other years, in London; the other was that there sat enthroned behind the counter a splendid mature Arlésienne, whom my companion and I agreed that it was a rare privilege to contemplate. There is no rule of good manners or morals which makes it improper, at a café, to fix one's eyes upon the *dame de comptoir;* the lady is, in the nature of things, more or less on exhibition. We were therefore free to admire without restriction the handsomest person I had ever seen give change for a five-franc piece. She was a large quiet woman, who would never see forty again; of an intensely feminine type, yet wonderfully rich and robust, and full of a certain physical nobleness. Though she was not really old, she was antique, and she was very grave, even a little sad. She had the dignity of a Roman empress, and she handled coppers as if they had been stamped with the head of Cæsar. I have seen washerwomen in the Trastevere who were perhaps as handsome as she: but even the head-dress of the Roman contadina contributes less to the dignity of the person born to wear it than the sweet and stately Arlesian cap, which sits at once aloft and on the back of the head; which is accompanied with a wide black bow covering a considerable part of the crown; and which, finally, accommodates itself indescribably well to the manner in which the tresses of the front are pushed behind the ears.

This admirable dispenser of lumps of sugar has distracted me a little; for I am still not sufficiently historical. Before going to the café I had dined, and before dining I had found time to go and look at the Arena. Then it was that I discovered that Arles has no general physiognomy, and, except the delightful little church of St. Trophimus, no architecture, and that the rugosities of its dirty lanes affect the feet like knife-blades. It was not then, on the other hand, that I saw the Arena best. The second day of my stay at Arles I devoted to a pilgrimage to the strange old hill-town of Les Baux, the mediæval Pompeii, of which I shall give myself the pleasure of speaking. The evening of that day, however (my friend and I returned in time for a late dinner), I wandered among the Roman remains of the place by the light of a magnificent moon, and gathered an impression which has lost little of its silvery glow. The moon of the evening before had been aqueous and erratic; but if, on the present occasion, it was guilty of any irregularity, the worst it did was only to linger beyond its time in the heavens, in order to let us look at things comfortably. The effect was admirable; it brought back the impression of the way, in Rome itself, on evenings like that, the moonshine rests upon broken shafts and slabs of antique pavement. As we sat in the Theatre, look-

ing at the two lone columns that survive — part of the decoration of the back of the stage — and at the fragments of ruin around them, we might have been in the Roman forum. The Arena at Arles, with its great magnitude, is less complete than that of Nîmes; it has suffered even more the assaults of time and of the children of time, and it has been less repaired. The seats are almost wholly wanting; but the external walls, minus the topmost tier of arches, are massively, ruggedly, complete; and the vaulted corridors seem as solid as the day they were built. The whole thing is superbly vast, and as monumental, for a place of light amusement — what is called in America a "variety-show" — as it entered only into the Roman mind to make such establishments. The *podium* is much higher than at Nîmes, and many of the great white slabs that faced it have been recovered and put into their places. The proconsular box has been more or less reconstructed, and the great converging passages of approach to it are still majestically distinct; so that, as I sat there in the moon-charmed stillness, leaning my elbows on the battered parapet of the ring, it was not impossible to listen to the murmurs and shudders, the thick voice of the circus, that died away fifteen hundred years ago.

The Theatre has a voice as well, but it lingers on the ear of time with a different music. The Roman theatre at Arles seemed to me one of the most charming and touching ruins I had ever beheld; I took a particular fancy to it. It is less than a skeleton — the Arena may be called a skeleton; for it consists only of half a dozen bones. The traces of the row of columns which formed the scene — the permanent back-scene — remain; two marble pillars — I just mentioned them — are upright, with a fragment of their entablature. Before them is the vacant space which was filled by the stage, with the line of the proscenium distinct, marked by a deep groove, impressed upon slabs of stone, which looks as if the bottom of a high screen had been intended to fit into it. The semicircle formed by the seats — half a cup — rises opposite; some of the rows are distinctly marked. The floor from the bottom of the stage, in the shape of an arc of which the chord is formed by the line of the orchestra, is covered by slabs of colored marble — red, yellow, and green — which, though terribly battered and cracked to-day, give one an idea of the elegance of the interior. Everything shows that it was on a great scale: the large sweep of its inclosing walls, the massive corridors that passed behind the auditorium, and of which we can still perfectly take the measure. The way in which every seat commanded the stage is a lesson to the architects of our epoch, as also the immense size of the place is a proof of extraordinary power of voice on the part of the Roman actors. It was after we had spent half an hour in the moonshine at the Arena that we came on to this more ghostly and more exquisite ruin. The principal entrance was locked, but we effected a mild *escalade*, scaled a low parapet, and descended into the place behind the scenes. It was as light as day, and the solitude was complete. The two slim columns, as we sat on the broken benches, stood there like a pair of silent actors. What I called touching, just now, was the thought that here the human voice, the utterance of a great language, had been supreme. The air was full of intonations and cadences; not of the echo of smashing blows, of riven armor, of howling victims and roaring beasts. The spot is, in short, one of the sweetest legacies of the ancient world; and there seems no profanation in the fact that by day it is open to the good people of Arles, who use it to pass, by no means in great numbers, from one part of the town to the other; treading the old marble floor,

and brushing, if need be, the empty benches. This familiarity does not kill the place again; it makes it, on the contrary, live a little — makes the present and the past touch each other.

III.

The third lion of Arles has nothing to do with the ancient world, but only with the old one. The church of Saint Trophimus, whose wonderful Romanesque porch is the principal ornament of the principal *place* — a *place* otherwise distinguished by the presence of a slim and tapering obelisk in the middle, as well as by that of the Hôtel de Ville and the museum — the interesting church of Saint Trophimus swears a little, as the French say, with the peculiar character of Arles. It is very remarkable, but I would rather it were in another place. Arles is delightfully pagan, and Saint Trophimus, with its apostolic sculptures, is rather a false note. These sculptures are equally remarkable for their primitive vigor and for the perfect preservation in which they have come down to us. The deep recess of a round-arched porch of the twelfth century is covered with quaint figures, that have not lost a nose or a finger. An angular, Byzantine-looking Christ sits in a diamond-shaped frame at the summit of the arch, surrounded by little angels, by great apostles, by winged beasts, by a hundred sacred symbols and grotesque ornaments. It is a dense embroidery of sculpture, black with time, but as uninjured as if it had been kept under glass. One good mark for the French Revolution! Of the interior of the church, which has a nave of the twelfth century, and a choir three hundred years more recent, I chiefly remember the odd feature that the Romanesque aisles are so narrow that you literally — or almost — squeeze through them. You do so with some eagerness, for your natural purpose is to pass out to the cloister. This cloister, as distinguished and as perfect as the porch, has a great deal of charm. Its four sides, which are not of the same period (the earliest and best are of the twelfth century), have an elaborate arcade, supported on delicate pairs of columns, the capitals of which show an extraordinary variety of device and ornament. At the corners of the quadrangle these columns take the form of curious human figures. The whole thing is a gem of lightness and preservation, and is often cited for its beauty; but — if it does n't sound too profane — I prefer, especially at Arles, the ruins of the Roman theatre. The antique element is too precious to be mingled with anything less rare. This truth was very present to my mind during a ramble of a couple of hours that I took just before leaving the place; and the glowing beauty of the morning gave the last touch to the impression. I spent half an hour at the Museum; then I took another look at the Roman theatre; after which I walked a little out of the town to the Aliscamps, the old Elysian Fields, the meagre remnant of the old pagan place of sepulture, which was afterwards used by the Christians, but has been for ages deserted, and now consists only of a melancholy avenue of cypresses, lined with a succession of ancient sarcophagi, empty, mossy, and mutilated. An iron-foundry, or some horrible establishment which is conditioned upon tall chimneys and a noise of hammering and banging, has been established near at hand; but the cypresses shut it out well enough, and this small patch of Elysium is a very picturesque corner.

The door of the Museum stands ajar, and a vigilant custodian, with the usual batch of photographs on his mind, peeps out at you disapprovingly, while you linger opposite, before the charming portal of Saint Trophimus, which you may look at for nothing. When you succumb to the silent influence of his eye, and go over to visit his collection, you find yourself in a desecrated church,

in which a variety of ancient objects, disinterred in Arlesian soil, have been arranged without any pomp. The best of these, I believe, were found in the ruins of the theatre. Some of the most curious of them are early Christian sarcophagi, exactly on the pagan model, but covered with rude yet vigorously wrought images of the apostles, and with illustrations of scriptural history. Beauty of the highest kind, either of conception or of execution, is absent from most of the Roman fragments, which belong to the taste of a late period and a provincial civilization. But a gulf divides them from the bristling little imagery of the Christian sarcophagi, in which, at the same time, one detects a vague emulation of the rich examples by which their authors were surrounded. There is a certain element of style in all the pagan things; there is not a hint of it in the early Christian relics, among which, according to M. Joanne, of the Guide, are to be found more fine sarcophagi than in any collection but that of St. John Lateran. In two or three of the Roman fragments there is a noticeable distinction, principally in a charming bust of a boy, quite perfect, with those salient eyes that one sees in certain antique busts, and to which the absence of vision in the marble mask gives a look, often very touching, as of a baffled effort to see; also in the head of a woman, found in the ruins of the theatre, who, alas, has lost her nose, and whose noble, simple contour, barring this deficiency, recalls the great manner of the Venus of Melos. There are various rich architectural fragments which indicate that that edifice was a very splendid affair. This little Museum at Arles, in short, is the most Roman thing I know of, out of Rome.

IV.

I find that I declared one evening, in a little journal I was keeping at that time, that I was weary of writing (I was probably very sleepy), but that it was essential I should make some note of my visit to Les Baux. I must have gone to sleep as soon as I had recorded this necessity, for I search my small diary in vain for any account of that enchanting spot. I have nothing but my memory to consult — a memory which is fairly good in regard to a general impression, but is terribly infirm in the matter of details and items. We knew in advance, my companion and I, that Les Baux was a pearl of picturesqueness; for had we not read as much in the handbook of Murray, who has the testimony of an English nobleman as to its attractions? We also knew that it lay some miles from Arles, on the crest of the Alpilles, the craggy little mountains which, as I stood on the breezy platform of Beaucaire, formed to my eye a charming, if somewhat remote, background to Tarascon; this assurance having been given us by the landlady of the inn at Arles, of whom we hired a rather lumbering trap. The weather was not promising, but it proved a good day for the mediæval Pompeii: a gray, melancholy, moist, but rainless, or almost rainless day, with nothing in the sky to flout, as the poet says, the dejected and pulverized past. The drive itself was charming; for there is an inexhaustible sweetness in the gray-green landscape of Provence. It is never absolutely flat, and yet is never really ambitious, and is full both of entertainment and repose. It is in constant undulation, and the bareness of the soil lends itself easily to outline and profile. When I say the bareness, I mean the absence of woods and hedges. It blooms with heath and scented shrubs and stunted olive; and the white rock shining through the scattered herbage has a brightness which answers to the brightness of the sky. Of course it needs the sunshine, for all Southern countries look a little false under the ground glass of incipient bad weather. This was the case on the day of my pilgrim-

age to Les Baux. Nevertheless, I was as glad to keep going as I was to arrive; and as I went it seemed to me that true happiness would consist in wandering through such a land on foot, on September afternoons, when one might stretch one's self on the warm ground in some shady hollow, and listen to the hum of bees and the whistle of melancholy shepherds. For in Provence the shepherds whistle to their flocks. I saw two or three of them, in the course of this drive to Les Baux, meandering about, looking behind, and calling upon the sheep in this way to follow, which the sheep always did, very promptly, with ovine unanimity. Nothing is more picturesque than to see a slow shepherd threading his way down one of the winding paths on a hillside, with his flock close behind him, necessarily expanded, yet keeping just at his heels, bending and twisting as it goes, and looking rather like the tail of a dingy comet.

About four miles from Arles, as you drive northward toward the Alpilles, of which Alphonse Daudet has spoken so often, and, as he might say, so intimately, stand on a hill that overlooks the road the very considerable ruins of the Abbey of Montmajour, one of the innumerable remnants of a feudal and ecclesiastical (as well as an architectural) past that one encounters in the south of France; remnants which, it must be confessed, tend to introduce a certain confusion and satiety into the passive mind of the tourist. Montmajour, however, is very impressive and interesting; the only trouble with it is that, unless you have stopped and returned to Arles, you see it in memory over the head of Les Baux, which is a much more absorbing picture. A part of the mass of buildings (the monastery) dates only from the last century; and the stiff architecture of that period does not lend itself very gracefully to desolation; it looks too much as if it had been burnt down the year before. The monastery was demolished during the Revolution, and it injures a little the effect of the very much more ancient fragments that are connected with it. The whole place is on a great scale; it was a rich and splendid abbey. The church, a vast basilica of the eleventh century, and of the noblest proportions, is virtually intact; I mean as regards its essentials, for the details have completely vanished. The huge, solid shell is full of expression; it looks as if it had been hollowed out by the sincerity of early faith, and it opens into a cloister as impressive as itself. Wherever one goes, in France, one meets, looking backward a little, the spectre of the great Revolution; and one meets it always in the shape of the destruction of something beautiful and precious. To make us forgive it at all, how much it must also have destroyed that was more hateful than itself! Beneath the church of Montmajour is a most extraordinary crypt, almost as big as the edifice above it, and making a complete subterranean temple, surrounded with a circular gallery, or deambulatory, which expands at intervals into five square chapels. There are other things, of which I have but a confused memory: a great fortified keep; a queer little primitive chapel, hollowed out of the rock, beneath these later structures, and recommended to the visitor's attention as the confessional of Saint Trophimus, who shares with so many worthies the glory of being "the first apostle of the Gauls." Then there is a strange, small church, of the dimmest antiquity, standing at a distance from the other buildings. I remember that after we had let ourselves down a good many steepish places to visit crypts and confessionals, we walked across a field to this archaic cruciform edifice, and went thence to a point further down the road, where our carriage was awaiting us. The chapel of the Holy Cross, as it is called, is classed among the historic monuments of France; and

I read in a queer, rambling, ill-written book which I picked up at Avignon, and in which the author, M. Louis de Laincel, has buried a great deal of curious information on the subject of Provence, under a style inspiring little confidence, that the "*délicieuse chapelle de Sainte-Croix*," is a "*véritable bijou artistique*." He speaks of "a piece of lace in stone," which runs from one end of the building to the other, but of which I am obliged to confess that I have no recollection. I retain, however, a sufficiently clear impression of the little superannuated temple, with its four apses and its perceptible odor of antiquity — the odor of the eleventh century.

The ruins of Les Baux remain quite indistinguishable, even when you are directly beneath them, at the foot of the charming little Alpilles, which mass themselves with a kind of delicate ruggedness. Rock and ruin have been so welded together by the confusions of time that as you approach it from behind — that is, from the direction of Arles — the place presents simply a general air of cragginess. Nothing can be prettier than the crags of Provence; they are beautifully modeled, as painters say, and they have a delightful silvery color. The road winds round the foot of the hills on the top of which Les Baux is planted, and passes into another valley, from which the approach to the town is many degrees less precipitous, and may be comfortably made in a carriage. Of course, the deeply inquiring traveler will alight as promptly as possible; for the pleasure of climbing into this queerest of cities on foot is not the least part of the entertainment of going there. Then you appreciate its extraordinary position, its picturesqueness, its steepness, its desolation and decay. It hangs — that is, what remains of it — to the slanting summit of the mountain. Nothing would be more natural than for the whole place to roll down into the valley. A part of it has done so — for it is not unjust to suppose that in the process of decay the crumbled particles have sought the lower level; while the remainder still clings to its magnificent perch.

If I called Les Baux a city, just above, it was not that I was stretching a point in favor of the small spot which to-day contains but a few dozen inhabitants. The history of the place is as extraordinary as its situation. It was not only a city, but a state; not only a state, but an empire; and on the crest of its little mountain called itself sovereign of a territory, or at least of scattered towns and counties, with which its present aspect is grotesquely out of relation. The lords of Les Baux, in a word, were great feudal proprietors; and there was a time during which the island of Sardinia, to say nothing of places nearer home, such as Arles and Marseilles, paid them homage. The chronicle of this old Provençal house has been written, in a style somewhat unctuous and flowery, by M. Jules Canonge. I purchased the little book — a modest pamphlet — at the establishment of the good sisters, just beside the church, in one of the highest parts of Les Baux. The sisters have a school for the hardy little Baussenques, whom I heard piping their lessons, while I waited in the cold *parloir* for one of the ladies to come and speak to me. Nothing could have been more perfect than the manner of this excellent woman when she arrived; yet her small religious house seemed a very out-of-the-way corner of the world. It was spotlessly neat, and the rooms looked as if they had lately been papered and painted: in this respect, at the mediæval Pompeii, they were rather a discord. They were, at any rate, the newest, freshest thing at Les Baux. I remember going round to the church, after I had left the good sisters, and to a little quiet terrace, which stands in front of it, ornamented with a few small trees and bordered with a wall breast-high, over

which you look down steep hillsides, off into the air and all about the neighboring country. I remember saying to myself that this little terrace was one of those felicitous nooks which the tourist of taste keeps in his mind as a picture. The church was small and brown and dark, with a certain rustic richness. All this, however, is no general description of Les Baux.

I am unable to give any coherent account of the place, for the simple reason that it is a mere confusion of ruin. It has not been preserved in lava, like Pompeii, and its streets and houses, its ramparts and castle, have become fragmentary, not through the sudden destruction, but through the gradual withdrawal, of a population. It is not an extinguished but a deserted city; more deserted far than even Carcassonne and Aigues-Mortes, where I found so much entertainment in the grass-grown element. It is of very small extent, and even in the days of its greatness, when its lords entitled themselves counts of Cephaloni and Neophantis, kings of Arles and Vienne, princes of Achaia and emperors of Constantinople — even at this flourishing period, when, as M. Jules Canonge remarks, "they were able to depress the balance in which the fate of peoples and kings is weighed," the plucky little city contained at the most no more than thirty-six hundred souls. Yet its lords (who, however, as I have said, were able to present a long list of subject towns, most of them, though a few are renowned, unknown to fame) were seneschals and captains-general of Piedmont and Lombardy, grand admirals of the kingdom of Naples, and its ladies were sought in marriage by half the first princes in Europe. A considerable part of the little narrative of M. Canonge is taken up with the great alliances of the House of Baux, whose fortunes, matrimonial and other, he traces from the eleventh century down to the sixteenth. The empty shells of a considerable number of old houses, many of which must have been superb, the lines of certain steep little streets, the foundations of a castle, and ever so many splendid views are all that remains of this to-day. To these things I may add a dozen very polite and sympathetic people, who emerged from the interstices of the desultory little town to gaze at the two foreigners who had driven over from Arles, and whose horses were being baited at the modest inn. The resources of this establishment we did not venture otherwise to test, in spite of the seductive fact that the sign over the door was in the Provençal tongue. This little group included the baker, a rather melancholy young man in high boots and a cloak, with whom and his companions we had a good deal of conversation. The Baussenques of to-day struck me as a very mild and agreeable race, with a good deal of the natural amenity which, on occasions like this one, the traveler, who is waiting for his horses to be put in or his dinner to be prepared, observes in the charming people who lend themselves to conversation in the hill-towns (say) of Tuscany. The spot where our entertainers at Les Baux congregated was naturally the most inhabited portion of the town; as I say, there were at least a dozen human figures within sight. Presently we wandered away from them, scaled the higher places, seated ourselves among the ruins of the castle, and looked down from the cliff overhanging that portion of the road which I have mentioned as approaching Les Baux from behind. I was unable to trace the configuration of the castle as plainly as the writers who have described it in the guide-books, and I am ashamed to say that I did not even perceive the three great figures of stone (the three Marys, as they are called; the two Marys of Scripture, with Martha), which constitute one of the curiosities of the place, and of which M. Jules Canonge speaks with almost

hyperbolical admiration. A brisk shower, lasting some ten minutes, led us to take refuge in a cavity, of mysterious origin, where the melancholy baker presently discovered us, having had the *bonne pensée* of coming up for us with an umbrella which certainly belonged, in former ages, to one of the Stéphanettes or Berangères commemorated by M. Canonge. His oven, I am afraid, was cold so long as our visit lasted. When the rain was over we wandered down to the little disencumbered space before the inn, through a small labyrinth of obliterated things. They took the form of narrow, precipitous streets, bordered by empty houses, with gaping windows and absent doors, through which we had glimpses of sculptured chimney-pieces and fragments of stately arch and vault. Some of the houses are still inhabited; but most of them are open to the air and weather. Some of them have completely collapsed; others present to the street a front which enables one to judge of the physiognomy of Les Baux in the days of its importance. This importance had pretty well passed away in the early part of the sixteenth century, when the place ceased to be an independent principality. It became by bequest of one of its lords, Bernardin des Baux, a great captain of his time, part of the appanage of the kings of France, by whom it was placed under the protection of Arles, which had formerly occupied with regard to it a different position. I know not whether the Arlesians neglected their trust, but the extinction of the sturdy little stronghold is too complete not to have begun long ago. Its memories are buried under its ponderous stones. As we drove away from it in the gloaming, my friend and I agreed that the two or three hours we had spent there were among the happiest impressions of a pair of tourists very curious in the picturesque. We almost forgot that we were bound to regret that the shortened day left us no time to drive five miles further, above a pass in the little mountains — it had beckoned to us in the morning, when we came in sight of it, almost irresistibly — to see the Roman arch and mausoleum of Saint Remy. To compass this larger excursion (including the visit to Les Baux) you must start from Arles very early in the morning; but I can imagine no more delightful day.

Henry James.

TO-DAY.

I.

Voice, with what mounting fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English scorners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way,
Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
Of man for man, in the mean, populous streets of To-day.

II.

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring, hot-sanded,
Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay,
Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild beast Want, bare-handed;
Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day.

Helen Gray Cone.

IN MADEIRA PLACE.

TURNING from the street which follows the line of the wharves, into Madeira Place, you leave at once an open region of docks and spars for comparative retirement. Wagons seldom enter Madeira Place: it is too hard to turn them in it; and then the inhabitants, for the most part, have a convenient way of buying their coal by the basket. How much trouble it would save, if we would all buy our coal by the basket!

A few doors up the place a passage-way makes off to the right, through a high wooden gate that is usually open; and at the upper corner of this passage stands a brick house, whose perpetually closed blinds suggest the owner's absence. But the householders of Madeira Place do not absent themselves, even in summer; they could hardly get much nearer to the sea. And if you will take the pains to seat yourself, toward the close of day, upon an opposite doorstep, between two rows of clamorous little girls sliding, with screams of painful joy, down the rough hammered stone, to the improvement of their clothing, you will see that the house is by no means untenanted.

Every evening it is much the same thing. First, following close upon the heels of sunset, comes a grizzly, tall, and slouching man, in the cap and blouse of a Union soldier, bearing down with his left hand upon a cane, and dragging his left foot heavily behind him, while with his right hand he holds by a string a cluster of soaring toy balloons, and also drags, by the long wooden tongue, a rude child's cart, in which is seated a small hand-organ.

Next will come, most likely, a dark, bent, keen-eyed old woman, with her parchment face shrunk into deep wrinkles. She bears a dangling placard, stating, in letters of white upon a patent-leather background, what you might not otherwise suspect, — that she was a soldier under the great Napoleon, and fought with him at Waterloo. She also bears, since music goes with war, a worn accordeon. She is the old woman to whose shriveled, expectant countenance you sometimes offer up a copper coin, as she kneels by the flagged crossway path of the Park.

She is succeeded, perhaps, by a couple of black-haired, short, broad-shouldered men, leading a waddling, unconcerned bear, and talking earnestly together in a language which you will hardly follow.

Then you will see six or eight or ten other sons and daughters of toil, most of them with balloons.

All these people will turn, between the high, ball-topped gateposts, into the alley, and descend at once to the left, by a flight of three or four steps, to a side basement door.

As they begin to flock in, you will see through the alley gate a dark, thick-set man, of middle age, but with very little hair, come and stand at the foot of the steps, in the doorway. It is Sorel, the master of the house; for this is the Maison Sorel. Some of his guests he greets with a Noachian deluge of swift French words and high-pitched cries of welcome. It is thus that he receives those capitalists, the bear-leaders from the Pyrenees; it is thus that he greets the grizzled man in the blue cap and blouse, — Fidèle the old soldier, Fidèle the pensioner, to whom a great government, far away, at Washington, doubtless with much else on its mind, never forgets to send by mail, each quarter-day morning, a special, personal communication, marked with Fidèle's own name, inclosing the preliminaries of a remittance: "Accept" (as it were) "this slight tribute." "Ah! que c'est

un gouvernement! Voilà une république!"

Even a Frenchman may be proud to be an American!

Most of his guests, however, Sorel receives with a mere pantomime of wide-opened eyes and extended hands and shrugged-up shoulders, accompanied by a long-drawn "Eh!" by which he bodies forth a thousand refinements of thought which language would fail to express. Does a fresh immigrant from the Cévennes bring back at night but one or two of the gay balloons with which she was stocked in the morning, or, better, none; or, on the other hand, does a stalwart man just from the rich Brie country return at sundown in abject despair, bringing back almost all of the red and blue globes which floated like a radiant constellation of hope about his head when he set forth in the early morning, Sorel can express, by his "Eh!" and some slight movement, with subtle exactness and with no possibility of being misapprehended, the precise shade of feeling with which the result inspires him.

But there he stops. Nothing is said. Sorel is a philosopher: he has indicated volumes, and he will not dilute with language. One who has fired a little lead bullet does not need to throw after it a bushel of mustard-seed.

The company, as they come in, one by one, wash their hands and faces, if they see fit, at the kitchen sink, and dry them on a long roller-towel, — a device adopted, probably, from the Americans. Then they retire to the room behind the kitchen, and seat themselves at a long table, at which the bear-leaders place themselves only after seeing their animal fed, in the coal-hole, where he is quartered.

At the supper-table all is joy, even with the hopeless. Fidèle beams with good-humor, and not infrequently is called on to describe, amid a general hush, for the benefit of some new-comer from la belle France, the quarterly receipt of the communication from Washington: how he stays at home that day, and shaves, and waits at the door for la poste; how the gray-uniformed letter-carrier appears, hands out a letter "as large as that," and nods smilingly to Fidèle: he, too, fought at "la Montagne du Lookout." The amount of the sergeant's pension astonishes them, wonted as they are to the pecuniary treatment of soldiers in the Old World. "Mais, it is a fortune! Fidèle is a vrai rentier! Ah! une république comme ça!"

Generally, however, Fidèle contents himself, at the evening meal, with smiling good-humoredly on everybody, and rapidly passing in, under his drooping mustache, spoonfuls of soup, morsels from the long French loaf, and draughts of lager beer; for only the rich can have wine in this country, and in the matter of drink an exile must needs lower his standard, as the prodigal lowered his.

While Sorel and his wife and their busy maid fly in and out with potage and rôti, "t-r-r-rès succulent," the precise history of which, perhaps, it would be unprofitable to pry into, there is much excited conversation. You see at once that many amusing things happen to one who sells balloons all day upon the Park. And there are varied fortunes to recount. Such a lady actually wished to buy three for fifty cents! Such a "police-er-mann" is to be highly commended. Such another looks with an evil eye upon all: he should truly be removed from office. There is a rumor that a license fee is to be required by the city.

All this is food for discussion.

After supper they all sit about the kitchen or in the alley-way, chatting, smoking. She who has been lucky in her sales basks in Sorel's favor; the unfortunate peasant from the Brie country feels the little bullet in his heart, and nurses a desperate resolution to redeem himself on the morrow. One must live.

Sometimes, if you happen to pass there on a warm evening, you may see a young woman, rather handsome, sitting sidewise on the outer basement steps, looking absently before her, straight-backed, upright, with her hands clasped about one knee, with her skirt sweeping away: a picture of Alsace. I have never been able to find out who she is.

One evening there is a little flutter among this brood. A gentleman, at the alley door, wishes to see M. Sorel. M. Sorel leads the gentleman out, through the alley gate, to the front street-door; then, retiring whence he came, he shortly appears from within at the front door, which opens only after a struggle. A knot of small boys has instantly gathered, apparently impressed with a vague, awful expectation that the gentleman about to enter will never come out. Realizing, however, that in that case there will be nothing to see, they slowly disperse when the door is closed, and resume their play.

Sorel ushers the gentleman into the front parlor, which is Sorel's bedroom, which is also the storehouse of his merchandise, which is also the nursery. At this moment an infant is sleeping in a trundle-bed.

The gentleman takes a chair. So does Sorel. The gentleman does not talk French. Fortunately, M. Sorel can mangle the English: he has learned it in making purchases for his table.

"I am an officer of the government," says Mr. Fox, with a very sharp, distinct utterance, "in the custom-house. You know 'custom-house'?"

M. Sorel does not commit himself. He is an importer of toys. One must be on his guard.

Thereupon, a complicated explanation: this street, and that street, and the other street, and this building, and the market, and the great building standing here.

Ah! yes! M. Sorel identifies the building. Then he is informed that many government officers are there. He knew it very well before.

The conversation goes a step further.

Mr. Fox is one of those officers. The government is at present in need of a gentleman absolutely trustworthy, for certain important duties: perhaps to judge of silks; perhaps to oversee the weighing of sugar, of iron, of diamonds; perhaps to taste of wines, — who can say what service this great government may not need from its children!

With some labor, since the English is only a translucent, and not a transparent medium to Sorel, this is made clear. Still the horizon is dark.

Mr. Fox draws his chair nearer, facing Sorel, who looks uneasy: Sorel's feelings, to the thousandth degree of subdivision, are always declaring themselves in swift succession upon his face.

Mr. Fox proceeds.

The great officer of the custom-house, the collector —

"Le chef?" interrupts Sorel.

— yes, the chef (Mr. Fox seizes upon the word and clings to it), — the chef has been speaking anxiously to Mr. Fox about this vacancy: Mr. Fox is in the chef's confidence.

"Ah!" from Sorel, in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"We must have," the chef had said to Mr. Fox, — "we must have for this place a noble man, a man with a large heart" (the exact required dimensions Mr. Fox does not give), "a man who loves his government, a man who has showed himself ready to die for her; we must have" — here Mr. Fox bends forward and lays his hand upon Sorel's knee, and looks him in the eye — "we must have — *a soldier!*"

"Ah!" says Sorel, moving his chair back a little, unconsciously, "il faut un soldat! I un'stan', — le chef, 'e boun' to 'ave one sol'ier!"

Still, however, no comprehension of the stranger's object.

Curiosity, however, prompts Sorel at this point to an inquiry: "'Ow much 'e goin' pay 'im?"

Mr. Fox suggests that he guess. M. Sorel guesses, boldly and high, — almost insolently high, — eight dollars a week: she is so generous, la République!

Higher!

"Higher!" Sorel's eyes open. He guesses again, and recklessly: "Dix dollars par semaine; you know — ten dol-lar ever-y week."

Try again, — again, — again! He guesses, madly now, as one risks his gold at Baden: twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen.

Yes, eighteen dollars a week, and more, — a thousand dollars every year.

Sorel wipes his brow. A thousand dollars in one year! It is like a temptation of the devil.

Sorel ventures another inquiry: The chef of the custom-'ouse, esteeming the old soldiers so highly, is an old soldier himself, — is it not so? He has fought for his country? Doubtless he has lost an arm. And Sorel instinctively lets his right arm hang limp, as if the sleeve were empty.

No; the chef was an editor and a statesman, in the time of the war. He had greatly desired to go to fight, but his duties did not permit it. Still, he loves the old soldier.

Another advance in the conversation, this time by Mr. Fox.

The government, it seems, has now awakened, with deep distress, to the fact that one class of soldiers she has hitherto forgotten. The government — that is, the chef of the custom-house — had this very morning said to Mr. Fox that this class of old soldiers must be brought forward, for trust and for honor. "We must choose for this vacant place," the chef had said, — here Mr. Fox brings his face forward in close proximity to Sorel's astonished countenance, — "we must have, not only an old soldier, but — *a Frenchman!*"

"Ah!"

"Such a soldier lives here," says Mr. Fox; "is it not true? So brave, so honest, so modest, so faithful! Ready to die for his country; worthy of trust and worthy of reward!"

"Mais," with amazement. Yes, such a soldier lives there. But can it be that monsieur refers to our Fidèle?

Precisely so!

Whereupon Sorel, hard, hairless, but French, weeps, and embraces Mr. Fox as the representative of the great government at Washington; and, weeping and laughing, leads him down-stairs, and presents him to Fidèle and to the bear-leaders, and opens a bottle of weak vinegar.

*

Such an ovation as Fidèle receives! And such a generous government! To send a special messenger to seek out the old sergeant in his retirement! So thoughtful! But it is all of a piece with its unfailing care in the past.

Fidèle begins, on the spot, to resume something of his former erectness and soldierly bearing; to shake off the stoop and slouch that lameness and the drawing about of his "musique" has given him. He wants to tell the story of Lookout Mountain.

As Mr. Fox is about to go, he recollects himself. Oh! By the way, one thing more. It is not pleasant to mingle sadness with rejoicing. But Mr. Fox is the reluctant bearer of a gentle reproach from the great government at Washington. Her French children, — are they not just a little remiss? And when she is so bountiful, so thoughtful!

"Mais — how you mean?" — with surprise.

Why, — and there is a certain pathos in Mr. Fox's tone, as he stands facing Sorel, with the gaze of a loving, reproachful friend, — why, how many of the Frenchmen of this quarter are ever seen now at the pleasant gatherings of the Republicans, in the wardroom?

The Republic, the Republicans, — it is all one. Is that quite kind to the Republic? Should not her French children, on their part, show filial devotion to the fond government?

"Mais," M. Sorel swiftly explains, they are weary of going. They understand nothing. One sits and smokes a little while, and one talks; then one puts a little ticket into one's hand; one is jammed into a long file; one slips his ticket into a box; he knows not for whom he is voting; it is like a flock of sheep. What is the use of going?

Ah! that is the trouble? Then they are unjustly reproached. The government has indeed neglected to guide them. But suppose that some officer of the government — Mr. Fox himself, for instance — will be at the meeting? Then can M. Sorel induce those good French citizens to come?

Induce them! They will be only too ready; in fact, at a word from M. Sorel, and particularly when the news of this great honor to Fidèle shall have spread abroad, twenty, thirty, fifty will go to every meeting, — that is, if a friend be there to guide them. At the very next meeting, monsieur shall see whether the great government's French children are neglectful!

Whereupon the great government, in the person of Mr. Fox, then and there falls in spirit upon the neck of her French citizen-children, represented by Sorel and Fidèle, and full reconciliation is made.

Yes, Mr. Fox will come again. M. Sorel must introduce him to those brave Frenchmen, his friends and neighbors; Mr. Fox must grasp them by the hand, one by one. Sorel must take him to the Société des Franco-Américains, where they gather. The government wishes to know them better. And (this in a confidential whisper) there may be other places to be filled. What! Suppose, now, that the government should some day demand the services of M. Sorel himself in the custom-house; and, since he is a business man, at a still larger salary than a thousand dollars a year!

"Ah, monsieur" (in a tone of playful reproach), "vous êtes un flatteur, n'est-ce pas? — you know, — I guess you giv'n' me taffy."

Such a hero as Fidèle was! No more balloons, no more carting about of "ma musique;" a square room up-stairs, a bottle of wine at dinner, short hours, distinction, — in fine, all that the heart could wish.

I have been speaking in the present: I should have spoken in the past.

It was shortly after Fidèle's appointment — in the early autumn — that I first made his and Sorel's acquaintance.

I was teaching in an evening school, not far from Madeira Place, and among my scholars was Sorel's only son, a boy of perhaps fourteen, whom his father had left behind, for a time, at school in France, and had but lately brought over. He was a shy, modest, intelligent little fellow, utterly out of place in his rude surroundings. From the pleasant village home-school, of which he sometimes told me, to the Maison Sorel was a grating change.

He was always waiting for me at the school-room door, and was always the last one to speak to me at closing. Perhaps I reminded him of some young usher whom he had known when life was more pleasant.

If, however, the Maison Sorel chafed Auguste, it was not for lack of affection on his father's part. Sorel often came with him to the door of the school-room; and every night, rain or shine, he was there at nine, to accompany him home. It was in this way that I first came to know Sorel; and whether it was from some kindness that Auguste may have thought I showed, or because I could talk a little French, Sorel took a great liking to me. At first, he and Auguste

would walk with me a few blocks, after school; then he would look in upon me for a few minutes at the law-office where I was studying, where I had a large anteroom to myself; finally, nothing would do but that I should visit him at his house. I had always been fond of strolling about the wharves, and I should have liked very well to stop occasionally at Sorel's, if I could have been allowed to sit in the kitchen, and hear the general conversation. But this was not sufficient state for "M. le maître d'école." I must be drawn off up-stairs to the bedroom parlor, to hear of Auguste's virtues. Such devotion I have seldom seen. Sorel would have praised Auguste, with tears in his eyes, for hours together, if I would have stayed to listen.

He had many things to show in that parlor. He had gyroscopes, and he would wind them up and set half a dozen of those anti-natural tops spinning straight out in the air for my diversion; there were great sacks of uninflated balloons, and delicate sheet-rubber, from which Sorel made up balloons; there were other curious things in rubber, — a tobacco-pouch, in perfect outward imitation of an iron kilogramme-weight, with a ring to lift it by, warranted to create "immense surprise" among those who should lift it for iron. There were tobacco-pouches, too, in facsimile of lobsters and crabs and reptiles, colored to nature, which Sorel assured me would cause roars of laughter among my friends: there was no pleasanter way of entertaining an evening company than suddenly to display one of these creatures, and make the ladies scream and run away. He presented me, at different times, with a gyroscope, a kilogramme-weight, and a lobster with a blue silk lining.

As time ran on, and, in the early winter, I began practice, Sorel brought me a little business. He had to sue two Græco-Roman wrestlers for board, and attach their box-office receipts. Some Frenchman had heard of a little legacy left him in the Calvados, and wanted me to look up the matter.

Fidèle, too, came to me every quarter-day, to make oath before me to his pension certificate, and stopped and made a short call. He had little to say about France. His great romance had been the war, although it seemed to have fused itself into a hazy, high-colored dream of danger, excitement, suffering, and generous devotion. Tears always rose in his eyes when he spoke of "la république."

In those first days of practice, anything by the name of law business wore a halo, and I used to encourage Sorel's calls partly for this reason, and partly for practice in talking French with a common man. I hoped to go to France some day, and I wanted to be able then to talk not only with the grammatical, but with the class of people who say, "I guess likely," and "How be you?" in French.

Moreover Sorel was rather amusing. He was something of a humorist. Once he came to tell me, excitedly, that Auguste was learning music: "Il touche au violon, — mais — 'e play so bien!" And Sorel's eyes opened in wonder at the boy's quickness.

"Who teaches him?" I asked. "Some Frenchman who plays in the theatre?"

"Mais, no," Sorel replied, with a broad drollery in his eye: "professeur d'occasion!"

It was a ruined music-teacher, engaged now in selling balloons from Madeira Place, who was the "professeur d'occasion."

One day Sorel appeared, with a great story to tell. Auguste, it seemed, had wearied of home, and was determined to go to sea. Nothing could deter him. Whereupon M. Sorel had hit upon a stratagem. He had hunted up, somewhere along the wharves, two French sailors with conversational powers, and

had retained them to stop at his house for two or three days, as chance comers. It was inevitable that Auguste should ply them with eager questions, and they knew their part.

As Sorel, entering into the situation now with all his dramatic nature, with his eyes wide open, repeated to me some of the tales of horror which they had palmed off upon innocent Auguste as spontaneous truth, I could see, myself, the rigging covered with ice an inch thick; sailors climbing up ("Ah! comme ils grimpent, — ils grimpent!") barehanded, their hands freezing to the ropes at every touch, and leaving flesh behind, "comme if you put your tongue to a lam'post in the winter;" I could see the seamen's backs cut up with lashes for the slightest offenses; I tasted the foul, unwholesome food. I think that Sorel half believed it all himself, — his imagination was so powerful, — forgetting that he had paid in silver dollars for every word of it. At any rate, the ruse had been successful. Auguste had been thoroughly scared, and had consented to stay at home, and the most threatening cloud, probably, of Sorel's life had blown over.

Usually, however, Sorel and I talked politics; and to our common pleasure we generally agreed. Sorel knew very little about the details of our government, and would listen to me with the utmost eagerness while I practiced my French upon him: explaining to his wondering mind the relations of the states to each other and to the general government, and the system of state and federal courts. He was very quick, and he took in the ingenious scheme with great facility. Then he would tell me about the workings of government in the French villages and departments; and as he read French papers, he had always something in the way of news, or explanation of recent events. I have since come to believe that he was exceedingly well informed.

The most singular thing about him to me was how he could cherish on the one hand such devotion, as he plainly did, to France, and on the other hand such a passionate attachment to the United States. In fact, that double patriotism is one of the most singular features of our country.

I could lead him, in twenty minutes, through the whole gamut of emotion, by talking about Auguste, and then of politics. It was irresistible, the temptation to lead him out. A word about Auguste, and he would wipe tears from his eyes. A mention of Gambetta, and the bare idea filled him with enthusiasm. He was instantly, in imagination, one of a surging crowd, throwing his hat in the air, or drawing Gambetta's carriage through the streets of Paris. I had only to speak of Alsace to bring him to a mood of sullen ugliness and hatred. He was, I have no doubt, a pretty good tempered man; he was certainly warm-hearted; his apparent harshness to his balloon-venders was probably nothing more than necessary parental severity, and he was always ready to recognize their successes. But I have never seen a more wicked and desperate expression than an allusion to Alsace called up in his face and in his whole bearing. Sometimes he would laugh, when I mentioned the severed province; but it was with a hard, metallic, cruel laugh. He felt the loss as he would have felt the loss of a limb. The first time I brought up the topic, I saw the whole bitter story of the dismembering of France.

There was another subject which called out that same bitter, revengeful look, and that cruel, nasal laugh: the royalist factions and the Bonapartists. When we spoke of them, and I watched his face and heard his soulless laughter, I saw the French Revolution.

But he could always be brought back to open childish delight and warmth by a reference to the United States. Our government, in his eyes, embodied all

that was good. France was now a "république," to be sure, and he rejoiced in the fact; but he evidently felt the power and settled stability of our republic, and he seemed to have a filial devotion toward it closely akin to his love for Auguste.

How fortunate we were! Here there were no Légitimistes, no Orléanistes, no Bonapartistes, for a perpetual menace! Here all citizens, however else their views might differ, believed, at least, in the republic, and desired to stay her hands. There were no factions here continually plotting in the darkness. Here the machinery of government was all in view, and open to discussion and improvement. Ah, what a proud, happy country is this! "Que c'est un république!"

I gathered enthusiasm myself from this stranger's ardor for the country of his adoption. I think that I appreciated better, through him, the free openness of our institutions. It is of great advantage to meet an intense man, of associations different from your own, who, by his very intensity and narrowness, instantly puts you at his standpoint. I viewed the United States from the shores of a sister republic, which has to contend against strong and organized political forces not recognized in the laws, working beneath the surface, which nevertheless are facts.

One acquaintance leads to another. Through Sorel, whose house was the final resort of Frenchmen in distress, and their asylum if they were helpless, not only Fidèle, but a number of other Frenchmen of that neighborhood, began to come to me with their small affairs. I was the *avocat* who "talked French." I am afraid that they were surprised at my "French" when they heard it.

There was a willow-worker from the Pas-de-Calais, a deformed man, walking high and low, and always wanting to rise from his chair and lay his hand upon my shoulder, as he talked, who came to consult me about the recovery of a hundred francs which he had advanced at "Anvers" to a Belgian tailor, upon the pledge of a sewing-machine, on consideration that the tailor, who was to come in a different steamer, should take charge of the willow-worker's dog on the voyage, — the willow-worker had a wife and six children to look after. This was a lofty contest; but I had time then. I found a little amusement in the case, and I had the advantage of two or three hours in all of practical French conversation with men thoroughly in earnest. Finally, I had the satisfaction of settling their dispute, and so keeping them from a quarrel.

Then there was a French cook out of a job, who wanted me to find him a place. He was gathering mushrooms, meanwhile, for the hotels. One day he surprised me by coming into my office in a white linen cap, brandishing in his hand a long, gleaming knife. He only desired, however, to tell me that he had found a place at one of the clubs, and to show, in his pride, the shining blade which he had just bought as his equipment.

But the man who impressed me most, after Sorel, was Carron. He first appeared as the friend of the cook, whom he introduced to me, with many flourishes and compliments, although he was an utter stranger himself. Carron was a well-built and rather handsome man, of medium height, and was then, perhaps, fifty years of age. He had a remarkably bright, intelligent face, curling brown hair, and a full, wavy brown beard. He kept a rival boarding-house, not far from Sorel's, in a gabled wooden house two hundred years old, which was anciently the home of an eminent Puritan divine. In the oak-paneled room where the theologian wrote his famous tract upon the Carpenter who Profanely undertook to Dispense the Word in the

way of Public Ministration, and was Divinely struck Dumb in consequence, Carron now sold beer from a keg.

It was plain at a glance that his present was not of a piece with his past. I could not place him. His manners were easy and agreeable, and yet he was not a gentleman. He was well informed, and evidently of some mental training, and yet he was not quite an educated man. After his first visit to me, with the cook, he, too, occasionally looked in upon me, generally late in the afternoon, when I could call the day's work done, and could talk French for half an hour with him, in place of taking a walk. He was strongly dramatic, like Sorel, but in a different way. Sorel was intense; Carron was *théâtral*. He was very fond of declamation; and seeing from the first my wish to learn French, — which Sorel would never very definitely recognize, — he often recited to me, for ear practice, and in an exceedingly effective way, passages from the Old Testament. He seemed to know the Psalms by heart. He was a good deal of an actor, and he took the part of a Hebrew prophet with great effect. But his fervor was all stage fire, and he would turn in an instant from a denunciatory Psalm to a humorous story. Even his stories were of a religious cast, like those that ministers relate, when they gather socially. He told me once about a priest who was strolling along the bank of the Loire, when a drunken sailor accosted him, and reviled him as a lazy good-for-nothing, a *fainéant*, and slapped his face. The priest only turned the other cheek to him. "Strike again," he said; and the sailor struck. "Now, my friend," said the priest, "the Evangile says that when one strikes us we are to turn the other cheek; but there it ends its instruction, and leaves us to follow our own judgment:" whereupon, being a powerful man, he collared the sailor, and plunged him into the water.

He told me, too, with great unction, and with a roguish gleam in his eye, a story of a small child who was directed to prepare herself for confession, and, being given a manual for self-examination, found the wrong places, and appeared with this array of sins: "I have been unfaithful to my marriage vows. . . . I have not made the tour of my diocese."

Carron had an Irish wife (*une Irlandaise*), much younger than himself, whom he worshiped. He told me, one day, about his courtship. When he first met her, she knew not a word of French, and he not a word of English. He was greatly captivated (*épris*), and had to contrive some mode of communication. They were both Catholics. He had a prayer-book, with Latin and French in parallel columns; she had a similar prayer-book, but in Latin and English. They would seat themselves, and Carron would find in his prayer-book a sentence in French that would suit his turn, on a pinch, and through the medium of the Latin would find the corresponding passage in English in Norah's prayer-book, and point it out to her. Norah, in her turn, would select and point out some passage in English that would serve as a tribute to Carron's charms, and he would discover in his prayer-book, in French, what that tribute was. Why should we deem the dead languages no longer a practical study, when Latin can gain for a Frenchman an Irish wife!

Carron, as I have said, puzzled me. He had not the pensive air of one who has "seen better days." He was more than cheerful in his present life; he was full of spirits; and yet it was plain that he had been brought up for something different. I asked him once to tell me, for French lessons, the story of his life. With the most charming complaisance, he at once consented; but he proceeded in such endless detail, the first time, in an account of his early boyhood in a strict Benedictine monastery school, in

the south of France, as to suggest that he was talking against time. And although his spirited and amusing picture of his childhood days only awakened my curiosity, I could never persuade him to resume the history. It was always "the next time."

He seemed to be poor; but he never asked a favor, except for others. On the contrary, he brought me some little business. A *Belge* had been cheated out of five hundred dollars, and I recovered half of it for him. A Frenchman from *le Midi* had bought out a little business, and the seller had immediately set up a rival shop next door; I succeeded in shutting up the rival. I was a prodigy.

After a time I was told something further as to Carron's life. He was a Capuchin monk, in a monastery at or near Paris. The instant that I heard this statement, I felt in my very soul that it was true. My eye had always missed something in Carron. I now knew exactly what it was, — a shaved crown, bare feet, and a cowl.

It was the usage for the brethren of his order to go about Paris barefoot, begging. They were not permitted by the concierges to go into the great apartment hôtels. But Carron, "il est très fin," said my informant; "you know, — 'e is var' smärt." Carron would learn, by careful inquiry, the name of a resident on an upper floor; then he would appear at the concierge's door, and would mention the name of this resident, with such adroit, demure, and absolute confidence that he would be permitted at once to ascend. Once inside, he would go the rounds of the apartments. So he would get five times as much in a day as any of his fellows. A certain amount of the receipts he would yield up to the treasury of the monastery; the rest he kept for himself. After a while this came to be suspected, and he quietly withdrew to a new country.

There was not the slightest tangible corroboration of this story. It might have been the merest gossip, or the invention of an enemy. But it fitted Carron so perfectly that from the day I heard it I could never, somehow, question its substantial truth. If I had, I should have repeated it to him, to give him an opportunity to answer. But something warned me not to do so.

Fidèle held on well at the custom-house, and I think that he became a general favorite. No one who took the old soldier by the hand and looked him in the eye could question his absolute honesty; and as for skill in his duties — well, he had beyond doubt sufficient capacity to learn them, after a reasonable apprenticeship.

But he was not saving much money. He was free to give and free to lend to his fellow-countrymen; and, moreover, various ways were pointed out to him by Mr. Fox, from time to time, in which an old soldier, delighting to aid his country, could serve her pecuniarily. The republic, — that is, the Republicans, — it was all one.

One afternoon, late in summer, Fidèle appeared at my office. He seldom visited me, except quarterly for his pension affidavit. As he came in now, I saw that something had happened. His grizzly face wore the same kindly smile that it had always borne, but the light had gone out of it. His story was short. He had lost his place. He had been notified that his services would not be needed after Saturday. No reason had been given him; he was simply dismissed in humiliation. There must be some misunderstanding, such as occurs between the warmest friends. And was not the great government his friend? Did it not send him his pension regularly? Had it not sent a special messenger to seek him out, in his obscurity, for this position; and was he not far better suited to it now than at the outset?

In reply to questions from me, he told me more about Mr. Fox's first visit than I had hitherto known. I asked him, in a casual way, about the ward meetings, and whether the French citizens generally attended them. No; they had been dropping off; they had become envious, perhaps, of him; they had formed a club, with Carron for president, and had voted to act in a body ("en solidarité").

Then I told Fidèle that I knew no way to help him, and that I feared his dismission was final. He could not understand me, but went away, leaning on his cane, dragging his left foot sidewise behind him, with something of the air of an old faithful officer who has been deprived of his sword.

He had not been gone more than an hour, when the door opened again, and Carron looked in. Seeing that I was alone, he closed the door, and walked very slowly towards my desk, — erect, demure, impassive, looking straight forward, and not at me, with an air as if he were bearing a candle in high mass, intoning as he came a passage from the Psalms: "Je me réjouirai; je partagerai Sichem, et je mesurerai la vallée de Succoth. Galaad sera à moi, Manassé sera à moi; . . . Moab sera le bassin où je me laverai, et je jetterai mon soulier sur Edom." . . . Qui est-ce qui me conduira dans la ville forte? Qui est-ce qui me conduira jusq'à Edom?" (I will rejoice; I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine: . . . Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe; . . . Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom?) He propounded the closing inquiry with great unction; but his manner expressed entire confidence that some one would be found to lead him into the strong city, to lead him into Edom.

I had lost something of my interest in Carron since I had heard the story of his Parisian exploits; but I could not help being amused at his manner. It portended something. He made no disclosure, however. Whatever he had to tell, he went away without telling it; contenting himself for the present with intimating by his triumphal manner that great good fortune was in the air.

On Saturday afternoon, as I was about closing my desk, — a little earlier than usual, for it was a most tempting late September day, and the waves of the harbor, which I could just see from my office window, called loudly to me, — Sorel appeared. I held out my hand, but he affected not to see it, and he sat down without a word. He was plainly disturbed and somewhat excited.

Of course I knew that it was his old friend's misfortune which weighed upon him; he was proud and fond of Fidèle.

I seated myself, and waited for him to speak. In a moment he began, with a low, hard laugh: "Semble que notre bon Fidèle a sa démission: you know, — our Fidèle got bounced."

Yes, I said, he had told me so; and I was very sorry to hear it.

"Evidemment" (this in a tone of irony) "il faut un homme plus juste, plus loyale, que le pauvre Fidèle! You know, — they got to 'ave one more honester man! Bien! You know who goin' 'ave 'is place?"

I shook my head.

Sorel laid down his hat, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief. Then he went on, no longer speaking in French and then translating, — his usual concession to my supposed desires, — but mostly now in quasi-English: "Mais, M's' Shandler" (this was his rendering of Chandler), "you thing this great gouvernement wan' hones' men work for her, n'est-ce pas?"

"The government ought to have the most honest men," I said.

"Bien. Now you thing the gouvernement boun' to 'ave some men w'at mos' know the bus-i-ness, n'est-ce pas?"

"It ought to have them."

Sorel wiped his brow again. "Now, which you thing the most honestes' man, — Fidèle, or — *Carron?* W'ich you thing know the bus-i-ness bes', — Fidèle, w'at been there, or Carron, w'at ain't been there?"

"Fidèle, of course."

"Then tell me, w'at for they bounce' our Fidèle, and let Carron got 'is place?" and he burst into a harsh, resonant, contemptuous laugh. In a moment he resumed: "Now, M's' Shandler, I only got one thing more to ax you," and taking his felt hat in his hands, he held it on his knees, before him, and, stooping a little forward, eyed me closely: "You know w'at we talk sometimes, you an' me, 'bout our Frensh république, — some Orléanistes, some Légitimistes, some Bonapartistes? You merember 'ow we talk, you and me?"

I nodded.

"We ain' got no Orléanistes, no Bonapartistes, ici, in this gouvernement, n'est-ce pas?"

I intimated that I had never met any.

"Now, M's' Shandler," with an increased bitterness in his tone and his hard smile, "I use' thing you one good frien' to me, mais, you been makin' fool of me all that time!"

"You don't think any such thing," I said.

"M's' Shandler," he went on, "you know who bounce our Fidèle?"

"No."

Sorel received my reply with a low, incredulous laugh. Then he laid his hat down on the floor, drew his chair closer, held out his finger, and, with the air of one who shows another that he knows his secret he demanded: —

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss'?"

I sat silent for a moment, looking at him, not knowing just what to say.

"Mais," he went on, "all the Américains" (they were chiefly Irish) "roun' my 'ouse been tellin' me, long time, 'Le Boss goin' bounce Fidèle.' Me, I laugh w'en they say so. I say, 'Le Boss? C'est un créature d'imagination, pour nous effrayer,' you know, — make us scart. 'C'est un loup-garou,' you know, — w'at make 'fraid li'l chil'ren. That 's w'at I tell them. I thing then you would n't been makin' fool of me."

"They don't know what they are talking about," I said. "How can they know why Fidèle is removed?"

"Mais, you jus' wait; I goin' tell you, M's' Shandler; I fin' they do know. Fidèle take he sol'ier-papers, an' he go see le chef" (here Sorel rose, and acted Fidèle). "Fidèle, 'e show those papers to le chef; 'e say, 'Now you boun' tell me why le bon gouvernement, w'at 's been my frien', bounce me now.' 'E say le chef boun' to tell 'im, — il faut absolument! 'E say 'e won' go 'way if le chef don' tell 'im; an' you know, no man can't scare our Fidèle!"

"Very well," I said: "what did the collèctor, the chef, tell him? Fidèle is too lame, I suppose?"

"Mais, non," with a suspicious smile. "Le chef, he mos' cry, — yas, sar, — an' 'e say 'e ain't got no trouble 'gainst Fidèle; la république, she ain't got no trouble 'gainst Fidèle. 'E say 'e di'n want Fidèle to go; le gouvernement, she di' n want 'im to go. Mais, 'e say, 'e can't help hisself; le gouvernement, she can't help herself. Yas, sar. Then Fidèle know w'at evarybody been tellin' us was true, — le 'Boss,' 'e make 'im go!" And Sorel sat back in his chair.

"Now I ax you one time more, M's' Shandler," he resumed: "qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un, 'Boss'?"

What could I say! How could I explain, off-hand, to this stranger, the big boss, the little boss, the state boss, the ward boss, the county boss, all burrowing underneath our theoretical government! How could I explain to him that Fidèle's department in the custom-house had been allotted to a Congressman about to run for the governorship, who

needed it to control a few more ward meetings, — needed, in the third ward caucus, those very French votes which Carron had been shrewd enough to steal away and organize! What could I say to Sorel which he, foreigner that he was, would not misconstrue as inconsistent with our past glorifications of our republic! What did I say! I do not know. I only remember that he interrupted me, harshly and abruptly, as he rose to go.

"You an' me got great pitié, ain't we," he said, "for notre France, la pauvre France, 'cause she got so many folks w'at tourbillonnent sous la surface, — les Orléanistes, les Bonapartistes; don't we say so? Mais, il n'y en a pas, ici, — you know, we ain't got none here; don't we say so? We ain't got no factionnaires here! Mais, non!" Then, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper: "M's' Shandler," he said, "votre bonne république, c'est une république du théâtre!"

He had hardly closed the door behind him, when he opened it again, and put in his head, and with his hard, mocking laugh, demanded, "Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss?'" And as he walked down the hall, I could still hear his scornful laughter.

He never came to see me again. I sometimes heard of him through Carron, who had succeeded to Fidèle's position, and had elevated a considerable part of his following: for three or four weeks they were employed at three dollars a day in the navy-yard, where, to their utter mystification, they moved, with a certain planetary regularity, ship-timber from the west to the east side of the yard, and then back from the east side to the west. You remember reading about this in the congressional contest.

Though Sorel never visited me again, I occasionally saw him: once, near the evening-school, when I went as a guest; once in the long market; once in the post-office; and once he touched me on the shoulder, as I was leaning over the street-railing, by the dock, looking down at a Swedish bark. Each time he had but one thing to say; and having said it, he would break into his harsh, cutting laugh, and pass along: —

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss'?"

And Fidèle?

Still, if you will go to Madeira Place at sunset, you may see the cap and blouse come slowly in. Still the old sergeant sits at the head of the table. But his ideal is gone; his idol has clay feet. No longer does he describe to new-comers from France the receipt of his pension. All the old fond pride in it is gone, and he takes the money now as dollars and cents.

In the conversation, however, around the table the great government at Washington is not entirely forgotten. Sometimes Sorel tells his guests about the Boss.

C. H. White.

A VISIT TO SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1860.

In the early spring of the year before the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, the harbingers of that red dawn were already in the sky, but few understood what they foretold. Transfigured by their light, the every-day incidents of a college vacation seem now to have a meaning little dreamed of by the careless students who spent a pleasant month amid scenes and objects soon to take on a strange significance. Even the steamer which bore them from New York to

Charleston, then a peaceful messenger of commerce, was speedily metamorphosed into the Confederate man-of-war Nashville. We who had passed merry hours in her cabin, had paced her decks from stem to stern, and had weathered in her a mighty gale "off Hatteras," could not but feel a certain interest in her after-fortunes; and though loyalty required us to disapprove of her course, and to rejoice at her discomfiture, it was hard to repress a kind of admiration for the saucy craft which so cleverly ran the blockade again and again, and was the first to fly the rebel flag in English waters. We were even conscious of a faint pang when, but two years later, the embryo pirate was reduced to a mass of smoking ruins by the shells of the monitor Montauk.

Surely no one could have predicted such a fate for the staunch little vessel on that bright morning in April, when she steamed gayly up Charleston harbor, and, passing the frowning guns of Fort Moultrie on the right and the unfinished works of Fort Sumter on the left, brought us safely to our port. The handsome city, rising proudly from the bay, between its twin rivers, with its Battery Square at their junction, reminded us in situation of the great metropolis we had just left; but its beautifully shaded streets, its quaint old houses, — with wealth of veranda and balcony, standing at an angle to the street the better to catch the sea breeze, and surrounded by high-walled gardens, — its semi-tropical air, were all its own, and had no parallel at the North.

So, too, the multitude of negroes was a distinctive feature; and there was to us a great variety and novelty about the Southern specimens of the article. It was the custom to visit the public market in the very early morning, to see to the best advantage one of the sights of the place. Few were more attractive or more picturesque than the long building, filled with stalls of fruit and flowers, presided over by portly colored women wearing gay turbans, each one of whom was invariably addressed as "auntie." Again, the household servants, fully three times as numerous as in similar establishments at the North, were an amusing study. Their phenomenal slowness may be illustrated by a single incident. Our host, as we were going to drive, found no whip in the carriage, and said to the groom at the horse's head, "Sam, go to the stable, and bring me the whip!" "Yes, massa!" replied Sam, as he leisurely disappeared. Hardly was he out of sight, when the master, addressing another negro, said, "Tom, go and stir up Sam!" "Yes, massa!" answered Tom, as he slowly followed in the wake of Sam. No sooner had he faded from view than our friend, in the most matter-of-course way, called to one more of his people, "Jim, you go and stir up Tom!" "Yes, massa!" was the obedient response, as the third messenger shuffled along the stable path. After we had waited long enough for a Northern man to make a whip, the three negroes returned together, the last sent carrying the desired article. And yet, despite such experiences, which must have been the rule of their daily life, the patience of the masters seemed never to fail, and their care of their servants, as we saw it, was something wonderful. In almost every house we visited, there was a group of old and utterly useless slaves, who were maintained by their owner in comfort. The relation between the family and the servants of the house was one of friendship, and seemingly almost of equality.

The term "abolitionist" had evidently been used to alarm the blacks, and the younger ones, especially, were firmly convinced that it meant a terrible creature, intent upon evil to them. Some waggish youths spread the story among the African members of the households in which we visited that we were what they called "Bobolitionists." For some

time our appearance at the gateway of any of these houses was the signal for the instant disappearance of the crowd of young negroes who but a moment before had been basking on the steps or on the piazza, or in the doorway; and our entrance to the mansion was enlivened by the frightened glances of the sooty images hiding behind hat-stands, or peeping around corners. On one occasion, when a specially bright young darkey had been sent for to give us a specimen of a plantation dance and song, he bolted at the parlor door, and firmly refused to enter the room, lest the "Bobolitionists" should carry him "Norf."

Very earnest efforts were made by our friends to convince us that the patriarchal institution was absolutely the best possible arrangement for the black man. In fact, we even suspected, sometimes, that picturesque tableaux had been arranged for our particular benefit. After a dinner party, for instance, at which slavery had been demonstrated, from Scripture and nature alike, to be wholly right, and just at the point when our eloquent host was asserting that his negroes were treated like his own children, an apparently accidental drawing aside of the cloth revealed his little son and a black boy, each about six years of age, fast asleep in one another's arms, under the table.

There was, however, another side to this matter, which could not escape our attention, although we were left to find it out for ourselves. The city of Charleston had at this time a population of forty thousand, almost equally divided between the two races. There were several large stone barracks in different parts of the city, each one a fort in itself. These were manned by policemen, drilled and armed as soldiers. The men were mainly of Irish birth, and were required to be unmarried and to live in the barracks. After sunset each block was patrolled by one member of this force, and a mounted guard was assigned to each three blocks. The signals and communications were perfect. The officers were graduates of the South Carolina military schools, and their discipline was rigid. At night the whole city was under martial law, so far as the blacks were concerned. Any negro found in the streets after nine in the evening, without a pass from his master, was arrested forthwith. At ten minutes before nine, a drummer in front of each police station began to beat the long roll, and at once the streets were full of colored men, women, and children, flying to their homes. During the last minute a succession of sharp taps was given, and as these rang out the confusion increased. This was the opportunity for young and active darkies to have a little sport at the expense of the police. It so happened that the duties of scavengers, about the markets and other parts of the city, were performed by useful but unsightly birds, called buzzards. The negroes used to apply this name to the policemen, whose fiercest wrath was aroused by the unsavory title. A juvenile African, having, with masterly generalship, provided a safe line of retreat, would sally from his entrenchment just at the forbidden hour, dancing, turning somersaults, and shouting the hated name of buzzard, as the patrolmen came in sight. The maligned officials, after securing the gateway whence the offender had emerged, would close in upon him, apparently leaving no chance for escape; but at the critical moment, a sudden rush for tree, or vine, or some footway known only to the boy, would carry him safely over the garden wall, from which, as he disappeared from view, a parting cry of "Good-night, buzzard!" taunted the baffled pursuers.

But woe to the unhappy slave who was caught, and not released in the morning by his master's intercession. A sound flogging was the penalty for male

and female alike. We did not soon forget the cries and shrieks which came from one of those grim bastiles, when a party of unhappy victims, captured late the night before on their return from some merry-making, thus expiated their offense; and pitiful was the appearance of the forlorn women, in their ruined finery, who issued from its sombre portals, and went sobbing to their homes. What wonder that under such a system the possibility of a rising of the slaves was ever before the masters' minds! It was well understood, therefore, that a drum-beat after nine o'clock at night meant a negro insurrection. When the band of the New York delegation to the Charleston convention began, at ten o'clock, one evening, to serenade some distinguished visitors to the city, it was stopped in the midst of its performance, and forbidden to use its drums. We stood in the moonlight, listening to the music, when suddenly the chief of police, in full uniform, appeared on the scene, and commanded silence. Addressing himself to the leader, he politely explained the rule, and the reason of it, saying, "Play any music you like, if you can dispense with your drums. Their sound at this hour would arouse the whole city." This trivial incident simply showed the existence of a state of things like that which Jefferson described, when he said, "If the alarm-bell sound in Richmond at night, every mother clasps her babe more closely in her arms, fearing for their very lives."

The ever-present dread of a revolt of the subject race could have originated among such a people only in a sense of real danger, for in all other respects their self-confidence was boundless. Their superiority to the citizens of the other States was mentioned, not boastfully, but in a quiet and axiomatic way. This was curiously exemplified in their Revolutionary traditions, and in their accounts of the part which South Carolina played in that great struggle. It was easy to sympathize with the patriotic feeling manifested, when the houses in which Marion and Sumter had lived were pointed out, or the scene of Sargeant Jasper's famous exploit was shown. But when one was practically informed that the success of the colonies in the war of the Revolution was almost wholly due to South Carolina, that her partisan leaders were greater generals than Washington and Greene, and that her irregulars were better soldiers than the old continentals, such abnormal conceit was difficult to tolerate. Every chance incident was seized upon to uphold the assumption of South Carolina's independence of the rest of the world. Other people might need her aid; she needed none of theirs. A rumor that gold and silver had been discovered in the mountainous region of the State was taken to be proof positive that she could be indebted to no other community for a supply of the precious metals. A foreign vessel, compelled by stress of weather to put in to Charleston, and there dispose of its cargo, was heralded as the forerunner of direct trade between South Carolina and all the nations. The excellence of the products of her sea islands was so unrivaled that it was claimed that within her borders alone King Cotton wore his royal crown and maintained his sovereign state. Elsewhere, he was represented only by viceroys, at best. And the culmination of this sentiment was reached when the Northern visitor was taken to the grave of John C. Calhoun. Then, if never before, was he expected to feel a due sense of his inferiority to the natives of the soil, which the presence of that superhuman individual had made more sacred than aught else of Mother Earth.

This intense local pride, however, had its good effect in the interest which it excited in matters of the common weal. The public institutions were admirably managed, and the best citizens gave to these their time and means without

stint. Their standard of duty in municipal and state affairs was lofty, and sharply in contrast with that by which the era of reconstruction was governed. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the older citizens of the proud little State in after-times, when they compared the stainless honor, the high sense of responsibility, and the efficient performance of their duties, which distinguished their officials in the palmy days before the war, with the exactly opposite characteristics of the office-holders of the "carpet-bag" period.

It seems surprising now that the many indications of a popular sentiment in favor of secession, which were apparent at the time of our visit, did not make more impression upon us; but when it is remembered how deaf the whole North was to the mutterings of the tempest, we may perhaps appear to have fairly represented our section in this regard. Among our acquaintances in Charleston (and we made many) the disunion feeling was universal. The air was redolent of rebellion, and secession was a household word. Even men of Northern birth, old merchants long domiciled there, told us that the separation was inevitable, and the sooner it came the better. We were repeatedly informed that there was but one Union man in the city, and we were taken to see him as a living curiosity. This was the famous lawyer James L. Pettigru, then in his seventy-second year, the leader of the bar of the State, so respected and honored that he, alone, perhaps, in that community, was permitted to hold what opinions he pleased. We called upon him at his office, a single-story building, with wide verandas and spacious rooms lined with books, standing in the midst of a lovely garden. It was an ideal law office, beautiful in situation, perfect in appointments and surroundings, and pervaded with the atmosphere of study, of intellect, and of character. Not even the presence of clients could have made it more delightful! The attendant informed us that Mr. Pettigru was somewhere in the inclosure, and we shortly saw him approaching, slowly pacing a shaded path, as Plato might have walked in the groves of the Academy. A venerable figure, with a noble face, his snowy hair falling on his shoulders, with something ancient in the fashion of his dress, he seemed like one of the Revolutionary fathers returned to earth to warn his countrymen of approaching woe. The political situation was uppermost in his thoughts, and he could talk of nothing else. We especially remember the sad solemnity with which he said, "My unhappy fellow citizens talk of seceding from the Union. It is impossible, but they will not hear reason. I foresee nothing but disaster and ruin for them." It was during our stay in Charleston that a clergyman, at the morning service, one Sunday, prayed for the dissolution of the Union. Mr. Pettigru was present, occupying one of the most prominent pews; and hardly had the words been uttered, when he arose and left the church, in emphatic disapproval of such doctrine. All admired the tall old man, as he strode down the main aisle and forth from the sanctuary, though few, perhaps, felt as he did. If such there were, they feared to follow his example, for it was commonly said that he was the only person in Charleston who dared to do such a thing.

One other Union man there was in the neighborhood, though not in the city, — an aged gentleman named Talbot, residing on his plantation, a few miles away. In nullification times he had sturdily supported Andrew Jackson, and, being then a merchant in Charleston, had fortified his warehouse, floated the Union flag above it, and repelled an attack by the mob. From that engagement dated his title of "colonel." When we saw him he was passing a quiet old age in a charming country home, to which he gave us a cordial welcome.

The conversation soon turned upon the state of the country, and he said to the Southern gentlemen who accompanied us, "You all have gone mad together. There is no end to this separation business. You want to separate the South from the North; and then you will want to separate South Carolina from North Carolina; and then the district south of the Ashley River from the district north of the Ashley River; and then the district south of the Cooper River from the district north of the Cooper River; and then, sir, by Jove, sir! you will want to separate husband and wife!" The colonel soon mentioned that he had a great partiality to cherry bounce, which he called "the sovereignest drink on earth," and begged us to taste some of his own special distillation. He led the way to his dining-room, and our glasses were filled with his favorite beverage. One of the party asked him to give a toast. He promptly responded, "Gentlemen, in times like these I have but one toast to give, and that is Andrew Jackson's: 'The Federal Union: by the Eternal, it must and shall be preserved!'" The colonel and his Northern visitors drank the toast; but his Southern guests only raised their glasses to their lips, in courtesy to their host, and returned them to the table with their contents untouched.

When we left the hospitable mansion, its venerable owner accompanied us to the carriage; and as we drove away we saw him standing, bareheaded, under a magnificent live-oak tree, waving his hand in farewell, and caught his parting words, which were, "Remember, friends! the Union forever!"

The two men were of very different types, and very unlike they seemed. Mr. Pettigru was a majestic prophet, with the sad and awe-inspiring mien of one to whom the secrets of a gloomy future had been revealed. Colonel Talbot was a gay old warrior, whose blood was up at the thought of danger to the flag he had once defended, and for which he was eager to strike another blow. But they were alike in their love for the Union; and if they were the only two in that locality who were faithful to it, yet was their patriotism of so fine a quality that it might almost have saved even that city from the retribution which came upon it.

We were shown through the Military Institute, a training-school for cadets, in which, as it happened, the ordinance of secession of South Carolina was passed in the following year. It was maintained at the expense of the State; the state flag floated over the building, and the scholars wore the state uniform. There was a similar establishment at Columbia, and a third in another part of the State; each said to have a larger attendance than the United States Military Academy at West Point. These facts were mentioned, with the intimation that if war should come South Carolina would be amply supplied with trained officers to lead her hosts to victory. On another occasion, an excursion to the forts in the harbor was made, and the ease with which Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie could be taken, from the city side, was alluded to. The latter was supposed to be especially vulnerable, because it had not been constructed with any anticipation of a fire in the rear. Fort Sumter, then uncompleted and ungarrisoned, was considered to be the easiest capture of all; and the folly of the United States government in continuing to spend money upon it for the benefit of South Carolina was a subject of comment. Our Charleston friends, neither then nor at any other time, seemed for one moment to imagine that any serious opposition would or could be made by the North to any overt acts tending to the disruption of the Union. Candor compels the admission that they were not more mistaken in this regard than we were as to the attempt being made. They considered

themselves so invincible that they believed that they had but to speak the word, and this great nation would fall into pieces. We thought the assumption so ridiculous that we could not conceive that there was the slightest danger that the experiment would ever be tried. In all of their intercourse with us they showed the most careful regard for our feelings, the most punctilious observance of the rites of hospitality; and yet withal our meetings were sometimes such as occur under a flag of truce, — the exchange of civilities by those who were, or were soon to be, foreigners to each other.

From Charleston we took our course to Columbia, the capital of the State. In the fields, as we passed on the railroad, we saw slaves at work, both men and women, under the eye of the overseer, armed with his weapon of office. On the train with us were many men of position and influence, on their way to the state convention, called to choose delegates to the National Democratic Convention soon to assemble at Charleston. At the several stations they met friends, who seemed inclined to make sport of their journey as an entirely useless undertaking. We were informed that their differences related to the means to be used, but not to the end to be attained. All were in favor of secession: but some held it better to continue their party organization, and thus at any rate to secure concert of action on the part of the whole South; the others were so assured of the power of their State and the sufficiency of her resources for every purpose that they simply proposed to have South Carolina secede alone. By such fiery spirits the citizens of the other Southern States were openly spoken of as submissionists.

Fine plantations and handsome mansions, with rows of slave huts near at hand, were pointed out to us as we swept by, and the continued increase in the number of slaves in that part of the State was dwelt upon with satisfaction. It was argued that the black race was not without representation in their government, because the political power of each parish was proportioned to the number of slaves in it. But the masters wielded the power! Thus in one district five planters owned all of the land and the thousands of negroes upon it, and these five men elected one state senator. For thirty years their custom had been to have in turn a dinner party on each election day, and to elect one of their number to the senate, by a *viva voce* vote at the table, over their wine. It was a simple and beautiful system for the few. No thought of the rights of the many ever entered the minds of these old feudal barons. The soil was theirs. Their chattels tilled it. All power was in the masters' hands. What wonder that such autocrats deemed themselves invincible! It will be remembered that the brutal assault upon Charles Sumner in the senate chamber of the United States had occurred before the period of which we speak. It was significant of the estimation in which that act was held in South Carolina that two engines, which we saw at a railway junction, had been named in honor of the perpetrators of that outrage: the one Preston S. Brooks, and the other Lawrence M. Keitt.

In Columbia we met a recent graduate of our college, who had come to that belligerent region to prepare for the ministry of peace and good-will to men. He told us of some of the trials to which he had been subjected because of his previous residence in New England. His letters were tampered with, and serious exception was taken to his receiving Northern periodicals through the mails. He was repeatedly notified to terminate his subscription to the ——, and was finally escorted to the post-office, where he saw the current number of the magazine taken from his box and burned on the sidewalk before his eyes!

We attended the convention held in the old State House building, near the beautiful marble columns of the new State House, then uncompleted. James L. Orr, a politician of some note in his day, was chosen president, and the speeches and resolutions were more guarded than the current talk of the time. The leaders either were not ready to throw off the mask, or else, as is the wont of politicians, did not see fit to declare themselves until quite sure as to the most popular course. The worthy Orr made a moderate address, which could hardly have given offense even to an ardent lover of the Union. It was a surprise to read in after-years a declaration from his pen that during this period, and for years before, all of his public acts and words had been openly and avowedly in favor of secession!

We visited the beautiful home of Wade Hampton, and also the University of South Carolina, and our experience here made our stay in Columbia especially interesting. We were naturally inclined to acquaint ourselves with the ways of such an institution, and the students received us as brother collegians. We attended their recitations and lectures, were introduced to their professors, and spent pleasant evenings in their rooms. We met many bright and agreeable young fellows, and enjoyed their society exceedingly, save that we wearied of the talk about secession. This topic was often upon their tongues, and we thought them out of their minds in that regard. When they spoke, in tones of conviction, of the near approach of disunion and the possibility of war, they appeared to us to be living in a strange, unreal atmosphere, created by their own disordered imaginations. But they were wiser than we. They had recently resolved to show their patriotism by wearing clothing made of South Carolina fabrics, and the sudden demand had severely taxed the limited manufacturing resources of the State. A small supply of shoddy blue cloth, woven at one mill for the use of the poor whites in its neighborhood, was exhausted before one quarter of the students had been supplied, and the rest went to the most reckless extremes. The only other dry goods actually manufactured in the State were some cheap and gaudy calicoes, intended for negro wear; and of these the crazy youngsters ordered whole suits of clothes. The effect was actually astounding. Here would go one youth, striped like a barber's pole, and glowing like a meteor in his fiery red and yellow garb; there, another, completely covered with bright green leaves upon an intensely blue ground; yonder, two abreast, clad in patterns of gigantic vines and flowers; then, a whole company, arrayed from head to foot in the most startling colors, diversified with the most singular figures. Since the days of Jacob's ring-streaked and spotted cattle, such a spectacle had never been seen. So grotesque was this masquerade, and so abiding its impression, that to this day the mention of Columbia brings up at once a vision of this swarm of ridiculous boys in their indescribable garments, striding loftily about the little town, the wonder and the admiration of the inhabitants thereof.

From Columbia we came back to Charleston in time to attend the sessions of the National Democratic Convention, which assembled on Monday, the 23d of April, 1860. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, was elected permanent chairman; probably because in the whole country no better example could have been found of a Northern man with Southern principles. The political cauldron soon was boiling fiercely, and the excitement rapidly rose to fever heat. The struggle between the friends and the opponents of Stephen A. Douglas grew daily more intense. We were, fortunately, privileged to be present at the meetings of the Douglas men in their headquarters in Hibernia Hall, and

there witnessed rare devotion to a great chieftain. When it became evident that he could not be the nominee of the convention, their grief was real and deep. Indeed, one of his leading adherents, Hendrick B. Wright, broke down completely in announcing their failure, and sobbed aloud. Rumors of the probable disruption of the convention were afloat from the first, until one day it was semi-officially announced that an agreement among the representatives of all shades of feeling had been reached, and that harmony would prevail thereafter. In the evening John Slidell, of Louisiana, arrived, and to the busy machinations of that arch-plotter during the hours of darkness was ascribed the fact that the next day concord was destroyed, and the factions drifted farther and farther apart. Their differences as to the party platform became unreconcilable; the point was quickly reached when they could no longer remain under the same roof, and their separation followed.

This was a striking spectacle, and one of historic moment; for it was in a sense the first overt act of secession, and the forerunner of the division between the States. Just one week after the first assembling of the convention, we looked down from the crowded galleries upon the members, all in their seats, and waited breathlessly for the drama to commence. At the expected time, the chairman of the Alabama delegation arose, and, after presenting a protest, said, "Mr. Chairman, Alabama retires from this convention." Then, bowing low to the bewildered Cushing, who sat like one paralyzed, he led the way down the aisle, followed by his associates, all gravely shaking hands with the Northern delegates, as if bidding a solemn good-by to the Union. The chairman of the Mississippi delegation announced that his State stood by Alabama. Similar statements were made in behalf of Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas, and the action was suited to the word; the chairman gazing blankly at the retiring forms, as if he feared that he would be left to hold a convention all alone by himself. A minority of several of the Southern delegations remained, and even in that from South Carolina two courageous men refused to make her action unanimous. These were Benjamin F. Perry, afterwards provisional governor of the State in Andrew Johnson's time, and John F. Boody. They had need of all their courage, for a storm of wrath and execration arose from the galleries above their heads, and the taunts of submissionist and traitor were fiercely hurled at them from hundreds of angry throats. Their action was inexpressibly maddening to the populace, since it had been asserted on every hand that no South Carolinian would remain in the convention. After the seceders had departed, Francis B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, who had been temporary chairman of the convention, took the platform, and made an impassioned speech in favor of the Union, shouting, as he strode back and forth and waved a large red handkerchief like a flag above his head, "Don't give up the ship! Don't give up the ship!" It is said that he afterwards became a general in the Confederate army; but, however, that may be, his heart beat true that day to the music of the Union; and doubtless he was but a type of the many throughout the South who opposed secession until forced to yield to the madness of the hour.

On the following day portions of other Southern delegations withdrew, including Mr. Bayard and one colleague from Delaware. The gloom which had settled upon the convention was temporarily dispelled by a cheery speech from a frank and jovial Georgian planter. He had chosen to remain after the majority of the representatives of his State had departed, because of his attachment to slavery, which he thought

they were taking the very course to injure; and he seized the opportunity to advocate the peculiar institution upon high moral grounds, and to extol the men engaged in the direct slave-trade from Africa as real philanthropists. The slave-traders, he argued, brought the heathen to civilization, — a much more certain and expeditious process than that of the missionaries, who sought to bring civilization to the heathen, and often failed in the attempt. Warming with his subject, he cordially invited all of his fellow delegates to pay a visit to his plantation in Georgia, where he promised to show them negroes from Maryland, negroes from Virginia, negroes from North Carolina, negroes from Georgia, and negroes direct from Africa by the yacht Wanderer, the noblest Romans of them all! The Wanderer was then lying in a Southern port, in the hands of the United States officials for breach of the laws against the African slave-trade.

The seceding delegates formed a convention of their own in St. Andrew's Hall, where it was very difficult to gain admission, as none but the Simon-pure Southern men were expected to attend. Fernando Wood, of New York, who attempted to make common cause with them, was politely shown the door. Their proceedings were enlivened by an application of the same principle upon which they had acted, and Mr. Bayard, having seceded from the original convention, now accomplished the feat of seceding from the seceders' convention. So thus early in the history of the movement was the proof given of the truth of one of Colonel Talbot's descriptions of secession as "a road that there is no stopping on when once you get started." When a representative of the smallest State in the Union — and he but one of several delegates from it — took part in a secession movement, only to secede from the seceders, it seemed to give to the whole business a suggestion of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

It is not easy to describe the scenes in the streets of Charleston during the continuance of the convention, and particularly towards its close. By day, knots of earnest men were talking and gesticulating on every corner, circulators of alarming rumors were hurrying to and fro, and crowds of excited people were thronging the convention halls. By night, torchlight processions, with defiant banners, were moving through the streets; fiery orators, denouncing the Union, were swaying their hearers at will in open-air meetings in the public squares: and over all the quiet stars were looking down in wonder at the unwonted uproar. It was a relief to every one when the convention, unable to agree upon a nominee, adjourned, to meet at Baltimore, and the seceding body decided to reconvene at Richmond. We had overstayed our time in order to see the outcome, and hurried northward by Wilmington, Petersburg, Richmond, and Fredericksburg, all soon to become memorable in the civil war.

And now, in the after-time, when we recall our stay in the South and think of the people whom there we met, it is with a vivid recollection of their many noble qualities, a hearty sympathy for their sorrows, self caused though they may have been, and an earnest wish for the true prosperity of the New South, which has risen from the ashes of that which we saw in the year before the war.

Edward G. Mason.

REMINISCENCES OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

PROMINENT among the many quaint sights seen in London is that of hatless youngsters, with long blue coats, stockings of a brilliant yellow, red leather girdles, and in place of collars snowy white bands, like those of the old-fashioned parson. They are scholars of Christ's Hospital, ordinarily known as "blue-coat boys," and they form a connecting link with by-gone times than which none is more interesting or more picturesque.

The famous school in which these lads are pupils is situated almost in the centre of London. Its premises are bounded on one side by Newgate Street, on another by Little Britain, on another by St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Meeting the boys in the street, one will be struck with the quiet dignity and self-possession of their demeanor; but let the passer-by pause to look through the great iron gates which open from Newgate Street into the "hall playground," or, still better, make his way through the entrance a little further on into the premises themselves, and he will see an entirely different picture. The long blue skirt, which, when the wearer is outside, falls so decorously almost down to the well-blacked shoes, is tucked up for the convenience of play, and held in position by the girdle, leaving the full contour of the brown velveteen breeches, with "silver buttons on the knee," and the yellow stockings in full view; so that an uninitiated and near-sighted spectator might suppose himself suddenly introduced to the gambols of a collection of extinct birds of the ostrich species. "Prisoner's base," leap-frog, and various other vigorous games will be in progress, until the great bell in a neighboring tower rings for school, dinner, or supper, as the case may be; at the sound of which the coats will fall, as if by magic, into their normal shape, and before the reverberations have ceased the playground will be empty and silent, but for the tread of a chance passenger or a solemn beadle.

The scene thus sketched crowds my mind with personal reminiscences. I am carried back to the reception in my Devonshire home of an official-looking letter, found to contain a "presentation" to Christ's Hospital. I feel again the nervous, but on the whole pleasant, consciousness of increased consequence in the family circle. I see the look of mingled gladness and sorrow upon the faces of mother and sisters; for the earnestly sought boon means leaving home for the first time. I experience once more the intense interest in the manufacture and bringing home of the box, carefully constructed upon certain specified plans, that it may fit in the iron "settle" at the foot of the bed at school. And then the loving embraces, the presents, the blessings, as with my father I start for the new life! The west of England being innocent of railroads, we embark in a coasting steamer. Let us pass over the next thirty-six hours in silence, as I did; not opening my mouth except, like Lord Tadcaster, "for a purpose which we need not dwell upon."

Then comes the first sight of London, the bewilderment of which has not subsided when we enter the covered way leading from Newgate Street into a mysterious alley, having Christ Church on one side and its sombre burying-ground on the other, through a gateway of portentous darkness, and then at last into the long-thought-of cloisters. There is a colloquy with a gray-headed porter in uniform, and we are passed on to the "counting-house." Here, in a large room, we find a number of other fathers

with boys — nominees — waiting for the medical examination. The names are called by a personage with a red face, who, judging from the sonorous roll of his voice and the deep solemnity of his manner, seems to centre in his single person the dignity which has been accumulating about the officials of the old foundation since the days of the Tudors.

Those of us who are pronounced "sound in wind and limb" are then led off to the "clothing-room," where we manage to get out of the various costumes of the vain outside world, and by the assumption of the venerable garb of King Edward VI. become "blues." The process is aided by the attendant fathers; mine, who is nautical, compares the operation to fitting a "purser's shirt to a handspike." The transformation is accomplished at last, and forms an epoch in life the importance of which is very real and lasting. It enters me upon four years of school life; and of a kind of school life which, after hearing, reading, observing, and reflecting a good deal upon the subject, I believe to be unique. Tom Brown has told us about Rugby. Many brilliant pens have made us familiar with the vigorous training and exuberant life at Eton. Westminster has had its chroniclers. But, with the exception of occasional glimpses in the lives of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, I think that the only description which has made the public — or at any rate the American public — familiar with such a school as Christ's Hospital is the capital account of the boyhood of one of the characters in Henry Kingsley's Silcotes of Silcote. A book upon the subject, the title of which I have forgotten, was published, I think, in 1846; but I have never seen it since.

The clothing completed, and a dinner discussed at an eating-house opposite the gates of the school, endeared to the recollection of every true "blue" by the title of "the duff shop," the new boys are once more mustered, the last farewells are exchanged with fathers or friends, — the lump comes up in my throat now, as I think of it; pride kept the tears back then, — and we are consigned to the care of a benevolent-looking gentleman in spectacles, the steward of the Hertford school.

At that time all new-comers went first, as I believe they do still, to the preparatory establishment at Hertford, about twenty miles from London, and remained there until a certain grade of study was reached, and were then promoted to the London school.

I have always regarded that steward of Hertford as the original of the immortal portrait of Mr. Pickwick. I did not make the acquaintance of the latter gentleman until after my blue-coat days; but the moment I saw George Cruikshank's picture — the spectacles, the placid countenance, the comfortable figure, the kindly manner — I felt that there was the man with whom we rode from Newgate Street to Shoreditch Station, and thence by the Eastern Counties Railroad to Hertford, and from whom we received much kindly care and some application of the rattan.

By the time the old county town is reached, and we are distributed to our respective wards, the supper hour is at hand. The month is May, and the weather pleasant. I am told that it is time to wash, and follow a stream of boys into a paved yard, where we surround several long trays, and enter upon a vigorous application of soap and water to our hands and faces. This operation is superintended by the nurse of the ward. First impressions of this lady are decidedly unfavorable. Tall of figure, sharp of tongue, dictatorial of manner, she directs our proceedings with commands which manifestly admit of no dispute.

But the estimate thus hastily formed, under the strain and stress of unfavorable circumstances, — fifty uproarious

boys making confusion worse confounded with soap, water, and towels, — is subsequently much modified. The necessary and frequently assumed sternness covers many excellences.

Then comes supper, — bread, cheese, beer and water; then a saunter in the playground with a west country boy from our neighborhood, who had joined the school a few weeks earlier. During this walk I receive a general initiation into the ways of the place. I learn that the two figures which stand one on each side of the great gateway represent two blue-coat boys, one of whom killed the other in some by-gone time, and is pointing in the direction of the jail to which he was taken; that the Tuesday plum-pudding is good and the Saturday pea-soup evil; and many other things of deep interest and importance. This conversation is interrupted by the ringing of a bell in the tower over the writing school, which means prayers in the wards, during which Bishop Ken's evening hymn is sung with great sweetness and beauty, and then we go to bed. The ward consists of three large stories, of equal length. The first floor is sitting-room and lavatory; the two upper are dormitories.

Those amiable proclivities which often seem to be a necessary element of English school-boy nature, which have their counterpart in the "hazing" of our academies, and which, as Mr. Dickens says, gives the situation of a "new boy" a strong resemblance to that of an "early Christian" found no place at Christ's Hospital in my day. Sad as it may appear to people who regard the spirit which torments and bullies its fellows at the time they are least able to defend themselves as an evidence of British manliness, no such custom then existed among the "blues." My first night at school is not made hideous by howlings, nor miserable by knotted sheets, drenchings from water pitchers, or other tokens of these lovely propensities. On the contrary, I sleep soundly, and in the morning, when the rising-bell rings, am initiated by my next-bed neighbor, with much kindliness of manner, into the mystery of making my bed. Never has breakfast had so keen a relish as this first one at Hertford. I suppose the excitement of the preceding day had somewhat curtailed my usually excellent powers in this direction, and I come into the dining-hall wolfish. The eight ounces of bread and bowl of milk disappear as if by magic.

Then comes the awful ordeal of school with the assignment to classes. I am almost ten, the latest age for admission, and have been tolerably well drilled at a day school at home, so that both in the grammar and arithmetical departments I find myself among the head boys. The masters are not such terrible fellows, after all. The extent of my scholarship is soon ascertained, and my place assigned. The grammar school is at one end of the quadrangle, the writing school at the other. We alternate the morning and afternoon attendance, week by week. We begin, in the grammar school, with a chapter in the Bible. We read it "verse and verse," and the master, a clergyman, explains and comments as we read. Many a noble lesson is impressed upon my memory then, and will remain as long as mind lasts. Then come Latin and Greek. The last half hour is given to a Latin exercise on the slate, which will be examined at the next session. The merit or demerit of this performance decides the position in class with which we commence the day. This is the great trial. If the exercise is not finished by "closing bell," we must remain during the play hour until it is. The temptation to write anything that seems to have a probability of accuracy, and trust to Providence for the result, is sometimes too strong to be resisted: then look out for squalls! The discipline is severe. On one unlucky occasion, I determine to practice

this high faith, and the consequence is what we term a "tight breeching," which being interpreted means the application of a rattan, with an excruciating combination of muscle and skill, achieved by long practice, to the "ampler part" of the velveteens, drawn tight for the purpose.

The routine of the writing school is copy-writing with goose quills, arithmetic, weights and measures, geography, mingled, enforced, and elucidated with rattan.

We have plenty of play. There is the quadrangle, or central playground, and for the summer season a great field, fringed round the edge with trees. Here we fly kites, play cricket, trap, bat and ball, "rounders" (*anglicé* for base ball), and a number of other sports, with traditional names and methods. But the height of the Hertford blue's ambition is a "tent," constructed thus: round the trunk of a tree about three feet from the ground a stout twine is tied; to this other pieces are fastened, and staked down with bits of stick, close enough together to have grass interwoven between them. The grass is then cut with the pocket-knives of those who have them, and plucked up with the fingers of those who have not. It is woven into the tent cords with much ingenuity, and when all is "grassed" the tent is complete. It will be about capacious enough, if a large and well-made specimen, to shelter the heads and shoulders of a couple of boys. It is obviously impossible for each of the four hundred to have one. But each ward will usually possess one or two. The whole-hearted loyalty with which the rank and file tug the grass which is to shelter the "buck" of the ward, the *esprit de corps*, the keen competition that "our tent" may be the largest and best made in the school, divide the enjoyment about equally. But alas for the grass that is so green and beautiful on the first day the field is opened for the season! The busy tent-making soon destroys its glossy sheen. Fortunately, the midsummer vacation gives it a chance to grow again.

Thus in play and work the months pass rapidly. Then comes the first vacation; the journey home; the welcome; the smallness of everything that used to look large; the swelling sense of importance with which the "incidents of travel" are narrated to stay-at-home sisters; the manifold delights of the holidays, which speed away only too quickly; and then school, lessons, and rattan again.

Then comes another epoch. I am promoted to the London school; long looked forward to as a step in life, but taken not without regret when it comes at last. The nurse bids us Godspeed; and cross as we thought her at first, we have now the sense to know her as a good woman and a good friend. Arriving in London, our assignment to wards and classes is soon adjusted. Every detail of life marks the change. We have put away childish things.

If, unluckily, a Hertford expression escapes the lips; if, for instance, we say that a master is "passy," or a monitor "cuddy," both being Hertford for severe, a startling pinch on the arm may, by immemorial custom, be administered by any one who overhears. The carrying out of this custom must of course depend to some extent upon the respective muscle and pluck of the pincher and the pinched.

In the schools, the Eton grammar takes the place of the Latin Beginner of Hertford. The routine is more strict, the recitations are more exacting. The arrangements of study are much the same. The masters have to deal with us only during actual school hours, unless some more than usually heinous offense brings us under the consideration of the head master. The regulation of our lives, when not learning lessons, is administered by a steward, a set of beadles, who are the playground police, a nurse

and two monitors (senior boys) for each ward. These monitors have much to do, and a good deal of patronage is at their command. They assign the boys to the different "trades." There are "cloth boys," who set the table; "knife" and "fork" boys, who clean and arrange those articles; "bread boys," who carry up the bread on their shoulders in large round baskets made for the purpose; "trencher boys;" "jack boys," who fill and serve the beer and water; "platter boys," who bring up the meat in large, round, wooden platters, borne on their heads, and assist the nurse in the office of carving. All such work is done by the boys. But the washing of the utensils is done by servants.

For about half the period of my school-days all our utensils are of wood. We eat our meat and pudding from trenchers, drink our milk from bowls, and beer and water from queer-looking things called "piggins." Then comes a change. Plates, basins, and mugs of good delf ware, handsomely ornamented with the hospital arms, take the place of the old wooden ware. Various opinions are held with reference to the alteration. The conservatives resent it as an innovation. Others rejoice at the presence of articles which remind them of home. One effect is immediate and marked. The "trencher boys" become "plate boys." Their office is to convey the plates in long baskets, each carried by two boys, from the ward to the dining-hall, receive the rations from the carvers, and distribute them. After dinner everything must be carried back to the ward and turned over to the washers. Now, in the first place, the trenchers are lighter than plates; and then if a trip on the stairs, or in the cloister, brings the cargo to grief, the "spill" works no ill to the trenchers, but the like mishap to a basket of earthenware is a serious matter. I take my turn as "plate boy," and find the position a nervous one.

The large platters, the jacks, and the spoons remain of wood.

The steward has all the authority of a master. To him beadles, nurses, and monitors are responsible for the conduct of their several departments. The lazy fellow who won't wash his hands when the "prep." rings is brought before him by nurse or monitor. The "prep." is the préparation bell, which, a quarter of an hour before dinner, calls all blues to get their towels and proceed to the lavatory for an obviously necessary purpose. The rattan comes into action more, perhaps, on this score than on any other. "Smith, did you go to the lavatory to-day?" queries the nurse. "Yes, ma'am," replies Smith, quickly and decidedly, at the same time getting his hands as much mixed up with the tablecloth as possible. "Hold up your hands, Smith." "Yes, ma'am," says Smith, who, finding there is no way out of it, exhibits, with cool effrontery, a pair of paws which look as if they had cleaned a chimney.

This division of the labor of government is doubtless an admirable arrangement, but it works ill to the careless and idly disposed, as I soon find. The fact of having come to grief over one's Cæsar or Cornelius Nepos in the morning has nothing to do with some matter which must be adjusted by the steward at dinner-time; and neither occurrence is known, or would have any weight if it were known, by the gentleman under whose care the writing and arithmetic are conducted in the afternoon. There must be something well-nigh angelic in the boy who will steer clear of these various rocks and shoals for a whole week. In my day angelic boys were scarce.

The play in London differs materially from that in Hertford. Surrounded as we are by windows, balls cannot be used, but shuttlecocks may. Considerable ingenuity is sometimes exercised to evade this prohibition. For instance, a

single feather will be stuck into an india-rubber ball of about the weight and consistency of a grape-shot; and when a vigorous but unlucky stroke of the wooden battledore has sent this innocent missile full into the stomach of a portly beadle, and he proceeds, after he has recovered his breath, to arrest all the parties concerned, he is indignantly reminded that "shuttlecocks are within the rules." Certain amusements follow each other in regular and unvarying seasons; there are others which are in favor all the year round.

I find that the allowance of pocket money must be changed into the coinage of the establishment, known to us as "houssy" money, before it is negotiable at either of the two "grub shops" in the cloisters. This currency consists of three coins, — a sixpenny piece, a penny, and a halfpenny, all of copper. Many of the goodies sold at these establishments have titles which are traditional and suggestive. Thus a certain confection is known as "white parliament;" a candy formed into red and white bars is called "Buonaparte's ribs."

Wednesday and Saturday are half holidays; each alternate Wednesday a whole holiday and "leave day," when all who have friends near enough may go and visit them. This matter is arranged between the parents and the steward. The school is divided into two classes. Those who reside in or near London, or who have friends who wish to receive them regularly, are placed on the "breakfast list," breakfast being the only meal provided for them by the school on that day. The others constitute the "friendless list," — a forlorn title, but not so sad as it sounds. They are boys who live too far from London to reach home on "leave days," and are allowed outside the gates only on the written request of friends or acquaintances designated by their parents. As a reward for good behavior, the masters have the power of giving any boy not on the "friendless list" permission to "go out" on either of the half holidays.

This permission is signified by a small oval brass tablet suspended from the button-hole by a red cord. This we call a "ticket." A favorite delinquency of the wickedly inclined is to get a piece of red cord, attach it to the button-hole, slip past the porter through the gates, and if discovered claim to have broken the ticket off the cord by accident.

But the wickedly inclined ought to be few, if religious training and observance have power to check the increase. Besides the Scripture-reading in school, we have a short service with psalm singing and chanting at each meal, and prayers in the ward before bedtime. The Sunday routine is breakfast at eight. The interval between breakfast and the morning service is occupied by walking decorously about the playgrounds. This is the great conversational opportunity. Then chums compare notes as to the delights of the past vacation, and the yet more glowing anticipations of the next one; the opinions of the result of the coming fight — there are generally one or more on hand — are expressed and debated; the enormities of tyrannical monitors are anathematized, and the characters of masters criticised. The gossip of school life has full flow until half past ten; at which time we "fall in" to our appointed places in the cloisters, so as to be ready to march into Christ Church, situated just outside the gate, at eleven. At this time the caps must be worn, or rather laid on the heads, for they are too small to fit after the fashion of ordinary hats. Except for this short period, they are kept in the Sunday coat pockets.

The morning service in church is a severe ordeal for knees and backs. Every boy has a Bible and Prayer Book bound together, — quite a heavy volume. There is no hymn between the close of the

litany and the opening of the ante-communion service, so that from the "collect for grace" to the "epistle" we kneel upon hard wood, with nothing to lean against, either before or behind, with heavy books in our hands. Occasionally a weak boy faints, topples over, creates intense confusion, and is carried out by his nearest neighbors, who usually regard the interruption as a pleasant break in the service. Not infrequently such faintings are manufactured for the purpose. At one we dine. After dinner we sit in the wards, and recite the catechism and psalms until the afternoon service. Then supper, followed by a sermon in the dining-hall from the head master.

During the Sundays in Lent this routine is varied by the "public suppers." The great chandeliers are lighted; the Lord Mayor and aldermen arrive in procession, accompanied by the governors; an anthem is sung, after which we march round, two and two, the "trade boys" carrying their baskets, etc., and make our bow to the "powers that be." Sometimes we have more distinguished guests. The Duke of Cambridge is a frequent visitor. He is a splendid-looking old gentleman, with bluff, hearty manners, which have a supreme charm for us. We are especially delighted when, in one instance, the city guests are crowding about him, and he scatters them by the loud exclamation, "I did n't come here to see the people; I came to see the boys."

Once we have the honor of making our bow to Queen Victoria. This is a great occasion. From the grand entrance to the chair of state carpets are laid. The Grecians conduct her majesty to the hall, and the reception is really a grand sight.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday we go in procession to the Mansion House, and escort the Lord Mayor back to Christ Church to hear a sermon. At this season we wear a paper pinned on the left breast of the coat, bearing the words "He is risen." On the Tuesday we receive two buns, a glass of sherry, and a new shilling. This largess is paid by the Lord Mayor himself, arrayed in his robes of office. It is the accumulation of various bequests, some of which date from the days of the Stuarts.

Soon after my arrival from Hertford I am selected to participate in another ancient ceremony, and go with about fifty other boys to All Hallows Church, where we chant. After the service we are each presented with a penny and a paper of raisins. On our way back we are greeted with the derisive shouts of the street cads, who know what we have been doing, and sing at us the following refrain: —

> "Come, little blue-coat boy,
> Come, come, come:
> Sing for a penny and
> Chant for a plum."

We treat these witticisms with silent contempt, attributing the jeers to envy.

In such doings and misdoings the school years pass away. I leave a couple of years before the regular time, to go to sea.

A brief sketch of the origin and progress of the school may not be uninteresting. It is generally supposed to have been founded by King Edward VI., but this is not altogether correct.

Toward the end of his reign, Henry VIII. gave the Gray Friars' Church — which, since the suppression of the monasteries, had been used as a storehouse for plunder taken from the French — to the city of London, to be devoted to the relief of the poor. After the accession of Edward VI., that monarch confirmed the gift. The parishes of St. Ewin, St. Nicholas, and part of St. Sepulchre's were united in one, and called Christ Church.

Edward lived about a month after signing the Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals. The citizens,

roused by the king's fervor and touched by his untimely death, set to work with gold and steel, and in six months the old Gray Friars' monastery was patched up sufficiently to accommodate three hundred and forty boys.

These examples of bounty were followed, from time to time, by various individuals. Kings, queens, nobles, merchants, and tradesmen have all contributed to enrich the school, improve its buildings, and develop its resources. Valuable openings in life for the conspicuously diligent and bright are in its gift. The boys who are prepared for the sea, upon passing their Trinity House examination, are each presented with a good watch, a sea chest, a full outfit of clothes, books, and mathematical instruments.

Four "Grecians," as the college scholars are called, are annually sent to Cambridge with an exhibition of eighty pounds a year, and one to Oxford with one hundred pounds a year; both tenable for four years. There are also the Pitt Club scholarship and the Times scholarship, each of thirty pounds a year, for four years, awarded by competition to the best scholar in classics and mathematics combined, and held by him in addition to his general exhibition. Upon proceeding to the university each Grecian receives twenty pounds for books, ten pounds for apparel, and thirty pounds for caution money and settling fees.

The age of admission to Christ's Hospital is from seven to ten. Usually, the boys are supposed to leave at fifteen; but the Grecians and sea boys of course remain until sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The many bequests and the increase in the value of the investments have made the foundation very rich. Its gross income is said to amount to seventy thousand pounds per annum, of which about forty-two thousand pounds are expended in education. The administration of this great trust is receiving its share of the scrutiny to which modern ideas are subjecting all charitable institutions. Whether the wishes of the founders are being fulfilled; whether the boys receiving the benefits are proper objects of the bounty; whether all the good is being done which the great expenditure ought to command, are questions which are being earnestly considered.

I have observed from time to time, within the last thirty years, severe criticisms upon the management of the school, which may or may not be just. An accurate judgment upon such a subject cannot be formed without personal knowledge of circumstances and data. If the entire period of its existence be taken into account, it has certainly turned out its fair share of conspicuously successful men. But the history of all such establishments exhibits fluctuations of merit. So much depends upon the personal characteristics and capacities of one or two individuals, and so impossible is it always to make a wise selection of managers, that unvarying excellence can hardly be looked for. Under one head master a school will be strong and flourishing; under another, feeble and drooping.

Of my own experience at Christ's Hospital I can speak with more confidence. On the whole, my opinion is decidedly in favor of the school.

The system as then carried out was admirably adapted to develop self-reliance, and fit the boys for any position in life they were likely to occupy. The masters were gentlemen, and, generally succeeded in communicating the tone of their thought and manner to the boys. There was too much caning; but that was then the common fault of schools everywhere. I recollect only one instance of a master showing himself to be a tyrant and a bully.

Upon the subject of the thoroughness of the teaching, the patient, deliberate,

and complete manner in which the foundations of scholarship were laid, I believe there is no question.

In former times there were accounts of dishonest proceedings in the way of appropriating the boys' rations by some of the lower officials. Nothing of the kind was known in my day. The food was good and the allowance sufficient, as the health of the school abundantly testified.

There are some things, I think, it would be well to alter, — perhaps they are changed now; but I believe I share the strong feeling of most old "blues" in hoping that, whatever reforms may be inaugurated, the blue coat and yellow stockings will be held sacred.

J. M. Hillyar.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Wind of the winter night,
Under the starry skies
Somewhere my lady bright,
Slumbering, lies.
Wrapped in calm maiden dreams,
Where the pale moonlight streams,
Softly she sleeps.

I do not know her face,
Pure as the lonely star
That in yon darkling space
Shineth afar;
Never with soft command
Touched I her willing hand,
Kissed I her lips.

I have not heard her voice,
I do not know her name;
Yet doth my heart rejoice,
Owning her claim;
Yet am I true to her;
All that is due to her
Sacred I keep.

Never a thought of me
Troubles her soft repose;
Courant of mine may be
Lily nor rose.
They may not bear to her
This heart's fond prayer to her,
Yet — she is mine.

Wind of the winter night,
Over the fields of snow,

Over the hills so white,
Tenderly blow!
Somewhere red roses bloom;
Into her warm, hushed room,
Bear thou their breath.

Whisper — Nay, nay, thou sprite,
Breathe thou no tender word;
Wind of the winter night,
Die thou unheard.
True love shall yet prevail,
Telling its own sweet tale:
Till then I wait.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

Among the famous vessels whose names are household words, there is not one better known at the present day than the Alabama. Other ships have become memorable by their voyages or their battles; but the notorious Confederate cruiser made no discoveries, and can be credited with no greater exploits than were performed in earlier times by hundreds of privateers. The Alabama burned and captured a few score of peaceful merchantmen; and if this had been all, she would have sunk beneath the waves of the English Channel and been forgotten. Her fame and her importance in history are due, of course, to the great events of which she was the cause. She and her two or three consorts were largely instrumental in destroying almost entirely the commerce of a great country and in bringing two powerful nations to the verge of war. They formed for years a standing grievance on the part of one great people against another, and were the subjects of endless, irritating, and perilous negotiations. They caused serious innovations and interminable discussions upon the public law of the civilized world, and finally brought the representatives of the proudest people on earth three thousand miles to offer an apology, and to agree to the Geneva arbitration, which, whatever its results, marks an era in the history of international disputes. The history of the Alabama and of the other Confederate cruisers built abroad displays the real attitude of Europe toward the United States during the civil war as nothing else can. It is this history from a wholly new point of view, the Confederate side, which Captain Bulloch has undertaken to write, in these two goodly volumes,[1] and it is only fair to say at the outset that his work is very interesting and valuable.

Captain Bulloch possesses qualities which are of great advantage to him. He was the naval agent of the Confederacy in Europe, and all the delicate and dangerous business of building a Confederate navy on the other side of the Atlantic passed through his hands. All the correspondence connected with these

[1] *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe; or, How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped.* By James D. Bulloch. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

affairs is in his possession. Thus furnished with the amplest material, much of it new and important, Captain Bulloch has brought also to his work professional training, an agreeable style, thorough knowledge of his subject, and a painstaking spirit. He not only knows how to build and sail ships, but he can tell the story of their construction and of their cruises in simple, brief, and yet interesting fashion. The tone of the book is extremely temperate, and in the narrative portions particularly the author writes with the obvious intention of being perfectly impartial. We read many pages before we abandoned the belief that we had at last found a Southerner who took part in the late war and yet was able, after an interval of twenty years, to be thoroughly fair-minded. It must be confessed, however, that the Southerner of the generation that fought the war who, even if he has forgotten nothing, has yet learned something is still to be discovered. We were particularly disappointed in this case, because, while treating his main theme, Captain Bulloch is not only moderate in expression, but from his own point of view he is singularly fair, and his opinions of his country at the present day, although a little gloomy, perhaps, show honest and patriotic feeling. It is only when he leaves his own province that he becomes not only unjust, but also displays an ignorance which is surprising in any educated American. This is especially noticeable in his excursions into the region of general history. On page 307, vol. ii., he says, "No Northern State emancipated its slaves, but the greater portion of them were transferred to the South by sale, and the remnant gradually disappeared." Where the remnant disappeared to, and who constituted the large body of free negroes in the North, we are not informed, but the whole statement is ludicrously untrue. Slavery was summarily abolished in Massachusetts in 1783, by judicial decision upon a clause of the constitution of 1780, framed for that purpose. From the moment when that decision was rendered, a negro was a free man, and could no more have been sold to the South than a white man. To stop attempts at kidnapping, an act prohibiting the slave-trade was passed in Massachusetts in 1788. A similar act had already passed in Rhode Island in 1787, and soon after was adopted in Pennsylvania and Connecticut. In Pennsylvania, in 1780, acts were passed providing for gradual emancipation, prohibiting the importation and exportation of slaves, and assuring freedom to all persons born thereafter in the State, or brought into it, except runaways from other States and the servants of travelers and others not remaining more than six months. How the Pennsylvanians, under these acts, could have sold their slaves to the South we leave to Captain Bulloch and to the ingenious Liverpool solicitors who advised him on the Foreign Enlistment Act to determine. The Pennsylvania system of gradual emancipation was at once imitated by Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. Five States, in short, had emancipated their slaves by law before 1790. It is needless to go further. Captain Bulloch's assertion is either a willful misstatement or a piece of unpardonable ignorance; for there is no room for sentiment or opinion on this point. It is a simple question of fact. Again, on the next page (vol. ii. p. 308), Captain Bulloch says that no Northern statesman offered or proposed any scheme for emancipation, but simply indulged in invective against the South and the slaveholder. The most superficial acquaintance with the subject would have taught Captain Bulloch, in the first place, that feasible plans of emancipation had been carried out in the Northern States, and were susceptible of imitation; secondly, that the country had teemed with schemes to get rid of slavery from the time of the Colonization Society down to

the war; and thirdly, that every sensible anti-slavery man, and such leaders as Charles Sumner, would have hailed with delight any arrangement for gradual emancipation and for full compensation to which the South would have given her assent.

In another place (vol. i. p. 9), in undertaking to prove the truism that nullification and secession were doctrines which at some time or other received support in all parts of the country, Captain Bulloch intimates that they originated in New England, and begins his survey of the question with the Hartford convention. He has apparently forgotten that the doctrine of nullification, to which the Hartford convention gave the name of "interposition," really originated in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, which emanated from the fertile brain of Jefferson and employed the ingenuity of Madison. He has also failed to remember the whiskey rebellion, and the principles enunciated by its ringleaders; the resolutions of the Patrick Henry society at the time of the Jay treaty, and the preparations in Virginia and the marshaling of Dark's brigade in 1801 to seize the government in case Burr was chosen over Jefferson in the House of Representatives. The point is not one of much importance in this book, but Southern men ought to learn that their position is not strengthened by falsifying or stating loosely historical facts.

But there is one error of this sort which far outweighs all others. It is an assertion which Captain Bulloch constantly repeats; it is made by all Southern writers, and it is high time that it was abandoned and consigned to the dust heaps. It is the familiar and reiterated statement that the South fought for self-government and freedom, and in so doing occupied the same ground as the colonies in the Revolution. This agreeable theory started as a popular cry, raised by the political leaders at the opening of the war in order to rouse the Southern people to fight. It was false then, it is false now; and, historically speaking, it is barefaced nonsense. The Revolution was begun and carried through for self-government, in opposition to an encroaching and oppressive external power. The civil war was fought by the North to preserve the Union and to prevent the South from destroying it. The Southern States attempted to leave the Union, and thus furnished the *casus belli* because they had lost an election, and thereby control of the general government. The Southerners acted like children. When they did not win they refused to play. Not a single act of any kind had been committed, not a single step had been taken, not a single scheme, even, had been broached, to interfere with their self-government. They were absolutely untouched. The Republican convention had declared in favor of the rights of States, and Mr. Lincoln announced that he did not intend to meddle with the rights of the South in any way. The South did not wait to see whether the Republicans would commit an overt and obnoxious act. They did not even give the Republicans the opportunity to do anything at all. As soon as the election was decided they prepared to secede; and they seceded at the earliest possible moment. To say that abuse of the "pet institution" was the cause of their action is idle. There was abuse on both sides. The South would not have gone to war because they were abused, any more than the North. They found they had lost control of the government legally. They could not regain it by force, and so they tried to destroy the Union. The North would have borne everything else; but when the Union was assailed, they were determined to prevent its dissolution by force, and they succeeded. These are the plain facts; and this cant about fighting for self-government by a people who had not been interfered with in

any way and who were wholly self-governing, and about a struggle for freedom the corner-stone of which was human slavery, is noxious, miserable rubbish, which we shall always be sorry to find in a respectable book, and most happy to characterize according to its deserts whenever we do find it.

There is still another point on which we think Captain Bulloch makes a mistake. He steadily and carefully belittles and slurs every Northern leader, whether civil or military. We can hardly wonder that he should feel annoyed in regard to Mr. Seward, who so successfully thwarted the plans of the Confederacy in Europe. But this is no reason that Captain Bulloch should attack Mr. Seward, repeating his abusive epithets whenever he can make an opportunity. We confess that these assaults by the Confederate naval agent upon Mr. Seward have given us an increased respect for the ability of the Secretary of State and for the vigor and effectiveness of his work. How much Mr. Seward's vigilance hurt at the time is shown by Captain Bulloch's outcry over it after a lapse of twenty years. At the same time, such abuse of an opponent is neither just nor generous; and when it is extended to all Northern statesmen and soldiers it becomes a serious fault of taste and temper. Captain Bulloch, for instance, goes out of his way to carp and sneer at Farragut; and so it is with all. It certainly does not improve the position of the South if the men who whipped them were such poor creatures, for no amount of superiority of resources could have supplied the lack of ability and courage which is here imputed to every one on the Northern side. If Captain Bulloch had actually fought in the war he would have been more likely to speak of his enemies in the manly way adopted by General Johnston, who says that he never had sympathy with the cheap political talk about the Federal armies; for he had been with Northern troops in Mexico, and knew them to be brave men and good soldiers.

We have dwelt at some length on these points, not directly connected with the main subject of Captain Bulloch's work, because they are blemishes common to nearly all Southern writers on the war, and are especially objectionable in a sensible, important, and well-written work of this kind. The author would have been stronger and his book more valuable if he had adhered strictly to his subject, and shunned the fair and perilous field of general reflection. We think, however, that Captain Bulloch somewhat misconceives the true point raised by the chapter of history which he has written. His arguments are all devoted to showing that the Confederacy acted in a scrupulously legal way, and was thoroughly justified in every step taken by its agents in Europe. This is of no great importance. The lawfulness or unlawfulness of the Confederate actions abroad possesses nothing more than a sentimental interest for the survivors of the lost cause. The true question, and the one on which this narrative throws a great deal of light, concerns the attitude of foreign powers, and especially of England and France, toward the opposing parties in our civil war. The Confederate States needed a navy. They had entered upon a desperate struggle, and could not build ships at home. They therefore undertook to obtain them abroad. This was natural and fair, and no one can blame either the Confederacy or its agents for the attempt. Any people engaged in a war are perfectly justified in obtaining munitions of all sorts wherever they can. The business of the Confederate agents was to get ships and arms; and if in so doing they violated the laws of other countries it was, at worst, a very venial offense and one for which they cannot be rightly censured, for they acted in accordance with what they believed their first and highest duty. Be it said in

passing that it was equally the duty of the United States to stop these proceedings by any means in their power, and Captain Bulloch's petulant and offended tone, when he refers to the opposition and annoyance he experienced from the United States ministers and consuls and their agents, is excessively funny. He was there to get ships; Mr. Adams, Mr. Dudley, and the rest of the United States officers were there to prevent him: and they fought out their quarrels in their way, while great armies battled over the same issue at home.

As a matter of fact, the Confederate agents violated the law grossly in spirit, if not always in letter. The Foreign Enlistment Act was expressly designed to prevent the equipment and despatch of ships of war to belligerents. Captain Bulloch evaded it by building an unarmed ship and sending her out from one port, and dispatching her armament from another. He cites the Alexandra case and various opinions of eminent Englishmen, to show that sending out an unarmed ship intended to become at once a ship of war was not a violation of the law of England. But he fails to show that sending out the Alabama in connection with an armament from another point, and enlisting men for her in England, did not constitute a breach of neutrality. The ministers of England in due time admitted that it was.

Captain Bulloch also attempts to meet the charge of violating neutrality by crying, "Tu quoque," not a very good argument at best, and in this instance singularly worthless. He is led into these errors largely by his misconception of the difference between recognition as a belligerent and recognition as a nation. The Confederacy obtained the former, but not the latter. To foreign powers there were two belligerents engaged in our civil war, but only one nation. In this latter capacity the United States not only had accredited and received ministers and consuls everywhere, but they occupied a much stronger position in the eyes of the world than their adversaries, and had corresponding advantages. To all this they were fairly entitled, and of course bought arms with much less difficulty than the unauthorized agents of insurgent States having no recognized national existence. Captain Bulloch urges strongly the point that emigration was encouraged in order to obtain recruits for the Northern armies. He forgets that emigration and enlistment are two totally different things. Even if men were encouraged to emigrate to America, they were not enlisted until they reached New York; whereas the Confederate agents actually enlisted men in England, and on English ships, to fight in the cause of "liberty," as Captain Bulloch rather unwittingly admits. He also supports his charge that the United States recruited men abroad by saying that "whole battalions" in the Federal armies were unable to speak English. Extravagant statements like this weaken an argument always, because they are obviously untrue.

The real facts of the case regarding the relations of foreign powers to our civil war can be very briefly stated. England and France desired to see the United States broken up. They began by helping the Confederacy in an underhand way, and waited events. Had the South prospered, they would have come out boldly and helped to precipitate the downfall of the Union. Unluckily for them, the Southern cause lost ground, and in proportion as it hurried downward England and France shut their ports, and helped to crush the unfortunate Confederacy which they had encouraged.

The North can look back on the treatment they received from England and France with a good deal of indifference, for they obtained afterwards a fair measure of redress. The United States compelled the withdrawal of the French

troops from Mexico, and the failure of the Mexican expedition drove the empire to its deserved ruin. From England we demanded an apology and a penalty, and received both. But the South has nothing but the bitter memory of interested friendship, deceitful promises, and blasted hopes as the fruit of foreign sympathy. England and France have the satisfaction of knowing that they wronged and offended both sides, without the compensation of having acted in a manly and honorable fashion.

For the first time we learn the exact attitude of France. We now know that she not only connived at aid to the South, but actually urged Mr. Slidell and others to build ships of war in French dockyards. Thus stimulated, the Confederate agents built the ships; but when the vessels were completed the tide had turned, and then the French government compelled the sale of these all-important cruisers to other nations. Thus France stood technically clear toward the United States; but her policy was in reality outrageous. The Confederacy would never have built ships in France unless actually invited to do so by the emperor's government. Led on and encouraged in this way, the South was at the last moment treacherously struck down, because defeat was upon her. False to the United States, false to the Confederate States, France exhibits in this connection a profligate selfishness which is not often equaled.

One merit, however, France possessed: whatever she did was plain and definite. England vacillated, and let "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage." Captain Bulloch gives a history of the causes which led to the civil war, drawn from the most singular sources imaginable, the English newspapers. There is something delicious in the idea of writing American history on the authority of the cheap sneers of Blackwood and the profound learning and fair judgment of the Saturday Review and the London Times. Captain Bulloch's object is to show the enlightenment of English opinion, and how England came to understand that the cause of the slave-holder was the cause of liberty. He might have spared himself the trouble of making this exposition. The course of England, the country of fair play and moral ideas, was dictated by mere selfishness tempered by prudence. The aristocracy, and the upper classes generally, hailed the war between the States with delight. They saw the hated republic threatened with anarchy and ruin, going to pieces, and leaving the world for them to bustle in. Thereat they rejoiced mightily. They would have liked to recognize the Confederate States as a nation, but prudence forbade, and voices which could not be disregarded — the voices of John Bright and Richard Cobden — were fearlessly raised against it. Still they could abuse the North and sympathize with the South, and this much they did to their hearts' content. They could connive at sending out ships of war, and this they also did, so far and so long as they dared. The Alabama escaped by a trick, as Lord John Russell admitted to Mr. Cobden; and the cases of the Alabama and Florida were indefensible, as the same minister said to Mr. Adams. The subordinate officers of the English government at Liverpool and elsewhere were in the interest of the South. The letter of Morgan, the Liverpool surveyor, published in the first volume, shows that he, and consequently the government, knew the Alabama to be a ship of war, and were only anxious that there should be no technical violation of the law. The builders of the Southern ships were honored and applauded for their work; and thus privateers were let loose on American commerce from English ports, to the great detriment of the United States and the great benefit of England, and without any effect on the Southern

cause. Captain Bulloch is much incensed at the terms "pirate" and "corsair" as applied to the Confederate cruisers. It is not easy to say what they were. They held commissions delivered on the high seas from an unrecognized government, which had not a port in which to shelter them. They differed in no essential respect from privateers; and if we judge them, as Captain Bulloch wishes the belligerency of the Confederate States to be judged, by facts, they were only a species of letter-of-marque ships. They did nothing but burn and plunder peaceful merchantmen, and the only one that fought with a ship of war was disastrously beaten. There is no use, moreover, in belittling the Kearsarge, for Winslow's only mistake consisted in not sinking the Deerhound, and teaching British sympathizers with the South a wholesome lesson against meddling. The Alabama had a fair fight, and was whipped. It is a great pity that the same cannot be said of the Florida.

Gradually, however, the policy of England changed, to the great and bitter dismay of the Confederate agents. The two big rams, innocent, unarmed things, were watched and stopped, to the intense and natural disgust of Captain Bulloch. The Shenandoah got loose, but on the whole the path of the naval agent of the Confederacy became harder and harder. England began, in fact, to live up to her international duties. The South was really as much an object of sympathy as ever, her cause was as good as it had been in 1861 and 1862, and her troops were fighting with undiminished gallantry. Unfortunately, she was rushing to defeat, and as her pace was accelerated England became more and more hostile. We do not wonder that Captain Bulloch writes bitterly of English vacillation. It is only surprising that he is so moderate. He is even now unwilling to face the truth, although he tells it frankly. There is an old epigram, written by Sir John Harrington, which covers the case: —

> "Treason doth never prosper; what 's the reason?
> Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

At the outset the cause of the South was in England the cause of liberty, of aristocracy, and of "the gentleman," and everybody praised it and tried to help it. But it did not prosper. Then it became treason, and the gentle would-be ally cast it out in the cold, and congratulated the victor. Cobden says in one of his letters, "I have seen with disgust the altered tone with which America has been treated since she was believed to have committed suicide, or something like it. In our diplomacy, our press, and with our public speakers, all hastened to kick the dead lion. Now (1865) in a few months everybody will know that the North will triumph; and what troubles me is lest I should live to see our ruling class — which can understand and respect *power* better than any other class — grovel once more, and more basely than before, to the giant of democracy. This would not only inspire me with disgust and indignation, but with shame and humiliation. I think I see signs that it is coming. The Times is less insolent and Lord Palmerston is more civil. . . . The alteration of tone (in the debate) is very remarkable. It is clear that the homage which was refused to justice and humanity will be freely given to success." There could be no better statement of the case than that of Cobden. It is indeed well worth our while to look back and see, in these volumes, just what the course of the ruling classes in England was. Much has been forgotten, and it is a matter on which it is well occasionally to refresh our memories, so that we may bear in mind what the admiration and friendship of the English are worth. They admire our success; they respect a people who can fight hard, and then pay their debts at the rate of a hundred millions a year.

That is the beginning and end of the whole matter. If we were to get into serious trouble again, the old policy would be repeated, and even extended, if it seemed likely to be safe and profitable. It is particularly instructive to read Mr. Gladstone's speeches, confidently assuring the world that the South would succeed; and it is sad to find the same gentleman, the great moral statesman, some years after declaring that he had always been a friend to the North, and that his predictions of Southern success, which were cheered to the echo when they were uttered, really meant nothing, and were full of good-will to the United States. Mr. Gladstone's conduct represents that of the ruling classes of England. Their whole course during our civil war presents a touching example of England's well-known affection for the weaker party in a fight. That English affection for the weak is always robust when the weaker side is likely to win, and fades away when the weaker side is driven to the wall. The one thing which England never forgives is failure; the one thing she never fails to worship and follow is success. This is the way of the world and of nations; but it becomes repulsive when it is accompanied with loud moral talk, professions of love of fair play, and wretched cant about always sympathizing as a people with the weaker party. The policy and the acts of England and France in regard to both sides, in our civil war, make a sorry chapter in the history of those countries, and one of which they have reason to be ashamed. Nothing, let us say in conclusion, throws more light upon this subject or gives a better idea of it than the well-written and interesting work of the naval agent of the Confederacy, which we have discussed, and which constitutes a real and important addition to the best and truest history of that exciting time.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LATEST CHARACTER.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, who in his lifetime drew the portraits of a multitude of Englishmen and Englishwomen, has left for exhibition after his death one of the most truthful and interesting in the series, — a portrait of himself,[1] treated with that directness of touch and honesty which have made his squires, parsons, noblemen, gentlemen, and gentlewomen truthful representations of a matter-of-fact England. In speaking of the business of the novelist, Mr. Trollope says, —

"He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself; and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true and how far false. The depth and the breadth and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change, — become worse

[1] *An Autobiography*. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1883.

or better as temptation or conscience may guide them, — so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling; but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood.

"It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass."

Most people imagine that they know themselves in this fashion; but let them try to tell the story of their lives, and they will see what poor stuff they will make of it. Mr. Trollope knew himself as he knew his characters, and the facility which he had acquired as the historian of imaginary persons stood him in good stead when he came to write his own history. He was as real to himself as Mr. Crawley and Johnny Eames were to him; and as, in sketching their lives, he knew a great deal more than he told, but told what was necessary to be known, so in this autobiography he has gone just so far in narrating the circumstances and development of his life as a complete picture, with the Trollope limitations, required. The reason why Hawthorne could never have written his autobiography, and chose that no one else, if he could prevent it, should write his life, was in the kind of interest which he took in the persons whom he created. He could not stop short of the arcana of being; and however much he might use introspection for this purpose, it would have been an insult to himself had he treated himself in print as he treated even Miles Coverdale. Mr. Trollope stopped a long way short of the arcana of being, and had no difficulty in using quite as much frankness concerning himself as he used concerning his fictitious characters.

The sketch which he draws of his boyish life is much the most complete and penetrating part of the autobiography. Since he was making an object of himself, his boyhood was naturally more easily projected into space than his later life, to which he was more closely linked. Most people find it easier to detach their personality from their boyhood than from their maturity. The boy is father of the man, and a man does not confuse his father with himself. Trollope's boyhood was a miserable existence, haunted by indigent gentility, and cursed with more than ordinary boyish awkwardness and isolation. The distinctness with which he remembers all his wretchedness induces a mingled sense of pity and shame. Poor little Trollope! he says to himself. You were kicked and cuffed about; but oh, how generally unattractive you must have been!

His account of his mother and his father is exceedingly well done. There is no want of respect, and yet he manages to give the reader a very clear notion of the visionary, unpractical character of his father, and the courageous, optimistic, self-satisfied nature of his mother. His mother, it will be remembered, was one of the earliest of the English censors who found the United States disgracefully different from England. "No observer," her son candidly says, "was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects, or even of the happiness, of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature

for the task of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point. If a thing were ugly to her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes; and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables and did not reverence their betters? The Americans were to her rough, uncouth, and vulgar, and she told them so. . . . Her volumes were very bitter; but they were also clever, and they saved the family from ruin. . . . Work sometimes came hard to her, so much being required, — for she was extravagant, and liked to have money to spend; but of all people I have known, she was the most joyous, or, at any rate, the most capable of joy." The notices of his mother are many, and each adds to our acquaintance; but of his father he writes more briefly, though with a summing up which reads as if it were taken out of the book of the day of judgment: —

"I sometimes look back, meditating for hours together, on his adverse fate. He was a man finely educated, of great parts, with immense capacity for work, physically strong, very much beyond the average of men, addicted to no vices, carried off by no pleasures, affectionate by nature, most anxious for the welfare of his children, born to fair fortunes, who, when he started in the world, may be said to have had everything at his feet. But everything went wrong with him. The touch of his hand seemed to create failure. He embarked in one hopeless enterprise after another, spending on each all the money he could at the time command. But the worst curse to him of all was a temper so irritable that even those whom he loved the best could not endure it. We were all estranged from him, and yet I believe that he would have given his heart's blood for any of us. His life, as I knew it, was one long tragedy."

The outward circumstances of his own life, after he left his home and began to support himself, were more varied than fall to the lot of most men. He obtained a clerkship in the post-office; and when he was regarded by his superior officers as a ne'er-do-weel, he asked and obtained permission to undertake a difficult task in connection with the work of the office in Ireland. His success there laid the foundation of his business fortune. He remained in the post-office service until 1867, a period of thirty-three years; but it must not be supposed that the varied circumstance of his life was outside of this work. On the contrary, it was by means of it. For a large part of the time his business was to make journeys for the office, to ferret out abuses, and to establish postal connections with remote hamlets.

"Early in 1851," he says, "I was sent upon a job of special official work, which for two years so completely absorbed my time that I was able to write nothing. A plan was formed for extending the rural delivery of letters, and for adjusting the work, which up to that time had been done in a very irregular manner. A country letter-carrier would be sent in one direction, in which there were but few letters to be delivered, the arrangement having originated, probably, at the request of some influential person; while in another direction there was no letter-carrier, because no influential person had exerted himself. It was intended to set this right throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland; and I quickly did the work in the Irish district to which I was attached. I was then invited to do the same in a portion of England, and I spent two of the happiest years of my life at the task. I began in Devonshire, and visited, I think I may say, every nook in that county, in Cornwall, Somersetshire, the greater part of Dorsetshire, the Channel Islands, part of Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Here-

fordshire, Monmouthshire, and the six southern Welsh counties. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing a considerable portion of Great Britain with a minuteness which few have enjoyed. And I did my business after a fashion in which no other official man has worked, at least for many years. I went almost everywhere on horseback. I had two hunters of my own, and here and there, where I could, I hired a third horse. I had an Irish groom with me, an old man, who has now been in my service for thirty-five years; and in this manner I saw almost every house — I think I may say every house of importance — in this large district. The object was to create a postal network which should catch all recipients of letters."

This and similar work brought incidents of an amusing character, which Mr. Trollope recounts, in passing; but his autobiography is not one of his life, except as it bears pretty distinctly upon his literary career, and so he does not dwell at length upon his experience. It is very clear, however, that this excursiveness of occupation brought him immense resources, and enabled him to give that multitudinous detail on which he built the structure of his stories and their characters. If one is studying a particular subject every book which he opens casually has a page which illumines his study; and Mr. Trollope, busy with the creation of characters and incidents, could not fail to find right and left, as he went about the post-office business, materials for his work.

He does not say this in so many words, but the passage which we first quoted in this paper leaves us in no doubt. No one could live day by day in the imaginary world which Mr. Trollope projected, consort with its people and know them intimately, without economizing to the fullest extent all the experience which he enjoyed in the flesh-and-blood world which he inhabited. Mr. Trollope went still further. He accustomed himself to a continuity of literary labor which fairly takes one's breath away. He is to the weak-willed literary brother what Miss Jane Taylor's Mistress Dial was to the Discontented Pendulum. For Mr. Trollope was an indefatigable civil-service clerk; he was a rider to hounds, who followed that amusement with a dogged persistency which makes his sport a satire upon other men's business; he was a club man; he was, so far as glimpses show, a man of fine domestic habits. In each occupation he did enough to satisfy those who were engaged in the same way, and yet in literature he was the most voluminous of authors. At the close of his autobiography, he writes, —

"And so I end the record of my literary performances, which I think are more in amount than the works of any other living English author. If any English authors not living have written more, — as may probably have been the case, — I do not know who they are. I find that, taking the books which have appeared under our names, I have published much more than twice as much as Carlyle. I have also published considerably more than Voltaire, even including his letters. We are told that Varro, at the age of eighty, had written four hundred and eighty volumes, and that he went on writing for eight years longer. I wish I knew what was the length of Varro's volumes; I comfort myself by reflecting that the amount of manuscript described as a book in Varro's time was not much. Varro, too, is dead, and Voltaire; whereas I am still living, and may add to the pile."

The explanation has been hinted at. The old prescription of *nulla dies sine linea* was taken literally by Trollope. When at home he did all his writing before breakfast, and when traveling he worked on the railway train or in his stateroom until he had finished his stint. So perfectly did he have his literary pulse under control that it beat two hun-

dred and fifty words to every quarter of an hour. Think of that, unhappy littérateurs, who wait for the mood and weave a Penelope's web, tearing up every night the unsatisfactory pages of the day! Not only was this daily practice possible because of the daily association with the characters to be drawn, but the familiar life with the heroes and heroines of his stories, to which Mr. Trollope refers so often, was made a habit by the daily record of their doings. If he had only thought about them, and rarely written, they would have faded from his thought. If he had written irregularly and by moods, he would have needed to recall features and characteristics with a special effort. It was because Mr. Trollope made his work so common that he was able to make it so real and so generally even.

The narrative of his literary career is the occasion of his autobiography, and brings with it many reflections upon the history of the novel, criticisms upon other writers, and suggestions of the condition of authorship in England. By what he says of criticism Mr. Trollope lifts the corner of a curtain which hides a very repulsive picture of English literary life. Is it possible that there is so much lack of self-respect in authors and so much personal prejudice in criticism as Mr. Trollope, by making his own career an exception, would have us believe?

The whole work is so entertaining that it is hard to forego the pleasure of pointing out the many amusing passages. Mr. Trollope, criticising himself, and turning over the leaves of his own books in the company of the readers, is as delightful as any figure which he has placed within those books. The suggestions which his career makes to the young littérateur are well worth heeding; but after all, there is nothing which the autobiography gives of so much value as the character of this sturdy Englishman, the very hero of the matter of fact; tramping through fiction, riding to hounds, making straight lines from the post-office to every house, who worships in his novels an English Destiny as sure as the Greek Fate, and looks back upon his own life with a solid satisfaction in the good sense which has made it a cheerful success.

GREATER BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Bishop Butler, in the course of an argument, entertained the theory that a whole nation might suffer from an attack of insanity. Mr. Seeley, in his lectures on the Expansion of England,[1] seems to assume that the English nation is the victim of mental myopy. Here is a nation, he says in effect, which is a world-state, and has been since 1600, yet stupidly insists on regarding itself as a European kingdom, with large, indeed overgrown, colonial and dependent possessions. Its historians and statesmen persist in confining their attention to the interior development and the politics of a little island; its people are still insular in their consciousness; yet all the while a Greater Britain is forming, which must be measured, not by the limited states of the European system, but by the two great powers which cast their shadows on the future, Russia and the United States. It is Mr. Seeley's business, in these lectures, to interpret English history since the time of Eliz-

[1] *The Expansion of England.* Two Courses of Lectures. By J. R. Seeley, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

abeth by the growth of this Greater Britain.

There is something almost grotesque in this conception of a people attaining an imperial state, yet so near-sighted as to need the artificial aid of two courses of lectures to enable them to see distinctly beyond their nose. M. Jourdain becomes commonplace, in comparison. None the less, the reader of these lectures, especially if he be an American, does not find it difficult to accept Mr. Seeley's judgment of his countrymen. When Disraeli, acting out one of his own spangling romances, invested Queen Victoria with the title of Empress of India, the conventional Englishman was made thoroughly uncomfortable. He felt that the prime minister was making a guy of the Queen, and yet he was unable to deny that England did have an unquestionable sovereignty in India. The Jingo crowd were delighted, but apparently still less able to give an historic justification. It was the open secret of Disraeli's mysterious nature that he had the penetration of a Semitic mind with the vulgar liking for a hair-oil gentility, which made him capable of an imperial instinct while he appeared to be a showman.

It comes easier, we suspect, to an American, who has grown up in the consciousness of his citizenship, to give immediate assent to the main propositions laid down by Mr. Seeley in his fascinating volume. We are accustomed, in the United States, to think continentally, when we undertake historical studies; and by our remoteness from the party politics of England and the influence of social traditions, we are able to follow more freely a generalization of history which is indifferent to the triumphs of party and the succession of a royal family.

At any rate, Mr. Seeley's reading of English history is so reasonable, and so intelligent in its apprehension of the relation of the United States to modern civilization, that we find it by far the best working hypothesis of the development of England which has been presented to students. It is so simple, so comprehensive, and so suggestive that we accept it at once, and are scarcely prepared to offer any objection, except the obvious one that if Mr. Seeley is right, then historians for the most part have been on the wrong track; and more startling still, the English people have wanted the consciousness which it is hard to dissociate from a long historic development. It may be suggested, however, on this last point, that there is a good deal more of practical recognition of Greater Britain than shows itself in parliamentary discussion, or even in journalism. Certainly one of the most striking phenomena apparent to the stranger in London is the evidence which meets him on every hand that the city is the metropolis of Greater Britain. A walk of an hour about the Mansion House district brings to the eye the geographical names of all quarters of the globe.

The first course of eight lectures concerns itself with the history of England as it regards the colonies and the United States, and is in effect a new reading of that history in the eighteenth century. Mr. Seeley complains that the unity of the period has heretofore been missed, because students have pursued an artificial method in grouping the facts. "We have an unfortunate habit," he says, "of distributing historical affairs under reigns. We do this mechanically, as it were, even in periods where we recognize — nay, where we exaggerate — the insignificance of the monarch. The first Georges were, in my opinion, by no means so insignificant as is often supposed; but even the most influential sovereign has seldom a right to give his name to an age. Much misconception, for example, has arisen out of the expression Age of Louis XIV. The first step, then, in arranging and dividing any

period of English history is to get rid of such useless headings as Reign of Queen Anne, Reign of George I., Reign of George II. In place of these we must study to put divisions founded upon some real stage of progress in the national life. We must look onward, not from king to king, but from great event to great event. And in order to do this we must estimate events, measure their greatness; a thing which cannot be done without considering them and analyzing them closely. When, with respect to any event, we have satisfied ourselves that it deserves to rank among the leading events of the national history, the next step is to trace the causes by which it was produced. In this way each event takes the character of a development, and each development of this kind furnishes a chapter to the national history, — a chapter which will get its name from the event."

We may say, in passing, that an American student is likely to accept this rational statement more easily than an English student, because the shortness of administrative terms and the wider distribution of authority have led him to study his history rather by natural periods; and though the formal division by Presidents is still retained in many textbooks, the better judgment refuses to acknowledge it except as a convenience to the memory. With this principle in mind, Mr. Seeley, taking the period from 1688 to 1815, finds that the great events are foreign wars, and he aims to discover the unity of purpose pervading them. Upon the surface there is only a confused succession of wars, having no apparent connection. "But look a little closer," he proceeds, "and after all you will discover some uniformities. For example, out of these seven wars of England five are wars with France from the beginning, and both the other two, though the belligerent at the outset was in the first Spain, and in the second our own colonies, yet became in a short time and ended as wars with France. Now here is one of those general facts which we are in search of. The full magnitude of it is not usually perceived, because the whole middle part of the eighteenth century has passed too much into oblivion. . . . The truth is, these wars group themselves very symmetrically, and the whole period stands out as an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France, a kind of second Hundred Years' War. . . . I said that the expansion of England in the New World and Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was perhaps scarcely perceived at the time, as it has been seldom remarked since; but the explanation of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France, which fills the eighteenth century, is this, — that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World; and the triple war, which fills the middle of the century, is as it were the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle."

All this has a familiar sound to our ears; for no one, in reading the history of the United States, has failed to recognize the critical passage of the struggle of England and France for possession, and the momentous result of the fall of Quebec. It is in the relation of minor European complications to this struggle that Mr. Seeley shows his historical insight, and in his clear discrimination of the relative importance of the colonial and the church question. Thus, he illuminates at once the perplexity of the war of the Spanish succession, when he says, "We must not be misled by the name. Much has been said of the wicked waste of blood and treasure of which we were guilty, when we interfered in a Spanish question with which we had

no concern, or terrified ourselves with a phantom of French ascendency which had no reality. How much better, it has been said, to devote ourselves to the civilizing pursuit of trade! But read in Ranke how the war broke out. You will find that it was precisely trade that led us into it. The Spanish succession touched us because France threatened, by establishing her influence in Spain, to enter into the Spanish monopoly of the New World, and to shut us irrevocably out of it. Accordingly, the great practical results of this war to England were colonial, namely, the conquest of Acadie and the Asiento contract, which for the first time made England on the great scale a slave-trading power."

This, then, is the thesis, worked out with a most suggestive use of historical material, and full of instruction to American as well as English students. Mr. Seeley is led, necessarily, to inquire into the whole meaning of colonies and empire, and to distinguish between these systems as applicable to England and systems having the same title but far different historical interpretation. He maintains that Englishmen, when asking, What is the good of colonies? have constantly been misled by a false conception of what English colonies really are. "That question," he remarks, "implies that we think of a colony, not as part of our state, but as a possession belonging to it. For we should think it absurd to raise such a question about a recognized part of the body politic. Who ever thought of inquiring whether Cornwall or Kent rendered any sufficient return for the money which we lay out upon them, — whether those counties were worth keeping? The tie that holds together the parts of a nation-state is of another kind; it is not composed of considerations of profit and loss, but is analogous to the family bond. The same tie would hold a nation to its colonies, if colonies were regarded as simply an extension of the nation. If Greater Britain, in the full sense of the phrase, really existed, Canada and Australia would be to us as Kent and Cornwall." When he says of the term colonial *possessions*, "At the bottom of it certainly was the idea that the colony was an estate, which was to be worked for the benefit of the mother-country," he almost succeeds in putting into a phrase the explanation of the secession of the thirteen American colonies from Great Britain.

The most noticeable omission in Mr. Seeley's argument is in a failure to take account of the factor of local government. He sees that in the increased facility of intercourse mere distance of space is not fatal to unity of government; but he does not seem to consider that, while Canada and Australia are much nearer to London than the colonies here were in 1775, the principle of autonomy which lay imbedded in English liberty, and acted as a powerful solvent in separating the thirteen colonies from Great Britain, is constantly gaining in force in the colonies of Great Britain to-day, and shaping the destiny of those colonies. He points to the United States as having successfully solved the great problem of expansion on a vast scale, when she throws out States into her new territory without shaking her political system, and he appears to intimate that the future of Great Britain lies in federation. Unless we misread his pages, he regards the United States as offering an illustration of such federation; but the unity of the nation lies deeper than any state lines or adjustment of state interests. There is an indefeasible property in territorial boundaries, which cannot be overlooked. Were the time ever to come when Alaska should be a flourishing state, there would be a steadily growing demand to rectify the boundaries of the Pacific coast, and the old war cry of "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" would have a new significance. A federation of separated

countries may be possible in a Greater Britain, but the union of the United States is not a historical parallel. Such a federation might precede, but it could not prevent, the perfect autonomy of Australia or Canada.

"If the colonies are not, in the old phrase," says Mr. Seeley, "possessions of England, then they must be a part of England; and we must adopt this view in earnest. We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the northwestern coast of Europe; that it has an area of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles and a population of thirty odd millions. We must cease to think that emigrants, when they go to colonies, leave England or are lost to England. We must cease to think that the history of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that affairs which are not discussed there cannot belong to English history. When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the whole empire together and call it all England, we shall see that here too is a United States; here too is a great homogeneous people, one in blood, language, religion, and laws, but dispersed over a boundless space. We shall see that, though it is held together by strong moral ties, it has little that can be called a constitution, no system that seems capable of resisting any severe shock. But if we are disposed to doubt whether any system can be devised capable of holding together communities so distant from each other, then is the time to recollect the history of the United States of America. For they have such a system. They have solved this problem. They have shown that in the present age of the world political unions may exist on a vaster scale than was possible in former times. No doubt our problem has difficulties of its own, — immense difficulties. But the greatest of these difficulties is one which we make ourselves. It is the false preconception which we bring to the question, that the problem is insoluble, that no such thing ever was done or ever will be done; it is our misinterpretation of the American Revolution. From that Revolution we infer that all distant colonies, sooner or later, secede from the mother-country. We ought to infer only that they secede when they are held under the old colonial system."

It is entirely possible to follow Mr. Seeley in his most interesting interpretation of modern English history by the great fact of the expansion of England without accepting his apparent conclusion. He complains that Englishmen have misunderstood their own history, and, in the passage last quoted, he sees the remedy in a new and juster view. "We must cease to think," he says; and again, "When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate." But does a nation thus rectify its misunderstanding? No doubt England to-day has its representatives, like Mr. Seeley, who have reached this broader consciousness; and their views may find concrete expression in legislation, which in turn will react upon national thought. Nevertheless, a more philosophical judgment, as we think, takes this persistent misunderstanding as radical and fundamental, itself an index to national limitations. If for two hundred years England has thus been expanding, and needs to be told of it at last by a Cambridge professor, the doubt remains if there are not conditions of nationality, overlooked in the survey, which defeat the prediction of a vast English union. Certain it is that the United States as a nation has attained the consciousness of an organism through means which directly antagonize the assumptions of Mr. Seeley. The war for independence marked the beginning of this consciousness, but it was not until the close of the second war with England that this country really cut loose from Europe. It was not until it had swung out of the great

current of European life that it bore on its way with anything like a distinct purpose. Independence and union have been closely bound with continental integrity, and the highest expression of national life in free political institutions, self-control, art, and religion is the slow product of this self-poised condition. The recent action of Australia is a slight intimation of the same truth. The land held by a people is a far more potent factor in nationality than Mr. Seeley seems to suspect.

Yet there may be a prophetic view of national life which takes too much heed to the relation of the people to the land. The very alluring survey by Mr. Zincke,[1] to which we have once before referred, reminds one a little of the speculations which Franklin used with so much skill when encouraging his countrymen in the establishment of a separate government. Mr. Zincke forecasts the English-speaking population of the globe in successive quarter centuries, upon the basis of the increase during the past hundred years, and finds that, with a total of ninety-three millions in 1880, there will be a thousand millions in 1980. The progression of the United States population alone will be at the rate of doubling itself every twenty-five years; so that, with fifty millions to-day, there will be eight hundred millions a century hence.

With these vast figures, and with the North American continent, Australia, South Africa, and an etcetera for a field upon which to marshal them, he sketches a civilization which is most flattering to one's English pride, and more than that to our American sense; for he rests this mighty civil virtue which is to be upon the American idea that every man shall own his farm. Mr. Seeley shows how England has ceased to be an agricultural country, and has become a commercial one. Mr. Zincke turns his back on England, apparently, and finds in the agricultural basis of Western civilization the promise of a stupendous future. There is, in his speculations, as in those of many political philosophers to-day, a certain dream of a Paradise Regained rather than of a new Jerusalem. It is impossible to read his glowing pamphlet without a kindling at one's heart; yet when it is laid aside, and one sits down to reason the matter out from the facts of present civilization, the outlook is not so simple and majestic. There are certain stubborn elements of society in our American life which refuse to yield to the seductions of Mr. Zincke's prophecy. There are, too, the facts of great cities, of factories, of corporations, of the gravitation of wealth and land itself into the hands of a few, even in America, which come in to disturb the equation. For all that, it is an interesting sign of the times that the redemption of the world's surface should play so important a part in speculation; that land and its tenure should be the one subject to which men recur in their political thought. Mr. Seeley's great federation and Mr. Zincke's colossal Englishry may be dreams, but they are not idle ones, for they both throw light on the tendencies of history, and have a large value for American students. They have an excellent use also in enlarging the very conceptions of historical study, and we cannot withhold the concluding passage of Mr. Seeley's book as bearing upon this point.

"I am often told by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, Oh, you must, before all things, make it interesting! I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different sense to the word interesting, — a sense which after all is the original and proper one. By interesting they mean romantic, poetical, surprising; I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because I have found that

[1] *The Plough and the Dollar; or, The Englishry of a Century Hence.* By F. Barham Zincke. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. But the word interesting does not properly mean romantic. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us and is deeply important to us. I have tried to show you that the history of modern England from the beginning of the eighteenth century is interesting in this sense, because it is pregnant with great results, which will affect the lives of ourselves and our children and the future greatness of our country. Make history interesting, indeed! I cannot make history more interesting than it is, except by falsifying it. And therefore, when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history; I try to alter *him*."

MR. CRAWFORD'S TO LEEWARD.

If any one asks, with a slow shake of the head, how Mr. Crawford can turn out long stories in such rapid succession, the simplest answer is the most conclusive: he has stories to tell. Any one with a head for figures can reckon how many working hours would be required for the mechanical labor of writing To Leeward,[1] his latest novel in book form; and the calculation would probably show how much time Mr. Crawford gave to one novel. We know nothing whatever of Mr. Crawford's habits of work; we judge simply from the book itself that it was written *currente calamo*, and it is this free, swift movement which gives a special charm to Mr. Crawford's writing. When one really has a story to tell, and has the story-teller's power of marching straight to the conclusion, his capacity to produce novels must practically be limited only by plain, mechanical conditions.

To Leeward is a story of the lives chiefly of four people of marked individuality, who act upon each other directly, under conditions which lead to a tragical conclusion. The lives of the characters are sketched with boldness; their actions spring from motives clearly apparent, and the issue is logical. There is no exceeding subtlety of thought in the book; the passions are the elemental ones of love, hate, jealousy, and the moral lies deep in the very picture of life which is presented. Leonora Carnethy, daughter of an English father and Russian mother, tossed from the conventional morality of the father to the unreasoning superstition of the mother, lapses into a vague state of nihilistic irresponsibility, and while wearied with the perpetual conflict of ideas accepts as a possible refuge the love of an Italian marchese, Marcantonio Carantoni. Marcantonio loves her calmly and faithfully, but in making her his wife has been compelled to go counter to the wishes of his sister, Madame de Charleroi. The honeymoon passes, leaving Leonora dissatisfied with herself rather than with her husband, who is unexceptionable; and now comes forward upon the stage Julius Batiscombe, an English journalist and author, whose shadow fell upon the first pages of the history, since he was in the doorway looking on when Marcantonio offered himself to Leonora.

The character of Batiscombe is well conceived. He is a man who cannot help falling in love with women; who sees perfectly well beforehand to what issue his infatuation tends, and takes measures to protect himself by laying

[1] *To Leeward.* By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

his reputation before him and looking at it sharply, then running away from the temptation, and, when overtaken by the tempter in an apparently accidental fashion, accepting as inevitable the fate which he has not avoided. Such a man, overpowered by his passion, and finding all circumstances, even to the unsuspecting hospitality of the husband, favorable to his designs, goes with the current, though he knows it will bring him on the rocks. Leonora, fascinated by him, drifts with him; and one sees them both, at first slowly, then more rapidly, yielding to the tide of their passions.

Diana, Madame de Charleroi, is one of the women whom Batiscombe had once vainly loved, and, discovering what the blind husband has not seen, she at first warns Batiscombe, and then her brother. Marcantonio does not now suspect his wife, for Diana has carefully shielded her; but the revelations of a spying servant open his eyes, and he is at once on the alert, casting an apparently impassable net about his wife. She discovers an opening in the mesh, makes her escape, joins Batiscombe, and flees with him. Thereupon the husband, mad with rage, becomes actually insane, and is watched over by his sister; but he, too, eluding the guard, goes straight, with a maniac's cunning, to the place where the lovers are passing their days, comes upon them, shoots at the man, and kills his wife, who throws herself in the way. The man escapes death. "He has the mark of a bullet in his throat, Marcantonio's second shot, that was so nearly fatal to him. He stood aside from the world for a while, and lived a year or two among the monks of Subiaco; he manifested some devotion for her sake who had died for him. And now he is writing novels, again, and smoking cigarettes between the phrases, to help his ideas and to stimulate his imagination."

Such is a bare outline of a story which owes its power to the author's clear perception of what results when two lives drift. There is scarcely a passage in the history where one does not feel that either man or woman could have arrested the fatal movement. It was the absence of will to check an evil course, the gathering volume of passion, which finally swept them away; and it is in the expectation of some *deus ex machina* that the reader hurries breathlessly forward, until he discovers how relentless is human passion and self-will. Mr. Crawford trusts mainly to the actions of his characters. Yet once, in a striking passage, he lifts the veil from the inner consciousness of the woman. She has thrown herself into this new relation vehemently; she has drunk of the cup of pleasure with a full draught, and now finds the lees at the bottom.

"And so it came to pass that after a little time the old tax-gatherer, Remorse, began to put Leonora in distress for his dues; and she was forced to pay them, or have no peace. He came in the gray of the morning, when she was not yet prepared, and he sat by her head, and oppressed it with heaviness and the leaden cowl of sorrow; and each day she counted the minutes until he was gone, and each day they were more."

It cannot be said that the author has succeeded in making Batiscombe as fascinating to the reader as he would have us believe him to have been to Leonora. Yet this may be due to Mr. Crawford's intention of dealing with facts rather than with impressions. To have dwelt upon the nature of Batiscombe's influence over Leonora might easily have led him into the perils of an emotional novel. Instead of that, he has told the tale of human sin and misery as one might record a history. The book is as outspoken as the ten commandments, and it is to the lasting praise of this artist that he has treated the whole theme in so direct and objective a manner. Here is no innuendo, or mincing hesitation, or heating concealment. The reader

sees nothing which the whole world might not have seen; he is invited to no secret interview with illicit love; and when he has laid the book aside, there remains in his mind the memory of a great wrong, a swift punishment; he bestows his pity and scorn in the right quarters, and he perceives that the author is one with him in the judgment which he passes.

THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.

One realizes only with great difficulty that the recovery of Greek art in sculpture is practically an achievement of this century. The bas-reliefs of the Campo Santo that awakened the genius of Niccola Pisano, the marbles and gems that Donatello and Brunelleschi unearthed at Rome, and nearly all the treasures that the ancient baths and villas yielded, during the Renaissance, to blend with other powerful influences in shaping a great age were feeble and scanty in comparison with the precious finds of our time, that now fill the metropolitan museums. In fact, it needs a book like Mrs. Mitchell's,[1] grouping and correlating the superabundant material of the separate monographs on Mycenæ, Olympia, Pergamon, Assos, and the like, to convince us by a single wide survey of the field that one of the famous exploits of this century, and of our generation in it, is in a region so remote from materialism. The expansion of our knowledge in respect to the past of our race has, in some semi-barbarous lands like Asia Minor, been more rapid than the spread of our civilization. Enough has already been discovered to prove that the history of Greek culture, from its diffusion under Alexander to its decadence under the Cæsars, has been grossly misconceived, and must be rewritten, just as was the case with Roman provincial history in the north. In the latter instance, our gain has been in the knowledge of institutions; in the former, it seems likely to be in that of art.

So much is indicated, at least, by our present information as summarized in these chapters on the Hellenistic age; for, in so brief a notice as this must be, it is necessary to pass over at once the account of oriental art, of the sources of Greek art, and of the nobler Parthenon period, as having been from time to time treated of in our pages. The hints afforded by the Pergamon marbles, for example, are perhaps more interesting than either the fuller records of the previous century, or the scantier monuments of prehistoric Chaldee; certainly this is the case for such as have a *penchant* for imagining history by the help of possible inferences and contingent analogies. The development of the Greek genius in sculpture, after it had passed its first maturity in Phidias and his immediate successors, apparently presented the same characteristic signs as are shown in other modes of artistic expression in other nations. A reasoned conception of the ends and means, a trained appreciation of form, a complete mastery of technique, were inherited by the sculptors of Pergamon. The purpose being fixed and the tools perfected, no originality was allowed them except in style; and consequently we see in their work, as in the last dramas of Shakespeare, or in the creations of Browning

[1] *A History of Ancient Sculpture.* By Lucy M. Mitchell. With numerous illustrations, including six plates in phototype. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

or Carlyle, an excess of subject (if the phrase may be used), an effort to put the utmost of muscular action, of narrative import, of allegorized truth, into their marbles. And yet, in connection with this intensity, as it is called, it cannot fail to be observed that their creations (herein touched with the decadence) breathe the self-glorifying spirit of triumphant skill, rather than the overmastering idealism of the earlier patriotic and religious motives. In this, as in the pictorial composition and landscape backgrounds, one is tempted to discern the harmful influence of that so vaguely known school of painting that flourished in the preceding period, and to piece out by conjecture our fragmentary conceptions of its manner. It is complained now that our sculpture is too pictorial; almost as soon as the art was recovered in Italy it fell into the same error, particularly in relief work; but in Greece the profuse use of color on the marble, as ground and also for direct decoration, together with the employment of metals and jewels as additional adornments, must have brought the two arts so closely together that the transference of modes of treatment was inevitable. The striking thing is that painting, then as now, seems by its greater compass to overpower its more hampered rival.

Besides this tendency to overtax the power of expression by the weight of subject, and this pride in mere technique in close association with a humiliating imitation of a different art, these Pergamon sculptures display other marks of being essentially quite modern. Their realism is especially noticeable. The Greeks of the elder time, it must be acknowledged, were remarkably fortunate in that their realistic spirit fell in with an actual existence which itself appealed to the imagination in many ways. In the Athenian prime the life that lessoned Sophocles and Agathon was heroic or idyllic, and needed hardly a touch to exalt its elements into the most imaginative idealism. When Plato could not write a dialogue without making a drama, nor Aristophanes compose a comedy without breaking into the sweetest lyric song, nor Phidias chisel a flying fold except for eternity, there was a presence on earth and a spirit in men that made realism not less trustworthy as a guide to sculptors than is the "Look into thy heart and write" as a maxim for poets like Sidney. But when the barbarians broke in from the north upon Asia Minor, and the luxury of oriental manners and the fantasies of oriental mind stole upon the old order and changed it, to study the real was not necessarily to achieve the beautiful. The barbarians chiseled by the Pergamon sculptors are very different from those that once adorned the Parthenon: they are fierce, ugly, portrait-like, studied from the life. The giants, too, by the same artists are not even altogether human, as in the older reliefs, but many are monstrous, conglomerates of snaky folds and Titanic limbs and ox necks, finny wings, pointed ears, horns, and such Egyptian and Assyrian confusions. For this debasement of the type, few will consider the wonderful finish, the minute and successful imitation of fur, scale, and stuff, a compensation. So, too, the representation of mortal agony is, in these works, carried to an extreme of truthfulness that is upon the verge of the revolting. This new bent of realism, which, ceasing to select from the beautiful in life, now takes these three directions, — toward the portraiture of types not noble, toward the close copying of accessories not important, and toward the reproduction of shocking aspects of existence, — this essential difference between the art of Athens and of Pergamon, it would be but too easy to parallel in more than one province of our own intellectual life. All these remarks, though they were not meant to point such a moral, incidentally illustrate

how misleading is the word "ancient" when applied to the Greeks. Wherever approached, they are as level to our own times in thought and deed as any of the so-called moderns; and though their language, in its former dialect, is dead, its golden words always fall upon our ears as if from the lips of some wiser contemporary. In looking on these recovered marble fragments, just as in reading the Antigone or Alcestis, the centuries seem meaningless.

To conclude this hasty examination of a small portion of the work under review, Mrs. Mitchell deserves very great commendation for the scholarly character of the volume, — a quality seldom found in compendiums, and still more seldom united with the philosophic spirit which seeks to show in every human activity an illustration of the whole social state whence it springs. The book is careful and exhaustive, both as an outline of historic tendencies and as a descriptive catalogue of the principal sculptural works from ancient times; it is, besides, profusely illustrated with many excellent and some inferior woodcuts, which add clearness and interest to the text. It is instructive to note in so comprehensive a narrative, and actually to see by the accompanying designs, how very slow was the progress of man in sculpture even after the rise of the Greeks; how very few and persistent were the motives of the art, how swift its extinction. The tomb, the palace, and the temple wear its whole history inscribed on them in a few changes in the pose, the proportions, the draperies, and the face; yet in one or two generations this hardly acquired skill of many ages slipped away unheeded. But if Mrs. Mitchell helps the man of only general culture to grasp at once the whole course of the art, her book is not less serviceable by impressing on the mind the necessity of still further excavation; for the gaps of knowledge here shown are great. Mycenæ, Olympia, Pergamon, Assos, are names of honor to our time, as has been said; to let the list end would be a disgrace. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this volume will be widely read by men and women interested in intellectual matters; for it shows at once the great value, the probable success, and the need of continuing the investigations on ancient sites.

In comparison with the Greek, the Italian sculpture of the Renaissance has a secondary place, though in shorter time it repeated the same history; but Mr. Perkins' work[1] is a very different one from Mrs. Mitchell's. It is, as it is entitled, a simple handbook, and is condensed from other works of the author. No attempt is made to give anything except information as to names and dates, some biographical details, and a general and usually perplexing account of the manner of the different schools and the masters in each. In fact, the author does not seem to have been guided by any one purpose, or to have proportioned his chapters upon any definite plan. His remarks upon the sculptor whom he variously designates as Michael Angelo, Michel Angelo, and Michelangelo deal much more with that personage's biography in general than with his career in this special art; and a similar fault — a lack of concentration and of lucidity — characterizes the whole work. The footnotes are learned; but it is not to a compendium of this kind that a scholar goes, and except for him they are needless. It must be added, too, that the cuts are disgracefully bad (from such publishers), and the proof-reading such as to draw anathemas from the intelligent. Mr. Perkins' authority in art is deservedly great, and it is a matter for regret that he should have allowed a volume with so strong an appearance of being manufactured to come from his hand.

[1] *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture.* By CHARLES C. PERKINS. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is October, and Paris is full of foreigners. The King of Dress holds a levee daily from two until five P. M., No. 7 Rue de la Paix, first story above the *entresol*. He is the only absolute monarch left in Europe, and his court is the most cosmopolitan. There is no need of minister or master of ceremonies to present you, however: you push open a double swinging glass door at the head of the staircase, — through which, for once, you see yourself as others see you in a long looking-glass facing the entrance, which surprises you, on your first visit, with the vision of a familiar stranger about to go out as you come in, — and you find yourself in a long, light corridor, lined with settees. At the end, to the right, are rooms for fitting dresses, inspecting colors by gaslight, private consultations, afternoon tea, very likely; at the opposite end, to the left, are the show-rooms, the sovereign's audience and antechambers. There are four in open communication, well lighted by long windows on the Rue de la Paix, not large, and blocked in various directions by counters covered with goods, wall-cupboards with doors ajar and goods ranged on shelves, chests of drawers half open, revealing more goods. On a door-post is pinned a bunch of scraps of every color and stuff, like a secret signal; above it is a card covered with figures and letters intelligible only to the initiated. There are very few chairs, as people who go to Mr. Worth's are not expected to sit down; but there is not much standing room, either. If you were there about the middle of the afternoon, one bright day in the early autumn, 1883, this is what you saw and heard: —

Mr. Worth himself is the centre of constantly changing groups of men and women, American, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and unclassified. They are not all speaking or listening to him, — only those who understand English or can guess at his French do that; the others are waited upon by underlings, who address them in their native language. But the majority cluster round Mr. Worth. He is dressed in a blue flannel sack-coat, buttoned across his burly person, brown trousers, a turn-down collar, and crimson scarf, all shabby. The immediate object of his attention is a single lady of great wealth, from New York; gray-haired, quiet in dress and demeanor, but with something about her which marks her as being somebody, as distinguished from anybody. The interview is drawing to an end. "Then you 'll be sure to let me have it to-morrow?" she asks. "Yes, yes. I don't like to see you going about in that thing. You look like an undertaker." They laugh, and she departs. A pretty Frenchwoman, who has been waiting her turn, advances for inspection in a dress which has just been tried on. Mr. Worth steps aside to an inner room, in full sight of the rest, where there are a few feet of polished floor clear, seats himself on the only chair, and motions her to turn round. She obeys: turns right, left, advances, retreats, crosses her arms, throws back her head, walks off a few paces, then returns. Mr. Worth makes a criticism to the fitter, — a slender damsel dressed in green silk and brocade, with a deep, square linen collar edged with point-lace, like the pictures of Queen Henrietta Maria of England, — and dismisses Madame la Baronne. The next in order is an English family. The father is rubicund, clever looking, well dressed, and alert; he has the air of a new, rich M. P. The mother is gentle and staid; the daughter so pretty and elegant that she might pass for an American but for the silver dog collar she wears outside

her jacket. Worth summons a shopman, and they begin discussing the merits of various black silks. But you find it impossible to fix your attention on one group; it is distracted at this moment by a charming French girl, who is exhibiting herself to her handsome mother in a bewitching little mantle. An imposing shopwoman of fifty or upwards, with a pearl-powdered face and hair dyed blonde, in an amber and gold Medicis costume (the fashions are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at present), is abetting the young lady in overriding her mamma's objections to the extravagance in buying a garment which will be out of season in three weeks. The daughter tosses her pretty head, and looks appealingly at her mother over her graceful shoulders, with a movement and expression instinct with natural coquetry and desire to please. Before the question is decided a loud, inarticulate sound, between a yawn, a groan, and a grumble, issues from the breast of a sharp, good-looking American, in a rough coat and felt hat, who is walking to and fro as if he had been doing it for a long time; looking out of the window, into the boxes of dry goods, and at the slim shop-girls in their fine clothes with the same wide-awake, uninterested glance. "My dear," he says, stopping short by a knot of beautifully dressed women, who are in close council over heaps of shiny stuffs, creamy satin with bouquets of tea-roses, silvery brocade with velvety bunches of begonia leaves, and other blooming fabrics as lovely as flower-paintings, — "Julia, my dear, I can't hold on any longer. You don't want me. Have you got all the money you want? If you don't know what the figure will be, I'll send a check. I guess that's the best plan, any way. Good-by, girls. I suppose you'll all turn up about dinner-time." Off he goes. The shopwoman who is waiting on his wife and daughters has a pale, faded, handsome, refined face, and is dressed with severe simplicity in black silk, with a white fichu. She has been part of the establishment longer than any one else, except the head of it. She bestows a discreet smile upon the ladies, as if to say that one may well be tolerant of the oddities of such a man as that. Her eye, following him to the door, rests upon a lady who has been wandering about the rooms in a rather purposeless way for some time. "Is any one waiting upon you, madame?" The lady, a slight, attractive person of thirty, replies carelessly, in French, that they have gone to look for the cloak she is to try on; and after lingering and looking about for another minute, she disappears through a door, followed by a young man carrying a cloak on his arm. "Well, name a figure," Mr. Worth is heard to say. "Will you say two thousand francs?" "*That* you won't," interposes the English husband. "Let us see something reasonable." "A thousand francs, if you like," returns Worth: "one must fix a sum to begin." The pale, sympathetic shopwoman tells the American ladies that she knows exactly what will suit them. Mademoiselle —— is to marry Prince Radziwill next week, and they shall see some of her dresses; and she gives an order to a man in livery. Just then a very well-bred, good-looking, middle-aged Frenchman, dressed for the afternoon with extreme care and correctness, looks in from the antechamber, hat in hand, and after running his eye keenly over the room inquires of the principal shopwoman, in a civil, good-humored tone, if the Countess has been there yet. "No, Monsieur le Comte, Madame la Comtesse has not been here to-day. If she comes later, shall I say that Monsieur le Comte is looking for her?" "No, thank you; not worth while," he replies. "She has probably changed her mind, and gone home." As he withdraws, the lady who went to try on her cloak opens the door, and comes out hastily, meeting M. le

Comte in the antechamber. He bows; they exchange half a dozen words which no one else can hear; he bows again and goes out. She comes back into the show-room, turns over some patterns for a little while, and then goes away, saying to a clerk who is not waiting upon her that she will call again about the cloak. As she leaves the room glances of intelligence pass between several of the employees. "That would make a good gown, I should say," observes the Englishman. "Of course it would. There 's nothing here that would n't make a good gown," Mr. Worth responds; "but for my part, I don't like to put fine wine in dirty glasses." The mother and daughter giggle; the father observes, "I don't quite understand." "Why, I like to see a fine bust in a handsome dress, and I should n't like to put that young lady's form in a second-rate silk."

A louder buzz of voices drowns the rejoinder; then there is a momentary hush, and a line of porters in livery make their way into the room, each holding a magnificent dress skirt, followed by a frowzy little girl bearing the train. It looks as if the Princess Radziwill's clothes were going to court without her. Everybody draws back with involuntary respect, as the splendid array sweeps by. The American ladies burst into rapturous exclamations, and at once order similar dresses.

Meanwhile people have been coming and going, but the rooms are now full. There is not room enough; there is not air enough; there are not hands enough to wait upon the customers. There are loud calls for Miss Mary, Miss Ella, Madame Bouillon, Madame Emile, Mademoiselle Hélène. There is an incessant subdued slamming of the swing-doors. Untidy minxes of twelve or thirteen, with pert London faces, dressed in threadbare stuff gowns, run in and out on errands among the elegantly dressed shopwomen and purchasers. The clerks dash about, running against the women of the house, in their costumes of Charles II.'s time, catch them in their arms, dodge, laugh, and rush onwards. Incessant questions assail the forewoman: "Where shall Mrs. S. try on her dress?" "When is the Duchesse de B. to call again?" "Who is to fit the Queen of Bohemia to-morrow?" "Which are Miss L.'s patterns?" "How much will you make my costume for?" "Why has my coat not been sent home?" The answers come as clear and prompt as if read from a book: "Mrs. S. to the second dressing-closet. The Duchesse can call the day after to-morrow, at eleven o'clock. Madame Emile is to fit the Queen to-day, at five o'clock. Miss L.'s patterns went this morning by post. The lowest we can make you that dinner-dress for, madam, is fifteen hundred francs; if you use your own lace, it will be fourteen hundred and seventy-five. Your coat is only waiting for the buttons, miss. Those you desired had to be made to order." The speaker is an Englishwoman, tall and thin, but well made and graceful, with a small head, sharp little features, and a bold, intelligent, irritable face; in all the hubbub and confusion she keeps her head, her temper, and her civility. There is not a pretense of order, quiet, decorum, — what the French call *terme*. Mr. Worth sets the example. "Here, Ella!" he shouts from the inner room to a girl who is in the act of showing goods to a lady. The slender Ella drops the silk, leaves the customer, and flies; in a minute more she is to be seen gliding about in a flame-colored satin mantle, which Mr. Worth is recommending to an immensely stout, swarthy, elderly woman, whom he addresses as "*Altesse*" (your highness). The clerks laugh and talk with each other, leaning against the counters, in the brief breathing spaces of their attendance on purchasers. "How, Alfonso! You a Spaniard, and not gone to pay your respects to your king to-day?"

"Well, Danicheff, has your grand duchess sent for you yet? She must need some new clothes, as the Nihilists blew up her old ones." The principal male personages are an ugly, common-looking, shabby little man of fifty or thereabouts, with a clever, cynical face, and a great gift for remembering people whom he has once seen, and a supple, sinuous young fellow, with a delicately cut Jewish profile and extremely long, dark eyes and slender eyebrows, marking an almond-shaped outline on his ivory-tinted complexion, hair and beard worn very close, in the Venetian fashion of the sixteenth century; he is extremely civil and capable, but the chief direction evidently lies with the women.

Mr. Worth has become invisible, but is audible, haranguing a new party: "That's the dress you want; it sets off a good figure. When a lady rises and comes forward to receive, her skirt must take a graceful sweep, — so. This new silk falls into the right folds. I made one like it for a rich Philadelphia lady. Philadelphia ladies are very particular. I'll make yours blue. Like this brocade? I made it up last spring for Mrs. B., of Boston. She wanted something else, but I said, 'Now, Mrs. B., I know what'll suit you better than you do yourself. You leave it to me, and I know you'll be satisfied.' But Mrs. B. thought she knew better, and we had a difference, and she went off to somebody else." "Where did she go?" asks a listener. "Lord, how do I know? To the Bon Marché, I suppose, ha, ha, ha! But she came back in a week or two, and said she, 'Well, Mr. Worth, you *do* suit me better than anybody else, and I 'm going to let you make me that dress. What will you make it for?' I said, 'Mrs. B., if you want cheap stuff, you go somewhere else; but if you'll trust me, I'll make you the handsomest dress you ever had on your back, and not charge you too much, either.' So I made the dress and sent it home; and Mrs. B. came and said to me, 'Mr. Worth, you've been better than your word'" — Here the din drowns the remainder of the story, if there is any. The rooms overflow into the corridor. "There is M. Carolus Duran," says a showwoman to a group of foreign customers. They hasten to the door to see the celebrated painter, a tall, thin figure, with a dark, rather handsome face, though a little of the Mephistophelic type, attired with an artist's privileged carelessness. He is inspecting the dress of one of his fair sitters, made according to his order, to see whether it meets his views, and will be worthy of the portrait he is to make of her. An erect, bulky, high-colored woman, with regular features and an auburn wig, wearing a round straw hat and a cloak made of an India shawl, lays her hand on the shoulder of a young woman who is showing patterns to a lady who has been waiting half an hour for her turn: "Just a moment, mademoiselle." "I beg your pardon, milady, but this lady has been waiting a long while." "I *must* speak to you for a moment. I 'm in a hurry," returns milady imperiously. "Go," says the other customer to the embarrassed girl, who obeys with a gesture of apology; the Englishwoman giving no sign that there is another person concerned. At that moment, however, Mr. Worth emerges from his concealment, elbowing his way unceremoniously through the crowd. "Oh, see here, Mr. Worth!" cries milady, tapping him on the arm. "Oh, it's you, Lady C. How d' ye do, milady?" They draw close together: she lays one of her hands on his wrist, he lays one of his on hers, then the other, as if they are going to play what children call Carry my lady to London. Their words are lost amid the other voices, but they remain in this confidential attitude for several minutes. Then she releases herself, emphasizing her parting orders by a light blow of her forefinger on his chest. "All right,

milady," he replies, and she goes away. Worth himself gazes slowly about the rooms, as if to ascertain if there be anybody left deserving his attention, meets a lady coming in who is apparently unknown to him, stares at her deliberately from head to foot, and then from foot to head, before moving aside to let her pass, and then saunters down the corridor, and disappears.

Without him the show-rooms have not half their life, so you go upstairs. On the story above there are several rooms, with waxed floors, velvet sofas, and carved walnut clothes-presses, through the half-open doors of which you see gleams of satin, velvet, or fur, ready-made garments, for sale or as models. In these rooms there are few people, and it is quiet. On one of the sofas sit an elderly French couple: she is a hard-favored, intelligent-looking, aristocratic woman, and is choosing a wrap for driving; he has gray hair and mustache, and a superb Bonaparte profile, although from their simple dress and distinction of manner both he and his wife probably belong to the Legitimist society of the Faubourg St. Germain (which does not patronize Mr. Worth), a supposition which is strengthened by their being in the slight conventional mourning, such as is being worn by that set for the Comte de Chambord. In the same room an American lady is looking at opera-cloaks, which are displayed to her by a tall, undulating creature, with warm brown hair and half-shut eyes of the same color, a creamy face, and a mouth like a large crimson blot upon it. She drapes herself in the plush and cashmere, and advances and recedes to show the effect, unconscious, to all appearance, of the presence of anybody except her special customer. The French gentleman watches her out of the corner of one eye, without turning his head half an inch; but the French lady keeps a sharp lookout, in the midst of her canny bargaining. At length their showman says that if Madame la Marquise will take the trouble to step into the next room she can see the gray wrap to better advantage, as there are more windows and the light is fading. "Yes, the light is fading," says the Marquise, rising briskly and about to follow him; but on the threshold she turns sharply round to her marquis, who sits fast: "Venez, mon ami," and whisks him off from the dangerous propinquity. The light *is* fading, and it is time to go.

— When Mr. Grant White brings words and their abusers into court he is always entertaining, and his judgments are nearly always just. It is rarely that he makes a slip of the memory or of the pen like one or two which attracted my attention in reading his paper on Some Alleged Americanisms, in the December Atlantic (1883). In criticising the language which an English writer puts into the mouth of one of his "American" characters, Hannah Coffin, he says of her exclamation "Laws!" that it would be more naturally "Law suz!" and remarks of a certain speech of hers, "This passage contains a blunder which spots all this worthy but unhappily monstrous female's speeches: 'There ain't no one here as knows,' etc. This preservation of the old English use of 'as' in constructions where modern English requires 'that,'" he goes on to say, "is unheard and unknown in New England, where fairly 'good grammar' is spoken even by those who have received only a few winters' district-schooling, and who will use queer, uncouth phrases, pronounce grotesquely, and speak in a sharp, nasal tone that sets one's teeth on edge."

First, as to "laws" and "law suz." In my opinion they are two separate expressions, and among old-fashioned up-country people I have found one about as common as the other. "Laws" appears to be an abbreviated form of the oath "By the laws!" which one may

occasionally hear pronounced with stern emphasis by respectable magistrates and deacons who like to swear without being profane. "Law suz" is most likely a contraction of "Lord save us." "Lor'" is also a mild form of Yankee oath.

"There ain't no one here as knows" is certainly a kind of expression never used by a native of New England. People who say "ain't" would drop the connective word altogether, and say, "There ain't no one here knows." But when Mr. White tells us that the use of "as" for "that" is "unheard and unknown in New England," he states a general rule, indeed, but one to which there are marked exceptions. No Yankee will ever say, "The man as I was talking with," any more than he will say, with Rawdon Crawley, "The pistols which I shot Markham." But not only "those who have received a few winters' district-schooling," but, alas, too many who are to-day giving instruction even in grammar schools, and high schools, say constantly, "I don't know as" and "I don't remember as," where "that" is clearly the necessary word. When, according to the newspapers, Salmon, the Laconia murderer, was asked, the other day, if he made any calls at a certain time, he replied, "I can't tell as I did." "I ain't certain as I did" and "I ain't sure as I did" are also New England expressions. "I told him as how" is not common, but it is sometimes heard.

I am here reminded of a slip of Mr. Lowell's, who somewhere gives as a Yankee expression, "I don't know as I will, and I don't know *as* I will." This I see repeated by other writers, who find it convenient to make the Biglow Papers a quarry for their Yankeeisms. I am confident his imitators never heard it; I doubt that Mr. Lowell himself ever heard it. He was probably misled by an expression similar in sound, but having a logical construction which is wanting in the form he gives it, — an expression which I have heard myself many times: "I don't know but I will, and I don't know *as* I will." Here the "as," in opposition to "but," has force; but put another "as" in the place of "but," and the sense is sprawling.

— The Woman Who Shuts her Eyes has been an interesting study to me since my childhood. I find that I do not, after long acquaintance, thoroughly understand her. Unknown to herself, there is a touch of abstraction and mysticism in her peculiar habit, which at once engages philosophic speculation. What I find phenomenal in her case is not the mere fact that she shuts her eyes, since once in twenty-four hours for purposes of sleep, and at least once a minute in winking, we all do the same; the singularity of her action is that she closes her eyes, and keeps them closed, upon occasions the least sleep-inducing, and, seemingly, the least suitable for reflection and self-communing. Often, in a conversation that apparently engages her whole attention, her eyelids will drop, smoothly curtaining the windows of her soul, and lending her countenance an expression of great placidity. At such times I do not imagine her to be sleeping, for though ocular communication is hindered, the exchange of ideas is not; her remarks are as relevant as ever, and show that her interest in the conversation remains unabated. Though aware that her condition is entirely normal, I cannot quite overcome the impression that I am talking with one who enjoys a state of reverie or exaltation into which I am not permitted to enter. Sometimes I am put in mind, not so very agreeably, of the trance-medium or the clairvoyant; then, perhaps for an instant, I entertain the idea of asking her some of those well-considered questions usually put to spiritist seers.

Dropping all pretense of mystery, the Woman Who Shuts her Eyes — the particular one I am acquainted with — is as little like a sibyl as could well

be imagined. The mother of many children, now a sedate, middle-aged matron, rosy, serene, soft-voiced, — I am more than half inclined to attribute her enviable preservation from the gnawing and embittering cares of life to the exercise of the placid habit which I have described. This habit, I have good reason to believe, played a large part in her maternal government, and, contrary to what might have been expected, was productive of sound results. Not only when rocking her children and singing them to sleep was she wont to close those gentle eyes, but also when dispensing reproof (which, like a good mother, she spared not). I have even heard that when obliged to administer corporal chastisement she would close her eyes during the fiercest of the struggle: very likely she would have closed her ears also, had they, like her eyes, possessed lids.

The defensive virtue of this simple practice is greater than at first appears. If it cannot cure an evil, it is at least a charming anæsthetic. Against the intemperate glare of the sun, against inconsiderate rough winds, against rain, hail, and snow, this good woman has only to drop her eyelids, when, if the expression of her face is to be trusted, all these weather ills are as though they were not. More than once I have seen her thus, — an image of imperturbable sweetness, — with her family, riding to church; and at church, whenever the preached word became more denunciatory than usual, dealing with judgment rather than with mercy, I have seen those deprecating lids shut down between her mild eyes and the pulpit messenger of wrath divine. The same thing may be noted if, in her presence, a too searching inventory be made of the bad traits of an absent person. Surely, it would do one good who loves his fellow-mortal to see such outward token of a disposition to connive or wink at the faults and follies of humanity: not always are we so well advised as in her case that our friends shut their eyes to our imperfections.

I was about to recommend the excellent practice, herein described, to such as are troubled by too keen and anxious prevision; but I am not sure the practice can be acquired. From all I can gather of her history, it does not appear that the amiable subject of this sketch acquired the habit: it seems rather to have been a trait of temperament; not second, but first, nature with her. Doubtless, even in the cradle her face often assumed this look of peaceful introspection, causing her nurses to think that she enjoyed angelic confidences. There is, indeed, a tradition in her family, which affirms that, when her hand was sought in marriage, she signed her consent by merely dropping her eyes, and smiling. When she dies (may she long be spared to illustrate the virtue and beauty of composure) her death will, I think, be an example of euthanasy. As she has so often done before at any stern or doubtful prospect, she will but close her eyes and slip away from the contemplation of earthly things, and her friends shall not be able to say where reverie leaves off and eternal sleep begins.

— It is astonishing how easily we change our minds, and how impossible it is for us to regard the individual as we do the class to which it belongs. Perhaps the sum total of the faults of a class is more than we can bear, while the single offender has not the power to disturb us, and we are ashamed to oppose ourselves to so small and defenseless an enemy. These thoughts were not directly suggested by human beings, but by flies. One recoils from the sound of their name, as a reminder of their constant annoyance in some places and at some times of the year; but I must confess that, sitting for hours at a time by the same sunny window in winter, I have more than once become fondly attached to a single fly, which has hovered about

my desk and basked in the corners of the window-panes. This year it is a singularly tame little insect, and unusually free from troublesome tricks. He is not sticky-footed, neither is he one of the pertinacious sort, which insists upon returning again and again to the same spot on my nose or eyebrow. He is more apt, when away from the window, to take up his position on my stamp-box, or the edge of a Grand-Canal-colored Venetian shell, which is fastened against the wall, near it. From thence he looks at me steadily, as if he were waiting to fly my errands for me; and I have wondered if it is he who brings back to me the words that I sometimes miss from my sentences, as I write. He buzzes them gently into my ear, and returns to his post to trim his wings for the next flight. I fancy that he sees my stories in detail, letter by letter, and that a word of four syllables has to be carried back by piecemeal, so that I vainly search my brain for the whole when only part has yet arrived.

If I have had a bit of candy, my fly is sure to find some fragments of it which escaped me, and he walks boldly among the edges of letters and sheets of paper; and if I must move them about, he takes the shortest possible flight, and comes back again fearlessly. I wonder that it does not strike him dead with terror when I stir, or when even my hand passes over him, eclipsing the rest of the world for the time being; and yet he only flies out of its way, when the hovering weight is at too close quarters. I cannot conceive why the smaller animals are no more afraid of us, and do not appear more sensible of their danger when we approach. The least of the insects probably have the same feeling that we do when astronomers tell us that the world spins round and moves through space; and who knows what theories the wise spiders have made, being proficient in geometry and other exact sciences! They must look upon human beings as we look upon comets, and think of life as filled with accident and disaster from the eccentricities of our orbits.

The winter fly is less energetic than his summer friends, and takes life calmly, and indulges himself in quiet pleasures. He seems sometimes like a very old man, who has outlived his generation, and whose horizon grows narrower every year. The recollection of the past season must be a great surprise to my friend the last fly; and to find the world a changed and depopulated place must be melancholy. It may be that insects and animals have much more affection for each other than we suppose, and even seem to each other to be possessed of souls. They may anticipate a future life with awe, and the caterpillar, who weaves his own shroud, may do it with a solemn sense of his future angelhood. He may have been told by some longer-lived neighbor that he will not always grovel among earthly things, or at best climb perilously up a grass stalk or fence post, but will wear shining wings, and wander at his will through space and from flower to flower. He would almost be sure of the millennium, if he did not know that his heaven and hell were dismally interfused, and that such things as sharp-beaked birds, and little boys with nets and pins, and Death himself were lying in wait for him in the bowers of his paradise.

On those days when a flood of sunshine comes through the window my lonely winter fly takes courage, and soars and buzzes as if it were summer again; but when the sky is gray he goes afoot altogether, as if he were rheumatic, and he stays a great while in one place, and does not venture into the air except for safety at a time of great danger. There is a pot of geranium on the window-sill, which serves him for a garden; and here he gets a drink of water, once in a while, or goes aloft to sit in the middle of a broad green leaf. He behaves at

such times as if he wished for company; and I pity him, and should be very much shocked if I were reminded how many of his relatives I have killed with a newspaper or other engine of destruction, in the summer months. His sleeping place is behind a little picture, and I am always glad to see him walk out in the morning; for I have learned from sad experience that some day I shall miss him, and my pen will bring a dreadful blotting fragment from the depths of the ink bottle, which will drop upon my sheet of paper, to remind me that my fly was mortal, and tell me that his life is spent. His crumb of cake will presently be dusted away, and for many days I shall forget that he is dead, and be careful to avoid throwing books upon him, or to carelessly harm the fragile creature, whom I fancied had learned not to be afraid of me while he shared my fortunes. I liked to see him sit upon my hand, and ride back and forth along the lines as I wrote. But why do I speak as if my poor friend were already dead, since here he comes, brisk and busy, to see what we have before us in the way of scribbling, this pleasant winter's day.

— While condemning with proper severity the cockney maltreatment of the eighth letter of the alphabet, we might find something, on this very point, to censure in ourselves. The American, confident that no countryman of his ever denied the aspirate its full right, has not listened with critical ear, else he has not happened to meet the people who say *w'ich*, *w'at*, *w'en*, *w'y*, etc. Such slighting of the letter *h* is by no means uncommon, while it is especially characteristic of certain sections of the country; stranger yet, the persons thus transgressing are, as often as otherwise, possessed of liberal education and mental refinement. I have heard these suppressors of their *h*'s complain that, in trying to amend the fault, they fell into error on the other side: in restoring the *h* to *w'ich* and *w'at*, they were apt to insert it where it does not belong; for example, converting *will* into *whill*.

What shall be said, O conservers of English in its purity? Will you find it a lesser cruelty to smother *h* in the middle of a word than to strike it down at the beginning? But perhaps we shall not be able to prove ourselves guiltless of the latter offense. The decapitated words in "We met 'im" and "I love 'er" may present a strange appearance in print, but when tried orally are recognized as only too familiar acquaintances.

The letter *r* is perhaps subject to more trying vicissitudes than is the letter *h*. As you travel westward in this country, you shall hear (so it is said) an ever-increasing burr, or roll of the final *r*; *vires acquirit eundo*, — going West. I confess that the burr does not offend my auditory nerves: I even like it; it brings up the rear so bravely. All honor to *r* final, by whose agency hor*r*o*r*s are rendered more thrilling and effective, rive*r*s more suggestive of strong and turbulent currents. Of course these onomatopoetic sounds are not heard in the East save as your Westerner imports them; there, indeed, the letter *r* reaches the lowest ebb of its fortunes. Yet, unless I am misinformed, there are some New England regions where it succeeds in foisting itself into the good graces of the vernacular. Ghost of an alphabetical Banquo, it rises at the most unseemly times, to avenge its taking-off. The place it chooses to fill is at the end of a word, following the vowel *a*. Thus it happens that we sometimes hear such peculiar feminine appellations as Idar and Emmar: from this source we receive a novel idear in orthoepy.

I sometimes think there is a disease of the ear corresponding to what in the eye is termed color-blindness. Color-deafness might be defined as the inability to distinguish the nice shades of dif-

ference between related sounds. It is possible that persons afflicted with this infirmity are unable to recognize all the values of the vowels and consonants of spoken language; the sounds of certain letters may not reach their ear, or their ear may report unwarranted sounds. A school-teacher (from New England, I believe) was instructing a class in the science of punctuation. On her calling attention to the use of the comma, some of the children laughed. "What are you laughing at?" asked the teacher. "You said commar," answered a forward boy. "And what do you say?" "Comma" (with sharp precision). "Well, I say commar, too," was the teacher's reply. In much the same way, a Southern lady of my acquaintance suffers ffom color-deafness, mistaking broad *a* for *r*. On being charged with defrauding the *r* in "good-morning," she good-humoredly attempted to acquit herself: "Listen: I say good-mawning, too;" but she only dwelt a little longer than usual on the *aw* sound.

— A contributor, who at some period of his life must have been an editor, sends us the following neat Motto for the Waste-Basket: —

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And each great inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

— Sometimes, when benevolent persons are discussing the result of any special method of charitable action, they seem to separate people sharply into two classes, those who are to — try to — do good, and those who are to be done good to; as if there were no interaction, and as if philanthropy had no effect upon society at large other than its effect upon such persons as are afflicted with poverty. In this way, even some who object earnestly to any setting apart of *poor individuals* as a *poor class* do unconsciously classify them, and separate them from the rich, who are to — be urged to — benefit them. I have sometimes wondered, on the contrary, whether Providence did not permit poverty to exist for the sake of the rich man's higher good. It was Lazarus who gave Dives the chance by which he might have saved his soul. If there be any truth in this idea, how objectionable becomes that attitude of philanthropic ease which assumes that Dives is of much greater value to Lazarus than Lazarus can be to Dives! In spite of the severe political economists, disciples of what Emerson calls a "brutal political economy," there are aspects of the social question which suggest the possibility that some of the suffering of the poor is, if not a vicarious atonement, at least a vicarious punishment, inflicted for the sins of the rich. If this be so, how does our condescension to their suffering look? In estimating the value of a charitable relation, it seems to me, we should consider its effect on everybody concerned; not merely upon those persons whom we designate as its "objects." It may be as important that Arthur Percy of Spire Street should not be wholly self-absorbed as that Dick Jones of Tavern Alley should not go hungry; and I have suspected that there might be a God who was interested in Arthur Percy's misguided efforts to procure Dick Jones a dinner as much on Arthur's account as on Dick's. This is not saying that it is not desirable that Arthur should learn to go about his business in the wisest way. It is only asserting that the business is a matter affecting two souls, and that the one is not more superior to its need than the other. Oliver Johnson used to say that perhaps he had been able to do little or

nothing for the antislavery cause, but the antislavery cause had done everything for him. It had revealed to him the new heavens and the new earth. That is a spirit touched with humility befitting a philanthropist.

The idea of charity once was of a service done to God through his "little ones," — the opening of communion with him through them. There may be danger that the modern opinion of the relation, or lack of relation, between men and the unknown, unknowable God will strip the wretched part of humanity of the halo of kinship with divinity, which once shone in the eyes of all gazers; and that as we, in our secure superiority, look upon its nakedness, from which that reverent conception is withdrawn, we shall withdraw also our own spirits, and even while we serve learn to despise our fellow-men. There may be danger, for every idea that has ever possessed earnest minds has had a tendency to push itself too far in the thoughtful, and to brutalize itself in the unthinking.

I do not, of course, advocate a return to the mediæval way of looking upon almsgiving merely as a method of purchasing one's own salvation, without much regard to the beggar's good; yet was there not a kernel of blessing in that great shell of error, in the feeling which made the beggar's misery the rich man's chance, and thus bound their lots together? *Together*, — that is the moral I seek. The evil that we do the poor man hurts us as well as him; the good we fail to do him may peradventure be turned to our need. We are all needy together.

— This morning, in the serene world of books, I met a certain *chansonnier*, — a complaisant spirit, with a charter for making the songs of a people, whoever might have the making of their laws. As it happened, however, the song I heard him singing was something quite different from a popular ballad: seeming to direct the melodious shafts of his humor at himself alone, he in reality aimed at, and brought down, all of us whose achievement in art falls short of our original conception. Wherefore, as I could not think of a revenge more exquisite, I determined to render into such English as I could command the charming reflections of Pierre-Jean de Béranger on

LES GRANDS PROJETS.

J'ai le sujet d'un poëme héroïque;
Qu'avant dix ans le monde en soit doté.
Oui, le front ceint de la couronne épique,
Dans l'avenir fondons ma royuaté.

Mais mon sujet prête à la tragédie;
J'y pourrais prendre un plus rapide essor.
Dialoguons, et ma pièce applaudie
M'enivrera d'honneurs, de gloire et d'or.

La tragédie est un bien long ouvrage;
L'ode au sujet comme à moi convient mieux.
Riche d'encens, elle en fait partage
Aux rois d'abord, et, s'il en reste, aux dieux.

Mais l'ode exigue un trop grand flux de style;
Mieux vaut traiter mon sujet en chanson.
Dormez en paix, Pindare, Homère, Eschyle;
J'ai rêvé d'aigle, et m'éveille pinson.

Sans s'amoindrir quel grand projet s'achève?
Plus d'un génie a dû manquer d'entrain.
Ainsi de tout. Tel qui restreint son rêve
A des chansons, laisse à peine un quatrain.

THE GRAND PLANS.

A subject for heroic verse I've found;
Ere ten years pass this work the world shall see:
And then, my brows with epic laurel bound,
My royal claim shall well established be.

My subject lends itself to tragic forms;
On strong and rapid wing my flight I hold;
My piece is greeted with applausive storms,
And I am showered with honors, glory, gold.

On tragedy must patient labor wait;
The ode remains, — therein my theme I 'll cast;
The ode, with incense rich, can make one's state
Like that of kings, or even gods, at last.

The ode requires a stately surge and swell;
Perhaps the song will better suit my theme:
Sleep, Pindar, Homer, Æschylus, sleep well;
I wake, a chaffinch, — eagle, in my dream!

What great design but slips and ebbs away?
So many a genius fails through impulse lost.
'T is thus with all: who only songs essay
Shall but achieve a quatrain, at the most.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Philosophy. Mr. William M. Lacy has published in an octavo volume an Examination of the Philosophy of the Unknowable as expounded by Herbert Spencer. (B. F. Lacy, Philadelphia.) Mr. Lacy opposes to Mr. Spencer's scheme of nescience the doctrine "that we are capable of realizing something of the nature of things occupying the region outside of consciousness." He treats Mr. Spencer with great courtesy, but he attacks his positions with great vigor. His book is one worth consideration. — Mr. John Fiske, on the other hand, in his Excursions of an Evolutionist (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), collects fourteen of his interesting essays, which owe much of their impulse to Mr. Spencer, and incidentally introduce illustrations of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. Mr. Fiske has so clear and animated a style that it is a pleasure to read his lucid sentences, though he deals often with abstruse subjects. — Janet's The Theory of Morals has been translated by Miss Mary Chapman, under the supervision of President Noah Porter. (Scribners.) It is another argument in favor of conscious personality in human life. — Certitude, Providence, and Prayer is the fourth in President McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners), and the course of the argument leads to a somewhat comprehensive conclusion. — God and the Future Life, by Charles Nordhoff (Harpers), is an attempt to restate the theses of natural theology in a form more consonant with recent scientific investigations and in a style adapted to immature minds. Mr. Nordhoff treats the subject from a positive Christian point of view. — The Wonders of Plant Life under the Microscope, by Sophie B. Herrick (Putnam), is a readable and well-illustrated little volume, in which technical terms are avoided as far as possible. The writer has given special attention to the subject of insectivorous plants. — Optics without Mathematics, by Rev. T. W. Webb, is a plain and rather lively little volume, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (Young.) — The Organs of Speech, by George Hermann von Meyer, is the forty-sixth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton), and is a physiologist's study of the application of these organs in the formation of articulate sounds; it illustrates the physiological basis of philology, and thus reaches two classes of students. — Body and Will, by Henry Maudsley (Appleton), is an essay concerning will in its metaphysical, physiological, and pathological aspects. It is polemic in its form, being an attack upon the freedom of a spiritual will. It is a plea also for the positive method of observation and induction in mental pathology. — The Science of Correspondences Elucidated, the key to the heavenly and true meaning of the Sacred Scriptures, by Rev. Edward Madeley, revised and greatly enlarged by B. F. Barrett (Claxton), is a new edition of a work accepted by Swedenborgians as one of their apologies. — The Question of a Division of the Philosophical Faculty is the Inaugural Address delivered on assuming the rectorship of the University of Berlin, by Dr. August Wilhelm Hofmann. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) This edition is furnished with a valuable appendix and notes, the whole being a very interesting contribution to the question of the comparative advantages of a classical and scientific basis of the higher education.

Poetry. Lay Canticles and other Poems, by F. Wyville Home (Pickering & Co., London), deserve attention as the interesting work of a thoughtful student, who has learned some of the power of well-knit language, and whose ear is trained to harmony. — Verses, by William S. Lord (Adam Craig & Co., Chicago), is a correct title, though scanning is not always possible. — One of the Shepherds of Bethlehem (J. B. Harrison, Pittsfield, Mass.) is a little Christmas poem. — Brangonar, a tragedy, by George H. Calvert (Lee & Shepard), is explained by the author to be a poetic interpretation of the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. It looks very much as if it might be followed by another. — Idle Fancies, by Minnie C. Ballard (A. S. Hooker, Troy), is a volume of easy-going verse, printed, not published. — Poems and Swedish Translations, by Frederich Peterson, M. D. (Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, N. Y.), is apparently the pastime of a professional man, but it is pastime which is more than idleness. Dr. Peterson shows a quaint fancy, a knowledge of Oriental as well as Northern verse, and a dexterity of rhyme which often produces agreeable effects. — The White Nun and other Poems, by Agnes L. Carter (Putnams), is a prettily printed volume of serious verse. — The latest issue of the tasteful Parchment Series (D. Appleton & Co.) is English Lyrics, a companion volume to the French Lyrics, published last month. The name of the editor of the English poems is not given. This collection, which begins with a lyric by Sir Thomas Wyatt and ends with a song from The Bride's Tragedy, by T. L. Beddoes, shows the touch of a skillful hand. The introduction and the notes are well written and to the point. — The English Verse of Messrs. Stoddard and Lynton (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a storehouse of valuable matter. Compilations of this sort are more easily found fault with than made. Errors are inevitable in a work laid out on so large a scale as this; the care and knowledge and excellent taste which the editors have displayed in attempting to perfect their plan do not always go with good intentions. Mr. Stoddard is always on his own ground when he writes of English poetry. His prefaces to the fine volumes which comprise the series are admirable in their kind. The idea of devoting a volume to translations and a volume to selections from the dramatists was altogether a novel and valuable idea. In several respects the work differs favorably from existing compilations of similar char-

acter. Its chief faults are such as can be removed by careful proof-reading in future editions.

Fiction. The Jewel in the Lotos, by May Agnes Tincker (Lippincott), is a book of unequal merit, and needs to be read by one who is willing to be steeped in modern Italian life. — The Love of a Lifetime, by the author of From Madge to Margaret (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a domestic story of New England life. — Guenn, a Wave on the Breton Coast, is a novel by Blanche Willis Howard. (Osgood.) Miss Howard is like an American artist who has shown signs of an artistic career, has made a little success at home, then has gone abroad, has studied, and now comes back with a subject from Brittany. — Our Christmas in a Palace, by E. E. Hale. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The palace is a Pullman palace car, and Mr. Hale's railroad style and Christmas invention meet in a grand transcontinental fictitious journey. — A Hero's Last Days, or Nepenthe (W. J. Duffie, Columbia, S. C.), is by the author of A Sequence of Songs, and, if not a very skillfully constructed story, shows thoughtfulness, a liking for excellent literature, and a more repressed sentiment than we are accustomed to in Southern novels.

Holiday Books. Sunlight and Shade, being poems and pictures of life and nature (Cassell), is a showy medley; most of the pictures and poems, of which there is a crowded lot, being by second and third-rate composers. It is a mere scrap-book, without any apparent method, except that of mechanical convenience. — Lee & Shepard send six of their illustrated books, in the milliner's style, which has come in with the Macy period of bookselling: Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night, illustrated by Garrett and Merrill; That Glorious Song of Old, illustrated by Fredericks; It Was the Calm and Silent Night, illustrated by W. L. Taylor; My Faith Looks Up to Thee, illustrated by Miss Comins; The Lord is My Shepherd, illustrated by Miss Humphrey, and others; Come Into the Garden, Maud, illustrated by Garrett. Ray Palmer's poem is a facsimile of the handwriting. — One of the prettiest books of the holiday season — a season that has been notable for its profusion of illustrated and otherwise adorned books — is Flowers from Hill and Dale, a collection of poems arranged and illustrated in colors by Susie Barstow Skelding. (White, Stokes & Allen.) The full-page flower-pieces are very gracefully designed and executed. The cluster of pansies on page 21 and the spray of wood-fringe on page 29 are especially successful. Several of the poems are given in facsimile of the authors' manuscript.

Books for Young People. Jingles and Songs for Wee Girls and Boys, by Mary D. Brine (Cassell), is a large quarto, crowded with pictures and what may be called graded rhymes, the earliest being nursery jingles, and the latest looking toward matrimony. The pictures have, for the most part, a satisfactory rudeness and freedom from over-refinement; the rhymes have an agreeable objectiveness. On the whole, the book attracts by its general homeliness, though it has not the virtue of the Ann and Jane Taylor homeliness. — Queen Victoria, her Girlhood and Womanhood, by Grace Greenwood (J. R. Anderson & Henry S. Allen, New York), is an attempt at "a pleasant, simple fireside story of the life and reign of Queen Victoria." A cat may look at a king, and a republican woman may look at a queen with a womanly interest in her personality. — The Queens of England, abridged and adapted from Agnes Strickland's work, by Rosalie Kaufman (Estes & Lauriat), is also intended for young people, but treats the subject in a historical rather than a gossipy fashion. — Young Folks' History of the Civil War, by Mrs. C. Emma Cheney (Estes & Lauriat), is a partisan history, very inadequate in its account of the causes of the war, and one's confidence in its accuracy is not increased as one reads. — Raising the Pearl, by James Otis (Harpers), is one of the serials published in Harper's Young People, and is well worth having as a separate book. It is a good story for boys; the scene laid in Tampa Bay, and the Pearl a little sunken steamer, which was raised by the boys, and made to do good service. It is of very little consequence whether school-boys do or do not raise sunken steamers.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Shakespeare as a Lawyer, by Franklin Fiske Heard (Little, Brown & Co.), is a sheaf gleaned after earlier reapers, but so learned a student in the law could scarcely fail to make new and interesting discoveries. — The Odes of Horace, complete in English rhyme and blank verse, by Henry Hubbard Pierce (Lippincott), is a soldier's attempt to render Horace into popular form. He has annotated his translations, but the result on the whole is soda-water which has stood for a while in the sun. — Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's Handbook of English Authors (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a convenient and carefully planned and executed manual, in dictionary form, by which one may quickly ascertain the full name, date, and principal works of all the English authors, living and dead, who have secured conventional immortality. Of course such a book is a selective one, but the compiler has apparently followed a general taste, and has not allowed any special proclivities of his own to mislead him. The book is especially full in its reference to contemporary authors, and is the more valuable for this reason, since ordinary dictionaries and cyclopædias satisfy inquiry concerning the dead. — Folk-Lore of Shakespeare, by Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer (Harpers), is an interesting survey of the almost numberless passages in Shakespeare which refer or allude to the common speech of Englishmen of his day, with comment and annotation. It is a very desirable book for any reader of Shakespeare, and its full index makes it as good as a handbook. — Winnowings from Wordsworth, edited by J. Robertson (Nimmo, Edinburgh), is a tiny book, a veritable vest-pocket volume. The editor claims to have included all of Wordsworth's poems not ruinously faulty in workmanship. A long preface is chiefly occupied with a criticism of Matthew Arnold's essay on Wordsworth in his Selections. Whatever may be said of Mr. Robertson's exclusion, no fault can be found with his inclusion. — Tennyson's In Memoriam, its Purpose and Structure, a study, by John F. Genung (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be warmly commended to all students of a great

poem. The analysis is deeper and more final than any that we have seen, and is plainly the work of a man who has brooded over the volume, yet has taken pains to present his results in an exact, almost dry form. — Characteristics is a volume of sketches and essays, by A. P. Russell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), whose Library Notes is well known. This newer volume is a little more concrete in its subject than the former, Mr. Russell's very close mosaic being fitted to represent figures of persons, rather than abstract ideas. To read it is to be constantly in the society of the best thoughts of the best men, so cleverly consolidated into a continuous whole as to give one the effect of a brilliant monologue. — Pen Pictures of the Earlier Victorian authors (Putnams) is edited by William Shepard, whose Authors and Authorship preceded and was on the same general plan. In this volume Mr. Shepard draws upon a variety of sources for descriptions of Bulwer, Disraeli, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, and others. The literary character is of a generally high order of the interview. — The handsome library edition of Emerson's Works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is completed by the publication of volumes nine, ten, and eleven. Volume nine constitutes the only full collection ever made of Emerson's poems. It contains several pieces never before printed. The Lectures and Biographical Sketches (volume ten) and Miscellanies (volume eleven) also include much fresh matter and some entirely new. Among the former the reader will find the delightful papers on Ezra Ripley and Mary Moody Emerson, lately given in the pages of this magazine.

Travel. Spanish Ways and By-Ways, with a glimpse of the Pyrenees, by William Howe Downes (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is provided with a number of illustrations of varying degrees of merit, but the text scarcely rises above the level of a fair newspaper correspondent. — Woods and Lakes of Maine is the title of a handsome volume by Lucius L. Hubbard, containing a narrative of the author's trip from Moosehead Lake to New Brunswick in a birch-bark canoe, and with an appendix containing a good list of Indian place-names and their meanings. Mr. Hubbard is a man thoroughly versed in woodcraft, who has made the Moosehead region his own by personal discovery; and besides the agreeable narrative, there are many incidental references to life in the woods, of great practical value. The illustrations, by Will L. Taylor, are very effective. (Osgood.) — A Roundabout Journey, by Charles Dudley Warner (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is occupied mainly with the countries lying about the Pillars of Hercules; but Mr. Warner, as his title implies, goes as far round about as to Munich and Baireuth. The roundaboutness, however, which the reader most enjoys is that of the author's mind, which plays when traveling, and, as the French say, goes to school by *le chemin des écoliers*. — Mr. William Winter's English Rambles, and other fugitive pieces in prose and verse (Osgood), belongs here, under Literature, and under Poetry. It is a volume which one need not trouble himself to classify, since its interest and the pleasure which it gives are largely due to the personal element in the literature. Mr. Winter has a sensibility which makes him respond quickly and warmly to those gentler aspects of nature and life which most people are, shall we say, too shamefaced to recognize openly. It is a pleasure to meet with so good a lover, and his love is for that which is pure and honorable. Certainly no American since Washington Irving has written so appreciatively of rural England as Mr. Winter has done in this and in a previous volume of the same sort. As to London, one must go back to Dr. Johnson himself to find any such admirer of its historic nooks and corners.

Economics. General Francis A. Walker has rewritten in a small volume the four lectures on Land and its Rent (Little, Brown & Co.), which he delivered last spring at Harvard University. The theme of the book is the rightfulness and the expediency of private property in land and of the influence of rent upon the distribution of wealth, and the immediate occasion seems to have been the discussion excited by Mr. George's book on Progress and Poverty. — The Destructive Influence of the Tariff upon Manufacture and Commerce, and the Figures and Facts relating thereto, by J. Schoenhof, is one of the aggressive publications of the New York Free Trade Club (Putnams), in which history is ignored. It is singular how heated these scientific missionaries get in discussion. — Workers and Idlers, by Merritt H. Dement (Chicago), is a somewhat angry tract upon the present inequalities in fortune, which it claims should be mended by the abolition of usury and the taxation of land. — Mineral Resources of the United States, by Albert Williams, Jr., is a volume of the United States Geological Survey. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) Here one may learn with little difficulty what deposits he may look for on his ten-acre lot, in addition to the coal which occurs not *in situ*, but in cellar.

Text-Books and Education. Davies' Elements of Surveying and Leveling, which has been a standard text-book ever since its first appearance in 1830, was made more valuable by the author's revision in 1870, and has now passed through a second revision at the hands of J. H. Van Amringe, who has especially availed himself of the government operations. (Barnes.) — An Epitome of English History, with questions for examination, by S. Agnes Kummer, revised by A. M. Chandlee (Barnes), follows the old formal division of reigns, a method which is thoroughly artificial; but then many conceive that memory is best aided by artificial systems. — In Worman's Chautauqua Language Series, a Second French Book after the Natural or Pestalozzian Method (Barnes) has been published; the student is led on by easy lessons in French without any English, and is supposed to have partaken of some magic herb which makes him a child again in his apprehension. — Professor W. G. Peck, of Columbia, has added to his other text-books one upon Popular Astronomy for the Use of Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. (Barnes.) Mathematical formulas and demonstrations have been avoided as much as possible, but the effort has been to preserve a logical order in the treatment of subjects. — In the Dime

Question Books (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), two recent numbers are Geography and Grammar. — Prof. J. B. Greenough has completed his edition of the Greater Poems of Virgil by a second volume containing the latter half of the Æneid and the Georgics. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The admirable typography seems to belong to the editor's clear and crisp style of annotation. Two or three little illustrations are given. Why should not Latin and Greek text-books have interpretative illustrations in the text rather than in the notes? — In Ginn, Heath & Co.'s Classics for Children has been included the Merchant of Venice, edited by Mr. Hudson, who has also printed as an introduction the story of the play as given by Charles and Mary Lamb. — What Shall we Do with our Daughters? Superfluous Women, and other lectures, by Mary A. Livermore (Lee & Shepard), is mainly educational in its bearing; but it also is oratorical, as the origin of the book determined, and its eloquence seems sometimes wasted upon a generation which is really very much in earnest about women and their education. — Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls, by William Blaikie (Harpers), is the incorporation of a well-known writer's views on physical culture into a manual for school use. It has the advantage over a mere book of exercises that it gives also the rationale of the exercises, which are simple and safe. — Mr. Rolfe, on second thoughts, has added Titus Andronicus to his series of Shakespeare's plays; not committing himself to any hard and fast judgment as to Shakespeare's share in the play, but giving the testimony of various experts. (Harpers.)

Health and Charity. The supplement to the fourth annual report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity — three ill-assorted graces — contains several papers on the Adulteration of Food, Our Eyes and our Industries, Water Board, Sewerage of Nahant, etc. Dr. Jeffries' paper on Our Eyes and our Industries is especially readable. — An Ethical Symposium is the title of a series of papers concerning medical ethics and etiquette from the liberal standpoint, by New York physicians of general repute (Putnams), who oppose the old code of ethics of the American Medical Association as presented by Dr. Austin Flint. The book is a curious commentary on social conditions, as well. — A Directory to the Charitable and Beneficent Institutions of the City of New York has been published for the Charity Organization Society (Putnams), and is an aid in the present rational movement toward a social mastery of poverty.

Humor, Intentional and Unintentional. Her Second Part of English as She is Spoke (Putnams) is a further contribution to the literature of the now famous Portuguese guide. We are afraid that we may enter now upon a series of imitations, for the great original must have created a school of students. — English as She is Wrote (Appleton) is an amusing collection of solecisms and absurdities in literature.

Domestic Economy. The Oyster Epicure is a collation of authorities on the gastronomy and dietetics of the oyster. (White, Stokes & Allen.) The editor has done his work in collecting a number of interesting and useful hints upon the subject from a variety of sources. One may learn where the most toothsome come from, how they should be cooked, how served, how eaten, and, most important of all, how many one may eat. — Health in the Household, or Hygienic Cookery, by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. (Fowler & Wells), is a plump book of minute directions for the table upon sound principles of hygiene. Whatever may be the particular value of its receipts, its general views are agreeable to common sense.

History and Biography. History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great, 1134–1740, by Herbert Tuttle (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a substantial addition to historical literature. Professor Tuttle has a deliberateness and directness in his style which quickly enlist the reader's confidence. A good map prefaces the volume. — Political Recollections 1840–1872, by George W. Julian (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is naturally devoted mainly to anti-slavery politics, since Mr. Julian was a thorough-going opponent of slavery. — Memoir of Charles Lowe, by his wife, Martha Perry Lowe (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a full record of the life of a man nowise remarkable, but solidly respected in the community in which he lived, useful in religious and benevolent movements, and by his editorial and other capacities frequently brought into connection both with famous men and important measures.

Art and Scholarship. Music in England, and Music in America, are two volumes by Frédéric Louis Ritter (Scribners), which give a running narrative of the development of music in the two countries, — a narrative which is animated and discursive. Mr. Ritter properly gives Foster a special place in his study, but we think he scarcely makes enough of the latent musical power in the colored race. — A Critical Bibliography of the Greek New Testament as published in America is a careful monograph by Isaac H. Hall. (Pickwick & Co., Philadelphia.) The work, itself an illustration of American scholarship, contains some interesting tributes to the researches in the direction of New Testament Greek.

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IN WAR TIME.

V.

Several days had elapsed since the rebel captain lay dying in the hospital. He had been buried quietly, with but two mourners, Miss Wendell and his child, and the world of events had gone by and left him. The child remained for the present at Dr. Wendell's; and now it was night in his house, and Hester was safe in bed in Ann's room, while the brother and sister sat in the little library. The last few days had been full of unusual incidents, which were to be more fertile in consequences than they could guess; and the woman had been busy, and the man, for once, hard-worked. The hospital was full to overflowing, and the largest affair in his life as a physician had come to him in the shape of a request to take charge of Major Morton, whose country home lay within a mile or two of the doctor's house. Altogether Wendell was pleased and busy. The new call flattered and interested him, and was professionally a distinct lift. Ann herself regarded the matter as proof of her brother's fitness, and, in her calm New England way, as a substantial gain, to be dealt with as a new duty, and used as a means to get on honestly. For Wendell it was more complicated. He felt, or believed himself, equal to any medical call upon his intelligence, — a feeling common enough among younger men, and apt to fade as years go on. But, besides all this, it had for him another value, which would have amazed his sister, could she have known it. He was naturally a refined and also a very sensitive man, cultivated, not deeply, but over much surface, and he felt the want of such appreciative and responsive companionship as makes talk about certain things possible. He liked sympathy, and, as is common with such natures, women pleased him more than men; nor, indeed, was he well fitted, on account of his self-regard and his girl-like tenderness, to contract strong and virile attachments to men. In the Morton household and its surrounding circles of friends and relatives, he felt himself in an air which he breathed, if not at once with ease, certainly with pleasure. The poor whom he attended he did not like, because their houses were often uncleanly and their ways rough. Indeed, he disliked all that belonged to poverty, as he did other unpleasing things. He saw this class of patients knowing that he must, but made brief visits, and found true interest impossible where his senses and taste were steadily in revolt.

Perhaps as a doctor of the rich alone he might have done better. It seems probable that he should never have been a doctor at all.

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What he had felt when he first saw Mrs. Morton he felt more and more as he came to be socially at ease in her circle. The quiet ways, the calm readiness for all social accidents, and the habitual automatic attention to the wants and feelings and even the prejudices of others struck him as comfortable; and without distinct analysis of the cause, he came to recognize that he was thrown among people who, for some reason, were acceptable to him, and among whom it would be very agreeable to pursue his profession. Had he heard the conversation which led finally to his being asked to see Major Morton, he would have been less satisfied; but perhaps could we hear all that is said behind our backs, existence would be nearly impossible except for the few, who would then make what was left of it intolerable.

Mrs. Morton had said a few words to Dr. Wendell as to her desire that he should see her husband at his country home; but she had by no means looked on this as a finality, and indeed did not decide the matter until, in prospect of the major's removal, she had a further talk with her old acquaintance, Dr. Lagrange.

She saw him at the hospital, and was accompanied by a friend, who was a somewhat inconstant companion, but who generally came usefully to the front, as was said in war slang, when no one expected to see her, or when there was some real need for her presence; "not," as she remarked, "that I am of the slightest value, my dear, but one's friends become so interesting when they are in trouble."

Mrs. Morton drove with Mrs. Westerley to the hospital; and when the second lady's pleasant face appeared at the window of her friend's light Germantown wagon, with its well-matched pair of Morgans, three men in uniform, lounging at the gate, rushed forward in a competitive effort to open the carriage door, and to anticipate the tardy descent of the footman.

"Do you go at all to the hospitals?" said Mrs. Westerley, as they entered the doorway. "I have been absent so much that I have scarcely seen you this summer, and I have n't caught up to your present ways."

"No," said Mrs. Morton, "the Sanitary is all I can attend to; and what with Mrs. Grace and one or two other obstructives, it promises to be more than any one person ought to be called upon to manage. As long as it meant havelocks and tooth-brushes and pocket-handkerchiefs, it was dolls' play; but now it is very serious business, as you know, dear."

"For my part, I like the hospital work best. But I never was here before. How neat it is! What clever housekeepers these men make! They told me at Chestnut Hill hospital that they made quite a good income out of the eggshells and coffee-grounds."

At this moment an orderly approached, touched his cap, and asked if they would wait in the surgeon's office. Dr. Lagrange would be at leisure in a few minutes.

"Might we stand at the ward door, and hear the band?" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Of course, ma'am," replied the orderly. "The surgeon's visit is over." Accordingly, they lingered, looking across the vast ward, once an armory drill-room, while from the lower floor the strains of one well-known air after another floated upwards, and in far corners here and there roused memorial echoes in bosoms weary of war and camps. Evening band play was always a cheerful interruption of the grim monotony of sick life, and when, presently, with the neutral disregard of the raging contest far away found in hospitals, the band struck up Maryland, My Maryland, the rebel wounded roused themselves, and some bluecoat cried out

cheerfully to a graycoat near by, "Good for you, Johnny Reb!" "Ah," said Alice Westerley, "if we women kept hospitals, there would be no rebel music, my dear. We are too good haters."

"And there should be none," returned Mrs. Morton, gravely.

"I thought as much," said her companion. "But surely it is well. Perhaps we had better not wait any longer. How peaceful it is! I could stay an hour."

Then they turned away, followed by pleased glances from beds near by, and were presently standing in the surgeon's official waiting-room, the furnishings of which amused Mrs. Westerley immensely, as in fact few things failed to interest her, from an animal to a man.

"What is this?" she asked. "It looks like a diagram of a crab. Bless me, it is the plan of the Stump hospital! What in the world, Helen Morton, is a Stump hospital? And here — do come here! This is a diet table. 'Ordinary diet,' 'Extra diet,' 'Number 4 diet'! I think I shall introduce the system at home. And did you ever see such neatness? Look at the table; really, the man has three pen-wipers!"

At this moment Dr. Lagrange entered.

"We were admiring the perfect order of your arrangements," said Mrs. Morton.

"It is simply a necessity, in a life like mine. I am glad you like it."

"But you must like it yourself."

"Yes, I do, and I wish others thought as much of it as I do. It would make life easier. Now I have the utmost trouble about letters: people write them on such different sizes of paper, and when you come to file them they don't match. In the hospital and in the service generally we have the same difficulty."

"I see," replied Mrs. Morton, "how very vexatious it must be."

"One has a like annoyance about people's opinions," remarked Mrs. Westerley, with entire gravity.

The surgeon looked puzzled.

"Yes, certainly," he said, in some doubt, being a slow thinker, and not having time to consider the matter.

Mrs. Morton availed herself of his hesitation to say, "I came to consult you as to whether you still think it will be wise for me to ask Dr. Wendell to see Mr. Morton. There seem to be reasons for and against it. What do you think, doctor?"

"Hum!" replied Lagrange; "on the whole I should ask him. He knows the case and its needs. He lives within call, and I suspect will feel the summons so flattering that you will get from him — indeed can ask from him — more frequent visits than an older man would be apt to pay. I think I would put the case in his hands; and, if agreeable to you, I will myself see my old friend, now and then."

"Oh, that would remove all my objections."

"Wendell is older than he looks," said Lagrange.

"Of course," returned Mrs. Morton, "it is very, very absurd; but I have always had doctors whom I knew, and who have had a certain knowledge of one's life and ways. You understand me, doctor?"

"Yes, I suppose I do. Wendell has been brought up among plain New England people."

"But he can't put his manners into his pills, you know," said Mrs. Westerley.

"It is his manner more than his manners," explained her friend.

"Oh, it 's the singular, not the plural, you object to!" laughed Mrs. Westerley. "For my part, I would take him and educate him. I think, if I were ill, — which I never am, — I would like the task myself. He is very good looking, and if he dressed well would be presentable enough."

Lagrange smiled approval. "I think I would risk it;" and so then and there it was settled that Dr. Wendell should become the medical adviser of Major Morton.

Meanwhile their talk had been interrupted a half dozen times by reports of contract physicians, orderlies, provost marshals, messengers, and the officer of the day. Lagrange disposed of each in turn with careful precision of well-considered reply.

"Do you never lose your temper?" said Mrs. Westerley to him, as they descended the stairs together. "You are a first-rate housekeeper. But pray tell me, what is the Stump hospital? It must be a new one."

"It is for men who have lost limbs," he replied.

"How droll!" said Mrs. Westerley. "Where do they send generals who lose their heads?"

"How absurd you are, Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

The surgeon did not smile, and was still curiously examining the question when they left him at the hospital gate. He had himself what men call dry humor, and like persons so endowed was often slow in giving a jest the hospitality of mirthful acceptance. Perhaps it had to undergo a preliminary process of assimilative desiccation.

A few days afterwards, as I have said, in the late evening, Dr. Wendell sat at home with his sister. He was happy, as usual in an hour of leisure, over a family circle of rotiferæ, which he had found on the shore of Fisher's mill-pond, and he only looked up now and then to reply to Ann, or murmur some result of his observations without taking his eye from the glass. Ann Wendell sat, meanwhile, busily sewing.

"We have a great many things to talk over, brother," she said.

"Yes, I know. Go on; I can hear you."

"But I wish you would listen, really."

"Oh, I'll listen! What is it? When I stir these fellows up they look very much as we must have looked to some higher intelligence at the beginning of this war. It's almost laughable! Hum! what a curious representation of threes in the cilia, and the same in the allied species! Certainly, Swedenborg was right about the mystical value of that numeral."

A shade of vexation crossed Ann's face. She altogether disapproved of Swedenborg and the New Jerusalem and all mystical numbers whatsoever. She said abruptly, "I think that girl upstairs is more important."

"Yes, relatively, my dear."

"What can we do with her? The school-mistress says in her letter that she has not been paid for a year, and cannot take the child back. No one in the South will claim her. She is on our hands, so far as I can see it. Who is to support her, I would just like to know?"

"Mrs. Morton," replied Wendell, "says"—

"'Says'—yes, I know; but do you suppose it will last? It's not reasonable to think it will last."

"Oh, well, we'll just keep her, and see. She is a nice child. Did you notice how interested she was about that emperor moth I caught last night?"

"'Keep her'! I suppose we must. We can't turn her out into the street, or send her to the almshouse."

"Then why, my dear Ann, should we discuss it? Upon my word, there's a queer rotifer. I don't think I ever saw it before."

Ann sighed. "You won't think it worth while, or right, under the circumstances, to put the child in black? It is only an added expense."

"Do just what you like, Ann."

Ann's needle flew nervously, and a little faster, until it broke, and there was a moment's pause while she sought and threaded another, when, wise with woman's wisdom, she changed the talk.

"What did her father die of, brother?"

"Pyæmia, we call it."

"There was a post mortem, was n't there?"

"Yes, but it did not change the diagnosis. And oh, by the bye," he added, with sudden animation, "such a droll thing! During the examination, yesterday, I found the ball. When Major Morton happened to speak of Gray's death, I mentioned it casually, you know, thinking that he might feel an interest. When I did so, he asked if it was a minié. I said No; a pistol ball."

Ann looked up, startled. "A what?" she said.

"A Colt, No. 6. I really begin to think Morton was troubled about what that poor fellow said in his wanderings, because he remarked to me how odd it was that it should turn out to be a pistol ball."

"Do you think he really shot him?"

"Stuff, Ann! The notion was simply ridiculous! But suppose, for a moment, that Morton had shot him. It was his duty. It was what he was there for."

"I would n't like to think it."

"No, I suppose not. No woman would. Just sharpen my pencil. I must draw this fellow while he is so lively. How these vibrios bother one!"

Then Ann, having done as he desired, rose, and, putting aside her work, said, "Good-night, brother. I am sorry to trouble you about the child, but how can I help it?"

"Oh, it's all right," he returned. "The thing settles itself. We must wait."

In fact, waiting was a great resource in Wendell's life; nor, in this case, did Ann's homely sense help her to any more acceptable solution.

"Well, good-night, brother. I am tired, — tired all over."

Wendell looked up at her. "Yes, I was afraid you were doing too much. Can't you keep a little more quiet? There is no need for you to go to the hospitals. You look run down."

"I don't know. I 'm more weary than tired; and I miss the sea, and the old home, and — and — Ezra — the chickens — and at night I want to hear the rote of the water on the beach."

"We might manage a little visit up there, when Major Morton gets better."

"I don't think we could afford it."

"Oh, yes, we 'll manage. Good-night. Now don't worry yourself," and he kissed her kindly. "Good-night, again."

There was on Ann Wendell's mind another and a graver subject. She would have liked to speak out her regret that no minister had seen the sick soldier before he died, but she knew that on all such matters it was useless to look for sympathy from Wendell. She was firmly anchored, and he was carelessly adrift as to all spiritual beliefs.

VI.

Wendell was about thirty when he came to Germantown, and his years and some previous experience had made his way easier than is usual with new-comers; while at the same time his comparative maturity rendered the up-hill toil among the lower social classes difficult to bear. He had once before gone through the same sharp test of character, — the test which makes or mars, degrades or ennobles, every physician in degrees which are determined by the nature of the moral capital with which he starts, and also more or less by the intellectual interest with which he regards his profession.

As to this alone, Wendell was more fortunate than many others. His work attracted him, but not continuously; and, as I have said, the contact which he began to have with the refined classes made him more comfortable in his circumstances, and better pleased with himself and his surroundings. Thus far he

had cared little about children, save in a mildly sentimental way. They exacted sacrifices, and as a rule did not seem to give much in return. His own unusual culture lifted him so much above the range of the somewhat hard, practically educated school-mistresses of his New England home that he had found in the women he had known little that was attractive, and had been merely repelled by their business-like, over-active conscientiousness. Now, with the prolonged stay of Hester Gray under his roof, and the novel world opened to him through the Mortons, an unread leaf of the life book was turned over before him, and pleasant enough he found it.

The child had few memories of home or family, and in childhood the wounds of grief or losses heal as readily as do those of the physical frame. Very soon the rather monotonous school-days and the sudden and strange hospital scenes faded, along with the shyness born of contact with strangers. Then the little bud of active, alert, maidenly life began to put forth rosy petals with modest coyness, one by one, and to take with instinctive eagerness delight in life.

To his surprise, Wendell became gradually interested in the girl, while to his sister she was a constant and often a bewildering phenomenon. Nevertheless, Ann looked carefully after her dress and food, and soon found it not unpleasant to resume, with an apt and clever pupil, her old work of teaching; so that the new charge was in no way a weight or a cause of anxiety to Wendell. Like most men of his type, he got at first a mere sentimental pleasure out of the child, and either shirked all care of her, or gave her mere material life no thought whatsoever.

The last days of October had come, and one afternoon, as was now quite often the case, Dr. Wendell called cheerfully for Hester. Ann appeared at the head of the stairs. "She has yet an hour to finish her lessons. I would n't take her away from them," she said. "It is so difficult to form regular habits, if you always insist on her going to walk just when it is most inconvenient. I can't give her the time in the morning, because of the house, and the afternoons you are all the time spoiling."

"I am not always insisting, Ann. I want her to see the Mortons as often as possible. It is an excellent lesson for any girl to see such a woman as Mrs. Morton."

"Don't talk so loud; she will hear you," replied his sister, descending the stairs half-way. "I am not sure that a poor orphan like Hester is at all the better for such folks. It may not do much harm now, but when she gets older she will see a great many" —

"Oh, yes, my dear sister," he said, interrupting her, "perhaps so, perhaps not! All questions have two sides. I must have her to-day, anyhow."

Had Ann persisted, he would have yielded, as all but merely brutal men do yield to gently urgent women in their own homes; but it was not in Ann to deny her brother any pleasure.

"Well, this once," she said; and so Hester, joyous as a bird at the relief from confinement, was presently at the doctor's side, in the street.

These afternoon walks had become more and more frequent, as the summer waned and the tempered heats of September prevailed. It was still needful for Wendell to visit Major Morton twice a day, and whenever his duties permitted escape from the afternoon round at the hospital he was apt to secure Hester as his companion, and start early enough to allow of a rambling walk, ending in a call on his patient.

The question of a horse and carriage had become a subject of discussion between the brother and sister; but despite some need for them, too much immediate expenditure was involved for more than mere thought at present, and the Mortons were as yet the only pa-

tients at any distance. These walks at this pleasant season were to Wendell a great delight, and the intelligent little companion, so strangely cast into his life, made them a yet more agreeable and varied source of happiness.

Far up the main street the sunlight shone on the gray and dusty turnpike, and lit the maples, aglow with red and gold, and caressed the mottled boles of the few stately buttonwoods, still erect in front of some grave-looking houses with Doric portals and green window blinds, standing back from the street, as if shunning the common line of lesser stone dwellings, the gray fronts of which were half covered to their hipped roofs with the gorgeous autumn blazonry of the Virginia creeper. At last, with the child at his side, he turned into School Lane, where he lingered a moment to show her the old schoolhouse, with the royal crown still shining on its little spire; and so along past modern villas to the Township Line road, where, turning to the right, down the hill, they soon found their way into the wooded valley of the Wissahickon. At the little old covered crossing, long known as the Red Bridge, they passed over the brown, still stream.

"And now for a scramble, Hester," he exclaimed, and led the way up a shady hill, taking a short woodland path to Morton's house, which stood on a bluff looking down on a long reach of quiet water overhung by trees. A slight breeze was stirring the hazy atmosphere of the October woods, and the air was full of leaves, red and brown and yellow, sauntering lazily downward to help make up the brown gaps in the rustling carpet of red and gold. It was alike new and delightful to the bright little maid, this gorgeous mask of autumn. Wendell went along supremely happy, all his sensuous being alive to the color of the leaves, the plumed golden-rods, the autumn primrose, and the cool woodland odors.

"See, dear," he said: "this is the sumach, and it turns crimson; and that is a gum-tree, always first to get red, and now nearly all its beauties are gone. And aren't the ferns a nice brown? Let us get all the colors, and see how many we can find. Look at this sugar maple: the leaves are red and bordered with yellow. And here on the wood verge," he added, halting, "I found some aphids yesterday. They are rather late. Oh, here they are! Do you know, they are the cows which the ants keep;" and he told her all the queer story of the ants' domestic economy, while the little fellows made incomprehensibly tortuous journeys, vast to them as that of Columbus.

Meanwhile, the child listened with rapt attention, gathering the leaves in her hands, and presently she flitted away in chase of a splendid moth, which she stored in her handkerchief, gathered into a bag, where it found itself in queer company with a beetle or two, and a salamander captured in a rill which crossed the path.

"Won't the long red thing get hurt?" asked the child. "Won't the beetle eat him?"

"No; if you even cut off his tail, it would grow again."

"But his legs?"

"If he were a crab, even his legs would grow again."

"But would mine?"

"No, I rather think not."

"Why would n't they?"

"I don't know."

"Oh!" The child was silent. It seemed to her strange that there should be anything that he did not know.

"Is n't it getting late?" she then said.

"Bless me, — yes!" cried Wendell. "Come along. It is nearly six, and I have to meet Dr. Lagrange. How came you to think it was late?"

"Miss Ann said I was to remind you; and I remembered, did n't I?" she added,

with a quaint little triumphant sense of having fulfilled her small duty.

"Women are queer things," murmured Wendell; "big and little, they are queer!"

The girl overheard him.

"What is queer, sir? Am I queer?"

"No," he cried, "you are only nice," and he kissed the attentive, earnest face looking up at him. His own very natural act gave him a moment's shock of surprise. It was the first time that he had thus caressed her, and the small personage was somehow pleased; but she still recalled her office, and said, "We must hurry, or we 'll be so late."

"Yes, come along," he replied. "Forward march."

By and by they came out on the crest of the hill, and looked back on the wonder of the autumn woods.

He paused again in thought. "Some people fancy colors are like sounds of music, Hester."

"Like music, sir? I don't understand. Will I understand some day?"

"Perhaps. Now if each color was to become a sound, and all these trees were to sing, what a music that would be!"

"Would n't the birds be frightened?"

"Rather," said Wendell, laughing. He delighted to talk a little over the child's head, to see what answers he would get. "Oh, there is Mrs. Westerley!" he exclaimed, as they climbed a fence, and began to walk over the lawn towards the house. He knew Hester was timid and shy, owing to her want of frequent contact with the outside world of men and women, so he said quietly, "Don't be afraid, Hester."

"No, sir."

"And this is the little girl I have heard about," said Mrs. Westerley, cool and handsome in white muslin, for the day was warm, and holding her straw hat swinging in her hand. "Dr. Lagrange is waiting for you, but I know you will have some delightful excuse. He has been here half an hour. I envy you doctors your wealth of excuses! I would like to join an apology class. I think, with time and practice, I could learn to fib quite agreeably."

Wendell was not yet up to the matter of small social badinage. It embarrassed him, and he hated to be embarrassed. "I was delayed," he said, gravely, "and" —

Hester felt stirred with some sort of vague consciousness that her pleasant companion was being taken to task. "I wanted him to stop too long in the woods for the leaves," she explained, and then proceeded to display as evidence a handful of her treasures.

"Oh, terrible infant!" laughed the lady. "A dangerous advocate, doctor. She was just in time to save your conscience."

Wendell flushed almost imperceptibly. "I was detained," he said. "If you will take care of Hester, I will go to the house."

"I will look after her," returned Mrs. Westerley. "Come, Hester, I love little girls. Let us go into the garden. There must be some peaches yet."

"Oh, that will be nice!"

"Well, come, and let us look for them; and as to pears, I will give you a wheelbarrow load."

They were fast friends in ten minutes, and in a half hour returned to the house, Hester having eaten twice as much as was good for her.

Meanwhile there had been a consultation. Wendell had become uneasy about his patient's condition, and it was yet more plain to the elder physician that the drain of so grave a wound was being badly borne, and that Morton's increasing irritability and nervousness were the growing results of his condition.

"What do you think of my husband?" said Mrs. Morton to the two surgeons, as they met her at the foot of the staircase.

"Dr. Wendell will tell you," said Lagrange, who was precise in all the little

matters of the rights and functions of the attending physician.

"I hope that Dr. Lagrange will feel free to say what he thinks," replied Wendell, not sorry to shift an unpleasant burden.

"I am glad that one doctor, at least, can forget this eternal etiquette," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, a woman much used to have her own way and to set aside all obstacles to her will, and now troubled out of her usual calm of manner.

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I say that it is good manners, not mere etiquette, my dear friend," answered the surgeon, smiling; "but with Dr. Wendell's permission, I am wholly at your service. I don't — I should say, we don't quite like Morton's condition. He does not come up as he should do."

"Is he in danger?"

"No, he is in no immediate danger."

"Do you think he will get well?"

"We hope so."

"But what are his chances? I had no idea he was so ill! Why did you not tell me before?"

"We have only of late felt so uneasy. It is a question of strength of constitution, of physical endurance, and of power to take food. How competent these will prove no one can tell."

"But I must know," she said. "Are you sure that you have told me the whole truth?"

"Yes, so far as we know it."

"And you are certain?"

"Physicians can rarely be certain. Those who are most wise are the least apt to be so. If you were not in great trouble, I am sure that you would not have asked me again."

"You must excuse my impatience, doctor, but I wish I could have something more definite."

"I wish I could also, my dear lady. That is just one of the miseries of our profession. If it would make you feel easier to have any one else to see him with us, I am sure nothing would be more agreeable to Dr. Wendell and myself."

"Of course," said Wendell. This was not precisely true. He already had enough help in the way of sharing responsibility, and he distrusted in his inward consciousness the addition of some one of celebrity, who might possibly disturb his hold on an important case and family; for already he had been consulted as to the condition of Mrs. Morton's elder son, who was an invalid.

"No," returned Mrs. Morton wearily, "I only want to be sure, and I don't suppose any one can help us more than you. If you cannot make me sure, no one can."

The younger man felt that he might reasonably have been included in this statement of confidence.

"You will come often, and watch him closely?" she added.

"You may rest assured that nothing will be left undone," said Lagrange.

"What with Mr. Morton's state and Edward's, I am worn out," she returned.

"I am sorry for you, Wendell," said Lagrange, when they were parting. "You will probably have a losing fight to make. But it will not be the last one in your life. Good-by. See you on Thursday. And by the way, — and as I am an old fellow you won't mind it, — I would be a little more punctual. *I* don't mind it much myself, but these people think themselves important, and they will."

Wendell was never very patient under advice, and disliked it always; but he wisely thanked the elder man, and said good-by.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Westerley and Hester, laughing and happy, appeared on the back porch, which looked out on the garden, and extended along the back of a somewhat roomy and old-fashioned gray stone house.

As Mrs. Westerley looked up, she saw Mrs. Morton seated near the hall

door gazing dreamily into distance. Arthur, her younger boy, knelt at her side, holding her hand, and her older son, a tall, broadly built, but pale young man of twenty, stood with one hand on her shoulder, his face disturbed and grave, and his eyes filling. As Mrs. Westerley came near, he left his mother, saying to the new-comer, "Mother has just heard from the doctors that my father is not so well. In fact, they are very uneasy about him."

"Oh, Edward, this seems very sudden! It can't be so bad. Let me talk with her alone. There, Arty, take my young friend to Dr. Wendell."

The younger lad, rising, kissed his mother's cheek, took Hester's hand, and followed by his brother, who moved with a certain feebleness of step, went into the house.

"Is this really so, Helen?" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Oh, I don't know. They say so. I cannot understand how a man of his vigor and health could be so pulled down. It is n't only his body, Alice, but he is irritable and exacting beyond belief."

"But you don't mind that, dear, in a sick man."

"Oh, no, I don't mind it." Yet she did. Sickness was to Mrs. Morton a sort of unreasonable calamity, and held for her always some sense of personal wrong. When her children were ill, and especially Edward, this feeling of being directly injured rose to a pitch of angry indignation, and she then showed, despite her admirable tact and good breeding, that curious, wild, half-animal instinct of protective and defiant maternity which made the doctor's task no easy one. If she had analyzed the matter, she would have seen what was clear to her shrewd friend, that her children were far more to her than her husband. He had disappointed the keen ambitions with which she had begun her life with him. He had sympathized with her early dream of a political career for him until they were married, when, by degrees, it became clear that the small disgusts and coarse contacts of such a life were amply sufficient to defeat any display of energy in that direction, and that his love of power was incompetent as a motive to do more than to make him a selfish, amiable, well-bred despot in his own home. Then, as he had never balked his tastes, he had had some unpleasant intimacies, quite too much talked about for Helen's comfort. And so at last, having failed to arouse him to assert himself in any nobler fashion, the woman had come to feel that life was over so far as any aspirations for him were concerned, and to look to her two boys with anticipations which their young lives bade fair to fulfill. Then came the war, and Morton was drawn into that wild vortex, with a vague hope on his wife's part that at last he would illustrate a name which in former days had won a brilliant reputation in the colonial and later history of his country. And now this hope, too, was gone. His career in the army had been successful. He was brave, as all his people had been; and Helen Morton had felt a novel access of tenderness and seen new possibilities of happiness in his success. Two days before, she had learned that he was gazetted colonel of his regiment, and now it was all over! There was for her some feeling of defeat in all this, some sense of a too malignant fate. Throughout her married life she had writhed under the humiliating sense of feebleness that strong women feel in the face of ineffective struggles to urge a lower masculine nature into activities which shall gratify the desires for position and a career denied to themselves by the thralldom of social usage.

Then of late her temper had been sorely taxed. All that was worst in Morton was being accentuated by sickness, and, like most people on the rack

of pain and weakness, he was undergoing the process of minor moral degradation which chronic illness brings to so many. Acute brief disease may startle us to better and graver thoughts of our aims and our actions, but prolonged illness makes more noble but a rare and chosen few. Mrs. Morton sat some time in quiet, and at last said abruptly, —

"Alice, this is the bitterest time of all these bitter years."

Mrs. Westerley knew in a measure what this meant, but she felt that it was necessary, as a matter of good sense, to ignore anything hidden in her friend's complaint, and to deal only with the palpable present.

"I don't think you ought to say that, my dear. You have those two boys. They do seem to me two of the nicest, sweetest-mannered fellows! It is touching to see how they hang around you. And as to the major, — we ought to call him 'colonel' now, I suppose, poor fellow! — he is only as yet an ill man. No one despairs about him."

"Oh, it is n't only that, Alice; although," she added, "God knows that is bad enough."

"I think I understand, dear."

"No, you don't. Indeed, how could you? No one understands but myself."

"Well, perhaps not all, not everything. But here is the nurse." Then Mrs. Morton went into the house, and Mrs. Westerley joined Hester and the doctor, who, having written his orders, was about to depart.

"There is a bit of twilight yet," said the lady. "I will walk with you to the creek."

"Shall we take the road?" he asked, moodily.

"If you please."

Wendell was uncomfortable, and he hardly knew why it was so. As there are people who feel slight atmospheric changes or electric conditions of the air, so there are others who are exquisitely alive to the little annoyances of social life. They are like a musician, who automatically feels the defects of this or that player in a great orchestra, and is made unhappy by the keenness of that very appreciativeness which fits him to enjoy the perfection of harmony. If our eyes were microscopes and our ears audiphones, life would be one long misery; and a too delicate sense of the moods and manner of those about us is an almost equal calamity. Wendell had learned that there was some sting possible for him in the ways and talk of even the best bred, when tormented by trouble into naturalness of speech. It surprised and hurt him; nor could his reason prevent it now from causing one of those abruptly born senses of depression to which he was subject. Feebly yielding, as usual, to the mood, he walked beside the gay widow in silence.

"You seemed troubled about Mr. Morton," she began. "Are you troubled?"

"Yes," he said, glad to accept any excuse for his speechlessness. "Yes, I am a good deal troubled. It 's an awful thing to see death coming closer and closer, and to feel that you are in a measure held to be responsible."

He had not meant to go so far, but his depression colored his talk.

"Surely," she returned, "you do not mean that he will die?"

"No, not surely, — of course, not that exactly; only that he is ill, very ill."

"Is n't it rather sudden?"

"It is always so, you know. A patient gets worse, and the time comes when you have to say so. Then it always seems to be sudden."

"I don't believe that he will die. You don't know these Mortons, doctor. They have such constitutions! I am sure he will get well."

Mrs. Westerley had no belief in anybody's dying. Generally the people she knew were alive, and she herself was too much so to feel death at all as a common and relentless factor, getting, as

time went on, increasing value in the complicated equation of being.

The conviction somehow singularly comforted Wendell, who, like other doctors, felt deeply the tone of those about him who held relation to the sick.

"You are very good to say so," he replied. "I find it often as hard to believe in life as you do in death."

"I do not wonder at that," she said. "But it is rather grim talk for the child! There, run on, Hester, and get me a bunch of those red ash berries. What a charming little woman she is! I would like to know who her people are. She has a pleasant, quiet flavor of the old manners about her, — such as used to scare me in my grandmamma Evelyn. I once knew a Mr. Gray from Edisto. I wonder if she belongs to that family? They were very blue blood, indeed, and I dare say did their wicked best to get us into this present muddle. I wish, for my part, we could tow Massachusetts and South Carolina out to sea, and anchor them together, and let them settle their difficulties!"

Wendell laughed. "It 's well you 're not a man. You would soon get into Fort Lafayette."

"Oh, that 's just one of the many advantages of being a woman! Don't you think I am horribly disloyal? I talked so to old Wilmington, the other night, that he says I am dangerous, and to-day he would hardly speak to me; but then he had been taking a great deal of the major's madeira, and his nose shone like a cheerful lighthouse!"

Wendell could not help being amused. He wished faintly in his heart that Ann Wendell, who was always good-humored in a level, even way, had some of this woman's gayety.

"I shall not inform on you," he said, smiling.

"It would n't be of any use. I gave a whole regiment tooth-brushes, once, and when I get very bad I discipline myself and comfort my friends by sending a check to the sanitary commission."

"Rather dear penitence," he returned.

"Yes, is n't it? But one must do something, in these days. Now if I only were a man" —

"A man! Why?"

"How can you ask? I should be in it, in the war, at the front, I mean. I hate to see a man about the streets, when I know that we could crush it all out so easily if we just put forth our strength. I pity that boy, Edward Morton. He does so want to join the army, and is so wretched over his weak health."

"He is certainly much broken," said Wendell, "and I am afraid has little else than a life of invalidism before him; and what is worse, he cares for nothing really but out-of-door life, — to shoot, fish, or ride, — and simply yearns after that wild cattle ranche in Texas."

"Yes, I pity him," she said, with sudden softness, wondering a little that the strong, healthy man at her side did not seem to quite take in the sadness of this broken life. "I pity the disappointed! Life has been so sweet and soft for me, and so joyous, every breath of it. Oh, I could build a very nice heaven out of this earth's possibilities!"

"Would n't it lack something?"

"Yes, it might; surely it would. But you must not put my gay moods to serious question. You have been so pleasant that I have come twice as far as I meant to. I hope you feel it to be your fault. Where are my mountain ash berries? Thank you, you dear child! How nicely you have tied the stems together! Good-night! And by the bye, I want to call on Miss Wendell. Pray tell her that I hope she will be at home to me, whether she is out to others or not. I must see that child again. Good-night!"

Wendell was flattered, amused, and puzzled. This was a new creature to him. The odd recklessness of statement, the sudden changes of position in

regard to questions discussed, the touch of malice in her talk at times when she sketched a friend, these all bewildered the doctor. Mr. Wilmington said of her that she dealt little in amiable phrases and never did an unkind thing; and that to be her friend was a frightful risk of character, and as good assurance of mild calumny as running for Congress.

"But then, my dear Mr. Wilmington," said the widow to that old gentleman, when in a moment of utter exasperation he betrayed his annoyance in this satirical sentence, "it is of no use to abuse my enemies; besides, I have none but you. I think my friends must like it, for they do not desert me; and I never abuse you, Mr. Wilmington, — never!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS OF HÂFIZ.

THE only original text of the Dîvân of Hâfiz which can be read with any degree of pleasure, or without impairing and imperiling even the strongest eyesight, is contained in three beautifully printed volumes edited by the late Professor Brockhaus.[1] The Persian Shaikh or Mullâ may prefer to peruse his favorite poets in Ta'lîk or Shikasta manuscripts, or in the lithographic facsimiles and typographic imitations of them issued at Shîrâz, Tabrîz, Calcutta, and Bûlak; but for Occidental scholars such editions are a wanton waste of time and patience and paper, and, if not otherwise preventable, ought to be prohibited by the police.

The pathway of the Orientalist is rough and thorny at best, and he finds in his legitimate pursuits inherent difficulties and unavoidable obstacles enough to surmount, without having unnecessary burdens imposed upon him by being compelled, as he plods along, to perform penitential works of supererogation in atonement for the sins of editors and publishers. If Oriental literature is ever to break through the barriers of the school, and become something more than the well-fenced close of a few specialists, who, by their isolation from the common interests and sympathies of mankind, are liable to lose all sense of proportion in knowledge, and to fall into vexatious habits of pedantry and micrology; if it is ever to exert its proper influence upon Western taste and culture, and upon the general development of modern thought, by putting us into full possession of that rich and peculiar intellectual heritage of which the East is the proud and often too jealous guardian, more than ordinary pains must be taken to invite and facilitate the study of it by rendering its representative works both externally attractive and easily legible.

In this respect Brockhaus has set an excellent example: first, by making use of the clear and compact Naskhi characters; and, secondly, by vocalizing them throughout, thereby determining the proper pronunciation as well as the immediate and correct understanding of the words. The simple process of printing the vowel-points not only saves a great waste of mental energy in mere efforts of memory, but also insures a degree of precision and accuracy not otherwise attainable even by the most accomplished Persian scholar. Very commendable, too, are his system of punctuation and his helps to the right

[1] *Die Lieder des Hâfis.* Persisch mit dem Commentare des Sudi. Herausgegeben von HERMANN BROCKHAUS. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1854.

scanning of the verses. The latter is all the more necessary because the metrical recitation not only serves to bring out the exquisite rhythm and liquid melody of the poetry, but also furnishes efficient and often indispensable aid in settling the sense of difficult or ambiguous passages, in which the metre is finally decisive as to the meaning. The text of Brockhaus' edition is essentially a reprint of the recension of the Bosnian Turk Sûdî, and is provided, as far as the eightieth ghazal, or ode, with the annotations of this learned and judicious commentator, and also with the variants of the Calcutta edition. Thus a firm foundation has been laid on which it is possible to build anew, and by a further collation of codices and a happy combination of philological criticism with poetic taste, and the inspiration and illumination that come from genuinely Oriental sentiment and sympathy, to eliminate from the works of Hâfiz the errors and additions of copyists, and restore them to their original form; in short, to do for the Persian poet what classical critics and philologists have done for his lyrical next of kin, Horace and Anacreon.

No Eastern poet is more popular than Hâfiz. He is the favorite not only of the Persians, but also of the many Asiatic peoples to whom the Persian language is what French used to be to the nations of Europe, the chief medium of social and diplomatic intercourse and elegant literature, and an essential element of intellectual culture and refinement. His odes are recited on the banks of the Oxus and Yaxartes, the Ganges and the Danube, with no less enthusiasm than

"On Ruknâbâdah's water-marge and on Musalla's bloomy ways."

His erotic and convivial songs and sententious strophes are repeated with as much zest in the steppes of Turkistân, the fertile plains of Malabar, and the cinnamon groves of Ceylon as in the famous rose gardens and cypress avenues of Shîrâz and Ispâhân. The poet himself was fully justified in boasting that the fame of his magic art extended from Egypt to China, and from Rai to Rum, and that

"Murmurs of love have reached 'Irak and the Hijâz,
Tones from the dulcet lays of Hâfiz of Shîrâz."

Nothing, indeed, is more common in the Orient than to hear disputants elucidate a controversial point, or clinch an argument, by an apt quotation from Hâfiz, whose poems abound in pithy sayings and quaint conceits, and the keenest strokes of satire aimed at every form of pretentious pietism and Pharisaism. There is a story told of a notorious bandit, who, having been captured and condemned to death, sent to the governor of the province a petition for pardon, in which he set forth his own distinguished merits, and claimed that, instead of suffering decapitation, he should be taken into the public service, where his head would be of more value than on the block, and his superior talents and long experience in brigandage would find a fitting field for their exercise in detecting crime. This remarkable document, worthy of the genius of a "practical statesman" of the Guiteau type, was returned to the petitioner, inscribed with the following couplet from Hâfiz, as the governor's sole reply: —

"'T is sad that in grief's grime such bird should rest;
From hence I send thee to fruition's nest."

Next to the Kur'ân, Hâfiz' writings are most frequently consulted as an oracle for the purpose of divining the future. The usual method is to breathe on the volume, and utter an invocation like the following: —

"O Hâfiz of Shîrâz, impart
Foreknowledge to my anxious heart."

The book is then opened at hazard, and the first passage which meets the eye is regarded as an answer to the given question. It is stated that Nâdir Shâh, dur-

ing a campaign against the Afghâns, made a pilgrimage to the poet's tomb, and there had recourse to divination through the Dîvân in order to ascertain whether the expedition would be successful. Fortune favored him: as he unrolled the scroll his eye fell upon the final distich of the fifty-seventh ode: —

"O Hâfiz, by thy dulcet song 'Irak and Fârs are raptured;
Now haste, that Baghdâd and Tabrîz may in their turn be captured."

Encouraged by this auspicious omen, he attacked these cities, and rescued them from the Turks. Countless stories of this kind, some true and many well invented, are current in the East. About three centuries ago, Husayn of Kaffa collected more than one hundred and fifty of these anecdotes in a work entitled Kitâbi fa'li Dîwâni Hâfiz, or Book of Sortilege with the Dîvân of Hâfiz. The poet Jâmi also praises the verses of Hâfiz for their augural virtue; as revealers of the will of Heaven, they still enjoy a reputation like that of the once-famous *sortes vergilianæ* or the old Norse runes.

In consequence of their permanent popularity and wide diffusion, the poems of Hâfiz have been reproduced in innumerable copies, and corrupted by a multitude of glosses, interpolations, expurgations, and emendations. Odes have been introduced wholly destitute of the delightful and delicate spirit, and only clumsily imitating the mellifluous rhythm of the original models. In many cases the order of the couplets has been changed, and new couplets have been inserted, to suit the whim of the reader, or alleviate the rhyming itch of the scribe, or satisfy the orthodox scruples of the Muhammadan scholiast, who has too often been tempted to smooth the pathway of exegetics, and remove the most obvious and offensive stumbling-blocks by botching and bungling up the poet's heresies: —

"With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glistening semblances of piety."

The elimination of all this spurious stuff and the complete redintegration of the text is a task which Brockhaus has not attempted, and which yet remains to be accomplished. To do this will require great patience and industry, a broad and accurate scholarship, fine but not finical, an extended knowledge of Eastern life and habits of thought, and a well-disciplined and discriminating taste, prompt to detect and competent to rectify all transpositions of motives and incongruities of style and sentiment, so that the editor may be able to decide with something like intuition, in the case of each poetic abnormity, how far the critical scalpel is to be applied, and whether to

"Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts."

In no department of learning is there more urgent need of this revisional and reconstructive criticism than in Oriental literature, and nowhere should it be conducted with greater care and caution, especially in giving scope to ingenious conjectures and the suggestions of merely individual fancy and feeling. Hâfiz himself complains of contemporary poetasters, who tried to palm off their pinchbeck for his gold; the city-shroffs themselves becoming counterfeiters and issuers of base coin. He also ridicules these forgers as men who braid split reeds into coarse mats, and imagine themselves to be embroiderers of fine tissues and rich tapestries: —

"Each dullard who would share my fame, each rival self-deceiver,
Reminds me that at times the mat seems golden to its weaver.

"Cease, Hâfiz! store as ruddy gold the wit that 's in thy ditty:
The stampers of false coin, behold! are bankers for the city."

It was not so much from plagiarists that he suffered as from personators, who stole his seal and signet in order to give

currency to their own inferior productions, and thus injured his reputation; and if he was annoyed by the circulation of these counterfeits in his native city and during his lifetime, one can easily fancy what dimensions the evil assumed in remote places and after his death.

Of the several attempts which have been made to render Hâfiz into English verse, Bicknell's translation is unquestionably the best.[1] It is based on the text of Brockhaus, and, with the exception of three odes not contained in the latter, and a few slight *variæ lectiones* and unimportant deviations in the succession of the couplets, is, so far as it goes, identical with it. Of the five hundred and seventy-three odes (*ghazliyât*) printed by Brockhaus, Bicknell has translated one hundred and thirty-one entirely, and portions of fifty-five others; he has also rendered all of the forty-two so-called fragments (*kit'ât*), and the sixty-nine tetrastichs (*rubâ'iyât*), two of the six binorhymes (*masnaviyât*), namely The Cupbearer's Book (*sâkînâma*) and The Minstrel's Book (*mughannînâma*), a few stanzas of the two idyls or panegyrics (*kasa'id*), and the concluding pentastich (*mukhammas*). From this summary it will be seen that Bicknell's volume comprises about one fourth of the odes which alone constitute the Dîvân proper, and a still greater proportion of the other poems which are also comprehended under this title, when used in a wider sense to denote an author's collected, and especially his posthumous works.

A Dîvân, in the strict signification of the term, consists of a series of odes, or ghazals, arranged in the alphabetical order of the rhymes. Theoretically, a ghazal[2] should never have less than five nor more than ten couplets;[3] but this rule is by no means rigidly adhered to in practice. Both lines of the first couplet and the second line of each succeeding couplet in the ghazal must rhyme, and the rhyme must end with the letter of the alphabetical section to which the ghazal belongs. Thus every ghazal under *Alif* must rhyme in *Alif*, every ghazal under *Be* in *Be*, and so on through all the thirty-two letters of the Persian alphabet. This binding letter is called *rawîy*. Furthermore, the final couplet of each ghazal must contain the author's name, as a sort of signature, or sign-manual, and usually expresses some purely personal sentiment, such as self-laudation, despair, admonition, flattery of a friend or patron, censure of a rival or foe, praise of the Supreme Being, or longing for the loved one.

Composing ghazals is therefore very aptly compared to piercing and stringing pearls; the same word, *nazm*, being used for both acts, and the monorhyme forming the continuous thread which runs through the whole row of couplets and holds them together. It is this analogy which leads Eastern poets to speak so often of their verses as pearls,

[1] *Hâfiz of Shîrâz.* Selections from his Poems. Translated from the Persian by HERMAN BICKNELL. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

[2] The term *ghazal* is derived from a verb signifying to spin, and means a twist or twine; that is, something spun out. Figuratively, it means also a poem spun out, in the same sense as a sailor is said to spin a yarn. The *kasîda* does not differ essentially from the ghazal in structure; it is, however, longer and more elevated in tone, and is usually elegiac, panegyrical, or satirical in character. It is regarded as a higher flight of the Muse than the ghazal; and this distinction is expressed in the root of the word, which means to make exertion, or put forth effort.

[3] *Bayt* means, primarily, house or tent; secondarily, verse, distich, or couplet. This analogy is preserved in the nomenclature of the different parts of the verse. The stich is compared to a double door, of which each hemistich is a fold (*misrâ'*). Thus the distich resembles a diptych. The last foot of the first hemistich is called the tent-pole (*'arûz*), the last foot of the second hemistich the tent-peg (*zarb*): terms derived from the corresponding functions which they are supposed to perform in the verse. The intermediate feet are regarded as the quilting or stuffing of the cushions (*hashw*). The word for metre is *bahr*, which signifies sea, and also the space inclosed by the tent. The Arab or Persian poet, in essaying to "build the lofty rhyme," conceives of himself as an architect, and of each couplet as an edifice, in which to house some tender sentiment or delicate conceit.

and to characterize a halting distich as a half-bored pearl (*gawhari nûmsuft*). The metaphor has to their minds a peculiar fitness and force which we fail to appreciate. Thus Hâfiz, in The Cupbearer's Book, commends Nizâmi as a peerless poet, from whom he

"cites three couplets full of import wise,
More precious than bright pearls in Reason's eyes."

This compliment, however, is made to reflect glory upon himself, since he elsewhere declares that his own songs, pure as pellucid pearl (*durri khwushab*, pearl of fine water), excel in lustre those of Nizâmi. Again, in a generous tribute to his contemporary, Salmân, court poet of Sultân Uvais at Baghdâd, he repeats the same figure of speech: —

"At night my Genius to my Reason cried,
Supreme in grace by the good Lord supplied,
'Oh, say, what pearl-string in the world excels
The priceless gems which lie in 'Ummân's shells?'
To me she answered, 'List, and those disdain
Who vaunt this idyl, or that lyric strain.
Dost know that lettered man to all preferred,
If simple truth, not dreams and lies, be heard?
Salmân, the lord of language, sagest sage,
Adorns religion, and instructs the age.'"

In one of the binorhymes, not translated by Bicknell, it is said that the wise men who first called our earthly habitation a hostelry bored a pearl of truth, or, in more prosaic Western phrase, hit the nail on the head.

The Dîvân abounds in quaint conceits and queer similitudes, drawn from the supposed magical and medicinal qualities of gems, the strange virtues they were thought to possess as philters and phylacteries, and the curious notion that they contain perfectly pure water, frequently compared to the water of knowledge or the water of life, which trickles from them when they are perforated. In the following passage, this idea is carried out in one of those obscure and elaborate metaphors of which the Orientals are so fond: —

"Had merit's lustrous gem been placed within the beggar's breast,
The circle of his shame's fixed point on water had found rest."

In other words, if the beggar only possesses the pearl of a noble nature, his shame will expand from the minutest point, in an ever-widening circle, by virtue of the water in this pearl, until it embraces his whole character, just as a pebble thrown into a pond produces a movement which gradually covers the entire surface. This couplet furnishes a good illustration of the difficulty of giving a close and at the same time an intelligible translation of Persian poetry.

According to native grammarians and prosodists, the ghazal is preëminently what Dr. Johnson used to call an "amatorian ode." Sweet music, ruby lips, and ruddy wine are the constant themes of Hâfiz, who never tires of touching his lyre to strains like these: —

"My ear to the voice of the flute is inclined, and the harp's harmonious sound;
My eye to thy rubies is constantly turned, and the goblet speeded around.

"Say naught of the lusciousness candy contains; e'en sugar unmentioned may be;
For all, save the sugar possessed by thy lips, is wanting in value to me.

"Since dolorous love as a treasure has lain in the ruined shrine of my breast,
The nook of the vintner's apartment alone has yielded me shelter and rest.

. . . . . .

"A wine-drinker am I, to giddiness prone, whose glances and manners are free;
And where among those who inhabit this town is one who resembles not me?

"Withhold from the Muhtasib's knowledge, I pray, the story of error like mine;
He also, with ardor that equals my own, unceasingly searches for wine."

The last couplet has been oddly misunderstood by both Hammer and Rosenzweig, who interpret it as meaning that the Muhtasib, or superintendent of police, is also a tippler, whereas his search after wine is for the purpose of suppressing its sale and preventing scandalous indulgence in it. To speak of him as "begabt mit Trunklust" is to miss the very point, and to lose the whole wit of the ambiguous phrase.

It is further stated by Persian writers on poetics that the subject matter of the ghazal, "whether it be the joy of meeting or the pain of parting, should be continued to the end." In other words, each ghazal should unfold a single thought, and preserve a uniform tone of sentiment. Hâfiz never adheres pedantically to this *jus et norma loquendi*, but obeys rather the suggestions of his own genius. On one occasion he was taken to task by Shâh Shujâ' for his frequent violations of poetic unity by weaving a didactic strain, or a subtile thread of Sûfî mysticism and metaphysics, into the same ode in which he sings the passion of love, or the gladdening presence of wine. The Shâh himself was a dabbler in verse, and felt no little pride in the technical correctness of his productions. He possessed some literary taste, considerable intelligence, and unusual force of character; he only lacked the one thing needful for the true poet, — creative imagination. He was among bards what the ostrich is among birds, — a creature that by sheer strength of shank and sinew manages to get over a good deal of ground in a short space of time, but with all its leaping and flapping never rises into the air and soars, and would naturally turn its "feeble eyen" towards the sky with stupid wonder at the eccentric and tremulous movements of the lark mounting heavenward, and making the empyrean ring with melody, as it pours its

> "full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

To the strictures of such a critic Hâfiz replied, "The words which fall from the gracious lips of your majesty contain the very essence of truth, and it is doubtless due to the defects of my poems that they are sought after in distant lands, whilst the excellent verses of other poets never get beyond the gates of Shîrâz." This response so enraged the Shâh that he caused Hâfiz to be cited before the inquisitorial tribunal of Ulamâ, on a charge of heresy, based on a couplet in which the doctrine of a future life seemed to be denied, or at least derided. By the advice of a legal friend, Hâfiz introduced an additional couplet, putting the offensive words into the mouth of a Christian who had just taken his morning dram. The poet was acquitted by the hierarchical court, on the ground that "the citation of an heretical opinion does not constitute heresy." The couplet which gave rise to the trial and the one which rose out of it, literally translated, are as follows: "How sweetly came to me these words, which, at dawn, a Christian sang to pipes and tabors near the wine-shop door: 'If that's the Muslim's faith which Hâfiz holds, alas that to-morrow should follow in the footsteps of to-day!'" The man who could detect anything condemnatory in these lines must have had a scent for heresy as keen as that of a Spanish Dominican.

Oriental poets are very fond of showing their skill in overcoming self-imposed and superfluous difficulties by cramping and contorting their verses, and compressing their ideas into all sorts of whimsical shapes, to which they sometimes attach a symbolical significance. It is an absurd and crudely unæsthetic confusion of the imaging and the speaking arts, to attempt to give to poetry a plastic character, to burden the pen with the superadded functions of the brush and the burin, to work in words as the sculptor works in clay and the painter in colors. Thus the Hindus exercise their ingenuity in constructing poems in the form of a lotus (*padma-bandha*), a drum (*muraja-bandha*), a sword (*khadga-bandha*), a bow (*dhanur-bandha*), a garland (*srag-bandha*), and a tree (*vriksha-bandha.*) In all this metrical and mental procrusteanizing there is reflected something of the arbitrary and autocratic spirit of the Eastern despot, who takes a morbid delight in freaks of nature, dwarfs, giants, and monstrosities,

which he propagates by artificial selection, or even creates by actual surgery, to suit a cruel caprice, after the ghastly fashion of L'Homme Qui Rit. The poet is not satisfied with his *oratio vineta* or *gebundene Rede* until he has not only bound it hand and foot, but also mutilated and distorted it in the most fantastic manner. He seems to find the same childish pleasure in forcing his thoughts into attitudes which render their free and vigorous movement impossible that rude boors and rustics do in the floundering efforts of men to run races with their feet in bags.[1]

A great genius, like Hâfiz, never consents to play the clown in this wise: he is not ambitious to compete with the mountebank, nor to rival the feats of the prestidigitateur; he has no wish to manacle his wit, and can put the fine frenzy of his imagination to nobler uses than to exhibit it to a gaping crowd struggling in a strait-jacket. Yet, notwithstanding his freedom from all such artificial restraints, as well as from all forced and obscure inversions in style, and the remarkable simplicity, naturalness, and perspicuity of the language in which his easy numbers flow, it is evident from the very nature and structure of the ghazal, as already defined, that it involves restrictions and imposes hampering conditions which make the translation of his poetry into another tongue, and especially into English, a task of extreme difficulty.

Furthermore, when we consider that in his Dîvân there are, for example, seventy-seven ghazals rhyming in *Mîm*, ninety in *Te*, and one hundred and sixty-seven in *Dâl*, we can easily imagine that even the graceful and consummate skill of a Rückert, with a medium at his command as pliant and adaptable as German, might despair of reproducing the rhythmic and rhymic peculiarities of Hâfiz' verse with any degree of elegance and exactness.

In addition to this clog of the monorhyme, there is also a constant succession of puns, antitheses, alliterations, and all kinds of miniature word-painting and curious word-play, in which the poet indulges far more freely than accords with Occidental taste, and which it is well-nigh impossible to retain or to represent. Persian writers are constantly and almost irresistibly tempted to err in this direction, not only by the peculiar structure of their language and its system of unwritten vocalization, but also by the fact of having, besides their vernacular vocabulary, the word-magazines of Arabic, Hindûstâni, and countless local dialects to draw from; so that they are never in want of brilliant equivoques and other many-colored explosives for displays of verbal pyrotechnics. Thus the distinguished Dillî poet, Amîr Khusrau, relates in charming verse how, as he was walking on the banks of a stream, he saw a beautiful Hindû lady, with long, disheveled hair, performing her ablutions. "Oh, lovely image," he exclaimed, "what is the price of a lock?" The fair damsel replied, "*Dur dur muy.*" In Persian her answer would mean, "A pearl for every hair;" whilst in Hindûstâni the same words would express the sharp reproof, "Begone, begone, thou scamp!" Such *double-entendres* are of frequent occurrence, and afford infinite entertainment to the Oriental mind.

What Cervantes affirmed of translations in general is preëminently true of the translation of a Hâfizian ode: it is at best like the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, which shows the artistic designs only in rough outlines, the interwoven figures marred, and the delicate shades

[1] The same fancy was frequently indulged by mediæval poets. It was also customary to write portions of the Scriptures in the form of sacred persons or symbols. A curious specimen of this kind is still preserved among the treasures of the Royal Library in Munich, namely, the Septem Psalmi Pœnitentiales, which the famous calligraphist Wolf wrote for the Emperor Charles VI. in the form of David playing the harp, and which resembles the finest pen-drawing.

of color blurred. It is easy enough to paraphrase a Persian ghazal, as Sir William Jones has done, amplifying and embellishing the theme, and introducing an occasional strain or suggestion of the original, like a musician improvising variations to a popular melody; but to produce a version at once accurate and readable, and so closely corresponding to the original as to be in some degree a substitute for it, is a labor requiring no inconsiderable power of intellectual assimilation and poetic execution.

The Germans, who are justly recognized as pioneers and *facile principes* in this branch of literary labor, already possess two complete translations of Hâfiz: the first by Joseph von Hammer (2 vols., Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1812–13), and the second by Vincenz von Rosenzweig (3 vols., Vienna, 1858–64). The former, notwithstanding the reputation which it has enjoyed for more than half a century, is in reality a very faulty and flawy piece of workmanship. The fact that such an extremely imperfect production was once highly and universally praised proves how much the standard of translation has risen during the past seventy years. Scarcely an ode can be said to be satisfactorily rendered; serious errors, which pervert the meaning of the original, constantly occur; and many odes, like that on Hârût and Mârût, for example, are botched and bungled almost beyond recognition. But, with all the defects that mar these volumes, one turns their embrowned and thumb-soiled pages with a feeling of reverence and gratitude, remembering that from them came the first impulse and chief incentive to Goethe's West-oestlicher Divan. Hammer's merits, too, as an Orientalist were far greater than this translation would lead us to infer. Both by his learning and his personality he exerted a wide and lasting influence in this direction, not only in Austria and Germany, but also throughout all Europe. His writings show great research and erudition, and an intimate and accurate knowledge of Eastern life and character. Rosenzweig, Kremer (Culturgeschichte des Orients), and Baron von Schlechta are all either pupils of Hammer, or propagators of the movement he originated and the interest he excited in Oriental literature and history. Indeed, The Revolutions in Constantinople in the Years 1807 and 1808 (Vienna, 1882), by Baron von Schlechta, is essentially a supplement to Hammer's celebrated History of the Osmanic Empire. Rosenzweig's version of Hâfiz is quite close and correct, and is accompanied by the Persian text, although printed in the obscure and eye-straining Ta'lik characters, which no European editor ought to use. Selections from Hâfiz have also been translated by Daumer (Hamburg, 1846, sqq.) and by Nesselmann (Berlin, 1865): the former is fluent and quite spirited, but much too free and fragmentary; the latter is far more faithful, and has very skillfully preserved many of the peculiar features of the original.

Still more recent is Bodenstedt's Singer of Shîrâz,[1] an anthology of entire poems and isolated couplets, culled with excellent taste and discrimination from the flowery fields of the Dîvân, and "germanized" with the rare poetical facility and the intimate acquaintance and intense sympathy with Eastern customs and habits of thought which distinguish the author of Tausend und Ein Tag im Orient and Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy. Regarded strictly as a translation, it by no means takes rank with that of Bicknell, already referred to. But it must be borne in mind that each had in view a different aim and ideal. Bicknell wished to produce an exact and, so far as possible, linear version of the original, and has been remarkably successful in the accomplishment of this

[1] *Der Sänger von Schiras.* Hafisische Lieder verdeutscht durch FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT. Berlin. 1877.

extremely difficult task. Bodenstedt's standpoint is clearly indicated by the use of the word "*verdeutscht*" on the title-page. His object, as he states it, is "*den altpersischen Dichter heimisch zu machen.*" But this attempt involves dangers similar to those which attend the domestication of rare and delicate beasts in a *jardin d'acclimatation;* if they survive the process, they undergo a change, and suffer the loss of some of their finest qualities and most distinctive characteristics. The ghazals of Hâfiz can never be acclimatized and thoroughly naturalized in Western literature. They resemble, in this respect, those exotic plants which, with us, thrive and preserve their native bloom and perfume only in hot-beds and the artificial atmosphere of green-houses, but in the common soil and common air of other than their indigenous climes either perish or become transformed and assimilated to the flora of the land to which they have been transplanted.

It is easy to predict for Bodenstedt's Hafisische Lieder a wide and permanent popularity in Germany, rivaling that of his own Mirza Schaffy and of Goethe's West-oestlicher Divan; but only by the sacrifice of whatever is most peculiarly and preëminently Persian and Hâfizian will they be able to attain and maintain this prominent place in German literature. Hâfiz and all the Persian poets often resort to metaphors and allusions which appear to us not only far-fetched and obscure, but also dreadfully prosaic and ignoble. Nevertheless, no translator is justified in eliminating all this imagery, merely because it is not readily intelligible, or does not accord with what we call good taste. On the contrary, this is the very reason why it should be scrupulously retained and, if need be, explained. The comparison in which the poet represents himself as a sugar-eating parrot ought not to be omitted simply because "it strikes the German ear comically." We do not prize a dark mole on the cheek as an element of beauty, nor call a heartless coquette a Turk; but the fact that such expressions and figures of speech do not occur in our erotic poetry, and that such spots "do not have for us the poetic charm they possess for an enamored Persian," does not give us the right to erase them; otherwise the dictates of individual fancy and caprice would alone set limits to the work of expurgation.

In every genuine poem and truly artistic creation, the thought and the phrase, the conception and the form, are inseparably interfused. It is not enough, therefore, to communicate the plain sense of a verse, however clearly and elegantly it may be done. The original method of expressing it, the die with which the imagination first stamped it and gave it currency as coin, the rhetorical adornments with which the thought is embellished and the similes by which it is illustrated and enforced, must all be reproduced. For these things are not mere accidents and accessories, but integral and essential parts of the poem, and cannot be discarded without depriving it of its peculiar tone and color. A few passages will suffice to illustrate this principle, and to show how far Bodenstedt has deviated from it. Thus he sums up the beautiful ode in which Hâfiz laments the death of his son as follows: —

"Es klagt die Nachtigall weil eine Rose brach,
Der alte Vater weint dem todten Sohne nach.

"Mein eignes Herzblut ist versiegt mit seinem Blut,
Mein Hoffen, all mein Glück verschlang die Schicksalsflut.

"Ich liess ihn unvermählt und nun steh' ich allein; —
O Hafis, leichten sinns schufst Du Dir schwere Pein!"

Compare this epitomized version with Bicknell's faithful rendering of the entire ode: —

"A Bulbul drank his own heart's blood, his joy was in a rose;

Then envy's blast with hundred thorns assailed
his heart's repose.

"With sugar for his chief delight a Parrot's heart
was gay ;
Then suddenly a fatal flood swept Hope's con-
ceits away.

"My eyes' bright light, my heart's sweet fruit,
was he: be unforgot
That he who passed so lightly hence made bur-
densome my lot.

"Driver, my camel-pack has fallen ! give help,
for God's dear sake :
I looked for kindness when I chose this litter's
course to take.

"Slight not my face's dust, nor dew dropt from
my eyes : the Sphere
Of turquoise from this mortar made our hall of
pleasure here.

"Alas ! that from the high Sphere's moon, which
envious glanced below,
The sepulchre contains my Moon, whose eye-
brows were a bow !

"Thou didst not castle ; now the time, Hafiz, has
passed away.
What can I do ? the Cycle's freaks occasioned
my delay."

The German translation conveys the plain sense of the original as clearly and concisely as possible, but the Oriental hues are all washed out of it: "the gorgeous East" is stripped of its "barbaric pearl and gold;" we do not get the slightest suggestion of the curious and often confused play of the Persian poet's fancy and his tropical exuberance of expression. What the reader wishes to familiarize himself with is not merely Hâfiz' thought, but also the figurative language in which he clothes it, with its mixed metaphors and obscure allusions, which the translator should elucidate but not eliminate. The camel-driver invoked in the fourth distich is the poet's friend, from whose sympathy he hopes for strength to bear the burden of his grief as he follows his son's bier to the grave. Heaven (the turquoise sphere or azure vault) has built our earthly habitation, ironically called a hall of pleasure, out of mortar made of the mingled dust and tears which gather on the face during life's pilgrimage. The highest compliment a Persian can pay to a person's beauty is to call him or her a moon. Thus Hâfiz declares that heaven's moon through envy has slain his young moon, whose crescent suggests eyebrows arched like a bow. The last distich contains a metaphor taken from the Oriental's favorite game of chess. The sad father laments that he did not cover the king with a castle, — that is, did not give his son in marriage, — so that he might now enjoy at least the society of grandchildren, and find consolation and comfort in their companionship. This neglect he ascribes to "the Cycle's freaks," or to the diversions of the days which made him thoughtless: *bâzî'e ayyâm marâ ghâfil kard.* Present happiness, all-absorbing, rendered him heedless of the future. Few Europeans, perhaps, would understand this figure of speech; nevertheless, it is far more satisfactory to preserve it and explain it in a brief foot-note than to substitute for it the bald prose of Bodenstedt's verse: "I left him unwedded, and now stand alone."

In an ode written during his visit to the Shâh of Yazd, Hâfiz, lamenting the fate that has cast his lot among strangers, and longing for his native land, exclaims, —

"With largess dropped from my eyes will I deck
with gold, as thy hair,
The feet which shall hither come with a greeting
sped by thy care."

This truly Oriental imagery means simply that he will welcome with tears of joy the messenger who shall bring tidings from the beloved one at home; or as Bodenstedt renders it: —

"Freudenthränen will ich weinen auf des Liebesboten Fuss,
Der, mich suchend in der Ferne, mir von Dir bringt holden Gruss."

The feeling here expressed is as universal as home-sickness; it is only Hâfiz' manner of expressing it that is specifically Persian, and this distinctive feature disappears entirely from the German

translation. With the tendency of the Eastern imagination, in pursuing a metaphor, to run down any chance game that bears the slightest and most superficial resemblance to it, the tribute of glad tears is compared to the small gold coins which are scattered among the people on festive occasions, and this largess (*nisar*) suggests the gold thread which the Persians are wont to weave into their hair, and thus calls up the image of the absent friend. In this wild chase of tropes, the poet, like an ill-trained hound, is constantly led astray by cross-scents and counter-scents, and during the course of the hunt will have bayed perhaps half a dozen different kinds of quarry. If he started a stag, he will most likely bring in a squirrel. But the translator must not omit this peculiarity, nor attempt to correct the author's rhetorical divagations, if he would truly represent the original.

Again, of the eighty-seventh ode, Bodenstedt translates only the first, second and ninth couplets thus: —

"Gottlob, die Weinhausthür ist aufgethan!
Ich bin auf's Neu' am Ziel der alten Bahn.

"Die Krüge steben des Feuergeistes voll —
Symbolisch nimmt's der Thor im frommen wahn.

"Ich aber nehm' es, wie es schmeckt; — O Hafis!
Dich kennen nur die Fackeln brennen sah'n!"

The same couplets in Bicknell's version are as follows: —

"Thank God that open is the wine-house door;
My looks unceasingly that gate implore.

"The jars, all drunk, a boiling ferment bear;
For not symbolic, but true wine is there.

"Friends, who would know the fire by Hafiz felt,
Question the taper made to burn and melt."

In the German translation the second couplet is linked to the ninth by the insertion of a wholly foreign phrase ("I take it as it tastes"), which supplants the first hemistich of the ninth, so that the second hemistich of the couplet thus mutilated makes no sense whatever. In the Persian ode, which is given entire neither by Bodenstedt nor by Bicknell, Hâfiz passes, with the third couplet, by a natural transition from the intoxication of wine to that of love, confines himself during the rest of the poem to the latter form of inebriety, and concludes by comparing himself, as regards his ardent and consuming passion, to the taper made to burn and melt. These examples will suffice to illustrate the manner in which Bodenstedt has conceived of and executed his task. The result is an attractive volume of poems, but a very inadequate version of Hafiz.

Notwithstanding the fine appreciation of Persian literature shown by Jones, Nott, and Hindley, and the real value of their labors in this field of learning, no one nowadays would claim that the few translations they printed, however excellent as poems, give the reader any proper conception of the original which they pretend to represent. They were made on the false and now happily exploded theory of "translation with latitude," in accordance with which Sir William Jones expanded the eighteen lines of a Hafizian ghazal into fifty-four lines of English, and thus succeeded in producing a very smooth and pretty poem, from which every distinctive feature of the original was conscientiously eliminated.

Bicknell, indeed, is the first English scholar who has translated a Persian ghazal linearly, faithfully, and poetically, and in achieving this result has proved himself not merely a ready rhythmer and rhymer, but also at least *ex alieno ingenio poeta*. That even in his hands the delicate and delicious wine of Shîrâz should lose much of its native flavor and bouquet by decantation is inevitable; but he has not diluted it for domestic consumption, nor loaded it with a view to exportation, nor adulterated it with foreign ingredients to suit unseasoned palates. On every page of the magnificent and, we regret to add,

memorial volume, in which are garnered the mature fruits of many years' study and travel, we find ample evidence that he possessed, both as a linguist and a metaphysician, the rare learning and peculiar qualities of mind necessary to grasp and to interpret the half-mystic and half-material subtleties of thought which pervade the lyrics of Hâfiz, and constitute a chief element of their irresistible and enduring fascination.

Mindful, too, of Goethe's maxim, —

> "Wer den Dichter will verstehen
> Muss in Dichter's Lande gehen," —

he resided for some time at Shîrâz, and there became familiar with the favorite haunts of the poet and the places made famous by his song, and acquired also a thorough knowledge of the character and customs of the Persian people. Had he lived to see his work through the press, he might have added here and there a finer touch, and given to the whole a more perfect finish; but even in its present form, issued as it was without his final revision, it is unquestionably the very best version of the Dîvân extant. The selections are made with excellent taste and judgment; the notes which follow each ode are pointed and compact; and, as far as it extends, it is incontestably superior to any other translation of Hâfiz accessible to the English reader. Doubtless the critic, who regards it from a purely literary standpoint, will find plenty of prosaic passages and some clumsy verses. But these defects are incidental to every translation of this kind, which aims at the strict fidelity of a prose version, whilst preserving, as far as possible, the metrical character of the original. The exact reproduction of the ghazal, with its peculiar richness of rhyme, has not yet been achieved in any European language, and no Persian scholar expects it ever will be.

Typographically, too, Bicknell's volume is an elegant specimen of bookmaking, highly creditable to the publisher and well worthy of the contents. The illustrations, consisting of three chromo-lithographs and six woodcuts representing appropriate Oriental scenes, the tasteful floriated title, the numerous vignettes and arabesques, and the rich Persian border, printed in green and gold, and adorning every page of the clear letter-press, render the book a perpetual delight to the bibliophile. The harmony of the whole is disturbed only by a single discord: the sacred color of the prophet, which produces such a charming effect upon the inner illuminations, should have extended to the exterior, and the volume have been bound in green and gold instead of purple and gold.

A translation of the entire Dîvân by Professor E. H. Palmer was announced as "in preparation." But as it has not yet appeared, it was probably not ready for publication at the time when the sudden and tragic death of this accomplished Orientalist at the hands of Arab assassins occurred.

E. P. Evans.

A PISAN WINTER.

"THEY have come, *babbo*," announced a young man, as he entered the great arched chamber in one corner of which Dr. Girolamo Berti was ensconced in the depths of an armchair, with his newspaper and his pipe. "They have come," repeated he, as his father did not look up, or make any sign of having heard him.

"Well, and what if they have?" said

Dr. Berti slowly, laying down his paper, a twinge of pain contracting his face, as he moved his gouty foot upon its cushion. "I suppose they are not going away again to-night? And pray shut the door. I don't like the hurried ways you have since you came from Paris."

Paul Berti closed the door, and came forward into the small circle of light which two candles on the table made in the smoky darkness of the immense, sombre-tinted room. He lighted a cigarette, and sat quietly by his father, while the latter resumed his reading. Presently, however, having satisfied his sense of dignity by this deliberation, the old gentleman laid down his paper, and peered over his spectacles at his son, who seemed absorbed in meditation.

"What sort of people are they?" said he. "Mad English, I suppose, as usual."

"They are Americans, babbo. Very nice, quiet people. I am sure you will like them. And there are two children who are really angels!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the old doctor. "Is the gentleman very ill?"

"In consumption, evidently. He was too tired to talk, but madame his wife told me something of his case. She calls it bronchitis, and hopes much from relief from business and the air of Pisa. *Ma*—" And the young doctor's expressive shrug and gesture said the rest.

"How old is he?" inquired the father.

"About fifty, I should say. His wife is much younger; does not look over twenty-five. I thought at first that she was his daughter. They hope to see you in the morning, babbo."

"Very well," growled Dr. Berti. "If I can go, I will; if not, you must attend to them. *Per Bacco!* these *forestieri* have n't any consideration: they think nobody ought to be ill but themselves."

Dr. Berti's week of seclusion, with gout for company, had not improved his always irascible temper, and he was never over-fond of *Inglesi*, in which term he was wont to include all who spoke the English tongue. He detested their hot fires and open windows; he did not understand their aversion to his lancet; in short, he was as impatient of their "outlandish" ways as any Italian doctor of the old school could possibly be. His son had been in Paris for a part of his medical education, and had imbibed the progressive spirit of "young Italy" at home; so that between filial reverence, always strongly developed in an Italian, and the consciousness that his father's system was an outgrown one, he sometimes had a hard time of it. But the old doctor's reputation was established, and the Pisans looked with doubt and distrust on the new-fangled ways of Dr. Paul. True, some fever cases which he had undertaken had turned out wonderfully well; but it was doubtless the Madonna who had interfered to prevent harm from so much fresh air and bathing and beef-tea; when all good nurses know that a fever patient ought to be kept closely shut up, and have no changes of linen or exciting diet. For all that, it was said in Pisa that Paul Berti was a fine young man; and it was a thousand pities that he could not be content to walk in the steps of his respected father.

Old Dr. Berti felt better the next morning, and about eleven he stepped out of his carriage at the door of the Hotel Vittoria, and caused himself to be announced to the American family. Dr. Paul was with him; probably having come either to give the support of his arm, or to see those angels by daylight.

The invalid, too, felt refreshed by his night's repose, and was enjoying the bright sunlight and soft air of the October morning. He was lying back in an easy-chair by a window, looking upon the Arno; his wife had her hands full of home letters, just brought her from the banker's, and was reading to him bits here and there; the children, two

little girls of six and four years, were playing softly in a corner. As Paul Berti came in, he thought he had seen few pleasanter family pictures.

The room itself had already taken on a look of homelikeness from the few individual belongings scattered about it: there was a great bunch of roses in a vase, a few photographs, a work-basket, and a heap of books and newspapers on the table, and gay shawls on the sofa, which had been pulled towards the window. Mrs. Ashley came forward to greet the gentlemen with frank cordiality. Before the doctor could grumble out his formal phrases of courtesy, she had installed him in a delightful arm-chair at her husband's side, and, on seeing his apprehensive glance at the open window, had closed it, without even asking if it inconvenienced him.

"It is very kind of you," she said, "to come to us when you are yourself far from well. But I hope we shall not be very troublesome. Mr. Ashley already feels better for your soft Pisan air." She spoke in French, which was another relief to the old gentleman, and the professional conversation which followed was also carried on in that language. Meanwhile, Paul had withdrawn to the end of the long *salon*, and was coaxing the children to come to him. The eldest was shy, and would not be tempted; but little Alice was evidently attracted by the stranger, and was soon on his knee, listening to a wonderful tale, told in rather broken English, — a tale which all Italian children know by heart, but which proved quite new to the little American lady. Gradually curiosity got the better of timidity, and Minnie too approached and leaned against Paul's chair.

Dr. Berti had seen at a glance the hopelessness of the patient's condition, and, as usual in such cases, put on his most cheerful manner. "We will leave an exact diagnosis to another day," he concluded, after he had talked with the patient for some time. "Meanwhile, my dear sir, make yourself as comfortable as you can; go out when the sun shines; take nourishing food; and as to sleep, I will send you a sedative this evening. *A rivederla*," and he bowed himself out, followed by Mrs. Ashley, who detained him in an ante-room to beg for his real opinion of her husband's state.

"Impossible to say exactly at present, my dear madame," replied Dr. Berti, in his brisk manner. "He is fatigued with the journey; he needs rest. In a week or two we shall see, — we shall see. Let us hope that there may be an improvement. But he must be careful, madame, — very careful; no exposure; no excitement, above all," said he, eying the pretty woman with a terrible frown.

"Oh, I assure you," answered the wife, smiling, in spite of her anxiety, at the idea of excitement in such a place as Pisa, "we shall be very quiet, and shall observe your directions strictly."

Paul noticed the smile, and divined the lady's thought. To him, also, Pisa was not exactly an exhilarating locality. Could he do anything to render the winter before this fair young woman a little less tedious? He thought about it, at intervals of leisure, all day.

It proved a mild and lovely winter. Every day the invalid seemed to gain healing from the tranquil life in this soft climate. He was able to walk slowly for a considerable distance; he liked wandering about the Duomo, and amused himself with listening to the comments of tourists on the Leaning Tower; and still more, when he had the grassy piazza to himself, he enjoyed the beauty of this delicate architecture, relieved against the intense blue of the sky. At other times he sauntered by the river, and watched the lazy, good-humored street-life of Italy, or the mild gayety of the afternoon promenade, when all that little Pisa holds of fashion drives solemnly up and down the Lung' Arno.

He had made friends with one or two invalids, like himself, and had now and then a game of chess with the English clergyman. It was not life exactly, this kind of existence; but neither was it the suffering which had racked him for months previous. He strove not to look backwards or forwards, but to take thankfully this not unbearable present, which was sometimes shot by gleams of hope. Mrs. Ashley was entirely deceived by this rally; she began to talk confidently about summer plans, and to set herself to make the most of these winter opportunities. She presented their letters to English and American residents, and exchanged calls with them; but she did not accept evening invitations, and there was a good deal of sameness about the afternoon entertainments, where one always met the same people. She said so, one day, to Paul, who had dropped in for an hour, as he often did. Both husband and wife liked the young man, and got into the way of talking freely with him about all sorts of subjects. He was clever, and yet child-like in his simplicity; devoid of bitterness, and yet with a certain delicate humor, quite different in quality from the Anglo-Saxon, which flashed out unexpectedly, like lightning from a summer cloud, and showed that, quiet as he was, he had observed and entered into every meaning.

"I went yesterday," Mrs. Ashley was saying, "to Mrs. Parker's kettledrum. Her rooms were lovely, and she had one or two old cabinets that I would have liked to sit and look at all the afternoon. They were so much more interesting than the people. But I had to listen to the dreadful discoveries about Mrs. Jameson. It appears that she has been supposed to be the niece of a duke, whereas she is from quite another family, and has actually been a governess. Lady Somebody, who employed her, has just been in Pisa, and of course told everybody."

"Did Mrs. Jameson herself pretend to such greatness?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Not that I could find out," said his wife. "It seems she is a rich widow, and as people wanted to frequent her house they invented a social status for her which would permit them to do so. There was quite a council over her case, I assure you. Then there was an American family, just arrived, who were dreadfully disappointed in Italy: the olives were melancholy, the houses damp, and the streets dirty; but their special grievance was the smallness and muddiness of the Arno. And then I was attacked about the new church scheme, and the High Church and Low Church ladies quarreled over me, until I told them that I was a Unitarian, and then they both let me severely alone. I don't think I care to go to any more kettledrums," she added, rather wearily.

"But you have not delivered your Italian letters yet," said Mr. Ashley.

"No; and that reminds me to ask what is the Countess Barbani's day."

"It is Wednesday," replied Paul. "Has madame, then, the intention to honor our Italian society?"

"I should like immensely to see something of it," declared Mrs. Ashley. "I am sure it will be more interesting than I have found the foreign element in Pisa to be."

A curious expression crossed Paul's face. "It is interesting — to a certain point," he remarked. After a pause he continued: "If you would be so good as to give my aunt, the wife of Professor Feroni, the pleasure of seeing you, she would be delighted. She has heard me speak of you and is anxious to make your acquaintance. And," he added, slightly hesitating, "so is her daughter."

"I shall be most happy to know them," answered Mrs. Ashley. "When does Madame Feroni receive?"

"On Monday evenings. May I tell her that you will come next week?"

"I shall be glad to do so, if all is well at home. It is Mr. Ashley's chess evening, so he will not miss me."

In fact, on the next Monday it was possible for Mrs. Ashley to keep her promise. Dr. Paul called for her, and presented her to his aunt, a tall, fair, well-preserved woman, who greeted her with much cordiality. The gentlemen were talking by themselves at one end of the salon, while the ladies were gathered at the other around the great fireplace, in which two tiny sticks of wood, standing on end, gave forth a smouldering, fitful blaze, as if they were afraid of being chidden for burning too rapidly. The marble floor sent a chill through Mrs. Ashley's frame, and she was glad to reach the oasis of carpet in front of the fireplace, and devoutly wished that she had kept on her shawl. Madame Feroni presented her to the ladies, and there was a little stir to give the new-comer the place of honor on the sofa. Professor Feroni detached himself from the group of gentlemen, and came forward to pay his *devoirs* to the stranger. He was a fine-looking, white-haired old gentleman. While he talked with her she was conscious that his piercing eyes watched her with a curious intentness; she thought that he was observing her as a new transatlantic specimen. The ladies gave her a formal welcome: she could not exactly determine whether it was a haughty or a timid one. They seemed to make a sort of mental reservation, in addressing her, and she could not divest herself of the thought that they would report the conversation to their spiritual directors. They appeared anxious to avoid expressing opinions, and confined themselves to personal topics, mostly in the form of direct questions, of which Mrs. Ashley had her share, and was evidently expected to reciprocate. Had she been married long? What was her husband's complaint? Was she fond of children, and did she not greatly desire a son? After half an hour of this innocent but hardly exhilarating entertainment, Mrs. Ashley began to grow rather weary. At this moment a young girl came into the room, and stopped, on her way to the ladies, to speak to Professor Feroni and Dr. Paul. "Who is that?" asked Mrs. Ashley of her neighbor on the sofa.

"Oh, has she not been introduced to you? That is Emilia, our hostess' only child. She is to marry her cousin Paul, you know."

"No, I did not know it," said Mrs. Ashley. "Have they been long engaged? She looks so young."

"It was all arranged long ago; in fact, when they were children. The Berti and Feroni estates will thus be kept together. As each family has but a single child, it is so fortunate that one is a son and the other a daughter."

"But," suggested Mrs. Ashley, "the young people themselves, — they love each other, I suppose?"

The lady turned her large, sleepy eyes full upon Mrs. Ashley. "They are both good, obedient children," she said, "and I have no doubt they will get on well together, when they are married."

"Surely," said Mrs. Ashley, "their parents would not force them to marry unless they cared for each other?"

"Oh, as to that, we do not look upon these matters as you do. I have even heard that in America the young man speaks to the young lady before consulting her parents."

"Certainly he does," replied Mrs. Ashley, with some spirit.

"It is not our custom," said the other languidly, but as if from such an answer there could be no appeal.

Just then Madame Feroni brought up her daughter. Emilia was a girl of true Southern type, not in the least resembling her Piedmontese mother. Her dark skin glowed with rich color, her black eyes were large and set far apart, her hair was abundant, her teeth were

small and perfect. She was sixteen, and just out of the convent, where she had passed the last eight years. She sat down by Mrs. Ashley, shyly glancing at her, and saying nothing. Mrs. Ashley's manner, however, was so kind that the girl's timidity quickly vanished, and she was beguiled into telling all about her life at the convent, and the dear mother abbess and sisters, whom she was going to visit at Easter. She was much interested, also, in the children, of whom Paul had spoken to her. "He always calls them the '*due angeli*,'" she said, smiling; and she promised to spend an afternoon with Mrs. Ashley soon, and get acquainted with them. Altogether, that talk with Emilia was the pleasantest part of the evening to Mrs. Ashley. She liked Madame Feroni's gentle manner, and felt a real interest in watching the two lovers, if such they could be called. They had no special conversation together, during the evening; but when Emilia sang her little song, Paul duly stood at her side, and made her his compliment when it was finished.

After this, the two families saw a good deal of each other. Professor Feroni would drop in of an evening for a smoke and a chat with Mr. Ashley on geology, which was the business of the one and the recreation of the other. They differed delightfully, and never got to the end of their arguments. But every now and then Mrs. Ashley was surprised to find the piercing eyes of the professor fixed upon her, with the same inscrutable expression which she had noticed at their first meeting.

As the spring came on, and the snow melted from the Carrara Mountains, so that there was no longer the faintest breath of winter in the air, Mr. Ashley was able to extend his drives to the pine woods, and even to the sea-shore. The Feronis often accompanied the Ashleys in these drives, while Paul would attend them on horseback whenever his engagements permitted. He was a fine rider, and very fond of the exercise. He looked and talked his best at these times, and Emilia's heart began to awaken as she glanced at him. Her face took on a more thoughtful, womanly expression, and her blushes came oftener when Paul spoke to her. Mrs. Ashley, too, was always happiest in the open air; she loved sunshine, variety, motion. Mr. Ashley watched her with a tender, half-compassionate smile; he did not deceive himself as to the criticalness of his situation, but he could not bear to dampen his wife's transient enjoyment. As for Paul, he did not analyze his feelings. He basked in the sunshine of the hour; he was happy and at ease in the atmosphere of kindliness by which he was surrounded, and he was more and more attracted by the fascination which Mrs. Ashley exercised over all who came within her influence. Clara Ashley was not beautiful, but she had that charm of expression and manner which, with men especially, is more powerful than beauty. Her dress was always perfect, — a little sober for her years; but somebody has laid it down as one of the rules of beauty "to dress so that the face shall be the most youthful thing about the person." But I do not think Mrs. Ashley knew this; she had taken to the habit of wearing sober colors during the early years of her married life, from annoyance at being so frequently taken for a daughter instead of a wife. She had married at seventeen a husband of forty. He was a man of splendid appearance, high position, and fine character. His choice of her first flattered the young girl, and then aroused in her a genuine, if not passionate affection. She was not made in a heroic mould; as his wife, she had had a life of calm happiness, with every wish forestalled and every care warded off. Upon this peaceful life Mr. Ashley's illness broke, as the first inroad of sorrow. But Mrs. Ashley had had little experience of illness, and had never despaired of her husband's eventual re-

covery. For Paul she came to entertain a sincere friendship, half sisterly, half motherly; a married woman always feels herself older than an unmarried man of equal age, and Paul had been from the first so thoughtfully kind and helpful in every way that it was natural to make no arrangement without consulting him, both as a doctor and as a friend, especially as Dr. Berti's gout laid him up for the greater part of the winter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ashley felt that there was a great deal that was trying in Paul's position, and admired the silent, courageous way in which he bore the disappointment to his hopes, in having to return to Pisa just when a coveted opportunity for hospital work in Paris had presented itself to him, and also his patience under his father's criticisms and complaints. They used to talk to him about coming to America, and map out a career for him there, laughingly weighing its discomforts and its advantages, and giving him, as no books had ever done, glimpses of the wonderful opportunities for a man of energy in that great New World. These conversations, in contrast with the petty annoyances of his daily life, were to him like the opening of a window in a gloomy room, upon a wide prospect. Mrs. Ashley would also talk of Emilia, to whom she was becoming much attached. They were exchanging lessons in English and Italian, and one day, when a reference to Romeo and Juliet had caused Mrs. Ashley to repeat their story to Emilia, she was surprised to find the girl's eyes full of tears. "I ought not to have told you such a sad story," said she. "I suppose I have heard it so often that the impression has worn off. Besides, I have seen Juliet's tomb at Verona, which is too absurd; and her house is now a dreadful little inn. On the whole, I am glad that we don't live in those romantic days. Are not you?"

"I don't know," said Emilia thoughtfully. "A lover that would die for you, — no, I suppose that is not to be expected, in these days."

"But you have one who will live for you, which is better," answered Mrs. Ashley, lightly. "Come, don't let us go to moralizing. Paul is better than any Romeo."

"Paul is very good," said Emilia, still serious. "But he does not like Pisa," she added, after a pause.

"Well, would not you like to see something of the world? He is fitted to make his way in it, and it does seem a pity that his talents should be under a bushel here."

"It may be so," replied Emilia, with a little sigh; "but you who travel so much cannot know what it is to me to think of going away from home to live. Since I have known what our parents meant for us, — though you know we are not actually betrothed, and perhaps we shall not marry," she said, with a little catch in her breath, — "I have always supposed that Paul would settle down here with his father and my parents, and it would be almost as if I had not left mamma at all. But since he came back from Paris, I have seen that he is not happy here." She wiped away the tears that were beginning to fall, and went on in a trembling voice: "Dear signora, I have thought of a great many things this winter. I was just a child when I came home from the convent, last autumn; and Paul was almost a child when I saw him last, before he went to Paris. Now, he is so old and so learned, and he talks of so many things that I do not understand, just as you do — and I — I feel so far away from him, sometimes."

Mrs. Ashley took Emilia into her arms and kissed her. "Don't trouble your little head with thinking too much about these things," she said. "A wife gradually comes to be interested in what interests her husband, in a general way, and that is all he will want. I am sure you will make the dearest little wife in

the world. But come, now, it is such a lovely day, and Mr. Ashley has not had his drive. We will go to the woods and get some violets, and you shall have a great bunch for the Countess Barbani's party, this evening."

One warm morning in April, trusting to the uncommon beauty of the day, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley thought that they might carry out a long-cherished wish to visit the Carthusian convent in the Val dei Calci, among the Pisan hills. It was the first long excursion that the invalid had attempted, and that he might not fatigue himself by talking they went alone. To both it seemed like an escape from the restraints of illness. Mrs. Ashley was in joyous spirits, and Mr. Ashley himself yielded to the influence of the sweet air and the brilliant sky. The road is very charming, with views of the Carrara peaks and occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean. The convent stands under the shelter of the castle-crowned Monte Verruca, and is a fine old building still, in spite of restorations. After having lunched in the strangers' parlor, Mr. Ashley was made comfortable for an hour's repose, while his wife wandered about the cloisters and the church — the only parts of the convent which a woman's foot would not desecrate — with a friendly and loquacious monk, whose duty it was to show the building to strangers. Suddenly she became aware that the light was growing dim, and in a moment a gust of wind shook the windows of the church and moaned about the building. With apprehension she perceived that the sky was becoming overcast.

"Is it going to rain?" she said to the monk.

"Possibly, madame," he replied; "we have frequent showers among these mountains. But it will pass quickly, let us hope."

"At any rate, I must go back to Mr. Ashley," she exclaimed, and hastening to the parlor, she found him pacing the room impatiently, and anxious to start at once for home. The coachman thought that the rain would not set in for an hour or two, and by fast driving they might escape it. They were politely offered such accommodations as the convent afforded, if they chose to remain there for the night; but it was such a comfortless place, and Mr. Ashley was so averse to staying, that, with many misgivings, Mrs. Ashley consented to start.

The storm did not, in fact, come on until they were close to the gates of Pisa; but the strong sea wind which delayed it was damp and cold, and though the carriage was closed as tightly as possible it crept through the badly hung doors and windows, chilling them both severely. On arriving at their hotel, the invalid was at once put to bed, and every precaution taken. The exposure, however, had been too great: the cough returned with violence, a succession of hæmorrhages followed, and in a week Mr. Ashley had ceased to live.

During these trying days Paul Berti was indefatigable, not only as a physician, but also as nurse and friend. He spent every night in the sick-room, and it was in his arms that Mr. Ashley breathed his last. At the beginning of the attack, Mrs. Ashley's brother had been telegraphed for, but he could not reach Italy till all was over; and the last sad arrangements fell upon Paul. Mrs. Ashley herself was ill from a cold taken on the day of that fatal drive, as well as from sorrow and watching. She seemed like a child deprived of a parent's love and care, and in her helplessness she involuntarily leaned upon Paul for advice in every particular. It was easy to see that even in the weakness of declining health her husband's mental strength and firmness of will had kept their grasp of all that concerned the comfort of his wife and children. The Feronis had taken the children home as soon as the sick man's case had become

hopeless, and they were much with the widow, who came to regard this little group of friends with a sense of intimacy and gratitude which only strangers' kindnesses awaken. Emilia's gentle sympathy was specially soothing to her: the girl was so reverent to her sorrow; she touched it with such a tender hand, and without a trace of that critical curiosity which is apt to mingle with the condolences of even the best intentioned people. She did not feel curiosity; she had not yet learned to apportion either grief or sympathy according to worldly weights and measures.

Mrs. Ashley's brother at length arrived, and in a few days all was in readiness for her departure with him. Madame Feroni, Emilia, and Paul spent the last evening with them; Emilia busying herself in some small preparations for the journey, and crying a little over them. The whole party were very silent. Paul looked pale and ill, as well he might, after the fatigue he had undergone. The children drew him apart for one more story, but they complained that it was a dull one, and had a bad ending. Mrs. Ashley was still weak, and they left her at an early hour, all feeling a sense of relief when the good-bys were over. Paul, however, had insisted on seeing his friends off in the morning, and was at the station when they arrived. It was rather late; they went directly to the *coupé* which had been reserved for them; and a few medical directions, with a silent handshake, were all that Paul had time for, before the train moved off, and they were gone.

Paul had not slept all night. He had begun, in these last few days, to understand what this winter had been to him, and what would be left him when the dream was past. As long as her husband lived, he had striven to blind himself to the nature of his feelings towards Mrs. Ashley; but during the last weeks, when he had temporarily found himself in the place of her nearest friend, he had abandoned himself to the sweetness of imagining what life might be in her companionship. Now, the future stretched out before him like a gloomy plain, monotonous and dreary, and he longed to break all the bonds that held him to the present, and pursue his dream, even if it were but a mirage, to delude and escape him at last.

When the train was out of sight, Paul slowly gathered himself together, and walked towards home. He felt benumbed; he was astonished that this moment, which for days he had been dreading, should have passed without the rush of some emotion impossible to conceal. He had betrayed nothing of his suffering, — of that he was sure; nay, he had erred on the other side, and his farewell must have seemed cold and indifferent.

Dr. Berti was this morning in one of his worst tempers. "Here you are at last!" he cried, as Paul came in. "The Marchesa C—— has just sent for me, and you know I am not fit to go out. Where have you been, pray?"

"I have been seeing the Ashleys off, babbo."

"I don't see what need there was of your going to the station. You are not a *facchino*. Are they really gone?"

"Yes," said Paul, wearily sinking into a chair; "they are gone."

"Well, I am glad of it. Here I have been working myself ill to leave you free for these Inglesi, who are as helpless as babies and as exacting as kings. Now I am going to rest, and you can attend to the patients." And here followed a long list of cases and directions, Dr. Berti never seeming to observe his son's looks, or to imagine that he too might need rest after his vigils. It was better, perhaps, for Paul that weeks of incessant employment were before him; so, at least, he put away reflection, and deadened feeling for the time. But as months passed on, and his father's health

grew stronger than it had been for many years, Pisa became intolerable to Paul. He felt that he was living a lie in regard to his relations with the Feroni family. True, there had been no formal betrothal between him and Emilia, nor any private interchange of vows, as in lands more favorable to love-making; therefore there seemed to be no possibility of his making any explanation as to his aversion to a marriage with Emilia. And if he did make it, what reason could he give? He had no definite hope for himself, — nothing but an ideal, a longing, stood in his way; but that ideal so completely filled his heart as to shut out all else. One thing he could do: he could go away. He resolved on going to Vienna to study for a year; beyond that he would not look.

Mrs. Ashley had written to Emilia several times since her arrival in America, and once to Paul, — a few cordial words of thanks, in her own name and that of her family, for his great kindness. Paul knew that she was living in her father's house in New York, and that her health was reëstablished; but Emilia never showed him her letters, and he was too self-conscious to dare to ask questions. Mrs. Ashley had, in fact, settled gratefully into the shelter afforded her. Protected and cherished still, she mourned her husband, indeed, but she had not the intensity of feeling to suffer deeply. Her children gave her employment, her friends flocked around her; she led a life as different from that which Paul's fancy had endowed her with as it is possible to conceive.

The disappointment of Dr. Berti, when his son announced his resolve, may be imagined. He did not divine its true cause, but attributed it to the restless spirit of the times, which he was forever deprecating. Professor Feroni's sharp eyes, however, had long ago surprised Paul's secret; but he was also keen enough to see that nothing was to be gained by thwarting the young man.

"Let him go, — let him go," he said to Dr. Berti. "Have patience. He will come back to us, and when he comes he will stay."

Towards the end of Paul's second winter in Vienna, he was seized by a fever that was raging in the hospitals, and though he had it in its lightest form he did not recover strength, as he had hoped. During his convalescence, in the long hours of weakness and weariness, when the leisure which in health he had shunned was forced upon him, his thoughts, escaping from his control, would continually revert to Clara Ashley. He saw her, not as she had sometimes passed before him in the delirium of fever, mocking at his sufferings, and refusing him a touch of her cool white hand, nor even as when she had been bright and hopeful, during the first months at Pisa, but as in those last days, when in her sorrow and weakness she had leaned on his manly strength. Suddenly an irresistible desire to see her once more awakened in him.

"What would a sea-voyage do for me?" he asked one day of his physician, who had been scolding him for not getting well more rapidly.

"It would be the best thing possible for you," replied his friend. "Your suggesting it encourages me about you. Hitherto you have not helped us to cure you. But you must not go to a warmer climate."

"I should go to America, if anywhere," returned Paul.

"Very well," assented the doctor. "You can go by the Bremen line with little fatigue. I can't allow you to take the long overland journey to Liverpool, nor to go to Pisa for good-bys."

"I should not like to go without seeing my father," said Paul.

"Why can he not come to you?" suggested his friend. "It would do him good to have a little change of scene. I will write to him myself."

Thoroughly alarmed by the doctor's

representations as to Paul's state, Dr. Berti lost no time in setting off for Vienna, though with many lamentations at being obliged to take such a journey. Once arrived, however, Paul's friends gave the old gentleman such a cordial welcome, and the professors under whom Paul had worked were so enthusiastic in their praises of him, that Dr. Berti forgot to grumble, and really enjoyed his visit. He accompanied Paul to Bremen, yielding to, rather than approving of, his voyage, and urging him to make as short a stay as possible in America. He had several times attempted to introduce the subject of marriage. Emilia's good qualities were his favorite theme. She had been spending a year in England with a sister of her mother's, and the old doctor had had a dreadful fear that it would spoil her, or that she would get into some foolish love-affair there; but on the contrary, she had come back, as far as he could see, without harm to heart or mind, "for which the saints be praised," devoutly added the doctor, evidently considering that she had run a terrible risk. If he had known human nature better, Dr. Berti would not have been encouraged by the calm assent which Paul gave to all that was said of Emilia's goodness; but to every proposition that concerned his marriage the young man turned a deaf ear, and his father was fain to be content with his son's reputation among his Viennese comrades as a confirmed old bachelor. "At any rate," he said to himself, on his way home, after seeing Paul off, "no foreign hussy has turned his head. I shall tell Feroni that."

It was a bright morning in May when Paul drew near the end of his voyage, and gazed with delight on the beautiful bay of New York, alive with ships of all nations, and the city rising grandly from its waters. The steamer came to her moorings amid a crowd of boats, and unfamiliar shouts, and deafening clatter on the quay. It was a new and strange sight to Paul, — the hurrying, jostling, pushing throng which filled the streets as he drove to his hotel. He had a sense of uselessness, among so many serious-looking faces, intent on their own affairs, and almost expected to be questioned as to his business in a place where work seemed to be the law of life. The very wind was sharp with suggestions of having traveled a long way from snowy hills, and the air was keen and electric. In his state of invalidism Paul was sensitive to all these influences, and they made him feel curiously despondent, and almost regretful for having come. Recognizing this as a morbid feeling, he resolved to counteract it by a stroll in the streets. He wandered up Broadway, still meeting the same down-pouring currents of humanity, and much struck by the sharp, fresh look of the buildings, clearly defined against the cold blue sky. He found his way back, at length, tired and excited, and feeling more than ever a stranger in a strange land. He did not try to see Mrs. Ashley on that day, nor on the next. An undefined prophecy of change and disappointment lay heavy on his heart; he dreaded to break the spell that had brought him over the sea. At last, on the third day, he drove to the address which had been on her letter. It was a long way from his hotel, but finally the carriage stopped, at the door of a large and handsome house. A servant in livery replied, to his inquiry, that Mrs. Ashley was out, but would be at home in an hour. The glimpse of her home had given another shock to Paul: she had lived so quietly in Pisa that he had never thought of her as surrounded by fashionable appointments and the ostentation of wealth.

He dismissed the carriage, and walked on without any other plan than to pass away the hour as best he might. Suddenly he found himself at the gate of a great park, and, feeling tired, went in and sat down upon a bench, to watch

the throng, who seemed as seriously intent on pleasure as they had been on business in the morning. Streams of carriages passed him; lovely children, with their nurses, were playing about him. He gazed abstractedly at the procession, in which nothing had an individual interest for him, and whose gay colors and noisy sounds fell with a bewildering confusion upon his eye and ear. He had risen to seek a more secluded spot, when, just as he was watching his opportunity to cross the drive, a carriage came dashing along, from which a familiar face — the face he had been longing for so many weary months to behold — looked out. For a moment her gaze rested upon him as on a stranger; then a sudden flash of recognition in his eyes quickened her remembrance. She gave the signal to stop the carriage; and almost before he knew it Paul was standing by her, listening to her ejaculations of wonder and inquiries as to when he had arrived in America. She presented him to her mother, Mrs. Embury, a stately old lady, and made him enter the carriage and drive on with them.

She was looking very lovely; but as Paul gazed at her from his seat opposite, he seemed to himself to be in a dream. Was this bright, girlish-looking creature the pale, sad-eyed woman to whom he had bidden farewell at Pisa only two years before? She was dressed in some fabric of misty gray, with creamy lace about her throat and wrists and a bunch of violets in her belt. How well he remembered the violets in the Pisan woods, which they had found together! He felt, as he sat there, farther away from her than when the ocean had divided them; and he knew that the distance would increase.

Mrs. Ashley was unfeignedly glad to see Paul, and spoke with a shade of tender sadness overcasting her bright face of his kindness to her during "those dark days at Pisa."

"But I want to hear all about yourself," continued she, in a more cheerful tone. "Where have you been all this time, and have you come to America to remain? Is Emilia with you?"

Thus she poured forth her questions upon the young man, who was obliged to summon back his wandering thoughts to meet them, and to give her in a few words the outline of his life since they parted.

"But Emilia," she persisted, as he did not mention her. "You are not married yet, then?"

"No, madame," said Paul, gravely; and something in his manner warned her to change the subject.

"You will come and dine with us? Must he not, mamma?"

"We shall be delighted," said Mrs. Embury. "Dr. Paul Berti seems to us all like an old friend." Her smile was very sweet as she spoke, and Paul felt more at home with her than with Mrs. Ashley. He attempted to excuse himself from accepting the invitation, but both the ladies overruled his plea of being in morning dress, and he was obliged to yield.

"The children have grown so much," said Mrs. Ashley. "You would not know them."

"They would not care for my stories now," declared Paul, smiling. "All the children here look so wise and critical that I feel quite in awe of them."

"Then they shall tell *you* stories," said Mrs. Ashley, as they drew up at Mr. Embury's.

It was a strange evening to Paul. He was made welcome in the frankest manner; the children were charmed to see their old playfellow, and were clamorous for a repetition of The White Cat of Pisa and other favorite tales. Indeed, they were a help to Paul, seeming the only realities in the present, and by their chatter recalling him from the reverie into which he felt himself continually falling.

He excused himself early, on the ground of invalid habits. As he walked away from the house to which he had come with such a beating heart a few hours before, there came over him a great longing for home. He saw how his life had been blighted for two years by a dream, an illusion; how he had cherished hopes which were built on an ideal foundation. Why the reality had dispelled them, why the brilliant, charming woman who had welcomed him so cordially had revealed to him that he had been in love with a vision merely, he could not tell then, nor could he ever. He only knew that the dream had passed away.

During the weeks which he spent in New York he saw Mrs. Ashley often, and after the first embarrassment of his self-consciousness had worn off he met her with pleasure; but it was rather like a new friendship than any rebinding of old ties.

He spent with her his last evening before sailing for home; and as he was bidding her adieu, she suddenly looked up at him, saying, with a meaning smile, "Next time, bring Emilia." And Paul answered, "I will."

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE WAY TO ARCADY.

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree —
The tree the wind is blowing through —
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue,
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide:
I 'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me,
You tread the way to Arcady.

And whereaway lies Arcady?
And how long yet may the journey be?

Ah, that (quoth he) *I do not know —*
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frosts, across the flowers —
Through summer seconds and winter hours.
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time —
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

'T is strange you cannot sing (quoth he);
The folk all sing in Arcady.

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

What! know you not, old man (quoth he), —
Your hair is white, your face is wise, —
That Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah, Love! I have it not.
There was a time, when life was new,
But far away, and half forgot —
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love — I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.

Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he);
My way's for Love and Arcady.

But you, — you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What Love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Springtime air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands —
Her face all gladdening at the sound —
To lead me to the spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he):
She waits for me in Arcady.

Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady,
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry!

H. C. Bunner.

THE DISCOVERY OF PERUVIAN BARK.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the city of Lima was the splendid capital of the Spanish empire in South America. Full of convents and churches, — monuments of the age of faith, — it was the principal office of the Holy Inquisition, the seat of the Archbishop of Peru, and the home of the Spanish viceroy, whose authority was recognized from Patagonia to the Isthmus of Panama. Here were the costly buildings of the oldest university in America, founded in 1576. From the ranges of the Andes that towered above each other behind the city, a continual procession of slaves and beasts of burden brought to the royal treasury silver and gold from the mines of Potosi and of Pasco. Seven miles across the plain, upon the shore of the great Pacific Ocean, lay the seaport town of Callao, whence sailed the galleons, laden with silver and gold and precious stones, bound to Acapulco and Manilla and the Spice Islands beyond the western sea; bringing back in return the silks, teas, and costly wares of India, China, and Japan. Within the narrow limits of the capital was concentrated an amount of wealth at that time unsurpassed by any of the royal cities of Europe. It is recorded that in the year 1681 the viceroy rode through the streets over a pavement of solid silver ingots, on a horse whose mane was strung with

pearls and whose feet were shod with gold. To this centre of luxury came the Spanish grandees who had found favor with their sovereign, for the avowed purpose of enriching themselves as rapidly as possible. It was a ruthless system of legalized robbery and oppression, coining the life-blood of the enslaved people into glittering pieces of eight and shining doubloons, with which, so soon as his avaricious hunger was somewhat appeased, the adventurer hurried home to Europe, only to make room for another tyrant, more eager, more rapacious, and less merciful than the first.

In the year 1638, the Count of Chinchon held his court in the vice-regal palace beside the river Rimac. The countess was grievously sick, prostrated by one of the miserable *calenturas* of the country, — an ague, which would not yield either to the ministrations of the physicians, or to the prayers of the archbishop and of all his clergy. It was a serious matter, for the noble lady had lost all her bright color, and was visibly wasting to a mere shadow of her former self. The court doctors, the surgeon-general of the army, and the chief surgeons from the ships of war at Callao had been summoned in frequent consultation, no doubt; but the countess was none the better. Some of the older residents may have thought that the case was not without hope, for it was whispered abroad that there were native remedies, sometimes in use among the Indian slaves, by which such distempers might be healed. But the situation was delicate. Spanish etiquette was exceedingly punctilious, and when the court doctors and the surgeons from the army and the navy had pronounced an opinion, who might gainsay their doctrine?

In the midst of this dilemma the chief magistrate of the province of Loxa made his appearance at court. Eight years before he had himself wrestled with this same malignant ague, and had been healed by the administration of a bitter powder, procured from the Indians who dwelt among the mountains in his province. The pious monks of the convent at Loxa, moreover, had long possessed the secret of this remedy, having recorded its virtues as far back as the year 1600, when one of the brethren had been cured at the hands of an Indian disciple. Armed with this experience, the *corregidor* went straight to the viceroy, and urged a trial of the remedy which he had used with such advantage. Of course this raised a commotion at once. Out of the past we seem to hear voices, arguing and protesting. "Poisonous! Why, have I not swallowed whole handfuls of the stuff, and do I look like a man who has made the acquaintance of poison? Is there not a sufficient number of slaves, upon any one of whom the drug can be tried at a moment's notice? Have not the holy fathers at Loxa pronounced in favor of the remedy? Yea, verily, has not this very package been duly blessed by the father superior himself, before I came from home?" Such reasoning overcame all opposition, at last. The countess received the bitter draught, and was healed. It is not difficult to imagine the triumph of the man of laws; let us draw a veil of decent sympathy over the features of the fashionable physicians of Lima, leaving them in shadow-land to justify their ignorance and their discomfiture. No doubt they were equal to the occasion.

In due course of time, the Count of Chinchon had filled his coffers, and another grandee reigned in his stead. Returning to his estates in Spain, the countess carried with her the strangely bitter powder that had made her whole. Whenever any one of her friends was prostrated with the calentura, she would bring forth her store, and would recite the narrative of her wonderful cure. The pious Jesuit fathers, also, sent specimens of the medicine to the general of their order, by whom it was prop-

erly investigated and accredited; so that during the lifetime of the next generation the substance became tolerably well known as the "Jesuits' powder." In aristocratic circles it was commonly called the "countess' powder;" and after the year 1670, when Cardinal Lugo sanctioned its use in the treatment of malarial fevers at Rome, it was considered the proper thing among all true believers to speak of it as the "cardinal's powder." Among the learned, however, it was known as the *Pulvis febrifugus orbis Americani*, or the *Pulvis peruvianus*, or the *Cortex peruvianus*, as it is called in a controversial pamphlet of the year 1663, of which the Latin title-page[1] may be translated: *The rehabilitation of Peruvian bark, or the defense of China, against the belchings of John Jacob Chifflet and the groans of Vopiscus Fortunatus Plemp, eminent physicians.* For the drug was not universally received as the heaven-sent blessing which its enthusiastic friends would have it appear. Some of the most learned professors in the medical schools of Italy decried its use, probably because of the variable quality of the barks that were sent from Peru, and the crude methods of preparation then in vogue. At any rate, it is certain that the reputation of the drug did not make great headway, and the remedy seemed likely to fall into disrepute. In London it had encountered great opposition, for the reason that it had been introduced to notice, not by the leaders of medical opinion, but by a practitioner of inferior rank, named Tudor or Talbot. Originally an apothecary in Cambridge, this man had learned the value of the newly discovered "Jesuits' bark," and had devised an improved method for the exhibition of its remedial virtues. He removed to London about the year 1670, and was soon embroiled with the leading physicians of that city. In those days the privileges of the College of Physicians were so jealously guarded that an apothecary who treated fevers with more success than the regularly anointed doctors was looked upon as a wild beast, to be slaughtered without mercy. Evelyn records in his diary a conversation with the Marquis of Normanby "concerning the *Quinquina* which the physicians would not give to the King (Charles II.), at a time when in a dangerous ague it was the only thing that could cure him (out of envy because it had been brought into vogue by Mr. Tudor, an apothecary) till Dr. Short, to whom the King sent to know his opinion of it privately, he being reputed a Papist (but who was in truth a very honest good Christian) sent word to the King that it was the only thing which could save his life, and then the King injoin'd his physicians to give it to him, which they did, and he recover'd. Being asked by this Lord why they would not prescribe it, Dr. Lower said it would spoil their practice, or some such expression, and at last confessed it was a remedy fit only for Kings." According to Stillé, the jealousy excited by the success of the despised apothecary was so great that he was obliged "to seek the protection of the court, and the king actually issued a mandate to the College, forbidding them to molest or disturb him in his practice." But the diarist commemorates another occasion when the remedy was administered without avail. On Monday, February 2, 1685, King Charles had been "surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit." He was immediately bled by his attending physician. "This rescu'd his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. . . . On Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the publiq Gazette, but that day, about noone, the physitians thought him feaverish. This they seem'd glad of,

[1] Anastasis cortici peruviani, seu Chinæ defensio, contra ventilationes Jo. Jacobi Chifflettii, gemitusque Vopisci Fortunati Plempii, illustrium medicorum.

as being more easily allay'd and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so as they prescrib'd the famous Jesuits powder: but it made him worse, and some very able Doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations us'd by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weake. Thus he passed Thursday night with greate difficulty, when complaining of a paine in his side, they drew 12 ounces more of blood from him; this was by 6 in the morning on Friday, and it gave him reliefe, but it did not continue, for being now in much paine, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and after some conflicts, the physitians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an houre after eleven in the morning, being 6 Feb. 1685.

But before this sad conclusion, Dr. Talbot had achieved another splendid triumph, — this time, in France. Louis the Fourteenth had been stricken down, in the year 1679, by an incorrigible ague. In vain the doctors of the court had essayed to break the fever; it would not down at their bidding. When every one was in despair, there came an Englishman, from London, who said that he had that in a little bottle which would cure his most Christian majesty. It was the apothecary Talbot, whose fame secured for him admission to the chamber of the king, where he obtained permission to administer the secret remedy which he carried. His majesty drank, and was cured.

What was the medicine which had accomplished such a marvel? It was liquid, fiery, dark, and very bitter. More than this no one could tell. The curiosity of the king was thoroughly roused. Dr. Talbot shrugged his shoulders, and hinted that the knowledge might be had for a sufficient compensation. After considerable haggling, the secret was purchased for the sum of forty-eight thousand livres, and an annuity of two thousand francs, a large remuneration when we take into consideration the value of money at that time as compared with the present. The title of Chevalier was also conferred upon the doctor, and his recipe was given to the world. It was an alcoholic or vinous tincture of Peruvian bark. An official description[1] of the medicine was published by order of the king, and La Fontaine composed a poem in honor of the event. Peruvian bark was for a time more fashionable in Paris than it had ever been at Madrid, and its properties became gradually known throughout the greater part of Europe. Many years, however, seem to have elapsed before its value was generally acknowledged, for in the year 1740 another conspicuous example of the ignorance or the timidity of the medical profession regarding the use of the bark was presented in the case of a most illustrious personage. Frederick the Great, riding hither and thither, from one end of his kingdom to the other, during the months of a rainy summer, was suddenly seized with a fever. It proved to be an "aguish, feverish distemper," a "quartan ague, it seems; occasionally very bad; but Friedrich struggles with it; will not be cheated of any of his purposes by it. . . . A most alert and miscellaneously busy young king, in spite of the ague."[2] We accordingly find him writing, September 6th, to his friend Voltaire, whom he had intended to visit: —

My dear Voltaire, — In spite of myself, I have to yield to the quartan fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had

[1] *Le Remède Anglais pour le Guérison des Fièvres.* Publié par ordre du Roi, par M. de Blégny, Paris, 1682.

[2] Carlyle's History of Friedrich II., Book XI. chap. iv.

of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleve would not to *you* seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. . . . Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire, and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you.

Whereupon Voltaire "at once decided on complying. . . . Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night (September 11th); old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; moonlight, I find, — the harvest moon."

"I was led into his majesty's apartment," writes Voltaire. "Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of the candle, I perceived, in a closet, a little truckle-bed, two feet and a half broad, on which lay a little man muffled up in a dressing gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the king, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table, (where we) discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato, and other small topics of that nature."

Some talk there may have been also of the experience of the *Grand Monarque* with the ague, and of the manner of his cure; but if so, nothing came of it then, for we find Friedrich impatiently shaking through the month of September and far along into October, begging for "quinquina," and bitterly reviling his physicians because they would neither give him the drug of which he had heard, nor cure him of the fever, having nothing better than Pyrmont water to offer for his relief.

Thus the weeks dragged wearily on, the king growing "lean and broken down, giving up court life at Berlin, and taking refuge in his country-seat at Reinsberg, when, says Carlyle, one Tuesday forenoon, October 25, 1740, express arrives, "direct from Vienna five days ago; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, laboring under his ague-fit: question rises, Shall the express be introduced, or be held back? The news he brings is huge, unexpected, transcendent, and may agitate the sick king. Six or seven heads go wagging on this point. They decide, 'Better wait!'

"They wait, accordingly; and then, after about an hour, the trembling-fit being over, and Fredersdorff having cautiously preluded a little, and prepared the way, the dispatch is delivered." The Emperor of Austria was dead. "Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world." He arose from his bed, dressed himself, and sent at once for the general of the army and for the chief minister of the state. No more trifling with Pyrmont water now, but immediate prescription by the king himself of Peruvian bark in good round doses, which were taken with such effect that the ague was driven out "like a mere hiccup, — quite gone in the course of next week; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance" during the remainder of Frederick's life.

Still, in spite of all these brilliant triumphs, the general introduction of Peruvian bark progressed but slowly. The frightful wars which sundered the different nations and the backward state of chemistry and pharmacy were, no doubt, the principal causes of this delay. The extreme bitterness and bulkiness of the dose as formerly given must also have constituted no inconsiderable barrier to the general recognition of the virtues of the drug. It was not

before the year 1820 that final success crowned the effort to separate its alkaloids from the inert constituents of the bark. I well remember the curious interest with which, when a very small boy, I watched the good family physician as he prepared at my mother's bedside her first dose of the new French medicine, quinine. It was an ordinary acid solution, illuminating the water into which it was dropped with a most beautiful tinge of fluorescent blue, — but oh, how bitter! Even after this great pharmaceutical victory, ancient prejudices lingered long. But these are now for the most part traditions of the past, and, after a trial of two hundred and fifty years, we have exalted the once-despised *pulvis ignotus* into a panacea for almost every ill to which flesh is heir, — a great and durable triumph, slowly but surely won.

Henry M. Lyman.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XVII.

It fell out as Nino had anticipated, and when he told me all the details, some time afterwards, it struck me that he had shown an uncommon degree of intelligence in predicting that the old count would ride alone that day. He had, indeed, so made his arrangements that even if the whole party had come out together nothing worse would have occurred than a postponement of the interview he sought. But he was destined to get what he wanted that very day, namely, an opportunity of speaking with Von Lira alone.

It was twelve o'clock when he left me, and the midday bell was ringing from the church, while the people bustled about, getting their food. Every old woman had a piece of corn cake, and the ragged children got what they could, gathering the crumbs in their mothers' aprons. A few rough fellows who were not away at work in the valley munched the maize bread with a leek and a bit of salt fish, and some of them had oil on it. Our mountain people eat scarcely anything else, unless it be a little meat on holidays, or an egg when the hens are laying. But they laugh and chatter over the coarse fare, and drink a little wine when they can get it. Just now, however, was the season, for fasting, being the end of Holy Week, and the people made a virtue of necessity, and kept their eggs and their wine for Easter.

When Nino went out he found his countryman, and explained to him what he was to do. The man saddled one of the mules and put himself on the watch, while Nino sat by the fire in the quaint old inn and ate some bread. It was the end of March when these things happened, and a little fire was grateful, though one could do very well without it. He spread his hands to the flame of the sticks, as he sat on the wooden settle by the old hearth, and he slowly gnawed his corn cake, as though a week before he had not been a great man in Paris, dining sumptuously with famous people. He was not thinking of that. He was looking, in the flame, for a fair face that he saw continually before him, day and night. He expected to wait a long time, — some hours, perhaps.

Twenty minutes had not elapsed, however, before his man came breathless through the door, calling to him to come at once; for the solitary rider had gone out, as was expected, and at a pace that would soon take him out of sight. Nino threw his corn bread to a hungry dog,

that yelped as it hit him, and then fastened on it like a beast of prey.

In the twinkling of an eye he and his man were out of the inn. As they ran to the place where the mule was tied to an old ring in the crumbling wall of a half-ruined house near to the ascent to the castle, the man told Nino that the fine gentleman had ridden toward Trevi, down the valley. Nino mounted, and hastened in the same direction.

As he rode, he reflected that it would be wiser to meet the count on his return, and pass him after the interview, as though going away from Fillettino. It would be a little harder for the mule; but such an animal, used to bearing enormous burdens for twelve hours at a stretch, could well carry Nino only a few miles of good road before sunset, and yet be fresh again by midnight. One of those great sleek mules, if good-tempered, will tire three horses, and never feel the worse for it. He therefore let the beast go her own pace along the road to Trevi, winding by the brink of the rushing torrent: sometimes beneath great overhanging cliffs, sometimes through bits of cultivated land, where the valley widens; and now and then passing under some beech-trees, still naked and skeleton-like in the bright March air.

But Nino rode many miles, as he thought, without meeting the count, dangling his feet out of the stirrups, and humming snatches of song to himself to pass the time. He looked at his watch, — a beautiful gold one, given him by a very great personage in Paris, — and it was half past two o'clock. Then, to avoid tiring his mule, he got off and sat by a tree, at a place where he could see far along the road. But three o'clock came, and a quarter past, and he began to fear that the count had gone all the way to Trevi. Indeed, Trevi could not be very far off, he thought. So he mounted again, and paced down the valley. He says that in all that time he never thought once of what he should say to the count when he met him, having determined in his mind once and for all what was to be asked; to which the only answer must be "yes" or "no."

At last, before he reached the turn in the valley, and just as the sun was passing down behind the high mountains on the left, beyond the stream, he saw the man he had come out to meet, not a hundred yards away, riding toward him on his great horse, at a foot pace. It was the count, and he seemed lost in thought, for his head was bent on his breast, and the reins hung carelessly loose from his hand. He did not raise his eyes until he was close to Nino, who took off his hat and pulled up short.

The old count was evidently very much surprised, for he suddenly straightened himself in his saddle, with a sort of jerk, and glared savagely at Nino; his wooden features appearing to lose color, and his long mustache standing out and bristling. He also reined in his horse, and the pair sat on their beasts, not five yards apart, eying each other like a pair of duelists. Nino was the first to speak, for he was prepared.

"Good day, Signor Conte," he said as calmly as he could. "You have not forgotten me, I am sure." Lira looked more and more amazed, as he observed the cool courtesy with which he was accosted. But his polite manner did not desert him even then, for he raised his hat.

"Good-day," he said, briefly, and made his horse move on. He was too proud to put the animal to a brisker pace than a walk, lest he should seem to avoid an enemy. But Nino turned his mule at the same time.

"Pardon the liberty, sir," he said, "but I would take advantage of this opportunity to have a few words with you."

"It is a liberty, as you say, sir," replied Lira, stiffly, and looking straight before him. "But since you have met me, say what you have to say quickly."

He talked in the same curious constructions as formerly, but I will spare you the grammatical vagaries.

"Some time has elapsed," continued Nino, "since our unfortunate encounter. I have been in Paris, where I have had more than common success in my profession. From being a very poor teacher of Italian to the signorina, your daughter, I am become an exceedingly prosperous artist. My character is blameless and free from all stain, in spite of the sad business in which we were both concerned, and of which you knew the truth from the dead lady's own lips."

"What then?" growled Lira, who had listened grimly, and was fast losing his temper. "What then? Do you suppose, Signor Cardegna, that I am still interested in your comings and goings?"

"The sequel to what I have told you, sir," answered Nino, bowing again, and looking very grave, "is that I once more most respectfully and honestly ask you to give me the hand of your daughter, the Signorina Hedwig von Lira."

The hot blood flushed the old soldier's hard features to the roots of his gray hair, and his voice trembled as he answered: —

"Do you intend to insult me, sir? If so, this quiet road is a favorable spot for settling the question. It shall never be said that an officer in the service of his majesty the King and Emperor refused to fight with any one, — with his tailor, if need be." He reined his horse from Nino's side, and eyed him fiercely.

"Signor Conte," answered Nino calmly, "nothing could be further from my thoughts than to insult you, or to treat you in any way with disrespect. And I will not acknowledge that anything you can say can convey an insult to myself." Lira smiled in a sardonic fashion. "But," added Nino, "if it would give you any pleasure to fight, and if you have weapons, I shall be happy to oblige you. It is a quiet spot, as you say, and it shall never be said that an Italian artist refused to fight a German soldier."

"I have two pistols in my holsters," said Lira, with a smile. "The roads are not safe, and I always carry them."

"Then, sir, be good enough to select one and to give me the other, and we will at once proceed to business."

The count's manner changed. He looked grave.

"I have the pistols, Signor Cardegna, but I do not desire to use them. Your readiness satisfies me that you are in earnest, and we will therefore not fight for amusement. I need not defend myself from any charge of unwillingness, I believe," he added proudly.

"In that case, sir," said Nino, "and since we have convinced each other that we are serious and desire to be courteous, let us converse calmly."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked the count, once more allowing his horse to pace along the dusty road, while Nino's mule walked by his side.

"I have this to say, Signor Conte," answered Nino: "that I shall not desist from desiring the honor of marrying your daughter, if you refuse me a hundred times. I wish to put it to you whether, with youth, some talent, — I speak modestly, — and the prospect of a plentiful income, I am not as well qualified to aspire to the alliance as Baron Benoni, who has old age, much talent, an enormous fortune, and the benefit of the Jewish faith into the bargain."

The count winced palpably at the mention of Benoni's religion. No people are more insanely prejudiced against the Hebrew race than the Germans. They indeed maintain that they have greater cause than others, but it always appears to me that they are unreasonable about it. Benoni chanced to be a Jew, but his peculiarities would have been the same had he been a Christian or an American. There is only one Ahasuerus Benoni in the world.

"There is no question of Baron Benoni here," said the count severely, but hurriedly. "Your observations are beside the mark. The objections to the alliance, as you call it, are that you are a man of the people, — I do not desire to offend you, — a plebeian, in fact; you are also a man of uncertain fortune, like all singers; and lastly, you are an artist. I trust you will consider these points as a sufficient reason for my declining the honor you propose."

"I will only say," returned Nino, "that I venture to consider your reasons insufficient, though I do not question your decision. Baron Benoni was ennobled for a loan made to a government in difficulties; he was, by his own account, a shoemaker by early occupation, and a strolling musician — a great artist, if you like — by the profession he adopted."

"I never heard these facts," said Lira, "and I suspect that you have been misinformed. But I do not wish to continue the discussion of the subject."

Nino says that after the incident of the pistols the interview passed without the slightest approach to ill-temper on either side. They both felt that if they disagreed they were prepared to settle their difficulties then and there, without any further ado.

"Then, sir, before we part, permit me to call your attention to a matter which must be of importance to you," said Nino. "I refer to the happiness of the Signorina di Lira. In spite of your refusal of my offer, you will understand that the welfare of that lady must always be to me of the greatest importance."

Lira bowed his head stiffly, and seemed inclined to speak, but changed his mind, and held his tongue, to see what Nino would say.

"You will comprehend, I am sure," continued the latter, "that in the course of those months, during which I was so far honored as to be of service to the contessina, I had opportunities of observing her remarkably gifted intelligence. I am now credibly informed that she is suffering from ill health. I have not seen her, nor made any attempt to see her, as you might have supposed, but I have an acquaintance in Fillettino who has seen her pass his door daily. Allow me to remark that a mind of such rare qualities must grow sick if driven to feed upon itself in solitude. I would respectfully suggest that some gayer residence than Fillettino would be a sovereign remedy for her illness."

"Your tone and manner," replied the count, "forbid my resenting your interference. I have no reason to doubt your affection for my daughter, but I must request you to abandon all idea of changing my designs. If I choose to bring my daughter to a true sense of her position by somewhat rigorous methods, it is because I am aware that the frailty of reputation surpasses the frailty of woman. I will say this to your credit, sir: that if she has not disgraced herself, it has been in some measure because you wisely forbore from pressing your suit while you were received as an instructor beneath my roof. I am only doing my duty in trying to make her understand that her good name has been seriously exposed, and that the best reparation she can make lies in following my wishes, and accepting the honorable and advantageous marriage I have provided for her. I trust that this explanation, which I am happy to say has been conducted with the strictest propriety, will be final, and that you will at once desist from any further attempts toward persuading me to consent to a union that I disapprove."

Lira once more stopped his horse in the road, and taking off his hat bowed to Nino.

"And I, sir," said Nino, no less courteously, "am obliged to you for your clearly expressed answer. I shall never

cease to regret your decision, and so long as I live I shall hope that you may change your mind. Good-day, Signor Conte," and he bowed to his saddle.

"Good-day, Signor Cardegna." So they parted: the count heading homeward toward Fillettino, and Nino turning back toward Trevi.

By this manœuvre he conveyed to the count's mind the impression that he had been to Fillettino for the day, and was returning to Trevi for the evening; and in reality the success of his enterprise, since his representations had failed, must depend upon Hedwig's being comparatively free during the ensuing night. He determined to wait by the roadside until it should be dark, allowing his mule to crop whatever poor grass she could find at this season, and thus giving the count time to reach Fillettino, even at the most leisurely pace.

He sat down upon the root of a tree, and allowed his mule to graze at liberty. It was already growing dark in the valley; for between the long speeches of civility the two had employed and the frequent pauses in the interview, the meeting had lasted the greater part of an hour.

Nino says that while he waited he reviewed his past life and his present situation.

Indeed, since he had made his first appearance in the theatre, three months before, events had crowded thick and fast in his life. The first sensation of a great public success is strange to one who has long been accustomed to live unnoticed and unhonored by the world. It is at first incomprehensible that one should have suddenly grown to be an object of interest and curiosity to one's fellow-creatures, after having been so long a looker-on. At first a man does not realize that the thing he has labored over, and studied, and worked on, can be actually anything remarkable. The production of the every-day task has long grown a habit, and the details which the artist grows to admire and love so earnestly have each brought with them their own reward. Every difficulty vanquished, every image of beauty embodied, every new facility of skill acquired, has been in itself a real and enduring satisfaction for its own sake, and for the sake of its fitness to the whole, — the beautiful perfect whole he has conceived.

But he must necessarily forget, if he loves his work, that those who come after, and are to see the expression of his thought, or hear the mastery of his song, see or hear it all at once; so that the assemblage of the lesser beauties, over each of which the artist has had great joy, must produce a suddenly multiplied impression upon the understanding of the outside world, which sees first the embodiment of the thought, and has then the after-pleasure of appreciating the details. The hearer is thrilled with a sense of impassioned beauty, which the singer may perhaps feel when he first conceives the interpretation of the printed notes, but which goes ever farther from him as he strives to approach it and realize it; and so his admiration for his own song is lost in dissatisfaction with the failings which others have not time to see.

Before he is aware of the change, a singer has become famous, and all men are striving for a sight of him, or a hearing. There are few like Nino, whose head was not turned at all by the flattery and the praise, being occupied with other things. As he sat by the roadside, he thought of the many nights when the house rang with cheers and cries and all manner of applause; and he remembered how, each time he looked his audience in the face, he had searched for the one face of all faces that he cared to see, and had searched in vain.

He seemed now to understand that it was his honest-hearted love for the fair northern girl that had protected him from caring for the outer world, and he

now realized what the outer world was. He fancied to himself what his first three months of brilliant success might have been, in Rome and Paris, if he had not been bound by some strong tie of the heart to keep him serious and thoughtful. He thought of the women who had smiled upon him, and of the invitations that had besieged him, and of the consternation that had manifested itself when he declared his intention of retiring to Rome, after his brilliant engagement in Paris, without signing any further contract.

Then came the rapid journey, the excitement, the day in Rome, the difficulties of finding Fillettino; and at last he was here, sitting by the roadside, and waiting for it to be time to carry into execution the bold scheme he had set before him. His conscience was at rest, for he now felt that he had done all that the most scrupulous honor could exact of him. He had returned in the midst of his success to make an honorable offer of marriage, and he had been refused — because he was a plebeian, forsooth. And he knew also that the woman he loved was breaking her heart for him.

What wonder that he set his teeth, and said to himself that she should be his, at any price! Nino has no absurd ideas about the ridicule that attaches to loving a woman, and taking her if necessary. He has not been trained up in the heart of the wretched thing they call society, which ruined me long ago. What he wants he asks for, like a child, and if it is refused, and his good heart tells him that he has a right to it, he takes it, like a man, or like what a man was in the old time before the Englishman discovered that he is an ape. Ah, my learned colleagues, we are not so far removed from the ancestral monkey but that there is serious danger of our shortly returning to that primitive and caudal state! And I think that my boy and the Prussian officer, as they sat on their beasts and bowed, and smiled, and offered to fight each other, or to shake hands, each desiring to oblige the other, like a couple of knights of the old ages, were a trifle further removed from our common gorilla parentage than some of us.

But it grew dark, and Nino caught his mule and rode slowly back to the town, wondering what would happen before the sun rose on the other side of the world. Now, lest you fail to understand wholly how the matter passed, I must tell you a little of what took place during the time that Nino was waiting for the count, and Hedwig was alone in the castle with Baron Benoni. The way I came to know is this: Hedwig told the whole story to Nino, and Nino told it to me; but many months after that eventful day, which I shall always consider as one of the most remarkable in my life. It was Good Friday, last year, and you may find out the day of the month for yourselves.

XVIII.

As Nino had guessed, the count was glad of a chance to leave his daughter alone with Benoni, and it was for this reason that he had ridden out so early. The baron's originality and extraordinary musical talent seemed to Lira gifts which a woman needed only to see in order to appreciate, and which might well make her forget his snowy locks. During the time of Benoni's visit the count had not yet been successful in throwing the pair together, for Hedwig's dislike for the baron made her exert her tact to the utmost in avoiding his society.

It so happened that Hedwig, rising early, and breathing the sweet, cool air from the window of her chamber, had seen Nino ride by on his mule, when he arrived in the morning. He did not see her, for the street merely passed the

corner of the great pile, and it was only by stretching her head far out that Hedwig could get a glimpse of it. But it amused her to watch the country people going by, with their mules and donkeys and hampers, or loads of firewood; and she would often lean over the window-sill for half an hour at a time, gazing at the little stream of mountain life, and sometimes weaving small romances of the sturdy brown women and their active, dark-browed shepherd lovers. Moreover, she fully expected that Nino would arrive that day, and had some faint hope of seeing him go along the road. So she was rewarded, and the sight of the man she loved was the first breath of freedom.

In a great house like the strange abode Lira had selected for the seclusion of his daughter, it constantly occurs that one person is in ignorance of the doings of the others; and so it was natural that when Hedwig heard the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, and the echoing crash of the great doors as they opened and closed, she should think both her father and Benoni had ridden away, and would be gone for the morning. She would not look out, lest she should see them and be seen.

I cannot tell you exactly what she felt when she saw Nino from her lofty window, but she was certainly glad with her whole heart. If she had not known of his coming from my visit the previous evening, she would perhaps have given way to some passionate outburst of happiness; but as it was, the feeling of anticipation, the sweet, false dawn of freedom, together with the fact that she was prepared, took from this first pleasure all that was overwhelming. She only felt that he had come, and that she would soon be saved from Benoni; she could not tell how, but she knew it, and smiled to herself for the first time in months, as she held a bit of jewelry to her slender throat, before the glass, wondering whether she had not grown too thin and pale to please her lover, who had been courted by the beauties of the world since he had left her.

She was ill, perhaps, and tired. That was why she looked pale; but she knew that the first day of freedom would make her as beautiful as ever. She spent the morning hours in her rooms; but when she heard the gates close, she fancied herself alone in the great house, and went down into the sunny courtyard, to breathe the air, and to give certain instructions to her faithful man. She sent him to my house, to speak with me; and that was all the message he had, for the present. However, he knew well enough what he was to do. There was a strong smell of banknotes in the air, and the man kept his nose up.

Having dispatched this important business, Hedwig set herself to walk up and down the paved quadrangle, on the sunny side. There was a stone bench in a warm corner, that looked inviting. She entered the house, and brought out a book, with which she established herself to read. She had often longed to sit there in the afternoon and watch the sun creeping across the flags, pursued by the shadow, till each small bit of moss and blade of grass had received its daily portion of warmth. For though the place had been cleared and weeded, the tiny green things still grew in the chinks of the pavement. In the middle of the court was a well, with a cover and yoke of old-fashioned twisted iron, and a pulley to draw the water. The air was bright and fresh outside the castle, but the reverberating rays of the sun made the quiet courtyard warm and still.

Sick with her daily torture of mind, the fair, pale girl rested her, at last, and dreaming of liberty drew strength from the soft stillness. The book fell on her lap, her head leaned back against the rough stones of the wall, and gradually, as she watched from beneath her half-closed lids the play of the stealing sunlight, she fell into a sweet sleep.

She was soon disturbed by that indescribable uneasiness that creeps through our dreams when we are asleep in the presence of danger. A weird horror possesses us, and makes the objects in the dream appear unnatural. Gradually the terror grows on us and thrills us, and we wake, with bristling hair and staring eyes, to the hideous consciousness of unexpected peril.

Hedwig started and raised her lids, following the direction of her dream. She was not mistaken. Opposite her stood her arch-horror, Benoni. He leaned carelessly against the stone well, and his bright brown eyes were riveted upon her. His tall, thin figure was clad, as usual, in all the extreme of fashion, and one of his long, bony hands toyed with his watch-chain. His animated face seemed aglow with the pleasure of contemplation, and the sunshine lent a yellow tinge to his snowy hair.

"An exquisite picture, indeed, countess," he said, without moving. "I trust your dreams were as sweet as they looked?"

"They were sweet, sir," she answered coldly, after a moment's pause, during which she looked steadily toward him.

"I regret that I should have disturbed them," he said, with a deferential bow; and he came and sat by her side, treading as lightly as a boy across the flags. Hedwig shuddered, and drew her dark skirts about her, as he sat down.

"You cannot regret it more than I do," she said, in tones of ice. She would not take refuge in the house, for it would have seemed like an ignominious flight. Benoni crossed one leg over the other, and asked permission to smoke, which she granted by an indifferent motion of her fair head.

"So we are left all alone to-day, countess," remarked Benoni, blowing rings of smoke in the quiet air.

Hedwig vouchsafed no answer.

"We are left alone," he repeated, seeing that she was silent, "and I make it hereby my business and my pleasure to amuse you."

"You are good, sir. But I thank you. I need no entertainment of your devising."

"That is eminently unfortunate," returned the baron, with his imperturbable smile, "for I am universally considered to be the most amusing of mortals, — if, indeed, I am mortal at all, which I sometimes doubt."

"Do you reckon yourself with the gods, then?" asked Hedwig scornfully. "Which of them are you? Jove? Dionysus? Apollo?"

"Nay, rather Phaethon, who soared too high" —

"Your mythology is at fault, sir, — he drove too low; and besides, he was not immortal."

"It is the same. He was wide of the mark, as I am. Tell me, countess, are your wits always so ready?"

"You, at least, will always find them so," she answered bitterly.

"You are unkind. You stab my vanity, as you have pierced my heart."

At this speech, Hedwig raised her eyebrows, and stared at him in silence. Any other man would have taken the chilling rebuke, and left her. Benoni put on a sad expression.

"You used not to hate me as you do now," he said.

"That is true. I hated you formerly because I hated you."

"And now?" asked Benoni, with a short laugh.

"I hate you now because I loathe you." She uttered this singular saying indifferently, as being part of her daily thoughts.

"You have the courage of your opinions, countess," he replied, with a very bitter smile.

"Yes? It is the only courage a woman need have." There was a pause, during which Benoni puffed much smoke and stroked his white mustache. Hedwig

turned over the leaves of her book, as though hinting to him to go. But he had no idea of that. A man who will not go because a woman loathes him will certainly not leave her for a hint.

"Countess," he began again, at last, "will you listen to me?"

"I suppose I must. I presume my father has left you here to insult me at your noble leisure."

"Ah, countess, dear countess," — she shrank away from him, — "you should know me better than to believe me capable of anything so monstrous. I insult you? Gracious Heaven! I, who adore you; who worship the holy ground whereon you tread; who would preserve the precious air you have breathed, in vessels of virgin crystal; who would give a drop of my blood for every word you vouchsafe me, kind or cruel, — I, who look on you as the only divinity in this desolate heathen world, who reverence you and do you daily homage, who adore you" —

"You manifest your adoration in a singular manner, sir," said Hedwig, interrupting him with something of her father's severity.

"I show it as best I can," the old scoundrel pleaded, working himself into a passion of words. "My life, my fortune, my name, my honor, — I cast them at your feet. For you I will be a hermit, a saint, dwelling in solitary places and doing good works; or I will brave every danger the narrow earth holds, by sea and land, for you. What? Am I decrepit, or bent, or misshapen, that my white hair should cry out against me? Am I hideous, or doting, or half-witted, as old men are? I am young; I am strong, active, enduring. I have all the gifts, for you."

The baron was speaking French, and perhaps these wild praises of himself might pass current in a foreign language. But when Nino detailed the conversation to me in our good, simple Italian speech, it sounded so amazingly ridiculous that I nearly broke my sides with laughing.

Hedwig laughed also, and so loudly that the foolish old man was disconcerted. He had succeeded in amusing her sooner than he had expected. As I have told you, the baron is a most impulsive person, though he is poisoned with evil from his head to his heart.

"All women are alike," he said, and his manner suddenly changed.

"I fancy," said Hedwig, recovering from her merriment, "that if you address them as you have addressed me you will find them very much alike indeed."

"What good can women do in the world?" sighed Benoni, as though speaking with himself. "You do nothing but harm with your cold calculations and your bitter jests." Hedwig was silent. "Tell me," he continued presently, "if I speak soberly, by the card as it were, will you listen to me?"

"Oh, I have said that I will listen to you!" cried Hedwig, losing patience.

"Hedwig von Lira, I hereby offer you my fortune, my name, and myself. I ask you to marry me of your own good-will and pleasure." Hedwig once more raised her brows.

"Baron Benoni, I will not marry you, either for your fortune, your name, or yourself, — nor for any other consideration under heaven. And I will ask you not to address me by my Christian name." There was a long silence after this speech, and Benoni carefully lighted a second cigarette. Hedwig would have risen and entered the house, but she felt safer in the free air of the sunny court. As for Benoni, he had no intention of going.

"I suppose you are aware, countess," he said at last, coldly eying her, "that your father has set his heart upon our union?"

"I am aware of it."

"But you are not aware of the consequences of your refusal. I am your

only chance of freedom. Take me, and you have the world at your feet. Refuse me, and you will languish in this hideous place so long as your affectionate father pleases."

"Do you know my father so little, sir," asked Hedwig very proudly, "as to suppose that his daughter will ever yield to force?"

"It is one thing to talk of not yielding, and it is quite another to bear prolonged suffering with constancy," returned Benoni coolly, as though he were discussing a general principle instead of expounding to a woman the fate she had to expect if she refused to marry him. "I never knew any one who did not talk bravely of resisting torture until it was applied. Oh, you will be weak at the end, countess, believe me. You are weak now, and changed, though perhaps you would be better pleased if I did not notice it. Yes, I smile now, — I laugh. I can afford to. You can be merry over me because I love you, but I can be merry at what you must suffer if you will not love me. Do not look so proud, countess. You know what follows pride, if the proverb lies not."

During this insulting speech, Hedwig had risen to her feet, and in the act to go she turned and looked at him in utter scorn. She could not comprehend the nature of a man who could so coldly threaten her. If ever any one of us can fathom Benoni's strange character, we may hope to understand that phase of it along with the rest. He seemed as indifferent to his own mistakes and follies as to the sufferings of others.

"Sir," she said, "whatever may be the will of my father, I will not permit you to discuss it, still less to hold up his anger as a threat to scare me. You need not follow me," she added, as he rose.

"I will follow you, whether you wish it or not, countess," he said fiercely; and as she flew across the court to the door he strode swiftly by her side, hissing his words into her ear. "I will follow you to tell you that I know more of you than you think, and I know how little right you have to be so proud. I know your lover. I know of your meetings, your comings and your goings" — They reached the door, but Benoni barred the way with his long arm, and seemed about to lay a hand upon her wrist, so that she shrank back against the heavy doorpost, in an agony of horror and loathing and wounded pride. "I know Cardegna, and I knew the poor baroness, who killed herself because he basely abandoned her. Ah, you never heard the truth before? I trust it is pleasant to you. As he left her, he has left you. He will never come back. I saw him in Paris three weeks ago. I could tell tales not fit for your ears. And for him you will die in this horrible place, unless you consent. For him you have thrown away everything, — name, fame, and happiness, — unless you will take all these from me. Oh, I know, — you will cry out that it is untrue; but my eyes are good, though you call me old! For this treacherous boy, with his curly hair, you have lost the only thing that makes woman human, — your reputation!" And Benoni laughed that horrid laugh of his, till the court rang again, as though there were devils in every corner, and beneath every eave, and everywhere.

People who are loud in their anger are sometimes dangerous, for it is genuine while it lasts. People whose anger is silent are generally either incapable of honest wrath or cowards. But there are some in the world whose passion shows itself in few words but strong ones, and proceeds instantly to action.

Hedwig had stood back against the stone casing of the entrance, at first, overcome with the intensity of what she suffered. But as Benoni laughed she moved slowly forwards till she was close to him, and only his outstretched arm barred the doorway.

"Every word you have spoken is a lie, and you know it. Let me pass, or I will kill you with my hands!"

The words came low and distinct to his excited ear, like the tolling of a passing bell. Her face must have been dreadful to see, and Benoni was suddenly fascinated and terrified at the concentrated anger that blazed in her blue eyes. His arm dropped to his side, and Hedwig passed proudly through the door, in all the majesty of innocence, gathering her skirts, lest they should touch his feet or any part of him. She never hastened her step as she ascended the broad stairs within and went to her own little sitting-room, made gay with books and flowers and photographs from Rome. Nor was her anger followed by any passionate outburst of tears. She sat herself down by the window and looked out, letting the cool breeze from the open casement fan her face.

Hedwig, too, had passed through a violent scene that day, and, having conquered, she sat down to think over it. She reflected that Benoni had but used the same words to her that she had daily heard from her father's lips. False as was their accusation, she submitted to hearing her father speak them, for she had no knowledge of their import, and only thought him cruelly hard with her. But that a stranger — above all, a man who aspired, or pretended to aspire, to her hand — should attempt to usurp the same authority of speech was beyond all human endurance. She felt sure that her father's anger would all be turned against Benoni when he heard her story.

As for what her tormentor had said of Nino, she could have killed him for saying it, but she knew that it was a lie; for she loved Nino with all her heart, and no one can love wholly without trusting wholly. Therefore she put away the evil suggestion from herself, and loaded all its burden of treachery upon Benoni.

How long she sat by the window, compelling her strained thoughts into order, no one can tell. It might have been an hour, or more, for she had lost the account of the hours. She was roused by a knock at the door of her sitting-room, and at her bidding the man entered who, for the trifling consideration of about a thousand francs, first and last, made communication possible between Hedwig and myself.

This man's name is Temistocle, — Themistocles, no less. All servants are Themistocles, or Orestes, or Joseph, just as all gardeners are called Antonio. Perhaps he deserves some description. He is a type, short, wiry, and broad-shouldered, with a cunning eye, a long, hooked nose, and very plentiful black whiskers, surmounted by a perfectly bald crown. His motions are servile to the last degree, and he addresses every one in authority as "excellency," on the principle that it is better to give too much titular homage than too little. He is as wily as a fox, and so long as you have money in your pocket, as faithful as a hound and as silent as the grave. I perceive that these are precisely the epithets at which the baron scoffed, saying that a man can be praised only by comparing him with the higher animals, or insulted by comparison with himself and his kind. We call a man a fool, an idiot, a coward, a liar, a traitor, and many other things applicable only to man himself. However, I will let my description stand, for it is a very good one; and Temistocle could be induced, for money, to adapt himself to almost any description, and he certainly had earned, at one time or another, most of the titles I have enumerated.

He told me, months afterwards, that when he passed through the courtyard, on his way to Hedwig's apartment, he found Benoni seated on the stone bench, smoking a cigarette and gazing into space, so that he passed close before him without being noticed.

F. Marion Crawford.

DEISIDAIMONIA.

(HOLY FEAR.)

In the silence of that far-off land
Where dwell the gods, and where the hearts of men,
Leaving this common strand,
Love to disport, —
Knowing nor how nor when
They have fled thither to inherit spheres
Made sacred by the absence of the years, —
In that dread land is one
Tall and most beautiful,
Who like the sun
Awes with her presence all who walk by day;
Many have sought for her,
Longing and wandering, and have gone astray;
But one who found,
Hath wrought her form in marble,
Naming her
Love the Victorious.
Thus she lives for us!
And in that presence, lo! the holy dread
Men knew of old still holds their senses dull
To all things else, while they but gaze,
Nor utter any sound.

High hearts! Fear is not dead,
But walks these alleys green and noonlit ways,
And runs before the fleeting foot of youth,
As when the childhood of the world worshiped both love and truth.

And who is he that chides
The fainting color and the stumbling speech
In boy or maid!
Who is he derides
Worship for what he sees not, nor can reach!
He cannot hear the voice within the wind,
Nor follow the unbodied feet that fall
Beside him in the woodland, cannot find
Dear faces in the stillness of the mind,
Nor feel the love that sways and governs all.

Upon the night I wake,
And lo, the clouds are chasing wide and far;
Dim beacons break,
Then die on the horizon.
There is no hand, no loving hand,
No voice from strand to strand;

Only the wind across the star-strewn sky
Cries in the trees, then murmurs, and is gone.

Thou holy dread,
Who holdest the dim gates whereby we pass
Between the seen and unseen,
Fade not, lest dim and even as in a glass
We see, and straight forget what we have been!

For in the night, in sorrow of the night,
In awful woodlands and the roar of seas,
The still voice bids us know the thing we are,
And what perchance we may be!
Quicken my sight,
Thou terror of the dawn!
And thou sad breeze,
Quicken my ear!
That when the sun once more salutes the lawn
My soul, awake, shall see
The morning of forgiveness and of peace;
And her one star
Guide to the haven of love, where doubt and dread shall cease.

A. F.

THE JOURNAL OF A HESSIAN BARONESS.

"Black hearts," says Jean Paul, "are like black eyes: when closely observed, they are found to be only brown."

It would perhaps be difficult to conceive of a deeper shade of black-heartedness than was popularly attributed to the "hireling Hessians" by the more violent and unreasoning of American patriots during our Revolutionary War. Upon that unfortunate body of men, really more deserving of compassion than scorn, was poured out the concentrated essence of the hatred and bitterness called forth in a liberty-loving people by unnecessary oppression. But the passions are dead which were so stirringly alive one hundred years ago, and time, which has softened down King George from a tyrant and a monster into a stupid, obstinate, blundering old gentleman, deaf to all suggestions as to what was for his own best interest, has also bleached out the Hessians into at the worst a very light shade of brown.[1] The letters and journal of the Baroness von Riedesel may do even more than this, for they unconsciously give a pleasant picture of a Hessian woman's courage and devotion; of her homely, housewifely qualities, and her cheery fortitude under most trying circumstances.

When Duke Charles of Brunswick

[1] In the year 1799, Count Henry XLIV. of Reuss-Köstritz, son-in-law of the Baroness, collected and had printed for circulation among friends and relatives, the American letters and journal of his mother-in-law. That edition was succeeded in the following year by one intended for public circulation. The extracts given in this article are taken from a new edition of the book published in 1881.

conceived the brilliant idea of paying his enormous debts and providing the means for further extravagance by selling his subjects to King George of England at a few shillings a head, Friedrich Adolf von Riedesel was a young officer serving on the duke's staff. His family belonged to the old nobility, and he himself was born in Lauterbach, in Upper Hesse, in 1738. At the age of fifteen he was sent to the University of Marburg to study jurisprudence. A Hessian battalion was quartered in Marburg at the time, and the brilliant uniforms and gay life of the soldiers proved infinitely more to the young baron's taste than the black robes and dry study of the law. A change of profession was effected, notwithstanding his father's unwillingness, and in 1755 the young man was sent to England with his regiment, which had been hired by King George. On their return to Germany, the Hessian troops came under the command of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and young Riedesel soon became a favorite with the duke. He was rapidly advanced in rank, and in all the trusts reposed in him he displayed so much courage and ability that Frederick the Great himself invited him to enter the Prussian service. This, however, he declined to do, from a feeling of attachment to his own duke, — a decision he afterwards regretted deeply when he found himself transferred to a service which brought him neither emolument nor honor.

His wife, whom he had married in 1762, was the daughter of President von Massow, of Minden. They had spent fourteen untroubled years together, when in 1776 Colonel von Riedesel was appointed to the command of the Hessian troops to be sent to America, with the rank of major-general. Their family consisted of two young daughters: Augusta, aged five, and Frederika, aged two years. A third daughter, Caroline, was born a few weeks after the general's departure. It had been settled that he should be followed by his wife as soon after her confinement as her health and that of her child would permit. The prospect of such a journey, with three little children, one a baby of ten weeks, across a much-dreaded ocean, into a wild country, among a hostile people, could not have presented any very alluring features to the mind of an unadventurous German woman; but the spectre, more terrible even than this, which haunted Madame von Riedesel was the thought of separation from her husband. Her friends, who seem to have been somewhat of the pattern of Job's, tried to reinforce her courage by lively descriptions of the difficulties and horrors she would have to undergo, though without shaking her purpose. She did not shrink from the perils of the awful sea; she was ready to risk being scalped by the Indians; and even the chance of being forced to follow the general American custom of living on the flesh of horses and cats did not terrify her. But when her mother wrote to remonstrate with and reproach her for her intention, her grief was great.

"Your last letter," the daughter wrote in reply, "drove me nearly frantic. I could not endure the idea of being separated from you for so long a time, and yet the thought that you could ask me, could even command me, to remain here makes me shudder. To stay here would be impossible, when the best and kindest of husbands permits me to follow him. Neither love, duty, nor conscience would allow it. It is a wife's duty to forsake all and follow her husband. My love for him is well known to you, as well as his for me and for the children."

Fortunately for her comfort on the journey, she was accompanied by an old servant of her husband's, who had insisted on following his mistress's fortunes, and who devoted himself to her

and her children with untiring fidelity during all the years of their wanderings.

The little company set out on the 14th of May, 1776, impelled by almost as desperate a courage as that which sustained the passengers in the Mayflower, on its first voyage across the unknown sea. Traveling in Germany itself, at that time, seemed hardly more safe than it had been pictured to her in the wild country to which she was going.

"In Maestricht," she says, "I was warned to be on my guard, as the roads were very unsafe on account of highway robbers, one hundred and thirty of whom had been executed within a fortnight; part of them having been hanged, and the rest put to death in various ways. These, however, were not a quarter part of those still at large, who were hanged without trial wherever they happened to be caught. This information terrified me greatly, and I determined not to travel by night; but as the horses I was provided with were very poor, I was obliged to pass through a dense forest just at dusk, when something swinging from a tree was suddenly thrust through the open window of the carriage. I caught at it, and as I felt something rough I asked what it was. It proved to be the body of a robber who had been hanged, and my hand had come in contact with his woolen stockings.

"Before I had recovered from the shock of this encounter, I was still more frightened by the stopping of the carriage before a very lonely house in this same wood, the postilions declaring they would go no farther. The place was called Hune, and I shall never forget it. A man of suspicious appearance received us, and led us into a very remote chamber, where I found only one bed. It was cold, and I had a fire made up in the huge fireplace. Our supper consisted of tea and very coarse bread. My faithful Röchel came to me with an anxious face, and said, 'I am sure things are not all right here. There is a room full of firearms out there, and most of the people seem to be away. I have n't the least doubt that they are robbers. But I shall sit up before your door all night with my gun, and I will sell my life dearly. The other servant shall sit in the carriage with his gun, too.'

"All this naturally made my slumbers anything but tranquil. I sat down on a chair and laid my head on the bed. But at last I fell asleep, and my joy was great, when I awoke and heard that it was four o'clock in the morning, and that everything was ready for our departure. I put my head out of the window, and perceived in the wood which surrounded us a great number of nightingales, which by their sweet singing made me forget the terrors of the past night."

The songs of the nightingales proved a favorable omen for the travelers, for they had no more adventures of an unpleasant nature, and arrived safely at Calais.

To the home-keeping German woman the terrors of this unknown sea were almost as great as those of the robber-haunted forest. To quote her own words: —

"I was obliged to spend two days in Calais, on account of unfavorable winds. At length I was summoned to the ship. I must confess that my heart began to beat faster. My elder children were very happy, for in order to keep up their courage I had told them that when we had crossed the sea they would see their father. I appeared as brave as I could, so that they should not be afraid. We drove to the wharf. The boatmen took the two elder children and carried them to the boat. I had the youngest in my arms. I looked round after the children, and saw, to my great astonishment, that they were already in the boat, and were jumping about among the sailors. I had my baby lifted in, too; and then I had

magnets enough to give me courage to follow myself, and I did not find it so bad as I had thought it would be."

Madame von Riedesel had expected to proceed at once to America; but she was detained in England month after month, by various circumstances for which she was not responsible, and it was not until April 16, 1777, that she finally sailed from Portsmouth for Quebec, where she landed safely after a voyage of two months. Here she learned, to her great disappointment, that her husband had already left Quebec to join the army in the field, and she made preparations to follow immediately.

The weather was frightful, and it was a weary journey, made partly in a small boat, partly in an uncomfortable Quebec calèche, and partly in a birch-bark canoe, in which she had to cross three rivers in a heavy storm of rain and hail. When she at length arrived at Trois-Rivières, the Hessian officers who met her threw up their hands in horror at the bare thought of the risk she had run in her frail bark with three little children, where the slightest movement would have been almost certain destruction. Though the weather still continued to be stormy, the stout-hearted baroness determinedly pushed on to Chamblé, only to find, when she reached there, that her husband had started to meet her, had missed her on the road, and could not be back until the following day. When he did arrive, they had only two happy days together, and then General von Riedesel was obliged to return to his troops, while his wife went back to Trois Rivières, where she led an anxious life until permitted to rejoin her husband at Fort Edward. Only a few days after she had reached the camp, there came the announcement that they were cut off from Canada by the American forces; so that this proved to have been the last opportunity she would have had for making the journey for three years. She kept with the army from this time until the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

The army began to move on the 11th of September, 1777. "At first," she writes, "all went well. We had the pleasant hope of certain victory and of coming into the Promised Land; and when we passed the Hudson River, and General Burgoyne said, 'Englishmen never give in,' we were all of good courage. But what surprised me most was that the officers' wives knew beforehand all the expeditions that were to be made; and this seemed all the more extraordinary to me, as I had observed in Duke Ferdinand's army, during the Seven Years' War, that everything of the kind was kept a profound secret. Here, however, the Americans were informed in advance of all our plans, and wherever we went they were all ready for us, greatly to our disadvantage and loss. On the 19th of September there was a skirmish, which terminated fortunately for us, but it obliged us to make a halt at a place called Freeman's Farm. . . . When we continued our march I had a large calèche made, in which I had room enough for my three children and my two women; and so I followed the army among the soldiers, who sang and were merry and eager to conquer. We passed through dense forests and a magnificent country, which, however, was deserted, as all the inhabitants fled before us, and flocked to the army of the American General Gates. This was unfortunate for us, as every one of these country people is a soldier by nature, and can shoot extremely well; and besides, the thought that they are fighting for their country and for freedom gives them all the more courage. At length the whole army was obliged to encamp for a while. . . . On the 7th of October my husband, with all the staff of generals, again broke camp. From that moment all our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, when I discovered that something

was about to occur. General Fraser, and I think Generals Burgoyne and Phillips also, were to dine with me that day. I noticed a great commotion among the troops, but my husband said there was to be a reconnoissance, which did not strike me as anything remarkable, as it often happened. As I was going back to my block-house, a great many Indians met me, in full war-paint and with their guns. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, 'War! War!' That meant that they were going to battle, and I was quite overcome. I had hardly reached home when I heard shots, and the firing gradually grew louder, till at last the noise was dreadful. It was a fearful cannonade, and I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the company who should have arrived, poor General Fraser, one of the expected guests, was brought in on a litter, mortally wounded. Our dinner-table, which was already laid, was taken away, and a bed was put up in its place for the general. I sat in a corner of the room, shivering and quaking. The thought that my husband might be brought in like that was horrible, and tortured me unceasingly. . . .

"At last, toward evening, my husband came. Then I forgot all my trouble, and thanked God that he had been spared to me. We had been told that we had the advantage, but the sad and downcast faces that I saw proved the contrary; and before my husband left me he took me aside, and told me that things were going very badly, and that I must get ready to start at any time, though without letting my preparations be perceived. So on the pretext of moving into my new house on the morrow, I had everything packed up. . . .

"We set off on the evening of the 8th. The utmost stillness was enjoined upon us; fires were made up and many tents left standing, to make the enemy believe that the camp was still there. And so we went on during the whole night. Fritzchen was afraid, and often began to cry; and I had to keep my handkerchief before her mouth, so that we should not be discovered.

"At six o'clock in the morning we halted, to the surprise of all. General Burgoyne had the cannon brought up and counted, which displeased every one, for with a few good marches more we should have been in safety. . . . At length we set off again; but we had marched scarcely an hour when another halt was made, because we had caught sight of the enemy. There were about two hundred men, who had come out to reconnoitre, and our troops might have captured them easily if General Burgoyne had not lost his head. The rain poured in torrents, and Lady Acland had her tent put up. . . . The Indians had become disheartened, and one after another deserted. They turn cowards at the slightest obstacle, especially when there is no plunder for them. My maid did nothing but tear her hair and bewail her hard fate. . . .

"Towards evening we reached Saratoga, which was only half an hour's journey from the place where we had spent the whole day. I was wet through and through by the rain, and had to remain so the whole night, as I had no opportunity of changing my wet garments. So I sat down before a good fire and undressed my children, and we lay down together on some straw. I asked General Phillips, who came up to me, why we did not continue our march while we had time, as my husband had engaged to cover our retreat and bring the army through. 'Poor woman!' he replied, 'I admire you. Wet through as you are, you still have the courage to go on in this weather. I wish you were our commanding general! He feels too tired to go on, and is going to spend the night here, and give us a supper.'

"It is a fact that General Burgoyne was very fond of amusement, and spent

half the night singing and drinking with his mistress, the wife of a commissary, who was as fond of champagne as he was.

"At seven o'clock in the morning of the 10th, I drank a little tea, and we hoped every moment that orders would be given to start. General Burgoyne ordered the beautiful houses and mills in Saratoga, which belonged to General Schuyler, to be set on fire. An English officer brought some excellent broth, which he insisted on sharing with me, and we began our march again, though only to another place not very far distant. The greatest misery and the wildest disorder prevailed in the army. The commissary had forgotten to distribute provisions among the troops. We had cattle enough, but not one had been slaughtered. More than thirty officers, who could not bear their hunger any longer, came to me. I had coffee and tea made for them, and divided among them all the provisions which I always had in my carriage; for we had a cook who, although he was an arrant knave, understood his business very well, and often crossed the little rivers in the night, as we afterwards discovered, and stole sheep and fowls and pigs from the country people, which he made us pay dearly for. At last all my resources were exhausted, and in my despair at being unable to give more assistance I called to Adjutant-General Patterson, who came by just then, and said to him with some vehemence, — for I felt the matter deeply, — 'Come and see these officers, who have been wounded in the common cause, and who are quite destitute because they have not received what is due them. It is your duty to represent the matter to the general.'

"He was moved by my words, and the consequence was that a quarter of an hour after, General Burgoyne came to me himself, and thanked me with a great deal of pathos for reminding him of his duty. He added that a commander was much to be pitied when he was not well served and his orders were not obeyed. I replied that I begged his pardon for having interfered in a matter which, as I well knew, was not a woman's province, but that it was impossible for me to keep silence when I saw so many brave men suffering and I had no more to give them. He thanked me again (though I feel certain that in his heart he never forgave me for this); and going from me to the officers, he told them that he was sorry for what had happened, but that he had made everything right by his orders. Why had they not come to him, as his kitchen was always at their service? They replied that English officers were not in the habit of visiting their general's kitchen, and that they had taken food from me with pleasure, because they felt assured I gave it with my whole heart. Upon this he gave the strictest orders that the provisions should be properly distributed. However, this lasted only a short time, and then things were no better than before. . . .

"Our carriages were got ready for departure. All the army voted for the retreat, and my husband engaged to make it practicable provided no more time should be lost. But General Burgoyne could not make up his mind to it, and lost everything through his hesitation. About two o'clock in the afternoon we again heard cannon and musketry, and all was consternation and alarm. My husband sent me word to take refuge for the present in a house not far distant. I got into my calèche, with my children; and we were just approaching the house, when I saw on the other side of the river five or six men, who were pointing their muskets at us. Almost unconsciously I thrust the children into the bottom of the calèche, and threw myself over them. The men fired at the same moment, and shattered the arm of a poor English soldier who was already wounded, and was also going to take refuge in

the house. Immediately after our arrival a fearful cannonade began, which was chiefly directed towards the house where we had taken shelter; probably because the enemy believed, as they saw so many people streaming towards it, that the generals were there. Alas! there was no one but women and the wounded.

"We were at last obliged to go into the cellar, where I camped down in a corner near the door. My children lay on the ground, with their heads in my lap. We remained thus through the whole night. The horrible smells, my children's cries, and more than all my own anxiety prevented me from closing my eyes.

"The next morning the frightful cannonade began again, but from the other side. Eleven cannon-balls crashed into the house, and we could hear them rolling over our heads. A poor soldier, who had been laid out on a table to have his leg taken off, had his other leg shot away in the mean time by a cannon-ball. His comrades all ran away; and when they came to him again they found that he had rolled himself into a corner, in his terror, and was scarcely breathing. I was more dead than alive, not so much at the thought of our own danger as at that of my husband, who, however, often sent to ask how we were, and to let us know that he was well. . . .

"We passed this night like the previous one. My husband came once to visit me, which lessened my anxiety and gave me courage again. In the morning we began to arrange our quarters a little better. Major Hamish and his wife and Mrs. Reynolds made a little room for themselves in a corner, with curtains before it. They offered to arrange another for me in the same way, but I preferred to stay near the door, so I could get out easily in case of fire. I had some straw piled up and laid my beds on it, where I slept with my children; not very far away were my women. Opposite were three English officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to stay behind in case of retreat. They all three swore solemnly that if we were obliged to retreat suddenly they would not leave me behind, and each of them would take one of my children on his horse. My husband's horse was always kept ready saddled for me. He often thought of sending me to the Americans, to remove me from danger; but I represented to him that it would be far harder than anything I had yet endured to be with people to whom I must be under obligations, while my husband was fighting against them; so he promised that I should keep on with the army. Sometimes, in the night, my fear lest he might have marched away without me became so strong that I would creep out of my cellar to reassure myself. When I had seen the troops lying about before the fire, in the already rather cold nights, I could sleep more quietly.

"Our cook kept us supplied with food, but we found it hard to get water; and I was often obliged to quench my thirst with wine, and to give it to the children. . . . At last we found a soldier's wife who had the courage to bring water from the river, — a task which no one had been willing to undertake, because the enemy shot all the men who went to the river. They did not harm this woman out of respect to her sex, as they afterwards told us themselves.

"We were six days in this dreadful condition. At last there began to be talk of capitulating, as we had hesitated too long, and retreat was now impossible. An armistice was proclaimed, and my husband, who was quite exhausted, was able for the first time for weeks to go to bed within four walls. In order that he might not be disturbed, I had a good bed made for him in a small room, and I slept with my children and my women in the adjoining parlor. But about one o'clock in the morning, some

one came and asked to speak with him. Sorely against my will, I was obliged to waken him. I could see that the message was not an agreeable one, as he dispatched the man at once to headquarters, and grumblingly lay down again. Soon after General Burgoyne summoned all the other generals and staff officers to a council of war, to take place early in the morning; at which he proposed, on the strength of a false report which he had received, to break the capitulation which he had already concluded with the enemy. But it was at length decided that this was neither advisable nor practicable; a fortunate circumstance for us, for the Americans told us afterwards that if we had broken the capitulation they would have massacred us all, which they could the more easily have done as we had not more than four or five thousand men, and we had allowed them time to collect more than twenty thousand.

"On the morning of the 16th of October my husband had to return to his post and I to my cellar. . . . On the 17th the terms of capitulation were completed. The general surrendered to Gates, the American commander in chief, and the troops laid down their arms and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

"At length my husband sent a messenger to me to say that I was to come to him with the children. So I seated myself in my calèche, and in driving through the American camp I made the comforting observation that no one looked at us with insulting glances; that they all greeted me, and even showed compassion in their faces at seeing a woman with little children. I confess that I had felt afraid of going among the enemy, which was quite a new experience for me. As I approached the tent, a very fine-looking man came towards me, took the children out of the carriage, kissed and caressed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me to descend. 'You are trembling,' he said to me. 'Don't be afraid!'

"'No,' I replied; 'for you look so kind, and you have been so tender with my children, that you give me courage.'

"He then led me to General Gates's tent, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who seemed to be on a very friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me, 'Have no further anxiety, for your troubles are all over now.'

"I answered that I certainly need not feel anxiety, since our commander in chief had none, and I saw him on such good terms with General Gates. All the generals stayed to dinner with General Gates. The same officer who had received me so kindly came up to me, and said, 'You would find it embarrassing to dine with all these gentlemen. Come with your children into my tent, where I will give you a dinner; frugal, it is true, but offered with hearty goodwill.' 'I am sure,' I replied, 'you must be a husband and father, because you are so kind to me.' Upon this I learned that he was the American General Schuyler. He furnished me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteak, potatoes, and good bread and butter. I have never enjoyed a dinner so much. I felt calmer, and I saw that all around me were so; and what was more than all, my husband was now entirely out of danger.

"When we had finished dinner the General invited me to stay at his house, near Albany, and told me that General Burgoyne would be there, too. When I asked my husband what I should do, he advised me to accept the invitation; and as it was a two days' journey, and it was already five o'clock in the afternoon, he urged me to go on before, and spend the night at a place about three hours distant. General Schuyler had the kindness to send a French officer to escort me thither. When we reached the house where I was to stay, he left me and went back. . . .

"Two days after we reached Albany, where we had so often longed to be. But we did not come as conquerors, as we had expected. We were received by the good General Schuyler and his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but in the kindest manner; and they showed the greatest attention to us, and to General Burgoyne as well, though he had had their beautifully furnished houses burnt down, and, as every one said, without any real necessity. But they behaved like people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. This generosity touched General Burgoyne greatly, and he said to General Schuyler, 'How can you show so much kindness to me who have done you so great an injury!' 'Oh, that is the fortune of war,' replied the noble man. 'Let us say no more about it.'

"We stayed with them three days, and they were reluctant to let us go."

Though the perils of war were now over for our baroness and her family, they had by no means said good-by to all disagreeable adventures. They traveled slowly from Albany to Boston, where they were to spend the winter. To keep off the cold the baroness had had her carriage covered with coarse painted linen, which gave it the appearance of the wild-beast cart of a traveling menagerie. This so aroused the curiosity of the people of the villages through which she passed that she was often obliged to descend from her carriage and show herself, to gratify their curiosity to see the Hessian general's wife. This she did with great good-humor, finding it only a source of amusement; but to her husband, already depressed by ill-health and a gnawing sense of failure and disgrace, it added one pang more to the bitterness of his captivity.

Her impressions of Boston were not very favorable. The family were lodged in the house of a countryman, and were all crowded into one room under the roof; sleeping on straw, which they strewed on the floor. As a favor, their host permitted them to take their meals in his room, where all the family ate and slept. The woman of the house, to revenge herself for the trouble they gave her, always took occasion, while they were at dinner, to comb out her children's hair, and was deaf to all entreaties to choose another time for the operation. The baroness pronounces Boston a very pretty city, "but inhabited by ardent patriots, and full of disagreeable people."

They remained here three weeks, and then were removed to Cambridge, where they were sumptuously lodged in one of the finest houses in the town, which had formerly belonged to a wealthy royalist. In this house they spent a comfortable and pleasant year, at the end of which they were ordered to Virginia. During this journey they endured many privations, often being quite without food, owing to becoming separated from their provision-wagon.

In Virginia, she says, "we passed through the most picturesque scenery, but so savage in its wildness that it made me shudder; and we often risked our lives in passing over the breakneck roads, where we suffered greatly from the cold, and, what was worse, from want of food. When we entered Virginia, and were only a day's journey from our place of destination, we had nothing left but our tea and a biscuit apiece, and could not get anything. One man gave me a handful of dried fruit, on the way. At noon we reached a house, where I begged for something to eat. The people refused it with hard words, saying that they had nothing for dogs of royalists. . . . The roads were frightful, the horses overloaded, my three children quite white and fainting with hunger, and for the first time I felt quite discouraged. . . . At length an adjutant obtained from a guide a small piece of old bread, which had been gnawed all round, as it was too hard to break. . . .

"One evening we came to a pretty place, but our provision-wagon was unable to follow us, and we could not endure our hunger any longer. As I saw an abundance of meat in the house where we had taken shelter, I begged the hostess to let me have some. 'I have all kinds,' she replied: 'there is beef and veal and mutton.' My mouth watered as she spoke. 'Give me some,' I said, 'and I will pay you well.' She snapped her fingers in my face, and said, 'You shall not have a bit of it. Why did you come out of your own country to kill us and to devour our substance? Now you are prisoners, and it is our turn to torment you.' 'But see these poor children,' I pleaded; 'they are nearly dead with hunger.' She remained unmoved; but when my three-years-old Caroline went up to her, took her hand, and said to her in English, 'Good woman, I am very hungry,' she could hold out no longer, but took her into the kitchen and gave her an egg. 'No,' said the little girl, 'I have two sisters.' The woman was touched by this, and gave her three eggs, saying, 'I am ashamed of myself, but I can't resist the child.' She afterwards softened so far as to offer me some bread and milk."

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence on the journey. The family reached Colle, their destination, in the middle of February, 1779.

A lack of space precludes the possibility of giving many details of the life of the captives in Virginia, where they built them a house and were surrounded by a pleasant circle of friends, among whom were Madame Garel and General Washington's family. General von Riedesel's health suffered from the climate, and his spirits from the galling sense of captivity; while his wife was always busy and cheery, saddened only when anything went wrong with her husband and children.

In August of that same year, they traveled to New York, with the expectation of being exchanged; visiting Madame Garel at her plantation on the way. Here Madame von Riedesel was much struck by the beautiful aspect presented by the vineyards, which were planted on the slope of a hill; the vines alternating with roses and amaranths, making a perfect bower of bloom. Madame Garel's husband did not please her so well as the vineyards, as he proved brusque and unamiable.

They had scarcely arrived in New York when it was announced to them that the exchange had not been effected, and they must return to Virginia at once. This was a severe blow, especially to Madame von Riedesel, who was in a delicate state of health, and had suffered greatly from the journey. However, they were permitted to await the decision of Congress at Bethlehem, where they lodged with a Moravian brother, who proved his indifference to this world's goods by bringing them in a bill, at the end of six weeks, of thirty-two thousand dollars, for the board of sixteen persons. This appalling sum was in paper money, however, and sounds more moderate when reduced to two thousand dollars in gold; though even then board in Bethlehem could hardly be considered cheap.

In November, they were allowed to go to New York on parole. Here a fourth daughter was born to them, whom they named America, from the country of her birth. They received many kindnesses from the English officers, who visited them frequently.

"The last time General Clinton came to us," writes the baroness, "he brought with him the unhappy and since famous Major André, who started the next day on the fatal expedition on which he was captured by the Americans and hanged as a spy. It was very sad that this admirable young man should have been the victim of his zeal and kindness of heart, which led him to undertake such a very doubtful enterprise in order to

spare another and older officer, whose risk would have been greater because he was so much better known."

In 1780 General von Riedesel was exchanged, and was given command at Long Island by General Clinton. For some months the family were obliged to be constantly on the alert, for fear of being captured in their beds; and General von Riedesel's dread of again being a prisoner was so great that he could sleep only when he was sure that his wife was awake.

This constant anxiety and the ill effects of the climate told still more upon his already broken health, and at his own desire he was transferred to Quebec, where he and his family remained until their return to Germany in 1783. Here a fifth daughter was born, whom they named Canada, and who lived only a few months. Madame von Riedesel gives an interesting account of her life in Quebec.

In September, 1783, they arrived in England, where they were welcomed most graciously by the King and Queen.

"One day when we were at dinner," writes the baroness, "Lady Howard, the Queen's lady in waiting, sent us word that the Queen would receive us at six o'clock that evening. As my court-dress was not done, and I had nothing else but a very simple *Anglaise*, I sent apologies at once, which I repeated myself when we had the honor to be presented to their majesties, who were together. But the Queen, who as well as the King received us with extreme graciousness, replied very kindly, 'We do not think of the clothes of persons we are glad to see.' She was surrounded by all the princesses, her daughters. We all sat down around the hearth in a half-circle, — the Queen, the princesses, the lady in waiting, and I, — while my husband stood before the fire with the King. Tea and cakes were passed round. I sat between the Queen and one of the princesses, and had to tell them all my adventures. The Queen said to me, 'I have followed your movements all the time and have often inquired about you, and always heard with pleasure that you were well and happy and were beloved by every one.'

"I had a terrible cough, and Princess Sophia went herself to get some black currant jelly, which she recommended as a very good remedy, and insisted on my taking a pot of it.

"At nine o'clock in the evening the Prince of Wales came in. His youngest sisters ran up to him, and he embraced them and danced them about. The royal family have so eminently the gift of making one feel at ease that one fancies one's self in a happy family circle of one's own rank. We stayed till ten o'clock, the King talking a great deal about America with my husband, and in German too, which he speaks perfectly. My husband was astonished at his wonderful memory. When we took leave of the Queen, she had the kindness to say that she hoped we would not leave England very soon, as she would like to see me again. But as we learned that the fleet which was to convey us with our troops back to Germany was waiting only for us, we had to hasten our departure, so that we could not wait upon the royal family again."

It was with tears of thankfulness that the baroness returned to her home, but it was not a triumphant home-coming for her husband. Of the 4300 men he had carried away, but 2600 came back with him; and he himself had written to his duke "that he had lost in America the reputation he had won in Europe, and considered himself the most unfortunate of men." This feeling never left him, nor did he ever again have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field.

His misfortunes in his professional life were balanced by peace and happiness in his domestic relations. A son was born to him after his return, by

whose death in 1854 the male line of his branch of the family became extinct. His daughters married men of rank, and Frederika was remarkable for her intellectual ability and for her friendships with celebrated men. He died in the beginning of the century, his wife surviving him about eight years.

DRIFTING DOWN LOST CREEK.

I.

High above Lost Creek Valley towers a wilderness of pine. So dense is this growth that it masks the mountain whence it springs. Even when the Cumberland spurs, to the east, are gaunt and bare in the wintry wind, their deciduous forests denuded, their crags unveiled and grimly beetling, Pine Mountain remains a sombre, changeless mystery; its clifty heights are hidden, its chasms and abysses lurk unseen. Whether the skies are blue, or gray, the dark, austere line of its summit limits the horizon. It stands against the west like a barrier. It seemed to Cynthia Ware that nothing which went beyond this barrier ever came back again. One by one the days passed over it, and in splendid apotheosis, in purple and crimson and gold, they were received into the heavens, and returned no more. She beheld love go hence, and many a hope. Even Lost Creek itself, meandering for miles between the ranges, suddenly sinks into the earth, tunnels an unknown channel beneath the mountain, and is never seen again. She often watched the floating leaves, a nettle here and there, the broken wing of a moth, and wondered whither these trifles were borne, on the elegiac current. She came to fancy that her life was like them, worthless in itself and without a mission; drifting down Lost Creek, to vanish vaguely in the mountains.

Yet her life had not always been thus destitute of pleasure and purpose. There was a time — and she remembered it well — when she found no analogies in Lost Creek. Then she saw only a stream gayly dandering down the valley, with the laurel and the pawpaw close in to its banks, and the kildeer's nest in the sand.

Before it takes that desperate plunge into the unexplored caverns of the mountain, Lost Creek lends its aid to divers jobs of very prosaic work. Further up the valley it turns a mill-wheel, and on Mondays it is wont to assist in the family wash. A fire of pine-knots, kindled beside it on a flat rock, would twine long, lucent white flames about the huge kettle in which the clothes were boiled. Through the steam the distant landscape flickered, ethereal, dream-like. The garments, laid across a bench and beaten white with a wooden paddle, would flutter hilariously in the wind. Deep in some willowy tangle the water-thrush might sing. Ever and anon from the heights above vibrated the clinking of a hand-hammer and the clanking of a sledge. This iterative sound used to pulse like a lyric in Cynthia's heart. But her mother, one day, took up her testimony against it.

"I do declar', it sets me plumb cat-a-wampus ter hev ter listen ter them blacksmiths, up yander ter thar shop, at thar everlastin' chink-chank an' chink-chank, considerin' the tales I hearn 'bout 'em, when I war down ter the quiltin' at M'ria's house in the Cove."

She paused to prod the boiling clothes with a long stick. She was a tall

woman, fifty years of age, perhaps, but seeming much older. So gaunt she was, so toothless, haggard, and dishevelled, that but for her lazy step and languid interest she might have suggested one of Macbeth's witches, as she hovered about the great cauldron.

"They 'lowed down yander ter M'ria's house ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be the headin'est, no 'count critter in the kentry! They 'lowed ez he hev been a-foolin' round Pete Blenkins's forge, a-workin' fur him ez a striker, till he thinks hisself ez good a blacksmith ez Pete, an' better. An' all of a suddenty this same Evander Price riz up an' made a consarn ter bake bread in, sech ez hed never been seen in the mountings afore. They 'lowed down ter M'ria's ez they dunno what he patterned arter. The Evil One must hev revealed the contrivance ter him. But they say it did cook bread in less 'n haffen the time that the reg'lar oven takes; leastwise his granny's bread, 'kase his mother air a toler'ble sensible woman, an' would tech no sech foolish fixin'. But his granny 'lowed ez how she did n't hev long ter live, nohow, an' mought ez well please the chil'ren whilst she war spared. So she resked a batch o' her salt-risin' bread on the consarn, an' she do say it riz like all possessed, an' eat toler'ble short. An' that banged critter Evander war so proud o' his contrivance that he showed it ter everybody ez kem by the shop. An' when two valley men rid by, an' one o' thar beastis cast a shoe, 'Vander hed ter take out his contraption fur them ter gape over, too. An' they ups an' says they hed seen the like afore a-many a time; sech ovens war common in the valley towns. An' when they fund out ez 'Vander hed never hearn on sech, but jes' got the idee out 'n his own foolishness, they jes' stared at one another. They tole the boy ez he oughter take hisself an' his peartness in workin' in iron down yander ter some o' the valley towns, whar he 'd find out what other folks hed been doin' in metal, an' git a good hank on his knack fur new notions. But 'Vander, he clung ter the mountings. They 'lowed down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez 'Vander fairly tuk ter the woods with grief through other folks hevin' made sech contraptions ez his'n, afore he war born."

The girl stopped short in her work of pounding the clothes, and, leaning the paddle on the bench, looked up toward the forge with her luminous brown eyes full of grave compassion. Her calico sun-bonnet was thrust half off her head. Its cavernous recesses made a background of many shades of brown for her auburn hair, which was of a brilliant, rich tint, highly esteemed of late years in civilization, but in the mountains still accounted a capital defect. There was nothing as gayly colored in all the woods, except perhaps a red-bird, that carried his tufted top-knot so bravely through shade and sheen that he might have been the transmigrated spirit of an Indian, still roaming in the old hunting-ground. The beech shadows, delicately green, imparted a more ethereal fairness to her fair face, and her sombre brown homespun dress heightened the effect by contrast. Her mother noted an unwonted flush upon her cheek, and recommenced with a deep, astute purpose.

"They 'lowed down yander in the Cove, ter M'ria's quiltin', ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be mighty difficult, sence he hev been so gin over ter pride in his oven an' sech. They 'lowed ez even Pete Blenkins air fairly afeard o' him. Pete hisself hev always been knowed ez a powerful evil man, an' what 'twixt drink an' deviltry mos' folks hev been keerful ter gin him elbow-room. But this hyar 'Vander Price hectors round an' jaws back so sharp ez Pete hev got ter be truly mealy-mouthed where 'Vander be. They

'lowed down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez one day Pete an' 'Vander hed a piece o' iron a-twixt 'em on the anvil, an' Pete would tap, same ez common, with the hand-hammer on the hot metal ter show 'Vander whar ter strike with the sledge. An' Pete got toler'ble bouncin', an' kep' faultin' 'Vander, — jes' like he use ter quar'l with his t'other striker, till the man would bide with him no more. All at wunst 'Vander hefted the sledge, an' gin Pete the ch'ice ter take it on his skull-bone, or show more manners. An' Pete showed 'em."

There was a long pause. Lost Creek sounded some broken minor chords, as it dashed against the rocks on its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming. Their fragrance, so delicate yet so pervasive, suggested some exquisite unseen presence — the dryads were surely abroad! The beech-trees stretched down their silver branches and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging, till they seemed to meet far away in one long, level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven. The pine-knots flamed and glistered under the great wash-kettle. A tree-toad was persistently calling for rain, in the dry distance. The girl, gravely impassive, beat the clothes with the heavy paddle. Her mother shortly ceased to prod the white heaps in the boiling water, and presently took up the thread of her discourse.

"An' 'Vander hev got ter be a mighty suddint man. I hearn tell, when I war down ter M'ria's house ter the quiltin', ez how in that sorter fight an' scrimmage they hed at the mill, las' month, he war powerful ill-conducted. Nobody hed thought of hevin' much of a fight, — thar hed been jes' a few licks passed atwixt the men thar; but the fust finger ez war laid on this boy, he jes' lit out an' fit like a catamount. Right an' lef' he lay about him with his fists, an' he drawed his huntin' knife on some of 'em. The men at the mill war in no wise pleased with him."

"'Pears-like ter me ez 'Vander air a peaceable boy enough, ef he ain't jawed at, an' air lef' be," drawled Cynthia.

Her mother was embarrassed for a moment. Then, with a look both sly and wise, she made an admission, — a qualified admission. "Waal, wimmen — ef — ef — ef they air young an' toler'ble hard-headed *yit*, air likely ter jaw *some*, ennyhow. An' a gal ought n't ter marry a man ez hev sot his heart on bein' lef' in peace. He 's apt ter be a mighty sour an' disapp'inted critter."

This sudden turn to the conversation invested all that had been said with new meaning, and revealed a subtle diplomatic intention. The girl seemed to deliberately review it, as she paused in her work. Then, with a rising flush, "I ain't studyin' 'bout marryin' nobody," she asserted staidly. "I hev laid off ter live single."

Mrs. Ware had overshot the mark, but she retorted, gallantly reckless, "That 's what yer aunt Malviny useter declar' fur gospel sure, when she war a gal. An' she hev got ten chil'ren an' hev buried two husbands, an' ef all they say air true she 's tollin' in the third man now. She 's a mighty spry, good-featured woman an' a fust-rate manager, yer aunt Malviny air, an' both her husbands lef' her su'thin', — cows, or wagons, or land. An' they war quiet men when they war alive, an' stays whar they air put, now that they air dead; not like old Parson Hoodenpyle what his wife hears stumpin' round the house an' preachin' every night, though she air ez deef ez a post, an' he hev been in glory twenty year, — twenty year, an' better. Yer aunt Malviny hed luck, so mebbe 't ain't no killin' complaint fur a gal ter git ter talkin' like a fool about marryin' an' sech. Leastwise, I ain't minded ter sorrow."

She looked at her daughter with a

gay grin, which, distorted by her toothless gums and the wreathing steam from the kettle, enhanced her witch-like aspect and was spuriously malevolent. She did not notice the stir of an approach through the brambly tangles of the heights above until it was close at hand; as she turned, she thought only of the mountain cattle, — to see the red cow's picturesque head and crumpled horns thrust over the sassafras bushes, or to hear the brindle's clanking bell. It was certainly less unexpected to Cynthia when a young mountaineer, clad in brown jeans trousers and a checked homespun shirt, emerged upon the rocky slope. He still wore his blacksmith's leather apron, and his powerful corded hammer-arm was bare beneath his tightly rolled sleeve. He was tall and heavily built; his sunburned face was square, with a strong lower jaw, and his features were accented by fine lines of charcoal, as if the whole were a clever sketch. His black eyes held fierce intimations, but there was mobility of expression about them that suggested changing impulses, strong but fleeting. He was like his forge fire: though the heat might be intense for a time, it fluctuated with the breath of the bellows. Just now he was meekly quailing before the old woman, whom he evidently had not thought to find here. It was as apt an illustration as might be, perhaps, of the inferiority of strength to finesse. She seemed an inconsiderable adversary, as haggard, lean, and prematurely aged she swayed on her prodding-stick about the huge kettle; but she was as a veritable David to this big young Goliath, though she too flung hardly more than a pebble at him.

"Laws-a-me!" she cried, in shrill, toothless glee; "ef hyar ain't 'Vander Price! What brung ye down hyar along o' we-uns, 'Vander?" she continued, with simulated anxiety. "Hev that thar red heifer o' our'n lept over the fence agin, an' got inter Pete's corn? Waal, sir, ef she ain't the headin'est heifer!"

"I hain't seen none o' yer heifer, ez I knows on," replied the young blacksmith, with gruff, drawling deprecation. Then he tried to regain his natural manner. "I kem down hyar," he remarked in an off-hand way, "ter git a drink o' water." He glanced furtively at the girl; then looked quickly away at the gallant red-bird, still gayly parading among the leaves.

The old woman grinned with delight. "Now, ef that ain't s'prisin'," she declared. "Ef we hed knowed ez Lost Creek war a-goin' dry over yander a-nigh the shop, so ye an' Pete would hev ter kem hyar thirstin' fur water, we-uns would hev brung su'thin' down hyar ter drink out'n. We-uns hain't got no gourd hyar, hev we, Cynthy?"

"'Thout it air the little gourd with the saft soap in it," said Cynthia, confused and blushing.

Her mother broke into a high, loud laugh. "Ye ain't wantin' ter gin Vander the soap-gourd ter drink out'n, Cynthy! Leastwise, I ain't goin' ter gin it ter Pete. Fur I s'pose ef ye hev ter kem a haffen mile ter git a drink, 'Vander, ez surely Pete 'll hev ter kem, too. Waal, waal, who would hev b'lieved ez Lost Creek would go dry nigh the shop, an' yit be a-scuttlin' along like that, hyar-abouts!" and she pointed with her bony finger at the swift flow of the water.

He was forced to abandon his clumsy pretense of thirst. "Lost Creek ain't gone dry nowhar, ez I knows on," he admitted, mechanically rolling the sleeve of his hammer-arm up and down as he talked. "It air toler'ble high, — higher 'n I ever see it afore. 'T war jes' night afore las' ez two men got a kyart sunk in a quicksand, whilst fordin' the creek. An' one o' thar wheels kem off, an' they hed right smart scufflin' ter keep thar load from washin' out'n the kyart an' driftin' clean away. Least-

wise, that was how they telled it ter me. They war valley men, I 'm a-thinkin'. They 'lowed ter me ez they hed ter cut thar beastis out 'n the traces. They loaded him up with the goods an' fotched him ter the shop."

Mrs. Ware forbore her ready gibes in her interest in the countryside gossip. She ceased to prod the boiling clothes. She hung motionless on the stick. "I s'pose they 'lowed, mebbe, ez what sort'n goods they hed," she hazarded, seeing a peddler in the dim perspective of a prosaic imagination.

"They lef' some along o' we-uns ter keep till they kem back agin. They 'lowed ez they could travel better ef thar beastis war eased some of his load. They hed some o' all sorts o' truck. They 'lowed ez they war aimin' ter sot up a store over yander ter the Settlemint on Milksick Mounting. They lef' right smart o' truck up yander in the shed ahint the shop; 'pears like ter me it air a kyart-load itself. I promised ter keer fur it till they kem back agin."

Certainly, so far as Cynthia was concerned, the sharpness of wits and the acerbity of temper ascribed generally to the red-haired gentry could be accounted no slander. The flame-colored halo about her face, emblazoned upon the dusky depths of her old brown bonnet, was not more fervid than an angry glow overspreading her delicate cheek, and an intense fiery spark suddenly alight in her brown eyes.

"Pete Blenkins mus' be sodden with drink, I 'm a-thinkin' ! " she cried impatiently. "Like ez not them men will 'low ez the truck ain't all thar, when they kem back. An' then thar 'll be a tremenjious scrimmage ter the shop, an' somebody 'll git hurt, an' mebbe killed."

"Waal, Cynthy," exclaimed her mother, in tantalizing glee, "air you-uns goin' ter ache when Pete's head gits bruk? That 's powerful 'commodatin' in ye, cornsiderin' ez he hev got a wife an' chil'ren ez old ez ye be. Waal, sorrow fur Pete, ef ye air so minded."

The angry spark in Cynthia's eyes died out as suddenly as it kindled. She began to beat the wet clothes heavily with the paddle, and her manner was that of having withdrawn herself from the conversation. The young blacksmith had flushed, too, and he laughed a little, but demurely. Then, as he still rolled and unrolled the sleeve of his hammer-arm, his wonted gravity returned.

"Pete hain't got nuthin' ter do with it, nohow," he averred. "Pete hev been away fur two weeks an' better: he hev gone ter see his uncle Joshua, over yander on Caney Fork. He 'lowed ez apple-jack grows powerful fine in them parts."

"Then who war holpin' at the forge ter-day?" asked Mrs. Ware, surprised. "I 'lowed I hearn the hand-hammer an' sledge too, same ez common."

There was a change among the lines of charcoal that seemed to define his features. He looked humbled, ashamed. "I hed my brother a-strikin' fur me," he said at last.

"Why, 'Vander," exclaimed the old woman shrilly, "that thar boy 's a plumb idjit! Ye ought n't trust him along o' that sledge! He 'd jes' ez lief maul ye on the head with it ez maul the hot iron. Ye know he air ez strong ez a ox; an' the critter 's fursaken in his mind."

"I knows that," Evander admitted. "I would n't hev done it, ef I hed n't been a-workin' on a new fixin' ez I hev jes' thought up, an' I war jes' *obligated* ter hev somebody ter strike fur me. An' laws-a-massy, 'Lijah would n't harm nobody. The critter war ez peart an' lively ez a June-bug, — so proud ter be allowed ter work around like folks!" He stopped short in sudden amazement: something stood in his eyes that had no habit there; its presence stupefied him. For a moment he could not speak, and he stood silently gazing at that long,

level blue line, in which the converging mountains met, — so delicately azure, so ethereally suggestive, that it seemed to him like the Promised Land that Moses viewed. "The critter air mighty aggervatin' mos'ly ter the folks at our house," he continued, "but they hectors him. He treats me well."

"An ill word is spoke 'bout him ginerally round the mounting," said the old woman, who had filled and lighted her pipe, and was now trying to crowd down the charge, so to speak, without scorching too severely her callous forefinger. "I hev hearn folks 'low ez he hev got so turrible crazy ez he oughter be sent away an' shet up in jail. An' it 'pears like ter me ez that word air jestice. The critter 's fursaken."

"Fursaken or no fursaken, he ain't goin' ter be jailed fur nothin', — 'ceptin' that the hand o' the Lord air laid too heavy on him. I can't lighten its weight. I 'm mortial myself. The rider says thar 's some holp in prayer. I hain't seen it yit, though I hev been toler'ble busy lately a-workin' in metal, one way an' another. What good air it goin' ter do the mounting ter hev 'Lijah jailed, stiddier goin' round the woods a-talkin' ter the grasshoppers an' squir'ls, ez seem ter actially know the critter, an' bein' ez happy ez they air, 'ceptin' when he gits it inter his noodle, like he sometimes do, ez he ain't edzactly like other folks be?" He paused. Those strange visitants trembled again upon his smoke-blackened lids. "Fursaken or no," he cried impulsively, "the man ez tries ter git him jailed will 'low ez he air fursaken his own self, afore I gits done with him!"

"'Vander Price," said the old woman rebukingly, "ye talk like ye hain't got good sense yerself." She sat down on a rock embedded in the ferns by Lost Creek, and pulled deliberately at her long cob-pipe. Then she too turned her faded eyes upon the vast landscape, in which she had seen no change, save the changing season and the waxing or the waning of the day, since first her life had opened upon it. That level line of pale blue in the poetic distance had become faintly roseate. The great bronze-green ranges nearer at hand were assuming a royal purple. Shadows went skulking down the valley. Across the amber zenith an eagle was flying homeward. Her mechanical glance followed the sweeping, majestic curves, as the bird dropped to its nest in the wild fastnesses of Pine Mountain, that towered, rugged and severe of outline, against the crimson west. A cow-bell jangled in the laurel.

"Old Suke 's a-comin' home ez partic'lar an' percise ez ef she hed her calf thar yit. I hev traded Suke's calf ter my merried daughter M'ria, — her ez merried Amos Baker, in the Cove. The old brindle can't somehow onderstan' the natur' o' the bargain, an' kems up every night moo-ing, mighty disapp'inted. 'T war n't much shakes of a calf, nohow, an' I stood toler'ble well arter the trade."

She looked up at the young man with a leer of self-gratulation. He still lingered, but the unsophisticated mother in the mountains can be as much an obstacle to anything in the nature of love-making, when the youth is not approved, as the expert tactician of a drawing-room. He had only the poor consolation of helping Cynthia to carry in the load of stiff, dry clothes to the log cabin, ambushed behind the beech-trees, hard by in the gorge. The house had a very unconfiding aspect; all its belongings seemed huddled about it for safe-keeping. The beehives stood almost under the eaves; the ash-hopper was visible close in the rear; the rain-barrel affiliated with the damp wall; the chickens were going to roost in an althea bush beside the porch; the boughs of the cherry and plum and crab-apple trees were thickly interlaced above the path that led from the rickety rail fence, and

among their roots flag-lilies, larkspur, and devil-in-the-bush mingled in a floral mosaic. The old woman went through the gate first. But even this inadvertence could not profit the loitering young people. "Law, Cynthy," she exclaimed, pointing at a loose-jointed elderly mountaineer, who was seated beneath the hop vines on the little porch, while a gaunt gray mare, with the plow-gear still upon her, cropped the grass close by, "yander is yer daddy, ez empty ez a gourd, I'll be bound! Hurry an' git supper, child. Time's a-wastin', — time's a-wastin'!"

When Evander was half-way up the steep slope, he turned and looked down at the embowered little house, that itself turned its face upward, looking as it were to the mountain's summit. How it nestled there in the gorge! He had seen it often and often before, but whenever he thought of it afterward it was as it appeared to him now: the darkling valley below it, the mountains behind it, the sunset sky still flaring above it, though stars had blossomed out here and there, and the sweet June night seemed full of their fragrance. He could distinguish for a good while the gate, the rickety fence, the path beneath the trees. The vista ended in the open door, with the broad flare of the fire illumining the puncheon floor and the group of boisterous tow-headed children; in the midst was the girl, with her bright hair and light figure, with her round arms bare, and her deft hand stirring the batter for bread in a wooden bowl. She looked the very genius of home, and so he long remembered her.

The door closed at last, and he slowly resumed his way along the steep slope. The scene that had just vanished seemed yet vividly present before him. The gathering gloom made less impression. He took scant heed of external objects, and plodded on mechanically. He was very near the forge when his senses were roused by some inexplicable inward monition. He stood still to listen: only the insects droning in the chestnut-oaks, only the wind astir in the laurel. The night possessed the earth. The mountains were sunk in an indistinguishable gloom, save where the horizontal line of their summits asserted itself against an infinitely clear sky. But for a hunter's horn, faintly wound and faintly echoed in Lost Creek Valley, he might have seemed the only human creature in all the vast wilderness. He saw through the pine boughs the red moon rising. The needles caught the glister, and shone like a golden fringe. They overhung dusky, angular shadows that he knew was the little shanty of a blacksmith shop. In its dark recesses was a dull red point of light, where the forge fire still smouldered. Suddenly it was momentarily eclipsed. Something had passed before it.

"'Lijah!" he called out, in vague alarm. There was no answer. The red spark now gleamed distinct.

"Look-a-hyar, boy, what be you-uns a-doin' of thar?" he asked, beset with a strange anxiety and a growing fear of he knew not what.

Still no answer.

It was a terrible weapon he had put into the idiot's hand that day, — that heavy sledge of his. He grew cold when he remembered poor Elijah's pleasure in useful work, in his great strength gone to waste, in the ponderous implement that he so lightly wielded. He might well have returned to-night, with some vague, distraught idea of handling it again. And what vague, distraught idea kept him skulking there with it?

"Foolin' along o' that new straw-cutter ter-day will be my ruin, I'm afeard," Evander muttered ruefully. Then the sudden drops broke out on his brow. "I pray ter mercy," he exclaimed fervently, "the boy hain't been a-sp'ilin' o' that thar new straw-cutter!"

This fear dominated all others. He

strode hastily forward. "Come out o' thar, 'Lijah!" he cried roughly.

There were moving shadows in the great barn-like door, — three — four — The moon was behind the forge, and he could not count them. They were advancing shadows. A hand was laid upon his arm. A drawling voice broke languidly on the night. "I'm up an' down sorry ter hev ter arrest you-uns, 'Vander, bein' ez we air neighbors an' mos'ly toler'ble friendly; but law is law, an' ye air my prisoner," and the constable of the district paused in the exercise of his functions to gnaw off a chew of tobacco with teeth which seemed to have grown blunt in years of that practice; then he leisurely resumed: "I war jes' sayin' ter the sheriff an' dep'ty hyar," — indicating the figures in the doorway, — "ez we-uns hed better lay low till we seen how many o' you-uns war out hyar; else I would n't hev kep' ye waitin' so long."

The young mountaineer's amazement at last expressed itself in words. "Ye hev surely los' yer senses, Jubal Tynes! What air ye arrestin' of me fur?"

"Fur receivin' of stolen goods, — the shed back yander air full of 'em. I dunno whether ye holped ter rob the cross-roads store or no; but yander 's the goods in the shed o' the shop, an' Pete 's been away two weeks, an' better; so 't war obleeged ter be you-uns ez received 'em."

Evander, in a tumult of haste, told his story. The constable laughed lazily, with his quid between his teeth. "Mebbe so, — mebbe so; but that 's fur the jedge an' jury ter study over. Them men never tuk thar kyart no furder. 'T war never stuck in no quicksand in Lost Creek. They knowed the sheriff war on thar track, an' they stove up thar kyart, an' sent the spokes an' shafts an' sech a-driftin' down Lost Creek, thinkin' 't would be swallered inter the mounting an' never be seen agin. But jes' whar Lost Creek sinks under the mounting the drift war cotched. We fund it thar, an' knowed ez all we hed ter do war to trace 'em up Lost Creek. An' hyar we be! The goods hev been identified this very hour by the man ez owns 'em. I hope ye never holped ter burglarize the store, too; but 't ain't fur me ter say. Ye hev ter kem along o' we-uns, whether ye like it or no," and he laid a heavy hand on his prisoner's shoulder.

The next moment he was reeling from a powerful blow planted between the eyes. It even felled the stalwart constable, for it was so suddenly dealt. But Jubal Tynes was on his feet in an instant, rushing forward with a bull-like bellow. Once more he measured his length upon the ground, — close to the anvil this time, for the position of all the group had changed in the fracas. He did not rise again; the second blow was struck with the ponderous sledge. As the men hastened to lift him, they were much hindered by the ecstatic capers of the idiot brother, who seemed to have been concealed in the shop. The prisoner made no attempt at flight, although, in the confusion, he was forgotten for the time by the officers, and had some chance of escape. He appeared frightened and very meek; and when he saw that there was blood upon the sledge, and they said brains, too, he declared that he was very sorry he had done it.

"*I* done it!" cried the idiot joyfully. "Jube sha'n't fight 'Vander! *I* done it!" and he was so boisterously grotesque and wild that the men lost their wits while he was about; so they turned him roughly out of the forge, and closed the doors upon him. At last he went away, although for a time he beat loudly upon the shutter, and called piteously for Evander.

It was a great opportunity for old Dr. Patton, who lived six miles down the valley, and zealously he improved it. He often felt that in this healthful

country, where he was born, and where bucolic taste and local attachment still kept him, he was rather a medical theorist than a medical practitioner, so few and slight were the demands upon the resources of his science. He was as one who has long pondered the unsuggestive details of the map of a region, and who suddenly sees before him its glowing, vivid landscape.

"A beautiful fracture!" he protested with rapture, — "a beautiful fracture!"

Through all the countryside were circulated his cheerful accounts of patients who had survived fracture of the skull. Among the simple mountaineers his learned talk of the trephine gave rise to the startling report that he intended to put a linchpin into Jubal Tynes's head. It was rumored, too, that the unfortunate man's brains had "in an' about leaked haffen out;" and many freely prompted Providence by the suggestion that "ef Jube war ready ter die it war high time he war taken," as, having been known as a hasty and choleric man, it was predicted that he would "make a most survigrus idjit."

"Cur'ous enough ter me ter find out ez Jube ever hed brains," commented Mrs. Ware. "'T war well enough ter let some of 'em leak out ter prove it. He hev never showed he hed brains no other way, ez I knows on. Now," she added, "somebody oughter tap 'Vander's head, an' mebbe they 'll find him pervided, too. Wonders will never cease! Nobody would hev accused Jube o' sech. Folks 'll hev ter respec' them brains. 'Vander done him that favior in splitting his head open."

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed!" Cynthia declared passionately. She reiterated this phrase a hundred times a day, as she went about her household tasks. "'T war n't 'Vander's deed!" How could she prove that it was not, she asked herself as often, — and prove that against his own word?

For she herself had heard him acknowledge the crime. The new day had hardly broken when, driving her cow, she came by the blacksmith's shop, all unconscious as yet of the tragedy it had housed. A vague prescience of dawn was on the landscape; dim and spectral, it stood but half revealed in the doubtful light. The stars were gone; even the sidereal outline of the great Scorpio had crept away. But the gibbous moon still swung above the dark and melancholy forests of Pine Mountain, and its golden chalice spilled a dreamy glamour all adown the lustrous mists in Lost Creek Valley. Ever and anon the crags reverberated with the shrill clamor of a watch-dog at a cabin in the Cove; for there was an unwonted stir on the mountain's brink. The tramp of horses the roll of wheels, the voices of the officers at the forge, busily canvassing their preparations for departure, sounded far along the steeps. The sight of the excited group was as phenomenal to old Suke as to Cynthia, and the cow stopped short in her shambling run, and turned aside into the blooming laurel with a muttered low and with crouching horns. Early wayfarers along the road had been attracted by the unusual commotion. A rude slide drawn by a yoke of oxen stood beneath the great pine that overhung the forge, while the driver was breathlessly listening to the story from the deputy sheriff. A lad, mounted on a lank gray mare, let the sorry brute crop, unrebuked, the sassafras leaves by the wayside, while he turned half round in his saddle, with a white horror on his face, to see the spot pointed out on which Jubal Tynes had fallen. The wounded man had been removed to the nearest house, but the ground was still dank with blood, and this heightened the dramatic effects of the recital. The sheriff's posse and their horses were picturesquely grouped about the open barn-like door, and the wagon laden with the plunder stood hard by. It had been discovered, when they were on the

point of departure, that one of the animals had cast a shoe, and the prisoner was released that he might replace it.

When Evander kindled the forge fire he felt that it was for the last time. The heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth, as if charged with a conscious grief. As the fire alternately flared and faded, it illumined with long, evanescent red rays the dusky interior of the shop: the horseshoes hanging upon a rod in the window, the plowshares and bars of iron ranged against the wall, the barrel of water in the corner, the smoky hood and the anvil, the dark spot on the ground, and the face of the blacksmith himself, as he worked the bellows with one hand, while the other held the tongs with the red-hot horseshoe in the fire. It was a pale face. Somehow, all the old spirit seemed spent. Its wonted suggestions of a dogged temper and latent fierceness were effaced. It bore marks of patient resignation, that might have been wrought by a lifetime of self-sacrifice, rather than by one imperious impulse, as potent as it was irrevocable. The face appeared in some sort sublimated.

The bellows ceased to sigh, the anvil began to sing, the ringing staccato of the hammer punctuated the droning story of the deputy sheriff, still rehearsing the sensation of the hour to the increasing crowd about the door. The girl stood listening, half hidden in the blooming laurel. Her senses seemed strangely sharpened, despite the amazement, the incredulity, that possessed her. She even heard the old cow cropping the scanty grass at her feet, and saw every casual movement of the big brindled head. She was conscious of the splendid herald of a new day flaunting in the east. Against this gorgeous presence of crimson and gold, brightening and brightening till only the rising sun could outdazzle it, she noted the romantic outlines of the Cumberland crags and woody heights, and marveled how near they appeared. She was sensible of the fragrance of the dewy azaleas, and she heard the melancholy song of the pines, for the wind was astir. She marked the grimaces of the idiot, looking like a dim and ugly dream in the dark recesses of the forge. His face was filled now with strange, wild triumph, and now with partisan anger for his brother's sake; for Evander was more than once harshly upbraided.

"An' so yer tantrums hev brung ye ter this e-end, at last, 'Vander Price!" exclaimed an old man indignantly. "I misdoubted ye when I hearn how ye fit, that day, yander ter the mill; an' they do say ez even Pete Blenkins air plumb afeard ter jaw at ye, nowadays, on 'count o' yer fightin' an' quar'lin' ways. An' now ye hev gone an' bodaciously slaughtered pore Jubal Tynes! From what I hev hearn tell, I jedge he air obleeged ter die. Then nothin' kin save ye!"

The girl burst suddenly forth from the flowering splendors of the laurel. "'T war n't 'Vander's deed!" she cried, perfect faith in every tone. "'Vander, 'Vander, who did it? Who did it?" she reiterated imperiously.

Her cheeks were aflame. An eager expectancy glittered in her wide brown eyes. Her auburn hair flaunted to the breeze as brilliantly as those golden harbingers of the sun. Her bonnet had fallen to the ground, and her milk-piggin was rolling away. The metallic staccato of the hammer was silenced. A vibratory echo trembled for an instant on the air. The group had turned in slow surprise. The blacksmith looked mutely at her. But the idiot was laughing triumphantly, almost sanely, and pointing at the sledge to call her attention to its significant stains. The sheriff had laid the implement carefully aside, that it might be produced in court in case Jubal Tynes should pass beyond the point of affording for Dr. Patton's satisfaction a gratifying instance of survival from

fracture of the skull, and die in a commonplace fashion, which is of no interest to the books or the profession.

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed! It *could n't* be!" she declared passionately.

For the first time he faltered. There was a pause. He could not speak.

"*I* done it!" cried the idiot, in shrill glee.

Then Evander regained his voice. "'T war *me* ez done it," he said huskily, turning away to the anvil with a gesture of dull despair. "*I* done it!"

Fainting is not a common demonstration in the mountains. It seemed to the bewildered group as if the girl had suddenly dropped dead. She revived under the water and cinders dashed into her face from the barrel where the steel was tempered. But life returned enfeebled and vapid. That vivid consciousness and intensity of emotion had reached a climax of sensibility, and now she experienced the reaction. It was in a sort of lethargy that she watched their preparations to depart, while she sat upon a rock at the verge of the clearing. As the wagon trundled away down the road, laden with the stolen goods, one of the posse looked back at her with some compassion, and observed to a companion that she seemed to take it considerably to heart, and sagely opined that she and 'Vander must "hev been a-keepin' company tergether some. But then," he argued, "she 's a downright good-lookin' gal, ef she do be so red-headed. An' thar air plenty likely boys left in the mountings yit; an' ef thar ain't, she kin jes' send down the valley a piece fur me!" and he laughed, and went away quite cheerful, despite his compassion. The horsemen were in frantic impatience to be off, and presently they were speeding in single file along the sandy mountain road.

Cynthia sat there until late in the day, wistfully gazing down the long green vista where they had disappeared. She could not believe that Evander had really gone. Something, she felt sure, would happen to bring them back. Once and again she thought, she heard the beat of hoofs, — of distant hoofs. It was only the melancholy wind in the melancholy pines.

They were laden with snow before she heard aught of him. Beneath them, instead of the dusky vistas the summer had explored, were long reaches of ghastly white undulations, whence the boles rose dark and drear. The Cumberland range, bleak and bare, with its leafless trees and frowning cliffs, stretched out long, parallel spurs, one above another, one beyond another, tier upon tier, till they appeared to meet in one distant level line somewhat grayer than the gray sky, somewhat more desolate of aspect than all the rest of the desolate world. When the wind rose, Pine Mountain mourned with a mighty voice. Cynthia had known that voice since her birth. But what new meaning in its threnody! Sometimes the forest was dumb; the sun glittered frigidly, and the pines, every tiny needle encased in ice, shone like a wilderness of gleaming rays. The crags were begirt with gigantic icicles; the air was crystalline and cold, and the only sound was the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge from the forge on the mountain's brink. For there was a new striker there, of whom Pete Blenkins did not stand in awe. He felt peculiarly able to cope with the world in general since his experience had been enriched by a recent trip to Sparta. He had been subpœnaed by the prosecution; in the case of the State of Tennessee versus Evander Price, to tell the jury all he knew of the violent temper of his quondam striker, which he did with much gusto and self-importance, and pocketed his fee with circumspect dignity.

"'Vander looks toler'ble skimpy an' jail-bleached, — so Pete Blenkins say," remarked Mrs. Ware, as she sat smok-

ing her pipe in the chimney corner, while Cynthia stood before the warping bars, winding the party-colored yarn upon the equidistant pegs of the great frame. "Pete 'lowed ter me ez he hed tole you-uns ez 'Vander say he air powerful sorry he would never l'arn ter write, when he went ter the school at the Notch. 'Vander say he never knowed ez he would hev a use fur sech. But law! the critter hed better be studyin' 'bout the opportunities he hev wasted fur grace; fur they say now ez Jube Tynes air bound ter die. An' he will fur true, ef old Dr. Patton air the man I take him fur."

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed," said Cynthia, her practiced hands still busily investing the warping-bars with a homely rainbow of scarlet and blue and saffron yarn. It added an embellishment to the little room, which was already bright with the firelight and the sunset streaming in at the windows, and the festoons of red pepper and popcorn and peltry swinging from the rafters.

"Waal, waal, hev it so," said her mother, in acquiescent dissent, — "hev it so! But 't war his deed receivin' of the stolen goods; leastwise, the jury b'lieved so. Pete say, though, ez they would n't hev been so sure, ef it war n't fur 'Vander's resistin' arrest an' in an' about haffen killin' Jubal Tynes. Pete say ez 'Vander's name fur fightin' an' sech seemed ter hev sot the jury powerful agin him."

"An' thar war nobody thar ez would gin a good word fur him!" cried the girl, dropping her hands with a gesture of poignant despair.

"'T war n't in reason ez thar could be," said Mrs. Ware. "'Vander's lawyer never summonsed but a few of the slack-jawed boys from the Settlemint ter prove his good character, an' Pete said they 'peared awk'ard in thar minds an' flustrated, an' spoke more agin 'Vander 'n fur him. Pete 'lows ez they hed ter be paid thar witness-fee by the State, too, on account of 'Vander hevin' no money ter fetch witnesses an' sech ter Sparty. His dad an' mam air mighty shiftless — always war, — an' they hev got that hulking idjit ter eat 'em out 'n house an' home. They hev been mightily put ter it this winter ter live along, 'thout 'Vander ter holp 'em, like he uster. But they war no ways anxious 'bout his trial, 'kase Squair Bates tole 'em ez the jedge would app'int a lawyer ter defend 'Vander, ez he hed no money ter hire a lawyer fur hisself. An' the jedge app'inted a young lawyer thar; an' Pete 'lowed ez that young lawyer made the trial the same ez a gander-pullin' fur the 'torney-gineral. Pete say ez that young lawyer's ways tickled the 'torney-gineral haffen ter death. Pete say the 'torney-gineral jes' sot out ter devil that young lawyer, an' he done it. Pete say the young lawyer hed never hed more 'n one or two cases afore, an' he acted so foolish that the 'torney-gineral kep' all the folks laffin' at him. The jury laffed, an' so did the jedge. I reckon 'Vander thought 't war mighty pore fun. Pete say ez 'Vander's lawyer furgot a heap ez he oughter hev remembered, an' fairly ruined 'Vander's chances. Arter the trial the 'torney-gineral 'lowed ter Pete ez the State hed hed a mighty shaky case agin 'Vander. But I reckon he jes' said that ter make his own smartness in winning it seem more s'prisin'. 'Vander war powerful interrupted by thar laffin' an' the game they made o' his lawyer, an' said he did n't want no appeal. He 'lowed he hed seen enough o' jestice. He 'lowed ez he 'd take the seven years in the pen'tiary that the jury gin him, fur fear at the nex' trial they 'd gin him twenty-seven; though the 'torney-gineral say ef Jube dies they will fetch him out agin, an' try him fur that. The 'torney-gineral 'lowed ter Pete ez 'Vander war a fool not ter move fur a new trial an' appeal, an' sech. He 'lowed ez 'Vander war a derned ignorant man.' An' all the folks round the

court-house gin thar opinion ez 'Vander hev got less gumption 'bout 'n the law o' the land than enny man they ever see, 'cept that young lawyer he hed ter defend him. Pete air powerful sati'fied with *his* performin' in Sparty. He ups an' 'lows ez they paid him a dollar a day fur a witness-fee, an' treated him mighty perlite, — the jedge an' jury too."

How Cynthia lived through that winter of despair was a mystery to her afterward. Often, as she sat brooding over the midnight embers, she sought to picture to herself some detail of the life that Evander was leading so far away. The storm would beat heavily on the roof of the log cabin, the mountain wind sob through the sighing pines; ever and anon a wolf might howl, in the sombre depths of Lost Creek Valley. But Evander had become a stranger to her imagination. She could not construct even a vague *status* that would answer for the problematic mode of life of the "valley folks" who dwelt in Nashville, or in the penitentiary hard by. She began to appreciate that it was a narrow existence within the limits of Lost Creek Valley, and that to its simple denizens the world beyond was a foreign world, full of strange habitudes and alien complications. Thus it came to pass that he was no longer even a vision. Because of this subtle bereavement she would fall to sobbing drearily beside the dreary, dying fire, — only because of this, for she never wondered if her image to him had also grown remote. How she pitied him, so lonely, so strange, so forlorn, as he must be! Did he yearn for the mountains? Could he see them in the spirit? Surely in his dreams, surely in some kindly illusion, he might still behold that fair land which touched the sky: the golden splendors of the sunshine sifting through the pines; flying shadows of clouds as fleet racing above the distant ranges; untrodden woodland nooks beside singing cascades; or some lonely pool, whence the gray deer bounded away through the red sumach leaves.

Sombre though the present was, the future seemed darker still, clouded by the long and terrible suspense concerning the wounded officer's fate and the crime that Evander had acknowledged.

"He *could n't* hev done it," she argued futilely. "'T war n't his deed."

She grew pale and thin, and her strength failed with her failing spirit, and her mother querulously commented on the change.

"An' sech a hard winter ez we-uns air a-tusslin' with; an' that thar ewe a-dyin' ez M'ria traded fur my little calf, ez war wuth forty sech dead critters; an' hyar be Cynthy lookin' like she hed fairly pegged out forty year ago, an' been raised from the grave, — an' all jes' 'kase 'Vander Price hev got ter be a evil man, an' air locked up in the pen'tiary. It beats my time! He never said nothin' 'bout marryin', nohow, ez I knows on. I never would hev b'lieved ez you-un would hev turned off Jeemes Blake, ez hev got a good grist-mill o' his own an' a mighty desirable widder-woman fur a mother, jes' account of 'Vander Price. An' 'Vander will never kem back ter Pine Mounting no more 'n Lost Creek will."

Cynthia's color flared up for a moment. Then she sedately replied, "I hev tole Jeemes Blake, and I hev tole you-uns, ez I count on livin' single."

"I 'll be bound ye never told 'Vander that word!" cried the astute old woman. "Waal, waal, waal!" she continued, in exclamatory disapproval, as she leaned to the fire and scooped up a live coal into the bowl of her pipe, "a gal is a aggervatin' contrivance, ennyhow, in the world! But I jes' up an' tole Jeemes ez ye hed got ter lookin' so peaked an' mournful, like some critter ez war shot an' creepin' away ter die somewhar, an' he hed n't los' much, arter all." She puffed vigorously at her pipe; then, with a change of tone,

"An' Jeemes air mighty slack-jawed ter his elders, too! He tuk me up ez sharp. He 'lowed ez he hed no fault ter find with yer looks. He said ye war pritty enough fur him. Then my dander riz, an' I spoke up, an' says, 'Mebbe so, Jeemes, mebbe so, fur ye air in no wise pritty yerself.' An' then he gin me no more of his jaw, but arter he hed sot a while longer he said, 'Far'well,' toler'ble perlite, an' put out."

After a long time the snow slipped gradually from the mountain top, and the drifts in the deep abysses melted, and heavy rains came on. The mists clung, shroud-like, to Pine Mountain. The distant ranges seemed to withdraw themselves into indefinite space, and for weeks Cynthia was bereft of their familiar presence. Myriads of streamlets, channeling the gullies and swirling among the bowlders, were flowing down the steeps to join Lost Creek, on its way to its mysterious sepulchre beneath the mountains.

And at last the spring opened. A vivid green tipped the sombre plumes of the pines. The dull gray mists etherealized to a silver gauze, and glistened above the mellowing landscape. The wild cherry was blooming far and near. From the summit of the mountain could be seen for many a mile the dirt-road in the valley, — a tawny streak of color on every hill-top, or winding by every fallow field and rocky slope. A wild, new hope was suddenly astir in Cynthia's heart; a new energy fired her blood. It may have been only the recuperative power of youth asserting itself. To her it was as if she had heard the voice of the Lord; and she arose and followed it.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

In one of the public squares of the city of Messina there stands a colossal bronze statue, by Andrea Calamach, which was erected in the year 1572, in honor of the great naval battle of Lepanto. The exposure of three centuries has left no trace of the gilding which originally adorned this noble statue, but the event and the man that it commemorates have not ceased to shine in the pages of history. For the figure, which is sheathed in rich armor and grasps the triple truncheon of the Holy League, is that of Don John of Austria, who followed up his successes over the Moors by saving Christendom from the supremacy of the Turks. He was only twenty-four years of age when he won Lepanto, and his previous experience was so romantic that nothing seemed impossible in a career which had thus far set probabilities at defiance. The dazzling splendors of his early triumphs deepened the gloom which shadowed his later years, and his death, at the age of thirty-one, added the final touch of pathos to a life for which it appeared as if fortune must have some compensating favors in reserve.

The career of Don John of Austria, however, has an interest beyond that of personal successes and disappointments, for it illustrates a mighty conflict of principles and institutions. In that great sixteenth century in which he lived, he played the double part of the champion of civilization against the infidel and of the supporter of Spanish despotism against the growing power of civil and religious liberty as represented in the revolt of the Netherlands. The qualities which he displayed in upholding a cause which is repugnant to modern ideas of justice and humanity help us

to understand the reactionary ideas and institutions of his age, and to appreciate the character of their supporters. To account for the influence exercised by the Inquisition, we must recognize its hold not only upon Torquemada and Alva, but upon Isabella of Castile and Don John of Austria. Nothing is more misleading in history than the tendency to judge men and events by present standards of moral and intellectual progress, and to condemn individuals and peoples for not reaching a plane of enlightenment which is the result of a more advanced civilization. So far is the complexion of human actions dependent upon education and environment that a man who burned heretics in the sixteenth century might be an opponent of the vivisection of animals if he lived in the nineteenth, and a member of the Council of Blood be an officer of the Humane Society.

Fresh interest has been given to the career of Don John of Austria by the publication of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's elaborate biography; and M. Forneron, in his recent Histoire de Philippe II., has added to the stock of information concerning the hero of Lepanto which has been furnished by such modern historians as Ranke and Prescott and Motley.

The romance which colors the career of Don John of Austria began with his birth. The reputed son of the Emperor Charles V. by Barbara Blomberg, an humble resident of Ratisbon, he was kept in ignorance of his imperial origin till he had reached the age of twelve. Yet he had been removed from his mother's care soon after his birth, which according to the best authorities, took place on the 24th of February, 1547. From what is known of Barbara Blomberg's disposition, which twenty years later tried the patience of the Duke of Alva, who had been deputed by Philip II. to look after her, her illegitimate son may be thought to have had a lucky escape from her influence. Her singing is said to have allayed the melancholy of Charles V.; and although her voice sounded harsh to Alva, it should be remembered that he was hardly the person to evoke harmony, especially from a woman who had lost a husband since her *liaison* with the emperor, and who was naturally irritated by the grim duke's efforts to restrain her extravagance, to prevent her from marrying again, and even to immure her in a Spanish nunnery.

When, in after years, Don John himself, who had not seen his mother since he was a baby, came to the Netherlands as a royal governor, he induced her to yield to the king's desire, and make her home in Spain. She is said to have repaid his efforts, which had been preceded by a liberal allowance in addition to the royal pension, by denying that he was the emperor's son. This unmotherly gibe was naturally turned to account by Don John's enemies, but it is of little value as evidence. The position of Commissary of Brussels which Charles V. bestowed upon Barbara Blomberg's husband, who rejoiced in the name of Jerome Pyramus Kegel; the pension which he settled upon her on his death-bed; and the efforts of Philip II. to comfort her impoverished widowhood and prevent her from disgracing his father's memory and from clouding his brother's prospects, confirm the contemporary belief in Don John's imperial parentage.

It was no doubt the lowly position of the boy's mother that deterred Charles V. from publicly acknowledging him as a son, and giving to him something of the consideration which was so early shown to the emperor's natural daughter, Margaret of Parma, whose mother was of a high-born Netherland family. Though imperial favor could dignify its recipient, of whatever social rank, the irresponsible victim of illicit love was at the mercy of paternal caprice in after

life. Charles V. prudently resolved to test the character and capacity of Don John before investing him with the dignities to which his origin gave him an uncertain claim. Perhaps the fact that the boy was born on the 24th of February, the feast of the apostolic St. Matthias, which Charles V., whose own birthday it was, counted as the most fortunate of his life, may have led the emperor to especial care in the selection of a guardian for this child of his old age.

On being taken away from his mother, the still nursing infant was sent to Spain, and placed in charge of Louis Quixada, vice-chamberlain of the imperial household under the Duke of Alva, who had not then exhibited the ferocity which has made his name infamous. Quixada, who was a soldier of noble birth and proved ability, left the child for four years, at the emperor's suggestion, in the family of a retired violinist, a Fleming named Massi, who had been in the imperial service. The boy was represented to the musician and his wife, who were then living in a village near Madrid, as the son of one of the emperor's gentlemen in waiting.

Among the state papers of Cardinal Granvelle is a copy of the contract made by the custodians of the child, which shows the care used to conceal his identity. They bound themselves not to reveal the name of the groom of his majesty's chamber whom they had been told was his father, but to bring him up as their own child, and deliver him only to that officer, or to his representative producing the paper, which their son was also obliged to sign. An additional interest was lent to their charge by the parting words of Charles V. to his violinist: "I hear that Quixada has given you a commission. Remember that I shall consider the fulfillment of his wish as good service done to myself." The education of the boy was entrusted by Quixada's orders, which had been approved by the emperor, to the village curate, who neglected his duty. The child was thus left to grow up with hardly more schooling than that of the peasant lads, whose sports he shared. He developed some of the qualities which were to make him famous by becoming a leader in daring adventures, and in spreading destruction among the sparrows with his little cross-bow.

After four years of this humble life, Don John was removed, by the emperor's desire, to Quixada's own home in Villagarcia, near Valladolid, where his wife, the high-born Magdalen Ulloa, who had no children of her own, tenderly cared for the little stranger. But her husband's deep interest in the new-comer awakened uncomfortable suspicions that he was its father, despite his story that it was the son of a great man, his dear friend. An occurrence which might well have increased her misgivings soon set them at rest. During a fire which broke out in the house, Quixada saved the life of the young Jerome, as the boy had always been called, before attending to her safety. This solicitude, according to her biographer, dispelled her suspicion, and it probably suggested the real paternity of her husband's ward. There is no doubt that the motherly care of this noble-hearted woman did much to foster the generous traits which were so characteristic of Don John of Austria.

The year after the retirement of Charles V. to the monastery at Juste, the faithful Quixada settled in a neighboring village with his family. Thus the emperor was able to see his boy without exciting suspicions as to their relationship. As Charles, who was now near the grave, had become deeply religious he was much pleased with the lad's attention to his devotions, though these did not prevent Don John from indulging a more characteristically juvenile taste for robbing orchards. The aggrieved peasants pelted him with stones, and thus, as has been thought, gave the future hero of Lepanto his first lesson in

war. An even more arduous as well as imposing experience now awaited him. Among the group of attendants at the obsequies of Charles V. was his trusty Quixada, who brought the boy with him to witness the ceremonies. As these lasted three days, during which Don John was obliged to remain standing, they must have been oppressively solemn to the light-hearted lad.

By a testamentary paper the emperor acknowledged his paternity of Don John, and commended him to the respect and consideration of his son Philip, his grandson Don Carlos, or whoever might be his successor to the throne. While expressing a desire that the boy should become a friar, he left him free to lead a secular life, and provided the means for supporting it with suitable dignity. Before Philip met his half-brother, the wife of Quixada took the lad to a spectacle at Valladolid, where the regent Joanna could conveniently see him. This was Don John's first visit to an *auto da fé*, that characteristic ceremony by which the Spaniards attested the sincerity of their religious belief. The sacred duty of destroying heretics thus impressed upon the lad, amid the throng of spectators of the sufferings of nobler victims than usually figured at the stake, was to bear evil fruit in his later life. At this auto da fé he was warmly greeted by his royal sister the regent, but she could not induce him to leave his "aunt" Magdalen for a seat under her stately canopy. The final touch to the romance of Don John's youth was the recognition prepared for him by Philip II. and Quixada at a royal hunt, when the king rode up and embraced the astonished lad as a brother and the son of the Emperor Charles V.

These incidents of Don John's early life explain the romantic and daring ambition of his later years. Having so strangely emerged from obscurity to prominence, the brilliant but low-born son of the emperor naturally longed to vindicate his claim to distinction by deeds worthy of his illustrious parentage. Treated almost as a royal *infante*, and educated at the University of Alcala with the ill-fated Don Carlos and the brilliant Alexander Farnese, he exhibited a fondness for chivalrous exploits which showed how little suited he was for the church, in which Philip, mindful of his father's wishes, intended to place him. The king even asked Pope Pius IV. to make him a cardinal; but the red hat, though promised, was never given to this aspirant for martial glory.

Leaving the university in his eighteenth year, and being refused permission by the king to join an expedition for the relief of Malta, which was then threatened by the forces of the Grand Turk Solyman the Magnificent, Don John pushed on to Barcelona, and was deterred from executing his purpose only by peremptory orders from Philip. But the warlike ambition of his brother had become so marked that in October, 1567, the king conferred upon him the important office of general of the sea, as the commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleets was called. To guide the youth in his untried duties, the veteran Requesens, Grand Commander of Castile, was appointed his lieutenant. Philip's letter of advice to his brother was extremely characteristic. He set forth with tedious prolixity the commonplaces of decorous piety, which were the more endeared to him because he had found them so useful in masking his deceitful policy. The king was doubtless sincere in his praises of truth and justice and benevolence, though he had so often sacrificed these qualities in his dealings with heretics and rebels, who, on his theory of morals, were not entitled to the benefit of them.

Little was accomplished during Don John's first naval expedition. His brilliant successes against the infidel were yet to come. The rebellion of the Moors in Granada soon gave him an oppor-

tunity of gratifying his military ardor under the banner of the cross. The lapse of nine centuries since the conquest of Spain by the Saracens had left their descendants at the mercy of their Christian enemies. It was, however, by slow degrees that the reconquest had been effected; and when all else had fallen, the little kingdom of Granada withstood the Spaniards for two hundred years before yielding to the legions of Ferdinand and Isabella. Not till the beginning of the year which gave Spain a new world did the banner of Castile and St. James float in triumph over the red towers of the Alhambra.

Unfortunately, the religious intolerance of Cardinal Ximenes prevented faith from being kept with the conquered infidels. They were forced to renounce their religion and to accept that of the victors. Charles V. was wise enough not to push the Moriscoes, as the Moors were now called, to extremities; but Philip II., seconding the policy of his priestly advisers, trampled on their national rights and usages. Maddened by persecution, the Moriscoes, whose skill ful industry had enriched the vales and hillsides of the south with an agriculture unrivaled in Europe for its rich variety, rose against their oppressors, upon whom they wreaked a murderous vengeance. In the grim fastnesses of the mountain range of the Alpuxarras, the Moriscoes long kept at bay the Spanish forces, which the procrastination of the king and the divided councils of his commanders had seriously weakened.

Though sent forward to crush the rebellion, Don John was obliged by Philip to remain inactive for months. He could undertake no important operation without the consent of his council of war, and disputes in this body had to be settled by the supreme council at Madrid. Despite these obstacles, which chafed the fiery spirit of the young crusader, he captured two important Moorish strongholds, and was thus soon enabled to dictate negotiations for peace. In this war Don John displayed a valor and skill worthy of a better cause, though the desperate resistance of the Moriscoes seems to have led him, on one occasion, to forget his usual humanity, and deny quarter to the prisoners who had fallen into the clutches of his maddened troops. He lost in this crusade the gallant Quixada, who had been his chief military adviser as well as his ever-faithful friend. The removal of the Moriscoes from Granada, which foreshadowed that crowning act of religious intolerance and political folly, the exile of all Moors from Spain in the ensuing reign, completed Don John's labors in that province. His desire for a wider and more independent field of action, becoming his imperial parentage, was soon to be gratified.

He left Granada for Madrid the last of November, 1570, in obedience to a summons from the king, who, with the two other chief members of the Holy League, had decided to confer upon the imperial bastard a command which he had long coveted. He was to lead the forces of Christendom against that redoubtable Turkish power which was battling to wrest Cyprus from the republic of Venice and to uphold its supremacy in the Mediterranean. A hundred and twenty-seven years had passed since the cannon of Mohammed II. had battered the walls of Constantinople, and secured for the Ottomans that foothold in Europe which had made them so powerful. Only four years had elapsed since the death of Solyman the Magnificent, who left Turkey at the height of its greatness. Hungary had yielded to his conquering scimitars, Ispahan was captured, and the fleets of Barbarossa had made him master of the Mediterranean. France was glad to ally herself to the mighty Sultan, whom even Philip II. feared, and who exacted tribute from the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of Germany, and the haughty republics of Genoa and

Venice. The cruisers of the Commander of the Faithful compelled Christendom, from the Gulf of Trieste to the Straits of Dover, to add its contributions to the revenues which his vassals in India and Africa yielded to the successor of Mahomet. By his wise forecast, Solyman had accumulated great wealth; and as he had a larger army than any other European sovereign, his cavalry alone numbering a hundred and thirty thousand, and his fleet of two hundred and fifty galleys and twelve heavy war ships being the largest in the world, he was naturally feared by the Christian powers. The fact that for the last thirty years of his reign he was engaged in no naval contest shows that his supremacy on the seas was unquestioned.

Fortunately for civilization, the sceptre of the wise Solyman was now held by the enervated, sensual Selim II., whose ambition for conquest was unaccompanied by warlike talents or political wisdom. Had it not been for the great ability of his Grand Vizier, the faithful Mahomet Sokolli, and the splendid resources of his vast empire, the reign of Selim would have been as disastrous as it was brief. The Grand Vizier had opposed the assault on Cyprus as likely to unite Christendom in defense of Venice, which had hitherto carefully avoided a rupture with the Turk; though to do this, while retaining a show of independence, had tasked the utmost skill of its subtle diplomatists. Sokolli advised his master, who was bent on war, not to interfere with the republic, but to weaken the house of Austria by aiding the Moriscoe rebellion in Granada. To assail an inveterate enemy was in his view much better policy than to attack a not unfriendly neighbor. The principal Christian powers slighted the appeals of Venice for protection, on the ground that she had been an ally of the Turk, and had allowed him to triumph over the defenders of the faith. But the efforts of the indefatigable Pope Pius V. at last overcame the jealousy of the leading Catholic nations, and a Holy League was formed in May, 1571, between Spain, the Papacy, and Venice.

Meantime, however, nearly all Cyprus had been conquered by the Turks, and operations against them were prevented by disputes between the commanders of the Roman, Venetian, and Spanish squadrons, which had combined for the relief of the island. In her distress, Venice sued for peace with the Sultan, and it was his demand for the cession of Cyprus which forced her into the Holy League. Don John's appointment as commander-in-chief was a tribute both to the superior resources of Spain and the military reputation of its young general.

There was now urgent need for immediate action by the allied forces, for the Turks were fiercely besieging Famagosta, the last stronghold in Cyprus held by the Venetians. But Don John's departure from Spain was delayed by elaborate receptions and religious ceremonies; and on the way to Messina he stopped at Genoa, where he was welcomed by the Doge and the Senate, and was sumptuously entertained in the superb Doria palace. He also remained ten days at Naples, where he received from Cardinal Granvelle, the viceroy, the great banner of the Holy League, which was of blue damask, emblazoned with an image of the crucified Redeemer above the arms of the Pope, of Spain, and of Venice, and the escutcheon of Don John. This gorgeous ensign of the faith was presented to the young commander with solemn religious pomp, and the blessing of heaven was invoked on the cause which he was to champion against the infidel.

At Messina, where the forces of the League were assembling for their great expedition, Don John had a magnificent reception on his arrival, August 23, 1571. The harbor was gay with richly carved and gilded galleys, from which

floated brilliant streamers and ensigns. But amid the pomp of preparation there were grave disputes and misgivings in the allied councils. Most of Don John's Spanish advisers tried to impress him with a sense of the inferiority of his forces to those of the Turk, and great stress was laid on the untrustworthiness of the Venetians. Old Veniero, the admiral of the republic, whose possessions in the Adriatic were at the mercy of the enemy, was eager for battle, but his galleys proved to be so poorly manned that they had to be reinforced with Spanish troops. Don John prudently waited till his entire armament had arrived before deciding to seek out the enemy. Being sustained by the papal admiral Colonna, lieutenant of the League, as well as by the impetuous Veniero, he overcame the cautious counsels of the Genoese admiral Doria, and of La Corgnia, the Venetian, who commanded the land forces. Boldness was now the highest wisdom; for part of the Turkish fleet was besieging Cyprus, and delay might renew the discords which had hitherto hampered the allies, and leave their divided armaments at the mercy of the Ottoman power. Don John's worldly ambition and pious zeal were stimulated by the Pope, through his newly arrived nuncio, with assurances that the prophetic revelations of St. Isidore were to be fulfilled in his favor, and that he should also acquire an independent sovereignty.

On the 16th of September, 1571, the mighty armada, the most powerful that had ever floated in the Mediterranean, put to sea. The papal nuncio, who stood on the mole arrayed in full pontificals, blessed each vessel as it passed. Rough weather delayed the progress of the fleet along the Calabrian coast, and not till its arrival at Corfu was information as to the strength and position of the enemy obtained. Two Venetian officers lately ransomed from the Turks declared that Ali Pasha, with a large but poorly manned fleet, had sailed for the Gulf of Lepanto. This news made Don John eager to give battle to the Turkish admiral before he could be joined by the squadron from Cyprus. His views again prevailed, in the council of war, over those of Doria and others, who thought it safer to lure the Turks away from their own shores by attacking Navarino, or some other of their possessions.

Before long Don John had trouble with the hot-headed Veniero, who, after quarreling with John Andrew Doria, hanged some Italian officers in the Spanish forces who were serving on one of his galleys. This outrage so incensed the commander-in-chief that he threatened to place Veniero under arrest. As this act would have endangered the safety of the fleet, he was fortunately dissuaded from it; but he insisted that the fiery Venetian admiral should absent himself from the council board in favor of the *provveditore* Barbarigo. While off Cephalonia, Don John heard the sad news of the capture of Famagosta and the treacherous cruelty of Mustapha, the Moslem chief, in ruthlessly slaughtering a number of Venetian officers, and flaying alive Bragadino, the gallant captain of the town, whose skin, after being stuffed with straw and borne through the streets, was carried to Constantinople, hanging on the yard-arm of a galley. These outrages and the permanent loss of Cyprus were due to the jealousies of the Christian powers, which had neglected to relieve its gallant defenders.

Soon after daybreak, on Sunday, the 7th of October, 1571, the great fleet of the Holy League entered the Gulf of Lepanto, the ancient Gulf of Corinth. The left wing, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was commanded by the Venetian commissary Barbarigo. The centre, also numbering sixty-three galleys, was led by Don John of Austria, in his flagship the Real, a galley of great size

and strength, conspicuous by its lofty stern, which was richly decorated with historical emblems and devices. Supporting Don John on the right was the papal admiral Marc Antonio Colonna, and on the left was the Venetian captain-general Sebastian Veniero. In the right wing were sixty-four galleys, commanded by the noted Genoese John Andrew Doria. The Marquis of Santa Cruz brought up the rear with the reserve squadron of thirty-five galleys. Two galliasses were in each of the three divisions. The entire fleet numbered three hundred and sixteen vessels, and had on board eighty thousand men.

From the maintop of the Real the Ottoman fleet was soon seen sweeping down in a vast crescent, spanning the gulf. Don John now ordered an ensign to be displayed at the peak, the great standard of the League to be unfurled from the maintop, and a signal gun to be fired. He had caused the sharp peaks or spurs of the galleys to be cut off to afford more room for the play of his forward guns, and stout nettings had been placed over the bulwarks to prevent boarding. Even at this late hour the advocates of delay warned Don John of the danger he ran in breasting the Turk so near his harbor; but he replied resolutely, "Gentlemen, the time for counsel is past, and the time for fighting has come."

When Ali Pasha, the Turkish admiral, saw that the Christian fleet was advancing upon him in a straight line, he changed the crescent shape of his armament to the same order. He was surprised at the numbers and strength of the enemy, having been led to believe by his emissaries that the squadron of the Marquis of Santa Cruz had not joined their fleet, and that he should be spared an encounter with the galliasses of Venice. Pertau Pasha, commander of the land forces, advised his chief to evade the conflict; but the gallant Ali had lately received peremptory orders from Sultan Selim, who was flushed with the success of his arms at Cyprus, to lose no time in capturing the allied fleet and bringing it to the Golden Horn. Ali was a humane as well as gallant officer, and he now appealed to the Christian slaves who rowed his galley, above which floated the famous green banner brought from Mahomet's tomb at Mecca, to do by him as he had done by them. "If I win the battle," he added, "I promise you your liberty; if your countrymen win, Allah will give it to you."

While the Turks advanced to the conflict with fierce shouts and cries, the allies knelt in prayer before the bands struck up their martial strains. The gayly painted prows of the Moslem galleys were overhung by many-colored streamers and pennons, while the great plumes and jeweled crests of the janissaries and the gilded bows and muslin tunics of the archers set off the swarthy faces of the turbaned infidels, who furnished a striking contrast to the serried ranks of the Christians, with their shining array of helmets and corselets of polished steel.

The Turkish admiral was in the centre of his line, with ninety-six galleys. On his right, commanding fifty-six galleys, was Mahomet Sirocco, pasha of Alexandria; while Uluch Ali, viceroy of Algiers, the renegade Calabrian, who had become so famed as a corsair, led the left wing, with ninety-three galleys. Fortunately for the allies, the wind, which had been adverse to them, shifted, and aided their onset. Although the Turkish cannon first opened fire, the great guns of the galliasses, which had been placed in front of the Christian line, checked the advance of the foe. Seeing this, Ali Pasha ordered his galleys to run by these destructive monsters. This movement caused confusion in the Turkish line. In his attempt to elude the galliasses and turn the left wing of the allies, Mahomet Sirocco

was confronted by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, who had placed his vessels as near the coast as he thought safe. But the pilots of Sirocco, knowing the shoals, dashed by with their galleys. Barbarigo, thus surrounded by superior forces, was in desperate straits, and while urging on his men was pierced in the eye by an arrow. He was removed to his cabin, and died three days afterward. But the maddened Venetians now fought with such fury that they drove back Sirocco with great slaughter.

The fortunes of the day centred in the combat between the chiefs of the hostile armadas, who were both bent on the encounter. As the two great galleys closed, the shock of the onset shook their timbers, and the lofty prow of the pasha reached the rigging of his antagonist, above the fourth bench of rowers. Both vessels were strongly armed, but the guns of the Real were the most skillfully served. The cutting away of his peak gave Don John the advantage of bringing his forward battery to bear, while the netting on his bulwarks kept off boarders. Each vessel had tenders with reinforcements, to supply the waste caused by the artillery. The Turkish arrows were moderately effective; the pasha himself, who, as Sir William Sterling-Maxwell remarks, was probably the last commander-in-chief who ever drew a bowstring in European battle, using these weapons skillfully. But the superiority of the Christian gunnery told on the infidels, and the Spanish boarding parties, though twice driven back from the pasha's deck, at last pressed his janissaries very closely, and Ali soon fell, struck by an arquebus ball. A Spanish soldier at once cut off his head, and carried it to Don John, who, horrified at the sight, exclaimed, "Of what use can such a present be to me?" and ordered it to be thrown into the sea. But, instead, it was raised on a pike, to the dismay of the Turks, who seemed to lose all heart for defending their flagship after their leader's death. The sacred standard of the prophet was hauled down, and a flag with a cross was run up, amid shouts of "Victory!" throughout the Christian fleet.

Meantime, Colonna and Veniero had efficiently sustained the commander-in-chief. The veteran Venetian admiral, though seventy-six years of age, fought with youthful ardor and gallantry: not only repelling boarders from his flagship, but pursuing them to the deck of Pertau Pasha's galley, on which he was wounded. The Grand Commander Requesens, who had aided Don John by pouring fresh troops into his flagship from two galleys which he kept astern, captured, after a desperate contest, a noble galley bearing two young sons of the Turkish admiral, one of whom was a nephew of Sultan Selim. Alexander Farnese, the youthful Prince of Parma, who was destined to the highest honors in statesmanship and war, showed his reckless daring by boarding one of the enemy's galleys, and hewing his way through the ranks of its defenders with but a single follower.

On the extreme right of the Christian fleet, Uluch Ali, the Algerine corsair, breasting the left wing of the allies, commanded by John Andrew Doria, attempted the manœuvre which Sirocco had used against Barbarigo. The watchful Genoese defeated this effort to pass between him and the shore, but thus extended his line so far that an opening was left by some of the slower galleys. Quickly seizing his advantage, Uluch Ali dashed through the gap with seven of his galleys, and fell upon the little Maltese squadron under the command of the Prior Giustiniani. This he captured, in spite of the desperate resistance of the Knights, who were weakened by their hard-fought triumphs. The corpses of three hundred Algerines upon the deck showed how well the prior's ship had been defended. But while bearing off this galley, with its

brave commander, who had been pierced by five arrows, and two wounded companions, the only other survivors of the conflict, Uluch Ali was startled by the approach of the Marquis of Santa Cruz with the Christian reserves. That skillful officer had helped Don John to beat off the galleys which had attacked him while battling with the Turkish flagship, and was now ready for this new emergency. To avoid the clutches of Santa Cruz, the corsair abandoned his prize, taking with him as a trophy the white-cross banner of the Knights of St. John.

Meanwhile, the Algerine galleys left behind with the Turkish left wing by Uluch Ali, when he dashed through Doria's lines, had imperiled the safety of the Christian right by their fierce attacks. Fortunately, Don John of Austria, having become master of his position in the centre, pushed forward to the relief of his comrades. In avoiding his onset, sixteen of the Algerine galleys attempted to reach the rear of the Christian lines; but they were intercepted by Cardona, the commander of the Sicilian squadron, who had previously aided in driving Pertau Pasha from his galley in the rear of the Turkish centre. Though Cardona had only eight galleys, he swept everything before him; but the shattered defenses of his galley and the disabled condition of his soldiers showed that the victory which cost him his life was indeed dearly bought.

Although the battle of Lepanto lasted less than five hours, the defeat of the Turks was overwhelming. Their fleet was almost wholly destroyed; nearly twenty-five thousand of their best soldiers were killed, while the allies lost less than eight thousand men. Uluch Ali and Pertau Pasha were the only Ottoman chiefs who escaped death or capture; the League lost twenty captains and officers of rank. One of the most gratifying results of the battle was the release of twelve thousand Christian captives from slavery at the oar.

The victory broke the spell of Ottoman supremacy; and though disputes among the allies prevented it from being followed up by the capture of any port, it overthrew, as Ranke has pointed out, the confidence of the Turks in their prowess. The superiority of the galleys and artillery of the Christians was the triumph of civilization over an essentially barbarous power, whose use of bows and arrows was naturally accompanied by inferior skill with firearms. Don John's able dispositions, and above all, his energy and devotion, inspired the zealous confederates with the enthusiasm necessary for success. Even the cold Philip cordially acknowledged the splendid services of his brother, and the exulting Pope exclaimed in the words of the evangelist, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John!" Veniero, Colonna, Santa Cruz, Requesens, who so efficiently aided their chief, were richly though unequally rewarded; but none of that brilliant company dreamed that a common soldier in the fleet was destined to eclipse their fame, and by a weapon more potent than the sword. Amid the carnage of Lepanto, no man did his duty more faithfully than Cervantes, who received a wound which disabled his left hand for life.

The generosity displayed by Don John, after the battle, in dividing his share of the rich booty among the captors; his kindness to the choleric Veniero; his consideration for the captive sons of the Turkish admiral, whose release he secured without ransom; his devotion to the sick and wounded, to whom he presented the thirty thousand crowns voted to him by the city of Messina, were very characteristic. Not less so was his restless ambition, which chafed under the inaction in which he was kept by the mutual jealousies of the members of the League till September, 1572, when, after vainly tempting Uluch Ali to give him battle, he blockaded the great fleet of the crafty corsair in the

fortified harbor of Modon. The death of Pope Pius V., in the previous May, foreshadowed the dissolution of the alliance of which he had been the soul, and it received its death-blow by the treaty of peace which Venice concluded with the Porte on the 7th of March, 1573. The intrigues of the Grand Vizier Sokolli restrained Charles IX. of France and the Emperor Maximilian from joining the League; and French diplomacy at last influenced Venice to arrange that prudent though dishonorable peace, of which Voltaire said that it showed that the Turks had won the battle of Lepanto.

Don John's expedition to Tunis in the autumn of 1573 resulted in the reestablishment of the Spanish protectorate over the Moorish princes who had been expelled by the Turks. But the conquest was too easy to be gratifying, and when Uluch Ali retook the forts, in the following year, Philip II. forbade his brother to risk his life by accompanying another Tunisian expedition. In Italy, where Don John remained till the winter of 1576, engaged in furthering the king's abortive schemes for the recovery of Tunis, and in aiding to restore order in the republic of Genoa, he had only the shadows of romantic achievement — easy conquests in love and tournaments — to console him for being obliged to forego his ambition for an independent sovereignty. The acute Venetian ambassador Lippomano, who was accredited to Don John at this time, describes him as very handsome and graceful in person, sumptuous in dress, and unwearied in military sports and exercises. "His excellency," adds the diplomatist, "is wise and very prudent, eloquent, wary, and dexterous in business, knowing well how to dissemble and to use courtesy and caresses to all kinds of persons. With me he has ever employed the most honorable expressions."

While at Naples, in the spring of 1576, Don John of Austria received an appointment which was to have an important influence on his future life. The sudden death of the Grand Commander Requesens having left the Netherlands without a governor, the king selected the popular son of the Emperor Charles V. as the person best fitted to maintain the royal authority and the Catholic religion in the distracted provinces. He had also favored the suggestion of the Pope that Don John should conquer England, liberate Mary, Queen of Scots, and place her as his bride upon the throne of the heretical Elizabeth.

After returning to Spain and receiving his instructions from the king, Don John hastened through France, disguised as a Moorish slave of his friend Ottavio Gonzaga, and arrived in the Netherlands November 3, 1576. It was a gloomy period for his mission. The Catholic provinces which had hitherto sustained the royal cause were about combining with the rebellious Hollanders and Zealanders in defense of their liberties. The outrages of the mutinous Spanish troops, followed by the sack of Antwerp under circumstances of unparalleled barbarity, united the Netherlands against their oppressors. This union was guaranteed by the celebrated treaty called the Pacification of Ghent, November 8, 1576. Don John now entered upon the two years of struggle and disappointment which ended in his discomfiture and death. He had to contend with the intrigues of the ambitious Flemish nobles, the distrust of the people, the opposition of France and England, the jealousy of the king, excited by Antonio Perez, his chief secretary, and above all with the consummate statecraft of William of Orange. Netherland scholars, like Groen van Prinsterer and Gachard, have clearly shown that the patriot prince persistently misrepresented the policy of the new governor, and thus compelled him to acts which made reconciliation impossible.

As Mr. Motley did not do justice to Don John's character and aims, it is well that Sir William Stirling-Maxwell has given an impartial judgment of them.

At last the unhappy governor, after vainly attempting to pacify the provinces, was forced into open war; and though he gained one victory, the neglect of Philip to provide means for supporting his suffering troops prevented him from making headway against the rebellious Netherlanders. In the midst of the trials of the sensitive, high-spirited soldier, death came to his relief on the 1st of October, 1578. The gloom of his last hours was in striking contrast with the splendors of his earlier years. The conqueror of Lepanto died in a wretched hovel, and his remains, after lying in state, were transported through France in three bags hung at the pommels of troopers. Strada's story that the body of the dead warrior was arrayed as in life and supported by a military staff, to receive Philip's greeting, though a stroke of fancy, is in keeping with the strange eventful experience of the romantic hero who found his last resting place in the palace of the Escorial near his imperial father.

Don John's career in the Netherlands was marked by a fidelity to duty which increases our respect for his character. As a Spaniard and a Catholic, he could not appreciate the value of civil and religious liberty, but he was far above most of his countrymen in his devotion to honor, justice, and humanity. His vices were those of the political and social system under which he had been brought up; his virtues were his own. He was a soldier, not a statesman; the spirit of chivalry and a heroic fire glowed in his breast. Few men who die as he did, at the age of thirty-one, have figured as brilliantly in history; and fewer have been more faithful to their cherished ideals of character and life.

Alexander Young.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

She gathered at her slender waist
  The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
  One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
  Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
  A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
  Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
  Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
  The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
  The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SOURCES OF EARLY ISRAELITISH HISTORY.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE REV. BROOKE HERFORD'S REMARKS ON THE MODERN CRITICAL METHOD.

It is now some fourteen years since Professor Abraham Kuenen, of Leiden, published his great work on the Religion of Israel. This book gave an account of the religious development of Israel, which brought it into intelligible connection with the general laws of human progress and the analogies of other religious evolutions, while preserving the special characteristics which exalt it to its unique place amongst the ancient national religions.

The religion of Israel, as set forth by Professor Kuenen, had its roots in a rude Semitic worship of the powers of nature, and was only gradually differentiated into the sublime and glowing faith out of which the universal religion of Christianity was to spring. The mystery of Israel's specific power to seize and develop the truths which did but flit uncertainly before the eyes of other peoples, and the yet deeper mystery of the individual genius and insight by which that power was concentrated and wielded at every crisis of the people's fate, remain; but like the Grecian genius for art and the Roman genius for administration, the prophetic insight of Israel was unique because typical and normal, not because anomalous.

In the last resort, we must in any case fall back upon the divinely imparted gift that made the Greek an artist, the Roman a commander, and the Hebrew a seer. But the question is still of absorbing interest whether we can trace the operations of this gift in either instance, pointing out the steps by which the goal was reached, detecting the analogies between this and that line of development, and, in a word, watching the divinely imparted power as it does its work; or whether we must admit that the work was practically done before the workers emerge into sight, so that we stand before an accomplished fact, and can only note what such a people as the Greeks or Hebrews did and said, not by what steps such a people came to be.

Professor Kuenen's work reduced this strictly prehistoric element in the consideration of the problems of Israel's religion to the narrowest limits. The author maintained that the Old Testament itself, when critically treated, enabled us in general outline to trace back the religion of Israel to a point at which the anthropologist would be able to take it up, as in no essential respect differing from some of the other religions with which he was familiar. We

may follow back the poetry that utters its most perfect notes in "Yaweh is my shepherd," or "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" to its origin in the war songs of a half-barbarous tribe, or the rugged grandeur of the hymns it addressed to the thunder-god; we may trace back the spirit of prophecy, which bore its ripest fruit in the oracles of Jeremiah and the second Isaiah, to the point at which it becomes indistinguishable from the frenzy of the Canaanite devotee, and analogous to the inspired madness of the Bacchanal; we may find in crude legends and "theophanies"—(appearances of God in the form and with the attributes of man) the earliest expressions of that sense of the nearness of the divine power which grew at last into the closest consciousness of spiritual communion; and we may trace the upward course of Israel's belief, as it rises out of a motley worship of sacred stones and trees and the destroying and fructifying powers of nature, into the deep devotion to the Only and Almighty God in which Jesus Christ was reared by his Jewish parents and teachers.

Kuenen's attempt thus to trace the history of Israel's religion from a far earlier and lower point than had generally been considered accessible to even the keenest investigation rested upon a special view of the chronology of the Old Testament literature, and especially of the several constituent documents into which scholars had long before resolved the Pentateuch and book of Joshua. This critical opinion, though new in the consistency and completeness with which it was carried out, and in the constructive results it was made to support, was not altogether new in itself; and during the last fifteen years it has won increasing, and at last all but universal, acceptance amongst the liberal scholars of Europe.

It is no longer a question of "Professor Kuenen and the Dutch School," therefore. Whoever challenges the main argument of the Religion of Israel challenges the conclusions received and indorsed by leading scholars, wherever the Old Testament is freely studied, and must deal with such men as Wellhausen, Reuss, and Robertson Smith, whom no one can affect to regard as docile followers of any teacher, however great.

The position which such men have taken up must be a strong one. But this is no reason why its strength should not be tested. On the contrary, we owe our sincerest gratitude to every candid critic who will attempt to find the weak place in a generally accepted system; for the more generally it is accepted, the greater the danger becomes of authority and tradition taking the place of reason, and the more important is the service rendered by any one who will put it upon its trial. And this, as I understand it, is exactly what the Rev. Brooke Herford desired to do, in the two articles which he contributed to the August and November numbers of The Atlantic Monthly for 1883.

Mr. Herford contends that the modern interpreters of Israelitish history have not made out their case; and while accepting their chronological rearrangement of the Old Testament writings as a basis of argument, he maintains that the inferences they draw as to the course taken by the religious development of Israel are unwarranted.

It will perhaps be convenient to the reader if, in attempting to meet Mr. Herford's criticisms, I begin by a brief account of the system he criticises.

This seems the more necessary as Mr. Herford himself appears seriously to misapprehend, and therefore to misrepresent, both the critical results of recent scholarship, which he is willing provisionally to accept, and its historical methods, which he condemns.

I must, however, warn my readers that, with every desire to avoid minute

and technical disputations, I shall be compelled to ask those who really wish to follow such a discussion as this intelligently, and to have more than a vague idea, at the end, of what it is all about, to do a little real work themselves. I shall not suppose them to command any more elaborate appliances than a Bible and a paint-brush each, but I shall hope that they are willing to use these.

The first six books of the Bible are made up of a number of independent works, twined together in bewildering confusion, differing in style, in date, and in spirit. As the basis of all further study, we must separate these one from the other, and always remember which of them we are speaking about.

I have found it by far the most efficient way of securing this end to paint the pages of a Bible in different colors, so that the eye may instantly catch any required document, and follow it through all its windings.

Let us begin with the latest. It is what Ewald called the Book of Origins, and it is now often known as the Priestly Codex. This is supposed to be the book of the Law of God, that Ezra brought with him from Babylonia. (Ezra vii. 14.) It was, according to the modern view, composed in the fifth century B. C. (before 458), and it now forms the framework into which the rest of the material of the first six books of the Bible has been fitted. The orderly sequence and symmetrical development which characterize this work have impressed its representations very deeply upon the minds of succeeding generations, and great care is needed not to import into our discussions of earlier passages ideas which really appear for the first time in this priestly compilation. Its constituent parts are given below, and may be washed over with blue, for instance, to enable the student at once to recognize them.[1]

When this latest of the great strata has been removed, the remainder is still composite in a high degree, and we must next withdraw the Deuteronomic writings.

The kernel of this part of the *Hexateuch* (Pentateuch and book of Joshua) consists of the work still preserved in Deut. iv. 44–xxvi. and Deut. xxviii., which together undoubtedly once formed an independent whole. Subsequently, however, this great work was extended, and made to include much traditional matter, after which it was incorporated with a previous work (to be examined next), by a writer or writers thoroughly impregnated with the thought of the original Deuteronomist. It is easy to pick out the Deuteronomic passages, and they are given in detail below.[2]

[1] *The Book of Origins or Priestly Codex.*

Genesis i.; ii. 1-4*a*; v. 1–28, 30–32; vi. 9-22; vii. 6, 7, 8*b*, 9, 11, 13–16*a*, 18–22, 23*b*, 24; viii. 1, 2*a*, 3*b*–5, 13-19; ix. 1–17, 28, 29; x. 1–7, 13-20 in part, 22–32 in part; xi. 10–32; xii. 4*b*, 5; xiii. 6, 11*b*, 12; xvi. 1, 3, 15, 16; xvii. except verse 17; xix. 29; xxi. 2–5; xxii. 20–24; xxiii. 2–20; xxv. 1–20, 26*b*; xxvi. 34, 35; xxvii. 46; xxviii. 1–9; xxxi. 18; xxxv. 9–16*a*, 19, 20, 22*b*-29; xxxvi. 1–39 in part; xxxvii. 1, 2 in part; xlvi. 6–27; xlvii. 5, 6*a*, 7–11, 27*b*, 28*a*; xlviii. 2 in part, 3–7; xlix. 1*a*, 28*b*–33; l. 13.

Exodus i. 1–7, 13, 14; ii. 23–25; vi. 2–12 (13–30?); vii. 1–13, 19, 20*a*, 21*b*, 22; viii. 5–7, 15 in part, 16–19; ix. 8–12; xi. 9, 10; xii. 1–20, 28, 40–51; xiii. 1, 2, 20; xiv. 1–4, 8, 9 in part, 15–18 in part, 21 in part, 22, 23, 26, 27 in part, 28*a*, 29; xv. 27; xvi.; xvii.; xix. 1, 2*a*; xxiv. 16, 17; xxv. 1–xxxi. 17; xxxii. 15*a*; xxxiv. 29–35; xxxv.-xl.

Leviticus.

Numbers i. 1-x. 28; xiii. 1–17*a*, 21, 25, 26 in part, 32 slightly altered; xiv. 1–10, 26–38; xv.; xvi. 1*a*, 2 in part, 3–11, 16–23, 24 in part, 26 in part, 27 in part, 35–50; xvii.; xviii.; xix.; xx. 1 in part, 2–13, 22–29; xxi. 4 in part; 10, 11; xxii. 1; xxv. 6–19; xxvi.-xxxi.; xxxii. 1–6; 16–33 in part; xxxiii. 1–39, 41–51, 54; xxxiv.; xxxv.; xxxvi.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 48–51, (52 ?); xxxiv. 1–3, 5–9.

Joshua iv. 19; v. 10–12; ix. 15*b*, 17–21; xiv. 1–5; xv. 1–12, 20–62; xvi. in part; xvii. 1–10; xviii. 11–28; xix. 1–48; xx.; xxi. 1–42; xxii. 9–32 in part.

[2] *Deuteronomy and the Deuteronomic School.*

Genesis xv.; xxvi. 2–5.

Exodus xiii. 3–16; xv. 26; xix. 3*b*–6; xx. 2–17; xxiii. 20–33; xxxii. 7–14; xxxiv. 9–27.

Deuteronomy. All except xxii. 48–52; xxxiv. 1–3, 5–9.

Joshua i. 3–9, 12–15; viii. 30–35; x. 28–xii. mostly; xxii. 1–6; xxiii.; xxiv. 1–25.

They may be painted red, for instance. These passages were written in the latter part of the seventh century B. C. (say about 620 and the following years).

There still remains a considerable part of the Hexateuch, and even this is quite obviously composite. But we need not carry our analysis further. This remaining stratum contains the oldest legislation (Ex. xxi. 1–xxiii. 19, and other passages), together with a number of striking and detailed narratives. It comes from several different hands, and is known as the work of the Prophetic Narrators. It will be unnecessary to set out the details of its composition or to paint it in any special color, as it is the part of the Hexateuch not already assigned to the Priestly or the Deuteronomic strata.[1] As to the date of this document, it is impossible to be as precise as we can be in the case of the later elements of the Hexateuch. All we can say is that its substance was certainly known soon after 800 B. C., about which period it was probably composed, though it may have been in existence for some little time previously.[2]

We are now in a position to explain the main principle accepted by modern scholars in their study of Israelitish history and religion. We have a series of historical, prophetic, and legislative works, the approximate dates of which we know with sufficient certainty; and on carefully examining our material we find that the historical books always give the history just that religious coloring and significance which we know, from the prophetic and legislative literature, to have been characteristic of their own times. For instance, the Chronicles were written (some time in the third century B. C.) under the full supremacy of the Levitical legislation, and we find them, in defiance of the express and detailed statements of the older histories (Samuel and Kings), making the ancient heroes of the faith comply with the regulations of the later law. Thus they provide Samuel (who was really an Ephraimite) with a Levitical pedigree, to avert the scandal of a devout layman having performed sacrifice, etc.; they represent Jehoshaphat as making provisions in the tenth century B. C. for the teaching of the Law, which we know were really introduced for the first time nearly five hundred years later. In a word, they recast the whole history, to bring it into conformity with the ideas of their own time as to what it ought to have been. They seem to have performed an operation (chiefly, perhaps, by "unconscious cerebration") which if put into the form of a logical argument would run thus: "Devout men must have acted devoutly. The Law is the standard of devoutness. Therefore devout men of old conformed to the Law; and if the ancient histories do not bring out this fact, it is all the more necessary for us to do so."

The earlier histories (Judges, Samuel, and Kings) were written after the publication of the Deuteronomic code, but before that of the Priestly Codex; and though they form a marked contrast to the Chronicles, yet in their turn they give a strong *Deuteronomic* tinge to all the past, bringing the history into at least approximate conformity to what ought to have been, according to their views. But at the same time they preserve numerous facts, which shine through the official version, and tell us how different the standards and usages of the earlier ages really were.

[1] Here and there, however, is a passage from the hand of some editor still later than the time of the Priestly Codex. Note especially that Ex. xx. 1–19 must not be regarded as ancient.

[2] Mr. Herford, throughout his article, entirely ignores the fact that Kuenen and all his school assign this large section of the Hexateuch to the early part of the eighth century, or to a still earlier date. In fact, he expressly says that Kuenen refers all the Pentateuch except Deuteronomy to B. C. 458. It is difficult to exaggerate the magnitude or importance of this error, which seems to me to go far towards vitiating Mr. Herford's whole argument.

So, again, the rapid review of the primeval and patriarchal times, that introduces the Priestly Codex itself, is startlingly different in purpose and character from the accounts of the same periods given by the Prophetic Narrators, but agrees perfectly with the conceptions of the author himself as shown in his legislative work.

Hence we are led to the principle that in attempting to recover the actual facts, of which the record is preserved in the histories, we must begin by making due allowance for the religious and other coloring of the age of the historian, and must pay especial heed to all indications of the actual existence of beliefs or practices differing from those which he constantly presupposes; for it is just these indications that enable us to get back through the historian to his material.

During several centuries of Israel's history we are able to test the results of this kind of analysis and reconstruction, by comparing what we read beneath the actual records with what we otherwise know (either by earlier histories or by contemporary literature) of the periods to which they refer; and we are thus enabled to ascertain with complete certainty that from the eighth to the fifth centuries B. C. there was a regular religious development in Israel, of which the Hebrew historians never take due account, inasmuch as each of them throws back upon the screen of the past the religious conceptions of his own day, even when he preserves incidental evidence that they were really foreign to the ages of which he is writing.

Now, when we have ascended as high as the beginning of the eighth century B. C., which is the earliest time at which we can be certain that any considerable part of the present Old Testament literature was already in existence, we find exactly the same phenomena with which we are familiar in later times. That is to say, we find a history of early times (the unpainted portions of the Hexateuch), down to the conquest of Canaan, written from the point of view of the prophets of the time (represented by Amos and Hosea), and colored throughout with their religious conceptions, but nevertheless embodying a great deal of material which clearly belongs to an earlier and cruder stage of religion. How is it possible to escape the conclusion forced upon us by the repetition of the very same phenomenon over and over again? Just as the historians, after the Return, gave to the whole history of the past the coloring of their own priestly religion; just as the historians of the late days of the monarchy and of the Captivity gave to that same past the very different coloring of their religion, so did the historians of the age a little before Amos and Hosea throw back upon the histories and legends thus collected the ideas and beliefs of their own day.

In climbing back from this earliest record to the facts that lie behind it, we must again allow for the religious coloring given by the writers, and must support ourselves by any indications we may find (whether in proper names, in myths, in fragments of song, or in anything else) of the ruder religious ideas and practices, the traces of which may still be noticed beneath the smooth surface of the narrative.

A long chapter (Religion of Israel, vol. i. pp. 101–187) is devoted by Kuenen to a careful attempt to sift out the historical from the unhistorical elements of the traditions concerning these earlier ages. He is largely occupied with the same subject in the two following chapters (pp. 188–267), and returns to it again expressly in the fifth chapter (pp. 268–412); while in the rapid survey of Israelitish history which precedes Dr. Oort's treatment of the Old Testament narratives in The Bible for Learners, exactly half is occupied by the period previous to the eighth century.

I lay stress upon this fact because Mr. Herford makes the extraordinary assertion that Kuenen, "having relegated everything prior to the prophetic era to the rank of tradition, . . . regards all that traditional period as being therefore virtually without history." And again, "All prior to this is mere story, legend, hearsay. As to these he [Kuenen] does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so."[1]

But though I can attribute it only to an oversight when Mr. Herford declares that Kuenen "does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so," I can well understand his thinking him too ready to attribute what we find recorded to the bias of the historian, and too reluctant to accept it as a truthful record. It is not a question between discrimination and no discrimination, or between indiscriminate rejection and indiscriminate acceptance, but between rival principles and methods of discrimination.

Mr. Herford is inclined to trust the records we possess precisely for those general views and broad estimates of the larger significance of things which appear to most modern critics to be the special contribution of the historians themselves, and not to form any part of the popular tradition they often worked upon at all; and he thinks that the critics have treated tradition (which he takes to include the religious coloring as well as the facts of our records) too much as though it had always been the "loose and trivial thing" that it is today.

That oral tradition in ancient times was a very different thing from what it is now, and played a very different part in the life of peoples, must at once be admitted. It is, moreover, perfectly well understood by the critics. Mr. Herford, indeed, repeatedly quotes a passage in which Kuenen declares that we should not in our day accept with any great confidence a history based entirely upon oral tradition, concerning events that took place five hundred years ago, and presses the analogy in order to justify the questioning attitude in which he approaches the earliest Hebrew records. I do not defend the particular expression criticised by Mr. Herford, and I do not think it conveys a true idea of Kuenen's real method in dealing with tradition. I shall not, however, discuss it further, but shall simply point out that many of the modern critics are eminent Arabic specialists, Kuenen himself being a careful student of Islam and of pre-Islamite religion in Arabia. This in itself guarantees their freedom from the naive state of ignorance as to the power of a trained memory, the use of songs and genealogies as supports to history, and the importance of oral tradition, in which Mr. Herford supposes them to exist. As a matter of fact, their whole reconstruction of Israelitish history would fall to the ground — its very foundations giving way — if they could not trust to tradition for preserving important facts through centuries. Moreover, they unhesitatingly accept songs, whenever they can get them, as contemporary evidence as to the age in which they were composed, quite irrespective of the time at which they were committed to writing. The classical passage in which Ewald treats of this very matter (History of Israel, vol. i. pp. 13–45) is well known to every scholar, and it would be easy to show, by quotations from the Religion of Israel, that Kuenen is well acquainted both with it and with the facts upon which it rests.

It remains perfectly true, however, that Kuenen, though by no means regarding ancient tradition as a trivial thing, does not trust it as fully as Mr. Herford does. Is this a defect?

Mr. Herford endeavors to justify his large measure of faith in early tradition by producing instances of long-preserved lore that seem to him to bear strong in-

[1] Atlantic Monthly, vol. lii. pp. 598, 599.

ternal evidence of truth, and by appealing to archæological confirmations of the traditions recorded by the ancient authors on the margin of history.

It will of course be impossible for me to examine his arguments in detail; but it is necessary to estimate their bearing upon the question under discussion.

Mr. Herford's chief instance of a long history preserved by oral tradition, and bearing internal evidence of truth, is drawn from Mr. Fornander's remarkable book on the Polynesian Race. It is impossible to refer to this work without paying a tribute of admiration and gratitude to its author; but even if we admit all his conclusions, we must recollect that they are reached by a most careful process of sifting. He speaks of "the almost impenetrable jungle of traditions, legends, genealogies, and chants" from which he has had to extricate his final results.

Tradition is not history, then; but history may be smelted out of tradition, which is exactly what Kuenen and his allies believe. Moreover, Mr. Fornander's most reliable results consist in long lists of carefully preserved names, and, as we shall see, the earliest Hebrew records are characterized by an absence of any such elaborate historical genealogies.

But Mr. Herford also appeals to archæology, and declares that modern discoveries are steadily tending to confirm the general trustworthiness of ancient tradition. In his specific examples, however, he is not fortunate. These instances are drawn from remarkable statements in Herodotus which modern discoveries are said to confirm. One case is that of a tunnel in Samos, which Herodotus describes, and which has recently been discovered exactly as he described it.[1] But this great work existed in the time of Herodotus himself, and "oral tradition" does not come into the question at all. Again, Mr. Herford tells us that Herodotus records the desertion of an Egyptian garrison from Syene, and relates how Psammetichus sent Greek mercenaries to pursue them. This, he adds, was regarded as one of the stories palmed off on Herodotus; but now in a temple of Nubia a Greek inscription has been found, carved by those mercenaries on their way back from the fruitless expedition. The fact is, however, that Herodotus says nothing about Syene or Greek mercenaries, in this connection, merely telling us of the desertion of some of the garrisons in Southern Egypt, and of the pursuit of them by Psammetichus himself; whereas the Greek inscription makes no mention of the deserters, simply stating that the men who carved it reached a certain place when Psammetichus came to Elephantine. Wiedemann, a German scholar, who has written a special treatise on this inscription, thinks it refers not to this expedition at all, but to another march south, made by another Psammetichus, two reigns later. There is no reference in it to the special circumstances mentioned by Herodotus. But in any case, the whole period covered is one of abundant written records, and there is not the slightest proof that the informant from whom Herodotus had the story trusted to "oral tradition" for it. Nor can it be admitted that Dr. Schliemann's discoveries sustain the belief that the Homeric poems give real "traditions of the actual heroes and struggles of the earlier world." So far is this from being the case that Mr. Sayce, who regards the Homeric poems as manufactured antiques of a late date, full of false antiquities and philologically false formations, is delighted to walk

[1] Mr. Herford represents Herodotus as saying that a canal ran *by the side* of the tunnel, and observes that the existence of two separate parallel channels seemed so unlikely that the whole tale was disputed. But the fact is that Herodotus says quite plainly that the canal runs *through the length* of the tunnel. Who Mr. Herford's skeptics were I do not know, but if he represents their grounds of skepticism fairly they cannot have ever read the passage in Herodotus.

hand in hand with Dr. Schliemann, and to write a preface to his latest book![1]

I cannot, then, in any sense, accept Mr. Herford's dictum that recent researches have tended to confirm the trustworthiness of ancient tradition in general, — a dictum uttered at the very moment when Vigfusson and Powell are showing that nearly all the oldest songs of the Edda were composed under Celtic and Christian influences, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, A. D.; when Schrader is lamenting that the significant myths and legends of a people can do so little towards enabling us to trace this history towards its sources, and Penka is falling back upon the measurement and comparison of exhumed skulls as the only authentic record of the early migrations of peoples!

Tradition must be examined severely, with the hope that it may contain history, but the certainty that it is not history itself.

Turning to the Hebrew records of the earlier ages, we find that Kuenen and other scholars submit them to every test they can devise, by comparing them with the traditions or histories of other peoples, so as to be able to detect the appearance of any well-known legendary or mythical features; by comparing them with each other, and observing where they contradict and where they confirm each other; by comparing them with the ideas of later times, and seeing where they appear to reflect them and where to present peculiar features of their own, and so on. But Mr. Herford thinks that in doing this they do not pay enough attention to certain internal marks of genuineness which the Hebrew records seem to him to bear. We must touch upon his arguments, though it will be impossible to dwell upon them.

"The evident store which the Hebrews set upon pedigree" is the first point to which our attention is called. Every one knows, says Mr. Herford, that this was at all times, from the first beginnings of history-writing, and therefore by inference long before those beginnings, a marked characteristic of the Hebrew nation. But now let my readers take their painted Bibles and look for these treasured genealogies in the earliest historical writings (the passages not painted in the Pentateuch), and they will be surprised to find that they do not exist. The heroes are linked together in family relationships as they are in all old legends, but the long and elaborate genealogies that occupy so prominent a place in the Bible belong to the time of the Babylonian captivity.[2]

The grouping of the tribes of Israel as children and grandchildren of Israel himself corresponds exactly with the imaginary family tree of the four great Grecian tribes. Hellen was the father of Æolus, Dorus, and Xuthus, and Xuthus the father of Ion and Achæus, whence the Æolian, Dorian, Ionian, and Achæan tribes. On the other hand, Mr. Herford's Arabian analogy of "Beni Taghteb," "Beni Tai," etc., does not hold, for we never hear of the "sons of Judah" or the "sons of Ephraim." It is always "the men of Judah," "the Ephraimites." If the countries and nations that appear in many of the Old Testament genealogies as "begotten" by So and So were expressed under the names familiar to Englishmen (for example, Gen. x. 6, and the sons of Ham, Ethiopia, and Lower Egypt, and North Africa (?) and Palestine), the true character of the ethnological studies that figure as family trees would be very obvious.

[1] I should be sorry to be thought to accept Mr. Sayce's views any more than Dr. Schliemann's. I call attention to his position in order to show that the "Homeric question" is as open now as it was before Dr. Schliemann began to work.

[2] When they do appear, the "perplexing longevity of the patriarchs" is not, as Mr. Herford supposes, a naive exaggeration, but a part of an extremely artificial and elaborate system of chronology, in which everything is made to fit with the utmost nicety.

Another of Mr. Herford's points is that the traditions represent the part played by Israel in the wilderness, for instance, as so poor and contemptible that we can account for it only by supposing the stories to be faithfully preserved records of the facts. "Did ever a people," he asks, "inventing or evolving legends about their past, place themselves in such a miserable light?" Certainly not; and this is strong evidence that what we have before us is not popular tradition at all. Indeed, if what is told us of the Exodus were really true, and if the people had preserved the account of it, we should have their version of the conduct of Moses; and it is easy to gather that it would not have been a very favorable one. What we really have is the prophetic tradition; and if its substance is largely legendary, at any rate we cannot accuse the prophets of having "constructed a poor part" for their representative, Moses. The legendary history of Israel in the wilderness is an exact reflection of the part played respectively by the prophets and the people in a later age. Some of the material is doubtless historical, but the coloring is altogether that of the prophetic schools of the late ninth or early eighth century B. C.

With regard to the legislation, Mr. Herford only half states the position he is criticising. He fully appreciates the force of the argument that we can find no trace in the earlier times of the laws of the Priestly Codex being observed, but he thinks they might have been really given by Moses, and might have been carefully preserved, though neglected.[1] The real strength of the case for the late origin of the priestly legislation, however, cannot be appreciated till it is seen that this legislation constantly builds upon, elaborates, or modifies the Deuteronomic laws, whereas the Deuteronomic code itself (and still more the earlier code in Ex. xxi.–xxiii. 19) positively excludes the supposition that Leviticus was known when they were written.

I must be content with a single instance of this. The early code says nothing about priests, but presupposes the existence of sanctuaries everywhere. Deuteronomy knows only of one central sanctuary and of Levite priests, and particularly says that the priests at the one sanctuary (Jerusalem) are to receive other Levites (as the priests turned out of the local sanctuaries, which the Deuteronomist desired to suppress) on equal terms. He knows of absolutely no distinction between priests and other Levites. Ezekiel, himself a Jerusalem priest, who lived later on, disapproves of this, and declares that the Zadokites (that is, the priests of Jerusalem) have now the exclusive right to perform the proper priestly functions, because the other Levites have lost it by their misconduct in officiating at local sanctuaries, and must now be relegated to subordinate duties. Then comes the Priestly Codex, which carefully distinguishes between priests and Levites, and carries back the distinction, the true origin of which we have seen, to the times of Moses and Aaron. See especially Deut. xviii. 6–8, Ezekiel xliv. 10–16, xlviii. 11, and compare Deuteronomy and the Priestly Codex, *passim*.

In the laws themselves Mr. Herford often finds indications of the life in the wilderness and the camp; but even were they more numerous and striking than they are, it would be easy to explain them, for on no hypothesis were the laws of any one of the great codes deliberately manufactured without any basis of usage or tradition, and in many cases no doubt their constituent elements were drawn from widely different quarters, often including smaller and independent collections. Now we know

[1] In this, by the way, he differs from Jeremiah, who especially states that no such laws had been given to the people at the time of the Exodus. (Jer. vii. 22.)

that down into the time of Jeremiah some of the Israelites who were most zealous in their worship of Yahweh were still living a nomad life, and steadily refused to settle in cities. (Jeremiah xxxv. Compare 2 Kings x. 15, etc.) It is easy to see, therefore, that laws presupposing a life in tents and camps might arise in comparatively late times, and by no means lead us back necessarily to Moses and the wilderness. A great deal of this, however, belongs to the technical style of the legists, who often wrote on the supposition that their laws had been given by Moses. Mr. Herford thinks "it will hardly be maintained" that the directions about a movable "tabernacle," for instance, are "manufactured antiques." I can only answer that most students of the recent literature on the subject are at a loss to conceive how they can possibly be anything else![1]

Other laws, Mr. Herford thinks, are evidently ideal, such as Moses might have conceived for his people, but such as would have involved too great a revolution in the holding of land (for example) for Ezra to contemplate. To this it may be enough to answer that Ezekiel (chapters xl.–xlviii.) actually did project changes in the settlement of Israel, more sweeping than anything contained in the Pentateuch, under almost the identical circumstances which Mr. Herford thinks would have made it impossible for the author of the Priestly Codex to do the same.

But, says Mr. Herford, if Ezra's legislation had been practically new, how could the Samaritans have accepted it? Kuenen's answer that they yielded to the much higher civilization of the Jews, and took the Pentateuch from them when they had reduced it to its final form, is declared to be "wholly, almost ludicrously inadequate." But I think that a little consideration will show that there is nothing either ludicrous or inadequate in this supposition, though the question is admittedly a difficult one.

It is needless to say that we are not justified for a moment in supposing that the mixed populace of the ancient territory of the northern kingdom was in possession of a written code of law and an elaborate cultus, when the Jews returned from Babylon. Everything is against such a supposition. They must therefore have received their Pentateuch from the Jews at some time, and it must have been after the alienation which began with the refusal of the Jews to let them join in the temple-building. Moreover, we find that after that "alienation had been going on for nearly eighty years" (to use Mr. Herford's own words) the Samaritans accepted a Jewish refugee as their high priest. After this they claimed to be pure Israelites by descent, and faithful followers of the Law of Moses. When they reached the stage of cultivation at which a systematic and written codification of the Law became a necessity to them, what choice had they but to accept the only one they then knew, or could know of? As, in spite of their jealousy, they had formerly taken their high priest, so now they took their Books of Law, from their rivals; and still later they accepted from them (with modifications) the uncanonical feast of Purim, which they still observe, though there is not a word about it in the Pentateuch. Kuenen tells us that other Jewish extensions of the Law likewise found favor with the Samaritans, so that throughout their history they paid the higher civilization of the Jews the involuntary testimony of discipleship and dependence, while they were all the while loud ly proclaiming their independence and superiority. This does not appear to be at all an isolated phenomenon in history.

So far Mr. Herford does not profess

[1] Perhaps "legal fiction" would convey a more accurate idea of what is meant than "manufactured antique."

to have brought forward any new arguments, though he claims, as I understand him, to have urged the old objections from a somewhat new standpoint. In conclusion, however, he brings forward an argument for the scrupulous accuracy of the tradition concerning the Mosaic times which he believes has never before been dwelt upon.

It is found in the use of the peculiar phrase "Yahweh Isabaoth" (Lord of hosts).

Mr. Herford's argument is twofold. He combats the theory that this designation of the national deity of Israel possesses any mythological significance, and he employs it as a test of authenticity in the manner to be explained below.

I shall not enter upon the mythological question; but a brief statement and examination of the other portion of Mr. Herford's argument is necessary.

Throughout the period of prophetic activity, from the eighth century, downwards, it is urged, the phrase Yahweh Isabaoth is constantly used in original compositions. Yet in no single instance has it crept into the traditions which, according to Kuenen, were so often recast during this period. Surely, it is said, this shows that the very wording of the stories was so reverently preserved that "the favorite and habitual name for God during the ages of compilation has not crept in, in one solitary instance."

Here again we come upon Mr. Herford's deficient realization of the details of the system he criticises. According to Kuenen and all the other scholars who range themselves with him, the largest and in many respects the most important section of the Hexateuch (the blue passages in the painted Bibles) was written during the Captivity, and issued from a school of which Ezekiel was the founder, and the Psalms written in honor of the law some of the latest fruits. It is here that we must look for evidence as to the linguistic usage of the probable authors of the Priestly Codex, and the phrase "Lord of hosts" does not once occur in all this, comparatively speaking, extensive literature. It is particularly noticeable that Ezekiel, in every respect the prototype and precursor of the unknown priestly codifier, abstains, throughout his long book, from the use of this phrase.

With regard to the other sections of the Hexateuch, trustworthy analogies are not so ready to our hand. The Deuteronomic portions are very marked in their style, and the absence of the special phrase "Lord of hosts" must be noted amongst their characteristics. This, as we shall presently see, is nothing very surprising, but it is unquestionably worthy of remark, as the phrase was in very frequent use in other writings of about the same date.

The remaining and earliest stratum of the Hexateuch was written not later than the beginning of the eighth century, and our safest analogies are to be found in the writings of Amos and Hosea, for Micah and Isaiah are a good deal later. Amos (even when allowance has been made for a number of suspected passages) employs the phrase "Yahweh, the God of hosts," repeatedly. Hosea uses it only once, and then, as it seems to me, it is to tell us that the memorial name of the God who appeared to Jacob at Bethel was "Yahweh, the God of hosts." If this is so, Hosea formally contradicts Mr. Herford's theory. The prophet never uses the phrase himself, but says that it was characteristic of the patriarchal period! Mr. Herford's contention is that the prophets always used the phrase themselves, but never attributed its use to patriarchal and Mosaic times! I admit, however, that the passage in Hosea (xii. 5) is difficult, and may not be thought to bear out the meaning I have assigned to it.

But we have further to ask, how the prophets employ this phrase. It would

not be admitted as an argument against Macaulay's authorship of the History of England that we nowhere find in it the expression "then out spake" So and So, which constantly appears in the Lays of Ancient Rome. A careful examination of the use of the designation "Yahweh Isabaoth" will show that the prophets themselves adopt it only in the actual delivery of prophetic addresses or cries. There are one or two exceptions to this rule in the late prophets, Haggai and Zechariah (first part), generally (at least in early times) in very solemn passages, and never in the historical or narrative matter that they intermingle with the record of their oracles.

This accounts for the fact that though the phrase occurs more than two hundred and seventy times in the Old Testament, there are only seventeen places, in all the narrative and historical books, of whatever date, in which it is found. Three of these are verbatim repetitions in Chronicles of passages in the older histories; of the remaining fourteen, nine occur in reported speeches, and of the still remaining five (all in Samuel), four refer specifically to Shiloh and the ark, — a curious and instructive fact.

In conclusion, some idea of the irregularity of the use of the name "Yahweh of hosts" may be gathered from the following facts: It is absent not only from the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Judges, but from Ruth, Ezra, and Nehemiah, the narratives of Daniel and Jonah, the whole mass of Hebrew "wisdom" (Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes), all the lyric poetry except seven Psalms, and from several prophetic works (Ezekiel, Joel, Obadiah, and the visions in the book of Daniel). In some of the prophets who use it, it appears but once or infrequently, and in others it occurs in almost every other line.

Surely, when this is the case, the insecurity of any argument founded upon its absence from a given series of narratives must be obvious.

I have now passed in rapid review the objections which Mr. Herford has urged against the conclusions of the critics, and have indicated the lines upon which it appears to me they may be met; but even if he were to make them all good, we should still have to ask whether his own conclusions are not open to far graver objections. On this subject it is of course impossible to enter, and I will only remind my readers that Mr. Herford has made no attempt to disarm the positively overwhelming evidence which the documents themselves afford us of successive modifications and recastings of the traditional matter, of divergent accounts and contradictory statements, of shifting and advancing religious conceptions, modifying the whole coloring given by successive generations to their retrospective survey of history. The recent description of the prose Edda given by Vigfusson and Powell applies in its full extent to the Pentateuch: "It is a complex work, stamped with the mind-marks of the several men of genius who worked at it, one after another." Tradition (often historical tradition) lies behind the work of these men of genius, and may be restored with more or less completeness and security; but it is their work, rather than the traditions they worked upon, that we actually possess in the records of the Old Testament.

Philip H. Wicksteed.

THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

How it was that I became acquainted with what I shall here relate, it is not worth the while to set forth particularly. Suffice it to say that through letters from all the persons whom I mention, from their own lips, and by my personal observation, I learned very thoroughly, and in the most trustworthy manner, what befell my masking friend and traveling companion.

The reader will please to recollect the quondam Washington Adams's experience during his sojourn at Toppington Priory and in its neighborhood: how he was thrown into companionship with the lady of that house and with her beautiful cousin; how he was fortunate enough to bring succor to the latter at a moment of extreme peril; and how she sent him the cluster of party-colored leaves which were the cause of the accident that befell her.[1] The tiny drop of blood which his eager eye detected on one of those leaves I do not believe that she had seen. On such a surface of mingled bronze and green and red and yellow, blending and shading into each other, a little crimson spot would hardly be observed, unless upon very minute examination. Had it been plainly visible, it would have been removed before he received this witness of his service and her gratitude. For although she was open-hearted enough and self-reliant enough to send such a token to a man whom she trusted as she trusted him, and who had been to her what he had been, there was in her soul a sense of delicacy mingled with that rarest of qualities in woman, a sense of humor, which would have made her shrink from seeming to provoke a sentiment which, when manifested, she regarded with a kind of worshiping admiration.

No word of fond suggestions had passed between Mansfield Humphreys and Margaret Duffield, — although before he found her bleeding in the park he had quickly loved her with an all-absorbing love; for he had soon discovered in her the one woman whose presence stirred in him all impulses of soul and sense. Yet he did not woo her, except through that mightiest of pleadings from such a nature as his to such a soul as hers, — the being his simple self, and living his daily life before her. He did not shut his eyes to obstacles in his way; but, as often happens in like cases, he made most of that which was of least importance, — his age. Of this he had never seriously thought, before. Whether he was twenty years old, or sixty, was a question that never presented itself to him. He did his work and enjoyed his life; and he did both with thoughtless and almost unconscious vigor. But when he was brought face to face with the momentous fact that he — who, although he had fancied a few women for various qualities and in various ways, had never truly loved — now looked upon this beautiful young woman with a mingling of worship and longing unknown to him before, he suddenly bethought himself that he was twenty-five years her elder.

Although a self-reliant man and sufficient unto himself, he was devoid of personal vanity, and had no confidence in his powers of pleasing; rather, he never thought whether he was pleasing or not, never sought to make himself agreeable to any one he liked, but did what he deemed was right, and showed what he thought and felt, — showed his liking without reserve, but did not talk about it, and never flattered. Consequently, the vain and shallow mass of men and women had never taken much delight in him; and, having no such

[1] The Atlantic, January, 1884.

debts to pay, had never flattered him. Respected, even admired, and a little feared, he was not popular; but he had a few friends, who would have trusted him with their lives and honors; and although he had not known it, there had been women, whom he had passed by without a look or a word more than ordinary courtesy demanded, who would have gladly given him their lives and their honors and themselves. Being this manner of man, and thus unskilled in woman's heart and ways, his age, although it came upon him as a mere intellectual conviction, a fact in the abstract, yet seemed to him, chiefly because of what he had read and heard, an insuperable barrier between him and the fruition of his love. He was not a man either to whimper, or to insinuate himself where he could not go openly; and therefore upon the subject dearest to his heart he maintained an absolute reserve, not only of speech, but of manner. Yet although he set a watch upon his lips, and chilled with cold resolve the tenderness that would have glowed in his eye, he could not wholly hide his love from a girl like Margaret Duffield; and he could not conceal, did not seek to conceal, himself. For her, that was enough; and although before her peril she had never said plainly, even to her own heart, that she loved Mansfield Humphreys, she was in just such a condition that when the peril came it revealed to her absolutely and pitilessly the state of her affections; from which revelation she did not shrink, indeed, but which, she being the woman that she was, had brought her mingled joy and fear.

For seeing, at least a little, the feeling of Mansfield Humphreys toward her, she had given herself up to the gladness of rejoicing in it, of worshiping it, without yet acknowledging more than that such a man's love was a sort of divine manifestation that any woman — not she, Margaret Duffield, in particular — ought to love and worship. But when she lay, an invalid, yet not diseased, in the luxurious languor which was the consequence of mere physical exhaustion, her mind quickly acting although not strongly active, she soon discovered that she prized her life more highly because it had been preserved to her by Humphreys, and indeed that the preservation was more to her than the life. She saw, moreover, that she had given herself, heart and soul, to a stranger, — a man who, while he was of her own race and speech, of her own religion, and even of her own habits of thought, and who, as he had told her, had cousins of her own name, and not improbably of her own kindred, although far remote, was not of her own people; of whose family and friends she was wholly ignorant; whose social surroundings were not those into which she had been born, and in which and by which she had been bred to what she was. She had given herself to a Son of Heth; and it was a grief of mind to her. For Margaret Duffield, notwithstanding her independence, and in spite of the protest of her noble soul against many of the trammels of the society in which she had been reared, was yet bound by the bonds and shut up within the limitations of that society. She was an English gentlewoman; and although this "American" gentleman seemed to her yearning soul and loving heart almost a god among men, she had imbibed vague notions of what "American" meant, and vague apprehensions of evil in the social experience to which she must submit if she became his wife. To a gentlewoman, her social experience is the very essence of her personal life; and therefore it was that Margaret Duffield looked upon Mansfield Humphreys' love for her, and the love that she now confessed to herself for him, with fear mingled with her joy.

None the less, however, she felt that she owed him something for her life,

and something more — oh, how much more, she now confessed! — for the love which had given her life such greater worth in her own eyes. Therefore it was that, setting her teeth in the face of her fear, she had sent him the cluster of leaves that was the sign and token of the strong bond that was now between them, — a token which he might interpret as he pleased: either as a mere graceful acknowledgment of the great service that he had rendered her, or as an intimation that he might speak to her as he never yet had spoken. As to any risk that she ran that he might look upon her little memorial with the petty pride of a small-souled man in a female conquest, she did not give it one moment's consideration. Of him personally she felt sure. Her perfect love cast out all fear. Her trust in him was absolute, unquestioning.

Trust could not have been more safely placed. He could not be blind to the possible meaning of such a gift; and although, in the innate modesty of his soul, and because of the life-long influence of his fine breeding, he said to himself, This may be merely a pretty token of thanksgiving from a girl whose nature acts upon a higher plane than that of mere social convention, he felt that, notwithstanding his prudent self-restraint, she might have seen his heart, and that if she had seen it he would not have received such a token if his love had been unwelcome.

Under like circumstances, in "America," he would have gone directly to her. Under like circumstances, he thought that an English gentleman would have been likely to tell her his love before he spoke to her family upon the subject. But he, too, felt the limitations of his position. Properly introduced (notwithstanding the grotesqueness of his first appearance at the Priory, which it should be remembered Margaret had not witnessed); frankly and warmly received, and treated with the consideration to which he had always been accustomed; finding in the company at the seat of this English earl nothing new to him in manners and little in social tone; made, by the kindness of his friends, to feel himself completely at ease in a household and a society constructed upon larger lines and a more broadly based establishment than those with which any home-living "American" can be familiar, he yet felt that he was really a stranger. He knew these people, liked them heartily, and saw that they liked him; and he was sure that they and he would be friends always. But they knew nothing of him but himself, — nothing of his family, his connection, his rightful place in social life; and Mansfield Humphreys was too much a man of the world not to be conscious — now painfully conscious — that in any country, among people socially well established, although in ordinary social intercourse personal qualities will serve, in marriage, family, connection, social position, are of hardly less, and sometimes of even more importance. And the orphan Margaret Duffield, with her little hundred and fifty pounds a year, was the granddaughter of a marquess and the cousin of a countess, the ward of an earl. Therefore, as he sat ruminating upon the case in which he found himself, and gazing fondly at the cluster of leaves which had come to him from the heart of his soul's mistress, but without kissing it, he determined not to speak to her, not even to see her, until he had told his story to Lord Toppingham, and could woo her with the consent of her guardian.

He did not loiter. Mansfield Humphreys never loitered about anything; and now it seemed to him that the very sun lagged slowly through the broken clouds, that cast their lazy shadows upon the verdure of the park.

After luncheon he sought Lord Toppingham, and found him, as he had expected, in his study, a little room just off the library, with guns in the corner,

and gloves and foils upon the walls, where he wrote his business letters, smoked his meerschaum, and gave himself up to unmitigated mannishness. But to Humphreys' surprise, Lady Toppingham was there, also. He did not shrink, however, nor abandon his purpose. He was not unwilling to confess his love before her; and indeed, after a moment's reflection, he hoped that he might find in this generous and truly noble woman an ally. But here he erred. A woman may be willing to sacrifice herself for love; but the world has not yet seen the gentlewoman who regarded with equanimity such a sacrifice on the part of any female member of her own family.

After a few words between him and his host and hostess, there was a pause, — one of those silences of expectation which demand more strongly than words the occasion of an unexpected interview.

Humphreys did not flinch, but said at once, "My lord, I have come to say to you that my life will not be happy unless I have Miss Duffield for my wife."

Lord Toppingham looked at him a moment in blank astonishment, and then said, but not unkindly, "Good gracious, my dear Mr. Humphreys, I hope it is not so. This is dreadful. Pahdon me, but I never dreamed of anything like this."

Lady Toppingham flushed to her forehead, and she moved suddenly, as if she were about to rise, but she kept her seat. The truth was that she had dreamed of something like this. It was impossible that a woman of any experience of life could see a man like Mansfield Humphreys constantly in companionship with a girl like Margaret Duffield, and finally doing her such a service as his had been, without thinking that one, at least, was likely to love the other. Wherefore she had sounded her cousin, and tempted her, and provoked her; but all in vain. Margaret kept not only her own counsel, but, with a feeling of loyalty which is woman's highest tribute of the heart, her lover's secret, also. She was as wary as the countess. If her cousin discussed Humphreys' character and person, with furtively watchful eyes, she discussed them also, freely and with a placid face. If Lady Toppingham praised him, she assented, and not too coldly. Nor could one or two half-earnest, half-crafty scoffs and sneers at the "American" provoke the girl into the indiscretion of a resentful defense. Margaret remained mistress of herself and of the situation; and Lady Toppingham came to the conclusion that her apprehensions were needless as to her cousin. And as to Humphreys, with all her liking for him, she did not feel called upon to concern herself greatly in the love affairs of any strange, traveling "American," who by some accident had been dropped into the Priory; so long, at least, as he did not flutter its ancient dovecotes.

Therefore, when she saw this "American," to whom she had been so kind, actually before her husband, her cousin's guardian, proposing, with no hesitation and no apparent self-doubt, for her cousin as his wife, Lady Toppingham felt very much as if her great pet mastiff, Tor, had turned upon her, or had been guilty of some ungentlemanlike behavior; yet probably felt not quite so much surprise; for I am inclined to think that in the silent recesses of her soul her ladyship had more confidence in the thorough good-breeding of her English mastiff than in that of any "American" that ever lived, were he George Washington himself. Her feeling was one of mingled resentment and disappointment; and she said in her heart that she would n't have believed it of Mr. Humphreys, — he ought to have known better. And this resentment was not one whit the less because Margaret's self-contained manner had laid to rest apprehensions which were, as she herself saw now clearly, entirely as to the happiness and

future position of her cousin. Those seeming in no peril, she had dismissed the matter from her mind, — how absolutely she did not know until she heard Humphreys' avowal. Her impulsive nature might have manifested itself in reproaches; but the reserve of a well-bred woman and the deference of a well-bred Englishwoman to her husband sealed her lips, at least until he had given his opinion.

To Lord Toppingham's sudden expression of regret Humphreys at once replied, "I am sorry, my lord, to have startled you, and somewhat surprised, in my turn. Is it so strange that a man should love Miss Duffield, and wish to make her his wife? It is not long ago that you yourself told me of three men, of various ages and positions, who had done so."

"Ah, yes; quite so, quite so. But, my dear sir, in a matter of this sort we must speak plainly; and you 'll excuse my sayin' to you that those were English gentlemen, and quite in Miss Duffield's own rank of life, — men of well-established position and fortune," and he paused, leaving contrast and inference to his hearer.

"But, my lord, Miss Duffield has no rank, nor had her father; and — pardon me for saying that I am almost glad to know it — neither has she any fortune. Serious as the matter is to me, I should not have ventured upon my proposal, if I had not what is considered a desirable position in society to offer Miss Duffield, and an income sufficient to maintain such a position with comfort."

"Just so, just so. I see; and I don't doubt for a moment that your position is one that any lady in America would be proud to share. But you 'll see that that 's quite a different thing. And America is so — so — very far away, and so — so — uncertain sort of a place, if you 'll forgive my sayin' so, that the idea of lettin' Miss Duffield be married to any person, however estimable and worthy of high consideration" (with a bow and a gracious smile), "that comes from there is — is — something so surprisin', so unprecedented, that you 'll excuse me for sayin' it 's quite inadmissible, — not to be thought of for a moment."

Here Lady Toppingham, having thus far yielded place to her lord and master, and heard him give a complete and decided opinion, came into the discussion, and took up her parable, saying, "Besides, Mr. Humphreys, what you say about Miss Duffield's family having no rank is not at all to the purpose. Margaret Duffield is of her own right in our society, born into our rank of life. Why, the Duffields are older than we are; they 've been seated at Milton Duffield longer than we 've been at A ——, — since Henry II.'s time, and probably long before. There 's not a peer in the country who would derogate at all from his rank by marrying Margaret Duffield; and there are scores of peers who in point of family are not to be named with her, although her father's estate was under five thousand a year."

"All that I see, madam. A king might be happy to marry Miss Duffield."

"No, Mr. Humphreys; excuse me, but you don't see. It 's no King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid matter. It 's simply that Margaret Duffield is an English gentlewoman, a proper wife for any subject in the kingdom, no matter what his rank, or wealth, or distinction; a woman who, whatever she might accept as to fortune, can't be expected or allowed to marry out of her own rank in life, — can't be asked to do so without offense. No reasonable Englishman out of that rank would dream of pretending to her hand." The lady used this large phrase in a large way, giving the *r*'s a little extra roll, and then continued. "Why, there 's Lady Harriet F——, whom they 've put into a private madhouse: one of the surest evidences of

her being insane was that she wanted to marry out of her own rank of life. You 'll excuse me, but my lord was quite right in saying that the marriage of such a girl as Margaret to an American would be inadmissible and unprecedented."

Lady Toppingham's manner became so warm and earnest as to approach excitement; and Humphreys, leaving her without reply, turned to the earl, saying, "As to precedents for marriages between persons of the highest social position in England and Americans, Lord Toppingham can hardly be ignorant that they have existed for some time; and that of late they have rather increased in number than diminished."

"To be sure. Yes, you 're right, — quite so, quite so; right as to your facts, but pahdon me for sayin' not quite right as to their value and the bearin' of 'em. Those marriages, all of 'em, in times past and present, have been of American women to English *men* among our nobility and gentry; a very different matter, you 'll excuse me for sayin', from the marriage of an English *woman* of correspondin' rank to an American. And then, too," deprecatingly, "I 'm sure that in all these cases there were considerations — certain advantages of fortune on the lady's part, and certain needs or deficiencies on the gentleman's — that rendered the union desirable."

"Indeed, I should say so!" exclaimed Lady Toppingham. "A man of rank may, if he will, — but even that 's not very prudent, — take his wife from any condition of life, and if her reputation is untarnished, and her manners good, and she is a presentable person, she steps at once into her proper position as his wife, and makes her way according to her advantages, personal and other. But a gentlewoman who marries out of her own rank in life is — lost!" As she spoke her voice rose, and she uttered the last word almost with a cry; and no longer able to restrain herself entirely, she rose quickly from her seat, and went to the window. Under Mansfield Humphreys' dispensation of Mr. Washington Adams, Lord Toppingham had been somewhat disturbed, if not excited, while Lady Toppingham had been quite calm and self-possessed; but now, as he brought forward his proposal of marriage, the man was calm and the woman excited.

With the kindest manner, and a gentle, almost pleading tone, Lord Toppingham said, speaking very low, "You 'll not misunderstand Lady Toppin'ham, I 'm sure. She has a very high regard for you, as you must have seen; but this matter presents itself differently to you and to us; and women always take such affairs so much to heart! You must have seen that I, too, and all our friends have not been backward in showin' our likin' for your society. You have been received among us, as you deserved to be, — pahdon me for alludin' to it, — quite on the footin' of a gentleman of our own position; and I assure you it has given us great pleasure to do so. We have been the gainers — the gainers in every way — by the favor of your company. It is n't that."

"Yes, my lord," said Humphreys, with a slight tone of bitterness in his voice, "I know that people of your rank in England, if a presentable American, who is in any way interesting, happens among them, will receive him kindly, and accord to him for the time that he is with them a sort of brevet rank of gentleman, and ask no questions, nor care to ask any, so long as he behaves himself and is not a bore. But you 'll excuse me for saying that, although I am not without respect for social distinctions (which have nothing necessarily to do with politics), and perhaps, indeed, for that very reason, I do not visit any gentleman's house, in any country, on those terms. I find fault with no man because he does not seek my society, even if it be because he

holds himself above me. Let him go his way, and let me go mine. I am content, and will think none the less of him, but rather the more, because he asserts himself and shows me his hand. But if a man seeks my company, and invites me to his house, among the ladies of his house, I do not appear among them as a gentleman by brevet. He has precluded that by making me their companion. No man has a right to set another down at dinner by his marriageable daughter, and then to complain if he wins her love."

As Humphreys earnestly uttered this protest, Lady Toppingham, who had silently returned from the window, startled him, as she stood unseen at his side, by asking suddenly, "Have you won Margaret Duffield's love?"

He was taken unprepared. What could he say? He was desirous, above all things, to be frank and open, in this interview; to have no semblance of concealment or reserve of thought. He was not certain that Margaret loved him; but he was by no means certain that she did not. After a little hesitation he replied, "I have no right to think so, whatever I may hope. I have never spoken to her, directly or indirectly, upon this subject; and I am firmly determined not to do so without Lord Toppingham's consent."

"Quite correct and handsome on your part," said the earl, with a little bow, "if you 'll let the occasion excuse my sayin' so. Just what I should have expected of Mr. Humphreys."

Lady Toppingham now changed her tactics slightly. Humphreys' prompt action had prevented her from learning anything about the sending of the cluster of leaves, which would have told her all; but a moment's reflection showed her that his hesitation and the nature of his reply indicated some indefinite but significant relation between him and Margaret; and she feared that this, if it were brought to light in connection with Humphreys' manly and self-sacrificing behavior, might weaken Lord Toppingham's opposition. "Mr. Humphreys," she said, "you mentioned the sufficiency of your income. You know that in an affair of this kind that is of importance. Have you any objection to telling us its amount?"

"None, whatever; rather the contrary. It will appear small to you, although I consider it sufficient. I have between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a year; that is somewhat more, you know, than five thousand pounds."

"Not quite Sir John Acrelipp's rent roll," the lady said, "but very handsome, I admit. Quite enough, if that were the only question. Margaret's father had no more at Milton Duffield when he married my aunt. Where is your estate situated?"

"Pardon me, madam; perhaps you misunderstood me. I have no estate. We do not have estates in America. I have a house or two; but my income is from government bonds, railway stocks, and mortgages."

"No estate!" said Lord Toppingham, pricking up his ears. "I feared something of the sort. It seems, then, that, notwithstandin' your income, you are really without any established position, even in America. A man whose family has no estate we" (slightly emphasizing the word) "cannot regard as one of established position, however good his connection, or however high his character and unexceptionable his manners. Stocks and bonds," smiling, "are very agreeable adjuncts to a landed estate; but they cannot take its place. Miss Duffield might better accept the proposals of some successful English barrister, or — or other professional person. I fear that you must make up your mind finally to my declinin' the honor of your proposal."

"Of course, of course," said the lady. "Why, Miss Duffield's own little income is on a sounder footing. It is

a rent charge upon her grandfather's estate."

Lord Toppingham rose, and held out his hand, saying, "Believe me, I 'm extremely sorry that this interview has necessarily terminated in a way which, I must assume, is very unsatisfactory to you. Let me beg that you will not therefore leave us directly. We should really feel hurt if you did. As you have not addressed Miss Duffield, and as she is ignorant of your feelings and intentions, I shall say nothing to her of your proposal."

Humphreys saw that he was finally and absolutely dismissed; and taking Lord Toppingham's hand for a moment, and bowing to the countess, he left the room. He decided, however, to accept Lord Toppingham's invitation, and to remain a day or two longer at the Priory: not with the intention of abandoning his resolve and urging his suit to Margaret herself, but with the vague notion and eager hope of some possible change in the situation.

The invitation did not meet Lady Toppingham's approval. She saw that the most important step was to get Humphreys out of the Priory, and indeed out of England; knowing, as she did, that a meeting between two hitherto isolated but highly charged bodies might flash into an explosion which would blow all her plans beyond the moon. But the invitation was given, and could not be recalled.

Lady Toppingham therefore resolved to address herself directly to Margaret, as to whom *she* had made no promise of silence; and going to her room that night after dinner, she told her fully of what had passed in the afternoon. She did not ask her as to the nature of her feelings toward Mansfield Humphreys; but she pressed upon her, with all the earnestness and adroitness of which she was capable, the view of Humphreys' proposal which Lord Toppingham and she had taken, — a view which, as we have seen, was not at all strange or foreign to Margaret herself, even in the present state of her affections; and these were of a strength and warmth far beyond what her cousin suspected, and even beyond what Humphreys hoped. During the week of her convalescence her love had fed upon her silent thought, and had grown greater day by day and hour by hour. But the influences to which she had been subjected from her childhood were still at work within her, and seconded all Lady Toppingham's endeavors. She was reserved to a degree that alarmed her cousin; but the result of the interview was an assurance, spontaneously given, that she would accept no offer of marriage without her guardian's consent.

The next day, having obtained the consent of her physician, she came down to luncheon. Lady Toppingham dreaded the possible consequences of this step, and endeavored to persuade her cousin to keep her room a day or two longer; but Margaret was quietly firm, and Lady Toppingham knew her cousin well enough to be sure that importunity would not only be in vain, but would provoke rebellion. The truth was that under her placid demeanor Margaret was sick with longing to see her lover's face, and to read in his eyes the love which she had consented to sacrifice.

When they met, her faint and fear-hued lips were drawn tight upon her teeth; her dark eyes glowed like coals above her pallid cheeks; and the hand she mechanically held out to him was cold and rigid. It was the first time that she had seen him since he had assisted at her bedside to complete that preservation of her life which he had begun; but she did not thank him, nor mean to thank him. What were thanks from her to him, to him from her? She knew this, and was silent. But when he said, "I was longing for you to come down; for I am leaving the Priory soon," she answered, looking him

straight in the eyes, "I knew it; and I came." He had approached her merely with the manner of a friend who was rejoiced at her recovery, and she had so received him, as any one would have seen who had watched them closely. But that mutual glance when eyes first meet, that instant of communication, which is hardly an instant, but time inexpressible, almost inappreciable, — quicker than lightning, for lightning lasts long enough to be photographed, — had fed full the mutual hunger of their souls, and their hearts were rejoicing with an exceeding great joy one in the other. Therefore, when he told her that he had been longing for her to come down, his voice sounded to her still enfeebled and somewhat dreamily acting brain as if he spoke with the right and the authority of a long-accepted lover, — one whom she had won and acknowledged and made her master in some far, dim, yet well-remembered time; and her answer seemed to her, for him merely a simple and proper recognition of his right, and for her a delightful recognition of it.

Humphreys did not sit by Margaret, at luncheon. Even if he had sought to do so, — which he did not, — Lady Toppingham had, with due forethought, arranged matters to prevent it; and very few words passed between them. Directly after luncheon the countess took Humphreys aside, and with the greatest kindness and consideration, but very seriously and impressively, told him that she had informed her cousin of what had passed the day before, of Margaret's reception of the news, and of her promise never to wed without the consent of her guardian. The information produced the effect that she intended. Humphreys knew that he could trust Lady Toppingham not to misrepresent, and not even to color, any evidence which she gave so seriously; he saw Margaret's self-sacrificing determination, and understood it; and he said at once that it would be better for him to leave the Priory that afternoon, and asked the favor of a wagonette to take him to the station.

Meanwhile poor Margaret herself was passing through an experience which would have afforded a young beauty of more thoughtless head and harder heart some amusement; but which, in her present state of mind and body, was a new cross laid upon her overburdened shoulders. Captain Surcingle had been much exercised by Margaret's injury and illness. During her confinement he had brooded over his love; and in his simple way he thought that now, as she had come down again, but was evidently feeling "so awfully seedy," it would be a good time to offer her the support of his arm for a little walk, and the cheer of his companionship for life. She gladly accepted his invitation to "a stwoll;" and taking his arm, she loitered languidly along, leaning upon it as she might have leaned upon her father's, and ungratefully thinking thoughts of mingled happiness and grief, in which he had no share. Insensibly their steps tended toward a remote and retired part of the garden, which she had been so much in the habit of frequenting, in solitary moods, that it was called Margaret's Den. There were the remains of an old pleached alley, some venerable yews, once trimmed to artificial shapes, but now neglected, and a great evergreen maze, which dated from the time of Charles II.

Captain Surcingle supported his fair burden in perfect silence until they reached this green recess of shade; in silence while he placed her upon a rustic seat; and sat in silence until he had made ineffectual attempts to scrawl with the end of his stick upon the hard old garden walk. Then turning suddenly to her, and as suddenly away again, he broke out, —

"Margy, I feel awfully about you."

"Oh, Jack, you need n't be troubled any longer. I 'm quite well now, except

a little weakness. See here! That 's all now," and she held out her arm, from which her sleeve fell away, and showed only a broad black band over the wound.

"Oh, I say, Margy! that won't do. That 's the way you always put it on me; and it is n't fair to a fellah that 's so awfully in earnest. I was awfully sowwy you got hurt, of course, — awfully; but you 're out of the splints now, and a girl of your b— bone and pluck 'll soon come all right again. But you know well enough that 's not what I mean. I mean I feel awfully about you for myself. 'Nevah was weally spoons on any other girl."

"Don't, Jack, — don't."

"Yes, but I will. Why should n't I? Who 's got 'better wight? Ain't you all in the family? What 's the use of goin' out of it? Won't find 'fellah 's fond of you as I am."

"Jack, Jack, why will you talk so? You know it 's all nonsense."

"Not a bit of it: no nonsense about it. I 'm not such a fool as you think. I 've got enough, you know, to carry on the war comfortably in a cozy way; and if you 'd have me, the governor 'd come down with something handsome. I 'd like to give you everything in the world, if I could."

This does not sound like very tender wooing, but Margaret knew that few of the suits couched in finer phrase were half as sincere; and she exclaimed, half to herself, half to him, "Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!"

"Sowwy! What' you sowwy for? You 'ah enough to dwive 'fellah cwazy," and starting up from her side, he began to stride up and down the path before her.

Margaret looked at him a moment in silence; and then, rising, she went to him. As he stopped before her and looked down into her face, she laid her hands upon his shoulders, and returning his look kindly, said, "Dear Jack, you 're as good as gold; and I 'm more sorry over this than you can think. But, Jack, listen! I can never be your wife, — never. No, no," shaking her head sadly, "nor the wife of any other man. Listen, again! I can trust you, and I will tell you what I have not told anybody. I belong, heart and soul, for all my life, to a man whose wife I cannot hope to be."

Surcingle looked at her a moment, with unwonted penetration in his eye, and then said interrogatively, —

"Mewican fellah?"

Her lips did not move, but her face said Yes; and the captain ruefully commented, "Mewican fellahs gettin' evwythin' nowadays, — all the cups; an' if they 're goin' to get all the nice girls, I go in fo' a wow. Ought to be a war, so we could polish 'em off. I 'd like to take two such as that fellah for my share in the first scwimmage."

"Jack, dear, you need n't do that, to prevent his getting me. Don't you see how wretched I am? I can never be his wife. It would n't do. But I 'll never be any other man's. Don't you believe me?"

"Believe anything you say, Margy."

"I know you do, Jack. And now will you do something for me?"

"Do anything for you, Margy."

"I thought you would; even this. I 'm sure he 's going away directly, — today, I think; going home to America; and I shall never see his face again, — never, never, never." Her voice sank low, and there was a wail in it as she uttered these words. "I want you to find him now, and send him to me, here. Say nothing to anybody else; and do it now, won't you, Jack — now?"

He looked at her blankly a moment, and then said, "By George, of all the cheek I ever knew, the cheek of a woman is the cheekiest!" But although he relieved his feelings and expressed his astonishment in this slang, he pressed

her hand, and said, "Yes, Margy, I'll go." Poor Jack, brave, simple, self-sacrificing soul! you would rather have led a forlorn hope at Delhi, or the charge at Balaklava, ten times over. Before she could say another word he had left her.

Within a few minutes he stood before his successful rival, and, lifting his hat, said with even voice, as if he were giving a military order, "Mr. Humfweys, Miss Duffield's compliments, and would you do her the favor to see her in her Den, — d'wec'ly?" and, turning on his heel, was gone.

Margaret had resumed her seat, and, drawing herself against the high back at one end of the rustic settle, she leaned there, with her hands lying listlessly in her lap, as she saw Humphreys come out from behind the maze. He sprang quickly forward, to take her hand; but she withheld it, and, drawing back, waved him to a seat at the other end of the settle. He obeyed.

"Miss Duffield!"

"Call me Margaret now and here. I shall never hear you do so again."

"Margaret, it was very kind in you to send for me."

"It was not kind; it was selfish, — pure selfishness; perhaps cruelty — to us both." As she said this, the sharp, bitter tone in her voice, usually so rich and low, cut him to the heart.

"I leave the Priory this afternoon."

"So I supposed."

"Intending to take the next steamer for New York."

"That is the best that you could do; except never to return."

"Margaret, Margaret! I see you know what you are to me, — the only woman in the world. I have some reason, have I not? to believe that you value my love; and yet you can let me go when you might keep me here; and you bid me never return. Can you really love me?"

"For that very reason, I bid you. See! I have no concealments from you;" and her fair face flushed rosy red as she opened the top of her corsage a little, and taking forth a crumpled handkerchief held it out to him. The little crimson dashes in the corner were not blood, but the initials W. M. H.

He put out his hand to take it, but she drew it back, saying, "No, no! At least, I may keep this."

"I have the other."

"The leaves. Poor leaves! How little I thought, when I first saw them, that they would lead to this!"

"And yet, Margaret, if you love me now" —

"If?" — almost with resentment, — "and you here at my bidding?"

"You must have felt some love for me before."

"I did not think; I was only happy."

"Happier, perhaps, than I was then. And now?"

She bowed her head, and twisting her fingers together wrung them in and out, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" in a tone which, although hardly more than a murmur, was full of anguish.

It was not in man, in loving man, to bear this longer, and he moved quickly toward her. To his surprise, she sprang up, and stepping behind the back of the settle leaned upon it, saying, "No, no! Spare me; for I am weak, — weak in body and in soul. Let me keep my faith. Why ask for more than you have, for more than you know, when I cannot be your wife?"

"Why not, Margaret? Why?"

"I have promised. I am Lord Toppingham's ward. It is not right that I should be your wife without his consent; and that he will never give, — perhaps ought not to give. I cannot control my heart, — cannot now, at least. Perhaps I ought, before; but I can my actions."

"And I must leave you, never hope to claim what your heart has given me,

merely because you were born and bred in a certain rank of life here, and I am an American, and not an English gentleman?"

"Yes. — Let me sit down; for you know that I am not strong;" and she pointed to his former place, which he resumed. "See, Mansfield Humphreys," she said, speaking now in her usual sweet, clear tones, "I am only a very young woman, but a woman who, you have said, sees what she looks at, and thinks about what she sees. Must a girl like me tell a man like you that rank is not a mere name, but a result, — the flower and fruit of a long growth; that to those who have it, is the most important possession of their lives? You know this."

"I do."

"And yet you ask me — me, a woman, to whom this atmosphere has been the breath of my nostrils since I was born — to give it up?"

"I did not ask you, until" — and he checked what might have been both a boast and a reproach.

"You might have gone on. — Well, if that were all, I would give it up for you as easily and as quickly as I give you this;" and she broke a bud from a sprig that hung over the settle, and tossed it into his lap.

He brushed it scornfully away.

"You are right. One is of no more real value than the other; and yet for the sake of that valueless thing, and that I may not wound and wring the hearts of those of whom I am a part, and who have loved and cherished me from my infancy, I send you away, — away from me forever! Oh, forever, forever!" and again she moaned, and tormented her soft, white fingers.

"You love them better than you love me."

"An unkind, cruel speech, if you understood; but you do not understand. First of all I must do right. It is not only men who must sacrifice their lives to duty. To that I am sacrificing all the happiness that woman can hope for, except in the consciousness that she has made the sacrifice."

"And I? My happiness?"

"It is for that, too, that I make the sacrifice. Listen to me coolly;" and she leaned a little forward, speaking with a calm and even voice. "Don't flout or doubt what I say; for a young woman may sometimes see what escapes the eyes even of a mature man."

"I know; I have often thought how much older I am than you."

Her glance fell upon him, full of reproachful love, and with a little contemptuous flirt of her fingers, scarcely perceptible, she went on: "I have never been in America, but I know more of it, have read more about it, than most of those who are around me; and I know that I could not live in America and among Americans, and be happy — except always in you. And therefore you, after your first gladness in calling me your wife had passed, — you would not be happy — except, sometimes, perhaps, in me. Our ways are not as your ways, unless you are misrepresented by your own people and your own writers. Do you believe the Bible? I know you respect it. 'Be ye not unequally yoked' is as true socially as it is in religion. But I am ashamed to preach to you; and it is needless. There is my promise to my guardian, — a promise which it became me to make, and which it is my duty to keep. I shall keep it. But can you think it strange that, although I keep it, I sent for you, that I might hear your voice, and see your heart, and — show you mine, before we parted?"

"God bless you, Margaret."

"Yes, yes; before we parted forever." She sat a moment, and clasped her hands in silence. "And now go, or we shall be interrupted."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me something that you have touched; something

that has lain close to you, that is a part of you, — something, Margaret!"

She raised her hands mechanically to her neck, and unclasped a slender chain, from which hung a little blue enameled jewel that had dwelt beneath her handkerchief, and held it out to him. The hand that gave it was, unconsciously to her, that of her injured arm, and again the sleeve fell away from it, and showed the wounded place. Humphreys seized the hand and covered it with kisses. She yielded to him for a moment, and then, firmly withdrawing her hand, she turned her back, and said, "Now leave me, and farewell!"

He rose, and walked slowly away. At the corner of the maze around which his path lay, he turned again. She had fallen upon her knees, and was gazing after him, bent forward eagerly, and with her arms stretched out as if in piteous entreaty. He paused; but at once she shook her head, and wildly waved him away. He did not see that when he passed out of sight she fell upon the ground, and lay prone as he had found her wounded in the park.

He had made his adieus at the Priory, and going directly to the stables he took his wagonette, and was driven to the station. Within a week he was homeward bound upon the ocean.

Mansfield Humphreys did not pine for Margaret Duffield. No strong-bodied, strong-brained man pines for any woman. But he went about his work with a cherished sadness in his soul, which he took out at times from its hiding-place, oftenest at night when he sat alone, as he did Margaret's jewel; and love and jewel and sadness together made him a sweet torment, that he would not have exchanged for all the gayety of heart that ever bounded to pipe and tabor. But no one knew that he had this tender aching in his bosom.

This had gone on nearly a year, when one morning, at breakfast, he found among his letters one with a British stamp and "Toppington Priory" upon the sealing-flap. It was addressed —

Mansfield Humfreys, Esqre,
Boston, Massachoosits,
America.

He opened it and read: —

THE PRIORY, TOPPINGTON ——SHIRE,
10*th September*, 1877.

DEAR MR. HUMFREYS, — Would you mind coming to the Priery? We should n't mind having you, altho' we 're not all very well. Lord Toppingham sends kind regards. Sincerely yours,
C. TOPPINGHAM.

The phraseology of the letter seemed a little strange to him, but not so strange as if it had come from one of his Boston friends. He had never happened to see Lady Toppingham's handwriting; for during his really short although momentous visit, she had occasion to write him but once, a mere invitation, and that her cousin had written for her. He recognized the Priory stamp on the paper and on the envelope; and as to the spelling of Massachusetts, and even of Priory, he thought little of that. The former was only an example of the prevalent English ignorance of American things; and as to the latter, he had caught himself, sometimes, in unconscious phonetic slips of the same kind. The subject of the letter expelled all other thoughts from his mind. He was summoned to Toppington Priory, and by Lady Toppingham, and all were not well. Was the "all" she who was all to him? With his usual promptness of action, he made arrangements for an absence of a few weeks, and in due course of steam by ship and rail he presented himself at the Priory gate, and sent up his card.

Lady Toppingham received him in the drawing-room, with marked kindness, but without the air of expectation or of consciousness that he looked for.

After a few words, he said, with an earnestness which his reserved manner did not conceal, —

"May I ask after the welfare of Miss Duffield?"

"Ah, I see how it is, and why you have come; I think I see, at least. Mr. Humphreys, do you still love my cousin?"

"Lady Toppingham, it is hardly three weeks since I received your letter, and I am here."

"My letter! Pardon me; I wrote you no letter. I don't quite understand."

Humphreys took out his pocket letter-case, and quickly finding the letter handed it to his hostess.

"That is our paper, but this is not my hand, nor even an imitation of it. I did not write this letter. What is all this? I see, I see. This is poor Jack's hand; and Jack's spelling, too," she added, with a smile. "How came he to do such a thing? And now I think of it, he 's been here almost all the time, these two or three days; riding over early in the morning, and hanging about the house and the stables, poring over the newspapers that he never looked at before. I 'll find him, and ask him about this. Why, there he is, coming along the terrace! Excuse me for a moment;" and she pushed open a window, and stepped out.

"Jack," holding out the letter to him, "what does this mean?"

The captain stopped, and tugging at his mustache looked ruefully at the paper for a moment, and then said, —

"Own up. Means I 've committed fo'gewy. I wote it. Meant to tell you befoah Mewican fellah got here. Did n't want to tell you too soon, an' have you blow on poor Margy. Mewican fellah got here when I was off duty, that 's all. Letter means wight. Letter means that Margy 's sick fo' Humphreys. I 'm awful spoons on Margy, myself, and was fool enough to think that she 'd look at a fellah like me; but when ' fellah can't get a girl himself, there 's no use in bein' dog in the manger, when he sees she 's dyin' for 'nother fellah, and means to do it, if she can't have him. What 's the use o' blockin' the game, if other fellah is n't a cad or a muff? You may want to kill Margy; but not if I can help it. Now Mewican fellah 's over here, better give her her head." And having uttered the longest and most connected speech of his life, the captain left the terrace, and went down the drive with his long, swinging stride.

Lady Toppingham took a turn or two upon the terrace, and then entering the drawing-room went to Humphreys, with water glistening in her eyes, saying, "That dear old Jack, poor fellow, has been wiser and better than we all." And then she told him Jack's story; and also how, after Humphreys had left the Priory, the light in Margaret's eyes went out, and the spring from her step; and how, although she was cheerful, her smile was sad to see, — "oh, so sad, so sad;" and how she seemed to have no joy in life, not even in her music, although she would sit at the piano-forte every evening in the twilight, and play "things that would break your heart;" and how they had taken her to Italy, Jack going with them; and how she had looked at Italy as if it were a mere heap of rubbish lying above a buried life; and how they had brought her home again. "Jack's way," she said, "is the only way. I know that my lord will yield; for I confess that I — yes, even I, a woman," and she bowed her head for a moment in her hands — "have had to hold him up to withstand another woman's happiness. And now go up to the poor girl. You 'll find her altered. She was in my room with me when your card came in. Be sure she 's there yet. You know the way."

Humphreys was quickly at the door of the morning parlor; and as he silently opened it, he saw that Margaret had seated herself at the instrument where

they first had talked and listened together to music; but her arms lay upon the unlifted lid, and her head was bowed upon them.

His step aroused her; and suddenly rising, she fled to the farthest corner of the room, whence she looked at him with pallid dread. Surprise at her act, her attitude, and the expression of her face arrested his step, but he spoke her name.

For an appreciable moment she did not answer, but looked at him, shrinking. Then she said, with scorn in her voice, "Did they send for you to come to me?" But before he could reply, her white, transparent cheek flamed red, and she cried, "God bless them, if they did! For, Mansfield Humphreys, if you had not come, I should have died."

Lady Toppingham, who did everything handsomely that she did at all, secured them against interruption; and it was after a long hour of happiness so great as almost to repay them for their suffering that Margaret said, "You 'll please not think, you vain creature, that it was for love alone I should have died. But, oh Mansfield," clinging to him and nestling upon his shoulder, "it was the struggle with myself. There was such a fighting in my brain and such a wailing in my heart. I had no rest by day and little sleep at night."

After a few happy weeks of health-restoring joy, Margaret was married to Mansfield Humphreys, in the little parish church of Toppington; and all the county neighbors came to see. Her bridesmaids were her cousins, the Ladies Alice and Elizabeth, younger sisters of Lady Toppingham; who nevertheless, in spite of a certain liking for Humphreys, regarded the whole proceeding with apprehension: "Only an American, you know!"

And who should be best man to Humphreys but Jack Surcingle! Knowing that the bridegroom had no near friends at hand, he frankly proposed himself, and was as frankly accepted. When the marriage service was over, and the wedding party was in the vestry, he went to the bride, and taking her face between his hands and gazing into her eyes, he said, "God bless you, cousin Margy!" and stooped and kissed her long upon her forehead; but before he could turn away, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Then Jack Surcingle, without waiting further ceremony, went straight out of church, and was no more seen. He managed easily to get an exchange, and served Her Majesty in Egypt.

There is another chapter of the story; but here ends all that can be told in these pages of what befell him who first went to Toppington Priory as Mr. Washington Adams.

Richard Grant White.

HENRY IRVING.

To say that of all the actors who have appeared in this country Mr. Irving is the hardest to criticise fairly and intelligently is to state a vexatious truth with extreme moderation. The leading English critics, after years of familiarity with his acting, are still puzzled by it, and find a difficulty, which seems almost exactly proportioned to their acuteness and candor, in analyzing it and in accounting for its effects. And the problem is complicated, or appears to be complicated, for Americans by the introduction of a peculiar factor: this is the necessity, immediately imposed upon us by Mr. Irving and his friends,

of setting off our knowledge of his slowly won success against any lively dissatisfaction which may attend our early impressions of his performance. His great success is indeed not to be doubted; but the amplest knowledge on this head will include the facts that even in England there are a small number of persons, of a high intellectual order, who detest and abhor his playing, and that everywhere, in the best English society, "to admire him without reserve is held eccentric to the verge of affectation." As for the deprecation which is used by Mr. Irving's admirers to quench the anticipated violence of our first displeasure, surely the like of it was never before known in the case of an actor. "Be patient with his mannerisms" is the innocent and slender phrase employed; but this is presently found to bear an awful burden of meaning. We find that we are asked to forgive, under the name of mannerisms, sins which we have always accounted unpardonable in a dramatic artist. It is much, it seems at first blush, as if an amateur of painting were to say, "You will be delighted with M. Blank's pictures. He has some unpleasant mannerisms, to be sure, — his coloring is poor and his drawing incorrect; but in spite of these, you are sure to like his work." Or as if an acquaintance were to recommend for confidential clerk a young man who was a little weak on the score of honesty and accuracy, but, aside from these trifling mannerisms, had every desirable qualification. The view which a majority of Mr. Irving's American auditors naturally take, at first, of his most conspicuous faults is highly unfavorable. It is, indeed, the view which the more critical portion of his English audiences took when they were beginning to make his acquaintance. And the difference in the attitudes of the French and the English nations towards the art of acting cannot be better indicated than in this: that Mr. Irving, in spite of his faults, is to-day accepted and recognized as the greatest actor of his land; while, if he had been a Frenchman, he and his "mannerisms" would not have been tolerated on the Parisian stage for a month, and probably not for a single performance.

In Mr. William Archer's exceedingly brilliant "study" of Mr. Irving, which was printed in London a few months ago, it was said that the English critics, "obeying an inevitable tendency of dramatic criticism," have "made Mr. Irving a law unto himself." In this country, the dangers attendant upon close familiarity with the actor do not yet beset us; and I plead an American's "innocence of eye" — to use Mr. Ruskin's happy phrase — in extenuation of my somewhat premature attempt to determine Mr. Irving's rank as an artist. The disadvantages of slight acquaintance with the actor, on the part of the general audience or the particular critic, are of course plain. But it is most interesting and suggestive to see how swiftly and how completely the story of Mr. Irving's later career in England has been repeated in America. Ten years or more of London have already been epitomized in four months of New York, Boston, and Chicago. Even now we have a small but knowing faction who violently reject and refuse him, denying him even the name of actor; a large and fashionable class who are inclined to demonstrate their culture by taking him as the object of a cult; a great public who accept him, with all his demerits, as an artist of remarkable parts and powers. In other words, Mr. Irving has met with full and hearty recognition in America, and with a remarkable measure of success. And although the voice of fierce dispraise is not and never will be quite silenced, the number of conversions which have been made from the ranks of his early detractors is comically large. The "heretics," who used to go to scoff, already remain, as

Mr. Archer says, "not, perhaps, to pray, but at least to reflect and qualify their unbelief."

Let us swiftly, but not carelessly, review the grosser blemishes of Mr. Irving's style. I do not find these so offensive that I cannot endure them for the sake of becoming familiar with his art, though it is an odd experience to subject one's self to a hardening process as the condition precedent of sensitiveness and insight; but, on the other hand, I earnestly protest against any and every attitude of mind in Mr. Irving's auditors which shall result in their disregarding or tolerating his more atrocious offenses. Mr. Irving, as has been succinctly said, can "neither walk nor talk." Amazing paradox, — of which "the time" now "gives proof," — that the most successful and cultivated of English actors should not have mastered the rudiments of his art! Whatever explanation or apology there may be, the fact remains, and its enormity cannot be gainsaid. He has been on the stage the larger part of his life, and yet he has not learned how to sit, stand, or move with the ease, repose, vigor, and grace which are by turns or all together appropriate to attitude or action; and, worse even than this, he does not know how to speak his own language. He has many lucid intervals of elegant motion and pure speech, — trebly aggravating as a demonstration that his faults are not the consequence of utter physical incapacity, — but he can never be quite trusted with his legs, his shoulders, or his tongue for five consecutive minutes. His ungracefulness is bad, but, as was just implied, it is a venial fault in comparison with his atrocious enunciation. If there were such a crime as lingua-matricide, Mr. Irving would have suffered its extreme penalty long ago; for night after night he has done foul murder upon his mother-tongue. Soon after his arrival in New York, Mr. Irving was reported to have said that he hoped the Americans would not be intolerant towards any English mannerisms of his speech which might offend their unaccustomed ears. If he said this, and said it seriously, the remark may be taken as a curious proof of his unconsciousness of the peculiarities of his delivery. For his oddities of utterance are no more English than they are Choctaw; sometimes they suggest Cornwall, sometimes Devonshire, occasionally Northern Vermont. But such hints are given by fits and starts; the dialect is always substantially his own, an Irving *patois*, developed out of his own throat and brain through the operation of the familiar law of the survival of the unfittest. An alternate swallowing and double-edging of consonants, a constant lapse into an impure, nasal quality, an exclusion of nearly all chest tones, the misdelivery of the vowels by improper prolongation or equally improper abbreviation, an astonishing habit of confounding and confusing different vowel sounds, are the most marked of his disagreeable peculiarities. The great broad vowels are the ones which fare the worst in Mr. Irving's mouth, and the reform of his delivery must therefore be regarded as hopeless; an actor of middle age whose chief pronunciations of "face" are făāāce and fēāāce, and of "no" are nâo and nawo, is past praying for in this regard. Yet it is a part, and an important part, of the duty of the stage to be a pronouncing dictionary of the language, to bear aloft the standard of correct and elegant speech, and to make a constant appeal to the public ear in behalf of pure and refined enunciation. This function of the stage is one which the unmitigated partisans of Mr. Irving regard with supremely contemptuous indifference. Indeed, they go much further, and, with more or less careless expressions of regret at his mannerisms, speak of his faults in this kind as superficial and unessential; of elocution as a matter of form, and not

of substance. And they constantly inquire whether the spirit within the artist is not of more importance than the character of the tool with which he works. The inquiry is pertinent, the correct answer obvious, the figure employed a good one. An actor is like a painter, and the soul of the limner is of much more consequence than the shape of his implements. But if the artist has only a boot-brush and a pallette-knife to work with, his soul will find great difficulty in giving expression to its inspirations. Mr. Irving's acting often reminds me of the work of such a painter. It is a perpetual annoyance to see how ill his hand and tongue subserve his purposes; how the poorness of his tools is shown in dull or ugly lines; in other words, how his absurd enunciation disables and discredits his thought. It is necessary to go even further. Mr. Irving's elocution is bad in other and perhaps more important ways than those already indicated: his voice possesses very little resonance, and almost no richness of tone; it is high-pitched, and has a very narrow range; he seems absolutely incapable of *sustained* power and variety in speech, and the inevitable consequence is that his declamation, especially of long passages, is exceptionally weak and ineffectual. The trouble with the artist here lies in the want of something more important than a delicate brush; he has no proper assortment of colors to choose from, — little more, indeed, than plain black and white, — and Mr. Irving's work, under these conditions, when he aims at very strong effects, seems like the attempt of a painter in monochrome to reproduce the complicated beauty of a sublime scene in nature.

That the most conspicuous English-speaking actor of the day should be thus poorly equipped for his work may well be the subject of wonder to every thoughtful person. A scrutinizing glance at the man will furnish some new matter for wonder, but will also afford the beginning of an explanation of his remarkable hold upon the public. The tall, slender, flat-chested figure; the high forehead, defined at its base by strongly marked yet exceedingly flexible eyebrows; the large, positive nose; the narrow, sensitive lips; the long, thin jaw; the large, deep-set, darkly-luminous eyes, belong to a most striking and impressive personality. Speaking for myself, I should say that Mr. Irving's face is without exception the most fascinating I have ever seen upon the stage. Once beheld, it will not out of the memory; and I find, upon sifting my recollections, that, when there is no deliberate effort of my will, his face appears to me, not under the distorting or glorifying transformations of the stage, but with its usual look of quiet and somewhat sad thoughtfulness. It is a countenance obviously not adapted for all parts, perhaps not appropriate for many; but wherever it is seen it immediately constrains and inflexibly retains the attention of the spectator. There is no impropriety in saying that this peculiar charm seems to grow out of the nature of the man himself, — out of a rare and lofty refinement, a subtile and delicate intellectuality, a largeness and sweetness of nature. The quality of refinement, indeed, makes itself felt in everything which Mr. Irving does or says; strongly appealing, I have observed, even to persons of no special cultivation; marking the tone of his ordinary speech, whether the sound be agreeable to the ear or otherwise; never forsaking his delivery when his enunciation is most uncouth; and clinging like a faint odor, in spite of all the artist's fumigating processes, to such repulsive impersonations as his Dubosc and his Louis. For the purposes of the dramatic art, Mr. Irving's face is found to be singularly well adapted, within the limits which will presently be shown, to the indication of fear, disgust, suspicion, malice, jealousy, superstition, and hatred, and to

be incomparably well fitted for the expression of dignity, reserve, and melancholy. It is capable of gentle but not poignant pathos, of a certain sort of unmirthful intellectual mirth, and scarcely at all of heroic scorn, rage, frenzy, despair, or exaltation. Mr. Irving uses gesture very sparingly, — a fault, if it be a fault at all, which is near akin to a virtue, — and not in such a way as to contribute to the vivacity or significance of his text; a statement which at once demands qualification in favor of some half dozen bits of brilliant or beautiful illustrative gesture which I can recall, and nearly all of which are divided between Hamlet and Shylock. In the art of fencing, if one may judge by the duel of Hamlet with Laertes, Mr. Irving is a master; and the evidence given in that scene of the docility of the actor's muscles as the result of his training is to be added to the mass of inconsistent testimony which makes Mr. Irving the least comprehensible of actors in respect to his professional furnishing.

The prime distinctions of Mr. Irving's acting and the chief sources of its effectiveness and charm are its intensity, its artistic propriety, and its intellectuality; all these being, of course, derived or reflected from the artist's mind. By intensity I mean here that quality which results from the actor's capacity of delivering himself and all his forces and faculties, without reservation, to the demands of the character which he assumes. The sum of Mr. Irving's powers is much less than that of many other great players, but I have never seen an actor whose absorption in his work was so nearly complete and unintermitted as his. He never trifles, never forgets himself, never wearies, never relaxes the grip which he at once takes upon his part. It may be Hamlet or Mathias, Charles I. or Louis XI., Lesurques or Dubosc: from the moment of Mr. Irving's first appearance he gives up to its service "the execution of his wit, hands, heart." That this intensity is accompanied by indications of self-consciousness in the actor, and that every such indication impairs the worth of his work, is true; but the injury in this kind is much less than any one, upon a merely theoretic consideration of Mr. Irving's art, would believe to be possible. His absolute sincerity of purpose is indeed the burdock which heals most of the wounds made by the nettle of self-consciousness. The dramatic consequence of such a high intensity is obviously great, but the value of the quality in holding the attention of audiences is inestimable. The spectator soon discovers that it will not do to skip any part of the performance; that if he leaves Mr. Irving out of sight or out of mind for a single second he may lose some highly significant look or action. The impersonation of Mathias, in The Bells, best illustrates this, perhaps, although any one of his assumptions would serve almost equally well. There are but two prominent ideas in the part of Mathias: remorse for the commission of a murder, fear of detection and punishment. Through Mr. Irving's utter self-surrender, these thoughts are present in every moment of his effort, each portion of which bears the same relation to the whole that a drop of water bears to a bucketful. Or, rather, the spirit of the character may be said to pervade the representation as the soul, according to certain metaphysicians, pervades the body, "being all in the whole and all in every part." So that it is not extravagant to say that the nervous apprehension of an undetected criminal is to be seen in every look, movement, and tone of Mr. Irving's Mathias, from his entrance on the stage to the last instant of his death agony; appearing as obviously to the view when he tenderly embraces his daughter as when, in talk, he nervously courses around his secret, or turns to a statue of anguish and terror

at the imagined sound of the memory-haunting bells.

Mr. Irving's artistic sense is exceedingly just and delicate, and is an ever-present factor in his performance. In witnessing eight of his impersonations, I never saw it fail him, except occasionally in a presentation of Doricourt, in The Belle's Stratagem, which was given at the close of a very fatiguing engagement. This faculty in Mr. Irving is pictorial, — nothing about him or his art being in any sense statuesque, — and makes him, with the help of his intensity, the most entirely picturesque actor of our time. Mademoiselle Bernhardt has a gift of like nature, but not equally high in quality or large in measure. In all his assumptions there is an abundance of delicate shading, of careful adjustment and contrast, of nice relation between parts; no touch is made so much for its own sake as for its contribution to the general effect; and though the inability to use grand and immediately effective strokes marks one of Mr. Irving's peculiar limitations, the difference, in this respect, between his work and most of the popular performance, with its vulgar and violent sacrifice of the truth and beauty of nature to the frenzy for making points, is very striking, and altogether in his favor. In his finest efforts his skill in this kind is masterly, and fills the appreciative spectator with the liveliest pleasure. Among these, Louis XI. stands easily first, and Dubosc, of The Lyons Mail, is second, with no long interval. A more thorough and complete embodiment of wickedness than the former impersonation — of cunning, cruelty, sensuality, treachery, cowardice, and envy, each vice being subordinate to a passionate superstition, which it feeds, and by which, again, it is fed — can hardly be conceived. Every utterance of the strident, nasal voice, with its snaps and snarls, its incisive tones of hatred, its hard notes of jealousy, its cold accents of suspicion, its brief touches of slimy sweetness when a saint is to be propitiated by devotion, or a foe is to be destroyed by flattery; every movement of the false, sneering, lustful lips; every attitude of the feeble frame, which in the midst of its decrepit ugliness has instants of regal dignity; every one of the countless expressions of the eyes and eyebrows, with their wonderful power of questioning, qualifying, searching, doubting, insinuating, and denying, — of all these and many more details in this marvelous picture, each one is absolutely true to life; each one has its own place and significance, and its own precise relation to the general effect; none is exaggerated or unduly intrusive. A finer, truer, and more artistic adaptation of means to ends than this has not been seen upon the stage within our time. Dubosc is as depraved a character as Louis: but in the robber of the Lyons mail-coach reckless courage replaces timidity; violence alone does the work which the king divides between it and chicane, and the element of superstition is wanting. The professional thief and murderer is of course less varied and interesting than the kingly member of his guild. But Mr. Irving's portraiture of the former is of comparatively less dramatic worth for that reason, and no other. For Mr. Irving's Dubosc is perfect in its kind, and the contrasts between it and Louis serve to exemplify not only the keen discrimination of the actor, but the fine propriety and thoroughness of his artistic sense. The theme is low, but there is a high and legitimate æsthetic pleasure in the contemplation of such a creature as Dubosc, when face, carriage, speech, and action, the very movement of the hands in the division of booty, the kick and sprawl of the legs in the recklessness of drunken joy, are but vivid tints in a picture of magnificently complete ruffianism. The personation of the king, in Mr. Wills's tragedy of Charles I., also offers many fine illustra-

tions of the same artistic quality in Mr. Irving, and I regret that I have no more space than will suffice for a mention of its melancholy beauty, its refinement, and the exquisite gentleness of manner which waits upon its regality of soul.

But the principal source of Mr. Irving's professional power and success lies in the character and quality of his intellect. Many of our native players, both of tragedy and comedy, are persons of decided mental force; but Mr. Irving appears to me to demonstrate by his performances his right to the first place in the scale of pure intelligence, among all the actors of every nationality whom I have ever seen, Mr. Edwin Booth and Madame Ristori holding the positions next in honor. It is an old axiom of the dramatic art that temperament is of the first, second, and third consequence in the actor. Mr. Irving does not shake my faith in this truth, but I admit that his career goes far to show that, in exceptional cases, the intellect may successfully take upon itself a considerable part of the burden which is usually borne by other portions of the artistic nature. It makes, of course, the greatest difference what kind of a mind is in question, for much more than mere mental strength will be required. Mr. Irving's intelligence seems to be of remarkable power, breadth, subtilty, and keenness; it is morally supplemented by a fine patience and devoted persistence; it includes a genuine inventive faculty; it is enriched by careful cultivation. The highest dramatic temperaments conceive and represent character through the exercise of a reproductive and creative faculty which is like the poet's. Similar results may be reached through the deliberate, cumulative work of the mind, which first analyzes the character, and then, piece by piece, fabricates an imitation; and the mental gifts required for such a process of analysis and simulation are of a rare and varied sort. That there is an immense delight in encountering such an intelligence as this upon the stage, no one will deny. Its noblest and loftiest exercise must inevitably be had in the presentation of Shakespeare; and here Mr. Irving's work becomes, in every matter where pure intellect and refined scholarship can avail, a subject for the profoundest satisfaction. His skill in arranging the scenes and in cutting the dialogue is admirably good, and his reverent regard for the accepted text is scarcely less excellent than his brilliant ingenuity in varying the text of doubtful passages. In playing Hamlet, his mental power and learning have their highest exemplification. No character in Shakespeare, with the possible exceptions of King John and King Lear, asks, "in the true performing of it," such variety, penetration, subtilty, and sensitiveness of mind as the accomplished Prince of Denmark. Simply to understand his plainer speech is much, for Hamlet's meaning does not often lie near the surface. But to follow all the twists and turns of his swift-pacing wit, even before it shows the disorder of real or pretended disease; to feel, as the condition precedent of reproducing them, the contrasting glow and gloom of his wondrous imagination; to justify his incoherence by exhibiting the missing links of thought which his indifference or ecstasy so often drops; to display the deep affectionateness which the keener intuition discovers under all his masks; to show the superfine sanity which constantly characterizes his wildest utterances, and yet to indicate his dangerous nearness to that madness with which "great wit ever is allied;" and finally, to exhibit a character that, in spite of all the contradictions with which the master-poet has chosen to fill it, shall yet be human, lovable, and reasonably comprehensible, — these are tasks which require the most searching, refined, and patient intelligence; and by

their accomplishment Mr. Irving proves his mental quality beyond dispute, and his ability to grapple with any dramatic difficulty which a well-furnished brain can overcome. The artist's intelligence, in this impersonation, constantly shines with electric clearness, and it seems to me that there is scarcely a sentence which does not receive a new illumination from his action or utterance. Even soliloquies, which of course suffer under his poor elocution, are thought out so lucidly and given with such care — though always as if the actor were thinking aloud, and not "speaking a piece" — that they often disclose new beauties and new meanings. Exquisite taste, as well as acumen, constantly appears in an unerring sense of the relation of each speech to every other, to every personage and the whole play, and in the subordination of his own part, when, as in the first long scene with the Ghost, a temporary effacement of himself is due to the artistic needs of the situation. The melancholy of the Prince is of a sort which Mr. Irving is singularly well fitted to reproduce, through the cast of his countenance, the quality of his voice in its low tones, and the bent of his temperament; and with Hamlet's habits of introspection and metaphysical speculation the actor's sympathy is most intimate and profound.

It must be remembered, as a practical qualification of all which has been said of Mr. Irving's intensity, artistic perception, and mental force, that these noble qualities are sorely let and hindered, in their operation upon the stage, by the faults of style and method to which I have called attention, except only in the performance of parts like Louis and Dubosc, where his eccentricities are as often helpful as hurtful. Yet I have meant it to appear that Mr. Irving, in spite of his faults, is, in my opinion, the most purely intellectual, the most picturesque, and perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of modern English-speaking actors. The adjective "interesting" gives the cue for a plain statement of his peculiar limitations. I have never seen a performer that aspired to the name of tragedian who was so deficient as he in the higher emotional force and in sustained passionate power. Except in his gift of dealing with the supernatural, — by which, in Mathias, he makes a tremendous attack upon the nerves, and in Hamlet finely affects the imagination, — he is an extraordinarily *light* actor in so far as he appeals to the feelings. Many a poor player, who is immeasurably below him in refinement, taste, and learning, is his superior in this respect. The want from which the difficulty grows is deep-seated, and is, I am convinced, nothing else than a lack of that temperamental solidity and force out of which alone the actor's most potent lightning can be forged. It is not necessary for the purposes of passion that this force should be accompanied with what Mr. Irving's idolaters sneeringly denominate "robustiousness." The sinew and muscle — the brawn, if you please — of which I speak is in the will and heart and imagination, not in the arms and legs. If one seeks it in its grandest form to-day, it is to be found in Signor Salvini, who in intellect is but little inferior to Mr. Irving, and in artistic faculty is decidedly above him; but it filled the genius of the pigmy Edmund Kean, and it is abundant in our own slender Mr. Booth. It lies at the root of the ability both to conceive and to express the greatest human emotions; it is the source of the pure, pathetic faculty; it is essential to a complete mastery of the spectator; it gives the eagle's tireless wing to the actor's impassioned speech. I have already alluded to Mr. Irving's inability, through lack of elocutionary variety and strength, either to attain or to sustain the effects of noble declamation; but his entire performance displays,

through an unbroken series of phenomena, the want of that temperamental impetus of which his feeble speech and his monotonous repetition of the rhythmic nod of the head, the dull stamp of the foot, and the queer clutch of the breast in exacting passages are but single symptoms. Mr. Irving's style has in no respect the sustained quality; it is, so to speak, altogether staccato; there are no sweeps or long strokes in it, but everything is accomplished by a series of light, disconnected touches or dabs, the total effect of which, when the subject is not too lofty, is agreeable and harmonious. As for his loftier-reaching passion, it has the flight, not of the storm-defying eagle, but of the short-winged, often-resting domestic fowl. Mr. Irving's selection of parts for performance in America affords a pretty sure indication of his consciousness of his limitations. But every one of the impersonations which he has given here furnishes evidence, directly and indirectly, of the truth of my thesis. The appeal which he makes is generally to the intellect or the artistic sense; he goes higher only when he must, and then he almost always fails. Louis and Dubosc are "character parts," and are natural and proper subjects for picturesque treatment. But Mr. Irving does not attempt to make anything more of them, and their malevolent wickedness, which an actor of emotional genius might use to fill the spectator with loathing and abhorrence, is a purely æsthetic delight to the most sensitive observer of his interpretation. Charles I. is an exquisite portrait, painted with beautiful softness and tenderness of tints, and is mildly touching in its melancholy dignity; but its opportunities for poignant pathos are neglected, or frittered away. In Shylock Mr. Irving makes his most conspicuous failure in this kind. There are some very strong points in his impersonation, and the outlines of the character are drawn with a firm and skillful hand; but the stress of the Jew's great passion is scarcely hinted at, except through the grim reserve of the latter half of the trial scene, and the explosions of his volcanic nature are accompanied by nothing more than a little noise and steam. Mr. Irving's Hamlet is not far from being an exception to the rule which has been laid down; but upon close scrutiny, I think it will not be found to weaken the force of what I have urged. It shows, indeed, the highest reach and amplest scope of the actor's intelligence; but I venture to differ from Mr. Archer, the critic, by asserting that Hamlet is not essentially heroic, and, on the contrary, is a "character part." That Hamlet is eminently picturesque is obvious; that he is not a character of sustained passion is equally obvious, inasmuch as infirmity of will is his chief moral trait. At all events, it is certain that Mr. Irving follows the lighter method in his impersonation, and that his success in it is won chiefly through the variety, vivacity, and delicacy with which he represents the picturesque side of the Prince's nature. Upon a review of Mr. Irving's efforts, it will even be seen, not only that he has no capacity for displaying vigorous, sustained passion, but that he never attains a lofty, emotional pitch, even for a moment. In all his performances, I can recall but one instance to the contrary, and that, as all my readers know, occurs just before the close of the "play scene" in Hamlet, where his snaky wriggle towards the King, his scream of triumph and wrath, and his frenzied but regal action in mounting the throne and holding it, as if he had just dispossessed a usurper, always produce a strong thrill in the audience. The instance, however, is isolated, and it is curious to note that Mr. Irving accomplishes all the best of the effect of the scene without the help of any comprehensible speech. If further proof were wanting of the lightness of Mr. Irving's emo-

tional gift, it might be found in the uniform demeanor of his audiences; those of America repeating, according to my experience, the behavior of those of London, who, if Mr. Archer's keen eyesight is to be trusted, are almost always "intellectually interested, but not emotionally excited." That Mr. Irving ever attempted Macbeth and Othello seems impossible; that he should ever presume to attempt King Lear is incredible.

My conclusions, then, are these: that Mr. Irving's art would be much more effectual than it is if "to do" were one half "as easy" with him as his knowledge of "what were good to do" is clear; that if abundance, brilliancy, clearness and refinement of thought, artistic insight, definiteness of purpose, sincerity of feeling, and intensity of devotion were all that is needed in a player, he would be easily first among the actors of our time; that, since the highest end of acting is not to refresh and stimulate the mind, to refine and gratify the taste, or to charm the fancy, but strongly to move the spirit and profoundly to stir the heart, his claim to a place among the greatest masters of his craft is not as yet made out. After all is said, I find there is a certain charm in his performance which has not been accounted for, which defies analysis, and refuses even to be described, but which is strangely potent upon the imagination of the spectator. That his existence in the dramatic profession, even as he is, with all his imperfections on his head, is an inestimable boon to the stage of England and America seems to me quite clear, inasmuch as it is impossible that his peculiar faults should find many imitators. And, looking at Mr. Irving, the most advanced English student of the drama may find one obvious compensation for the absence of a conservatory like that of Paris, and of a theatre like the Français: for in the destruction of his mannerisms, which must have made a part of Mr. Irving's pupilage, the artist himself would surely have perished, as the heroine of Hawthorne's most fanciful story died under the process of obliterating the birthmark from her cheek. To Mr. Irving's marvelous skill in setting and adorning his stage, and in guiding his supporting performers, — a skill which seems to amount almost to genius, — I can make only this brief allusion. Our public are not likely to forget that they owe to him representations of Shakespeare which have done more to educate the community, and which have given, on the whole, more complete satisfaction and refined pleasure, than any others which the American stage has ever known.

Henry A. Clapp.

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF KEATS.

NEXT to being introduced to a poet's works by the living voice of a friend who loves him stands the good fortune of making his acquaintance through a notable edition: either an early one, such as the author himself held in his hands; or one small, brown, stained, dingy, that shows how even corroding time has respected the "tales and golden histories;" or one like this of Keats,[1] a trio of volumes, at once beautiful and plain. The first volume is made up of the letter

[1] *The Letters of John Keats.* Edited by JNO. GILMER SPEED. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

The Poems of John Keats. With the annotation of LORD HOUGHTON, and a memoir by JNO. GILMER SPEED. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

ters previously printed by Lord Houghton (including Severn's account of the poet's death) and by Harry Buxton Forman, and, in addition, the unpublished letters to George Keats, who settled in Kentucky; the second and third volumes contain an unimportant memoir, the suppressed preface to Endymion, one new and inferior sonnet, and the poems heretofore edited by Lord Houghton, with the latter's notes. Several portraits are given. Those in colors are from the oil painting of John, the miniature on ivory of George, the water-color sketch of Tom, — all by Severn, and in the possession of the American branch of the family. The others, variously reproduced, are the mask of the poet by Haydon, 1818; the sketch by Severn, 1818, and the drawing made by him at Rome when the poet lay dying; and a silhouette of Miss Brawne. The entirely new matter consists of about fifty pages (a sixth of the whole body of letters) from Keats' correspondence with his brothers. It puts the financial relations of the poet and his brother George in a more honorable light, makes out Audubon to have been a cheat and the chief cause of George's embarrassments in his first years in America, and pleasantly reveals the affection between the brothers, and in the poet himself a spirit of self-sacrifice and entire trustfulness that will redound much to his praise. Two important corrections are made of errors by Lord Houghton. That author says that Keats' eyes were large and blue, and his hair auburn. The note by Mrs. George Keats is, "A mistake. His eyes were dark brown, almost black, large, and expressive, and his hair was a golden red." A more important matter is mistaking the "East Indian," of whom Keats wrote, "She makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess," etc., for Miss Brawne. The latter he describes as follows: —

"Shall I give you Miss Brawne? She is about my height, with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort; she wants sentiment in every feature; she manages to make her hair look well; her nostrils are very fine, though a little painful; her mouth is bad and good; her profile is better than her full face, which, indeed, is not full, but pale and thin, without showing any bone; her shape is very graceful, and so are her movements; her arms are good, her hands baddish, her feet tolerable. She is not seventeen, but she is ignorant; monstrous in her behavior, flying out in all directions, calling people such names that I was forced lately to make use of the term, — Minx. This is, I think, from no innate vice, but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly."

The judgment to be passed on Keats is not materially affected by the present addition to his memorials. There is more ample illustration of his humor, and in general of the familiar relations he sustained with his intimate friends, but there is little to throw further light on his literary character. It is so long, however, since these letters were published, and their importance is so great for an intelligent knowledge of Keats, that we shall attempt, mainly by liberal quotations from them, to show their bearing on his reputation, in the hope of contributing somewhat toward correcting the common impression of him as essentially characterized by a refined sensuousness, — an effort already made by Mr. Arnold, but too briefly and circumspectly. Before entering on this, it must be unwillingly said that the edition before us cannot be praised without reservation. One would think that the proof-reading, at least, might have been faithful: such blots as "Edymion," "a women's," such an ignorant retention of an old error as "Herme's," and like defects, are inexcusable in an issue of such pretensions. Again, in a professedly complete edition, why should only the extract made by Lord Houghton from the letter printed in Leigh Hunt's Lord

Byron and his Contemporaries be given, instead of the whole? The collection of the poems, too, is by no means so complete as it might have been made, even before Mr. Forman's recent edition, since some of these, given by Lord Houghton, as well as others printed in newspapers, have been omitted. In fact, the fifty pages of the American correspondence is all that especially distinguishes this work.

In the domestic, chatty, and nonsense portions of these letters, new and old; in their chaffing, their abandon, their unregarded laughter (and admirable fooling they are, too), there is a spontaneous and irresponsible gayety, which, being quite natural only to the young heart and mind, charmingly discloses Keats' youthfulness, his prime quality. Of all the famous English poets, he had most of the spirit of April in him. His senses were keen; his temperament was feverish, now jealous and irritable, and straightway humble and indulgent; his imaginary joys and sorrows were spiritual possessions, subjecting him; his humor was scampering, his fancy teeming, his taste erratic, his critical faculty exposed to balking enthusiasms; his opinions of men and affairs were hasty, circumscribed, frequently adopted unreflectingly at second-hand; and, with all these boyish traits, he was extremely self-absorbed. At the centre of his individuality, nevertheless, was the elemental spark, the saving power of genius, the temperance, sanity, and self-reverence of a fine nature gradually coming to the knowledge of its faculties and unriddling the secret of its own moral beauty. Hence Lord Houghton, with more essential justice to Keats than any of his louder eulogists have done, describes his works as rather the exercises of his poetical education than the charactery of his original and free power; and Matthew Arnold, even when placing him with Shakespeare, excuses him as a 'prentice hand in the wisest art. Too many of his admirers, seizing upon the external, accidental, and temporal in his biography and the fragmentary and parasitical in his poetry, have really wronged Keats more than did the now infamous reviews; they have rescued him from among the cockneys only to confound him with the neo-pagans. It will, consequently, be well to inquire more carefully than has heretofore been done wherein the charm and worth and promise of Keats lay. The first step toward the solution is the recognition of his immaturity, — the acknowledgment that his memorials must be searched for the seeds of time rather than the fruits.

Sensuous Keats was, as every poet whose inspiration is direct from heaven must be; unfortunately, the extraordinary beauty and facility of his descriptions of sensation and his addiction to climax and point in his prose have made it easy to quote phrases which seem to show that he was unduly attached to delights of mere sense. To pass by the anecdotes of Haydon, not too scrupulous a truth-teller, here is a characteristic paragraph written to his brother George: —

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent, and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's Castle of Indolence; my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation about three degrees this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy, the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable frown; neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love have any alertness of countenance; as they pass by me, they seem rather like three figures in a Greek vase, two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in their

disguisement. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

Similarly he enumerates the pleasures of drinking claret or of eating a peach with a zest that would have made him a boon companion of Lucullus; and his luxurious description of the East Indian, referred to above, needs but a few lines of the passage to his brother's wife to recall it: —

"She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'yes' and 'no' of whose life is to me a banquet. . . . As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

Such quick susceptibility to sensuous impressions of every kind might be plentifully illustrated by opening almost at random in his works. But the characteristics that mark the real sensualist — the content that the lotus-leaf vapors forth, the fierceness of the centaur's pursuit, the struggle of the faun's transformation — are nowhere to be found in the letters or the poems; before his illness, at least, there is nowhere any debilitation, any irresolution, any mastery of the instincts over the mind. In fact, without any revolution of his nature, without the slightest effort, by mere growth it would seem, he passed on into the Chamber of Maiden Thought, as he phrased it, and became absorbed as deeply in his reflections as previously in his impulses. At no time, indeed, was he wholly unthoughtful. The passages that have been given above are parenthetical, and should be read in connection with such as these, of the opposite tenor: —

"I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man; they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion."

"I am becoming accustomed to the privations of the pleasures of sense. In the midst of the world, I live like a hermit. I have forgot how to lay plans for the enjoyment of any pleasure. I feel I can bear anything, — any misery, even imprisonment, — so long as I have neither wife nor child."

"Women must want imagination, and they may thank God for it; and so may we, that a delicate being can feel happy without any sense of crime."

"Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer; the sward is richer for the tread of a real nervous English foot; the eagle's nest is finer for the mountaineer having looked into it."

Many a remark, based like these immediately upon his own experience, shows that Keats had an insight into his own life and an outlook on the world inconsistent with the portrayal of him as merely impassioned with sensuous beauty.

So far, in fact, was Keats from being either lapped in Lydian airs or fed on food of sweetest melancholy that he was sometimes a disagreeably unhappy person, if his brother George's description of him be wholly true, since his moodiness was vented in complaints, irritable jealousies, and like ways. However exceptional such occasions were in the intercourse of the brothers, this exposure, taken together with some of the upbraidings in the letters to Fanny Brawne, is very significant. Keats himself refers to the strain of morbidity in him, and, although from time to time he felt the strong awakening of the philanthropic instinct, frequently expresses his distaste for society, his misanthropy, his indifference to the public, his wish to live withdrawn, free from human relations, engaged in poetizing for his own sake. Toward women especially he had a bitter tongue, before he fell in love with Fanny Brawne.

"When I was a schoolboy, I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind

was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. . . . When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen ; I cannot speak or be silent ; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing ; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put all this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood. Yet with such feelings I am happier alone, among crowds of men, by myself, or with a friend or two."

He ascribes this peculiarity to his love for his brothers, "passing the love of women."

"I have been ill-tempered with them, I have vexed them, — but the thought of them has always stifled the impression that any woman might otherwise have made on me."

He saw but little to choose, in his satirical moods, between men and hawks : —

"The hawk wants a mate ; so does the Man. Look at them both : they set about it and procure one in the same manner ; they want both a nest, and they set about one in the same manner. The noble animal man, for his amusement, smokes a pipe ; the hawk balances about the clouds : that is the only difference of their leisures."

Experience did not teach him more charity, though it made him more discriminating : —

"The more I know of men the more I know how to value entire liberality in any of them. Thank God, there are a great many who will sacrifice their worldly interest for a friend. I wish there were more who would sacrifice their passions. The worst of men are those whose self-interests are their passions ; the next, those whose passions are their self-interest. Upon the whole, I dislike mankind. Whatever people on the other side of the question may advance, they cannot deny that they are always surprised at hearing of a good action and never of a bad one."

This temper toward man in the abstract is the general feeling of which his mood toward the public is a special instance. He simply disregarded men who stood in no intimate relation to him, whether he met them in society or wrote verses for them to read. He was not, if his word be literally taken, sensitive to criticism or ambitious of popularity : he neglected the one because he put faith in his own judgment, and he despised the other because it was to be got at a vulgar cost. His depreciation of the life of men, as he saw it, arose partly from a consciousness of power, partly from a sense of the distance between his thoughts and hopes and those of his fellows. The aloofness of genius he had in full measure. That curiously complex emotion, into which so many instincts and perceptions enter that it is scarcely analyzable at all, and is forced to go under the name of pride, was often dominant in his moods when others than his friends were before his attention. In short, Keats was as incompatible with his surroundings as ever any young poet left to the oblivion of his own society ; and he was as indignant at stupidity, as tired of insignificance, as thoroughly world-weary, as a solitary enthusiast for the ideal could well be. In his last letter to George he sums the whole matter up more fully than at first but to the same purport : —

"'T is best to remain aloof from people and like their good parts without being eternally troubled with the dull process of their every-day lives. When once a person has smoked the vapidness of the routine of society he must either have self-interest or the love of some sort of distinction to keep him in good humor with it. All I can say is that, standing at Charing Cross and looking east, west, north, and south, I can see nothing but dullness. I hope while I am young to live retired in the country. When I grow in years and have a right to be idle, I shall enjoy cities more."

In this opinion he did retire to one

place or another, — the Isle of Wight, or Winchester, or Teignmouth, and there isolating himself dreamed out his poems. He lived in a sort of ecstasy during no small portion of these solitary hours, when he could call the roaring of the wind his wife, the stars through the window panes his children, and rest contented in the abstract idea of beauty in all things. This absorption in the idea of beauty which underlaid the formulation of his creed in the oft-quoted lines, —

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

which also led him into that much-misunderstood exclamation, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts;" this intoxication, as it were, with the loveliness of earth, was in his belief a true Pythian inspiration, the medium of the divine revelation. The world takes such expressions as extravaganzas, or as mystical philosophy; but to Keats they were as commonplace as the proverbs of the hearth; he meant them as entirely lucid expressions of plain sense. This point in the criticism of Keats has been too little insisted on and brought to notice. He put his faith in the suggestions of the spirit; he relied on the intimations of what is veiled from full sight; he had little patience with such minds as could not be content with half-knowledge, or as would refuse to credit convictions because they could not be expressed in detail, with logical support, and felt with the hand of sense all round, if one may employ the phrase; in other words, he believed in the imagination as a truth-finding faculty, not less valid because it presents truth in a wholly different way from the purely logical intellect. This was the deepest and most rooted persuasion of his mind from the time when he first comes under our observation. To bring together a few expressions of it is the only right way of setting Keats' creed in this matter before the reader. The following extracts are from various parts of his letters, from the earliest ones on to the later: —

"At once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously — I mean *negative capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the penetralium of Mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge. This pursued through volumes would perhaps take us no further than this, that with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration."

"Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing."

"I never feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty, and I find myself very young-minded, even in that perceptive power."

"The whole thing must, I think, have appeared to you, who are a consecutive man, as a thing almost of mere words. But I assure you that, when I wrote it, it was a regular stepping of the imagination toward a truth."

"What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth, whether it existed before or not. . . . The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream — he awoke and found it truth. I am more zealous in this affair because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning, and yet [so] it must be. . . . However it may be, O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts! It is a 'vision in the form of youth,' a shadow of reality to come."

A shadow of reality to come! What a light that sentence throws on Keats' aspiration for sensations rather than

thoughts, for beauty rather than logic, for the sight rather than the inference, for the direct rather than the mediate perception of the divine! So, at least, it is plain, he understood himself; and whether one counts his faith a vague self-deception, meaningless except to a mystic, or has found the most precious truth borne in upon his heart only by this selfsame way, the recognition of Keats' own philosophy not merely lifts him out of and above the sphere of the purely sensuous poets, but reveals at once the spiritual substance which underlies his poetry, and which gives it vitality for all time. To other men beauty has been a passion, but to him it was a faith; it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen, — *a shadow of the reality to come.* It was not, as with other poets singly, in the beauty of nature, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of a woman's face, that he found his way to the supra-sensible; he says in his most solemn words, "I have loved the principle of beauty *in all things.*" Though dying, he said it proudly, as one who had kept the faith that was given him; and since he chose that declaration as the summary of his accomplishment, it needs to be borne in mind, with all its large and many-sided meaning, by those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery.

But although to Keats the worship of beauty in all things was the essence of his life, and the delight that sprang from it the essence of his joy, he did not find in these the whole of life. At first he had been satisfied if the melancholy fit fell on him, "sudden from heaven, like a weeping cloud," — eager to let the passion have its way with him, until it was wreaked upon expression; but he felt this overmastery of his own will an injury, not merely exhausting but wasteful.

"Some think I have lost that poetic ardor and fire 't is said I once had; — the fact is, perhaps I have; but, instead of that, I hope I shall substitute a more thoughtful and quiet power. I am more frequently, now, contented to read and think, but now and then haunted with ambitious thoughts, . . . scarcely content to write the best verses for the fever they leave behind. I want to compose without this fever. I hope I one day shall."

Similarly, he wishes to know more, and is determined to "get learning, get understanding," if only that he may keep his balance in the "high sensations" that draw him into their whirl.

"Although I take poetry to be the chief, there is something else wanting to one who passes his time among books and thoughts on books. . . . I find earlier days are gone by — I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it; and, for that end, purpose retiring for some years."

The years that should have perfected his powers were denied to him; his account was made up. In these broken plans, however; in this constant expansion of his view and faithful laying of his experience to heart; in the wisdom of his interpretation of what came within his scope; in a word, in his teachableness as well as in his steadier enthusiasm, his uncloyed sensibility, his finer spirituality, as the promise of Keats seems brighter, so his worth seems greater. These letters show that more had passed into his character than was ever reproduced in his poems. We come back to Lord Houghton's decision. Fine as the work of Keats is, his genius was, nevertheless, only

> "The bloom, whose petals, nipt before they blew,
> Died on the promise of the fruit."

It has been suggested in some quar-

ters that, notwithstanding Keats' early death, he would probably have done no better work, if indeed he even maintained himself at the height he had reached. In support of this it is urged that Wordsworth's best poetry was written in youth, and that Coleridge's powers were employed on really excellent verse only for two years. Keats' letters make it folly to entertain such a belief; they (and the works too) exhibit not only an increase of intellectual, but also of artistic power. There is no present occasion for a reviewal of his poems; but, in connection with this point, it may be remarked that his principal defect is in style, as is shown by the necessity he continually felt of studying literary models, which nevertheless affected his productions hardly at all, except in linguistic handling, — in the choice and flow of words, after Spenser, the structure of sentences, after Milton and later (in Lamia) after Dryden, and in a movement and kind of verbal *esprit*, after Ariosto. This restless change from one master to another, as well as some few critical remarks, indicates a power to form a distinctive style of his own. Again, the marked pictorial character of his poetry — the quality it has to impress one like a cartoon or a bas-relief ("the brede of marble men and maidens"), the grace of form and attitude in the figures of his poetic vision — was clearly recognized by him to be in excess in his compositions. Originally, this was due, in a high degree, to the accident of his friendship with Haydon; the portfolios of the masters helped his imagination in definiteness, in refinement, and especially in power of grouping. As the mind became more to him, and the eye less, he was dissatisfied with the *ensemble* of his works. He condemned even the most perfect composition of this kind in English: "I wish to diffuse the coloring of St. Agnes' Eve throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery." One who could speak of such a poem as "drapery" was far from the conclusion of his artistic education. Lastly, he was from the beginning ambitious of writing dramas. Otho and King Stephen are by no means unmistakable prophecies of success, had he continued in this hope. The effort, however, proves an interest in humanity of a different order from that shown in the mythological or lyrical pieces, and makes evident how far the naturalism of his published poetry was from expressing the fullness of his mind. These three things — the incipiency of his style, the acknowledged insufficiency of picturesque art in creating the best poetry, and the ardent desire to deal with human life directly, and on the large scale in the drama — are enough to convince us that Keats was truly a Chatterton, only less unfortunate, — "Born for the future, to the future lost;" one who, though he wears, Adonis-like, the immortal youth that lies in the gift of early death, would have been even dearer to the world, had his name lost in pathos and gained in honor, as it assuredly would have done if his grass-grown grave wore the wheaten garland of England instead of the Roman daisies.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

M. Charles Yriarte's Françoise de Rimini dans la Légende et dans l'Histoire[1] is a valuable addition to Dantesque literature; giving in a brief and attractive form the results of the efforts made by himself, and others before him, to ascertain the facts concerning the tragedy sketched by Dante in the fifth canto of the Inferno, and the three persons who figured in it.

The author foreshadows his own conclusions at the outset, when he avers that "the legend, thanks to the incomparable genius of Dante, has acquired a life more real than that of history." Most of the first chapter, which comprises a somewhat vague description of the state of the Holy Roman Empire in general, and of Italy in particular, during the thirteenth century, is wholly superfluous. The interest begins only with the second chapter, in which Francesca's story, as given in the Inferno, is criticised, and the *dramatis personæ* are discussed.

Francesca's family derived its name from the castle of Polenta, near Ravenna, and first appears in history in 1196. Her father, Guido di Lamberto di Ravenna, called Guido the Younger, was a Guelfic *condottiere*, and in 1275 Gregory X. rewarded his services to the Papacy by appointing him to rule over Ravenna. It was in this year (1275) that her fatal marriage with Giovanni di Malatesta, nicknamed Gianciotto (Lame John), took place. Giovanni was the son of Malatesta da Verucchio di Rimini, and was not only lame, but ill-favored. At the age of twenty he had already gained a reputation as a military leader, and he is constantly named, between 1278 and 1304, as *podestat* of Forli, Faluza, and Pesaro. He was probably born about the year 1248, and Francesca between 1255 and 1260.

Paolo di Malatesta, Francesca's lover, was as handsome as his brother was ugly, — so handsome that he was surnamed Il Bello. He was born in 1252, and in 1269 married Orabile Beatrice, daughter of Uberto, Count of Chiaggioli. This marriage was designed to secure the Malatestas in the possession of certain lands which they had coveted and unjustly seized. While all agree that Francesca's marriage was in the nature of a treaty between the Polenta and Malatesta families, opinions differ as to the moving cause. Some maintain, with Boccaccio, that hostilities had existed between them, and that the marriage was a pledge of peace; others follow the conclusion of Muratori, based on certain chronicles of the fourteenth century, that it was the price paid by the Polentas for friendly services rendered them in time of need by the Malatestas. The fact remains, in either view of the case, that Francesca was sacrificed to political expediency.

M. Yriarte next proceeds to inquire into the circumstances of the tragedy and Dante's knowledge of them. However he acquired that knowledge, it was not during his residence with the Polenta family, which began in 1317, for the Inferno was written in 1300. The comparison of these dates, moreover, conclusively proves that he did not immortalize Francesca's story to requite the good offices of her family, as has been asserted, and makes one suspect that, on the contrary, their favor was bestowed in requital of his lines.

Dante was twenty years of age in 1285, when Francesca and Paolo were

[1] *Françoise de Rimini dans la Légende et dans l'Histoire.* Avec vignettes et dessins inédits d' Ingres et d' Ary Scheffer. Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1883.

murdered; old enough to be in the way of learning all the details of the case.

The current version of the murder is that given by Boccaccio in his lectures upon Dante, delivered in Florence in 1373, nearly a century after the occurrence. He distinctly states that in his opinion Francesca's guilt "is an invention, based on the possibility of the fact, rather than anything which he (Dante) knew of his own knowledge;" but oddly enough he adduces nothing in support of his hypothesis.

According to him, Francesca was the victim of a base deception. Owing to the revolting appearance of Gianciotto, Paolo was sent as proxy to sign the marriage contract, perform his brother's part at the marriage ceremony, and conduct her to Rimini; and she supposed him to be her husband, until the next morning, when she discovered Gianciotto at her side.

Relations of easy but innocent familiarity were soon established between Francesca and Paolo, and they continued undisturbed, until a servant excited the suspicions of Gianciotto. He was frequently absent, attending to his duties as podestat; but one day he returned secretly, and was informed that Paolo was in his wife's chamber. Rushing to the door, he found it fastened inside; he exerted all his strength to open it, but in vain.

Paolo begged Francesca to undo the fastening, while he escaped by a secret door leading into another apartment. Unfortunately, his clothing caught in something, as he was passing through the door, and his brother, perceiving it, ran at him, sword in hand. Francesca interposed, and received the full force of the blow intended for Paolo.

Seeing his wife, whom he tenderly loved, lying dead, the desperate Gianciotto killed his brother, and then, leaving the bodies as they fell, withdrew from the palace, and returned to his post.

The lovers were buried the next morning in the same tomb, amid the tears of the people.

Comments upon Dante's line,

"Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse,"

follow the discussion of Boccaccio's version of the story, and are here made to show that Dante proclaims Francesca's guilt no less clearly than Boccaccio declares his belief that she was innocent.

Galahad was the book and he who wrote it, says Francesca's shade; that is, the book (Lancelot of the Lake) which Paolo and I were reading played between us the part of Galahad, who, it will be remembered, fostered Guinevere's guilty love for Lancelot.

The issue thus raised between Dante and Boccaccio is tried by consulting the chroniclers.

No mention of Francesca occurs in history until long after Dante's death. Marco Battaglia, in his Latin chronicle known as the Anonymi Itali Historia, which dates from 1354, is the first historical writer who relates her story.

He simply and briefly states that Francesca and Paolo were killed by Gianciotto, "*ex causa luxuriæ commissæ.*" Jacopo della Lena is the only other historical authority on the subject that antedates Boccaccio. He asserts that the lovers were killed "*suso el peccato.*"

As all subsequent chroniclers sustain this assertion, it is obviously impossible to believe with Boccaccio that Francesca was innocent.

M. Yriarte, however, gallantly gives Francesca the benefit of such doubt as exists by reason of the lack of other contemporary evidence than that of Dante.

The illustrations in this work are not particularly pleasing or well executed. Three of them are from hitherto unpublished drawings of Ingres. The artist has thrice attempted and thrice failed to portray the catastrophe depicted by Dante. The attitudes of the figures are theatrical, and the accessories have all the appearance of stage properties.

ENGLISH FOLK-LORE AND LONDON HUMORS.

POPULAR superstition is so long-lived and popular humor is so antiquated that the two volumes [1] before us, although they would naturally be thought to belong to different centuries, may be regarded as contemporaneous in their subject matter. Both titles are, to a certain extent, misnomers: in Mr. Dyer's book there is much that is not folk-lore, and in Mr. Ashton's there is a considerable portion of the humor that belongs to all times and nations alike. But, not to cavil, traits of rural England in Shakespeare's day and for long afterwards are instructively illustrated in one; and, in the other, characteristics of the city of the Roundheads in the Cavalier time are exemplified by a series of anecdotes and ballads, many of which Shakespeare undoubtedly laughed at when he was young, and was bored by when he grew old. By the help of both, an amusing, vivid, and tolerably complete idea of the habits of thinking and pleasuring among the lower orders before the Revolution can be made out.

In the volume especially devoted to Shakespeare and the country, — for one cannot think of folk-lore in a municipality, — there is a plentiful store of knowledge regarding witches, ghosts, elves, fairies; the Robins, Pucks, Jacks, Wills, Joans, Pegs, Hobs, Gills, and all benevolent or malicious sprites; demons of earth, fire, and air, and the other ranks of the devil's hierarchy, with which our ancestors made walking o' nights a diversion. But, instead of confining himself within such limits, the author has really written a dictionary of popular beliefs and customs referred to by Shakespeare, and by sucking dry special authorities on one or another subject has swelled out his one book so that it is a little library by itself. Although not an original work, as might be thought, but a compilation and condensation of several others, small and large, it does not pretend to being anything new. Its usefulness, so far from being impaired by its second-hand nature, is the greater, inasmuch as the author opens in a general view a much larger horizon than any specialist could have done by his own separate investigation.

Opening the volume at random, one cannot but be struck by the curious psychological fact that the uneducated hold nothing so true as that into which an element of doubt enters. In the history of all superstitions, hallucinations, chicanery, or other sources of vulgar error, faith is not only harder to combat than is common sense, but faith in evil is more obstinate than faith in good. The devil-worshipers, however dignified by more euphemistic names, are by no means an extinct sect now, and in our forefathers' day their imaginations were active. What more plausible historical argument could a modern pessimist adduce for his opinions than the disproportionate number of evil beings which were conjured out of the north of old, the traditional habitation of demons, as may still be noticed in Milton? They thronged the witches' Sabbath; they rode howling down the winds in the pack of the spectral hunter; they assumed all disguises, corporeal or ghostly, ugly or fair, strange or ordinary, human or beastly, — Amaimon, whom Glendower gave the bastinado, Barbason, Mahu, the chief dictator of hell, and the whole unloosed legion. Nor did they only walk the earth in "all shapes that

[1] *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare.* By the REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M. A. Oxon. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1884.

Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. Collected and Illustrated by JOHN ASHTON. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1884.

man goes up and down in ; " their shadowy influence was felt in many a ludicrous conceit or cruel custom. The goat still went to the devil every twenty-four hours to have his beard combed ; a tailless cat would empty a room like the pestilence ; the stool and stake were at hand for the trial and execution of any withered, crooked, mumbling old crone. The supernatural was as usual then as scientific experiments are now. The moon shed insanity, engendered the abortive moon-calf, touched herbs with medicinal virtue ; the thunderstone fell ; the Scotch barnacle blossomed into geese ; the owl shrieked, —

> " the fatal bellman
> Which gives the stern'st good night ; "

the basilisk fascinated ; the phœnix, dragon, and unicorn were names of weird meaning ; and rats were rhymed to death in Ireland. Similarly, the plants, flowers, insects, reptiles, had curious properties and strange histories. In medicine, — next to religion the great field of unreason, — alchemists distilled potable gold, witches made mummy for Othello handkerchiefs, and quacks sold drugs against the malign influence of the sun's and moon's eclipses. To a truly scientific mind, how almost out of nature must it seem that the sanest mind in all literature was " evolved " during the prevalence of such a view of natural phenomena !

In the latter half of his work Mr. Dyer has given attention to pastimes, habits and customs, and miscellaneous matters, that exhibit the material rather than the mental state of the English country-folk in Shakespeare's age. " England was merry England then," as the verse says, and it is pleasant to know that a few of the old Maypoles remain : " one still supports a weather-cock in the churchyard at Pendleton, Manchester ; and in Derbyshire, a few years ago, several were to be seen standing on some of the village greens." Around them, adorned with St. George's banner and the white, forked pennon, ranged the ancient morris-dance of Scarlet, Maid Marian, and Little John ; and near by were played the comic interludes that furnished " more matter for a May morning." The revolving months brought frequent festivals, each with its special character : now there was drinking of the Whitsun ale, sold by the church-wardens to repair the church ; and now the " booting " and hock-cart of the harvest home furnished more amusement to the young ; Midsummer Eve and Hallowmas, and above all Christmas, with their questioning maids, their soul-cakes, their gilt nutmegs and wassail candles ; and many, many more there were that make our own holidays seem starvelings by comparison. Births, christenings, marriages, deaths, and burials, now too generally only matters of record, were solemn and, even in the case of the last two, happy occasions. But all this is become, so to speak, an old wives' tale. Briefly, by merely glancing here and there in the last two hundred pages, one is sure to come upon some " rite of May " that he would have been glad " to do observaunce " to. Cakes and ale we have, and ginger is hot i' the mouth ; but how many a pretty extravagance has gone by that once made Britannia's Pastorals something more genuine than an elaborated suggestion from Theocritus ! Colin Clout is a homely name, and Autolycus is a pleasant one, but both " suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, —

> " ' For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.' "

Would that Colin might again come to court, say we ; even at the risk of not escaping a peerage so easily as he was wont !

Mr. Ashton's volume exhibits city life, or such of its least repulsive elements as gave color to some of the vulgarities and tavern fooleries of Shakespeare's dramas, and formed the staple of the low comedy. It is a collection

of jests, brief tales, and ballads, with a slight admixture of political satire, and is consequently a book to be read in, and not through. In large quantities, a jest book is almost as dry reading as Jewish history. In the first place, much of it is already familiar, and has been from the dawn of the humorous faculty in man; in the second place, many of the jokes have been improved on since antiquity, so that to look for attractive humor in them is like looking for human beauty in an anthropoid ape; in the third place — but this is to be guilty of that very lack of freshness in treatment of which we complain. The man who hoped to live to hear his own funeral sermon preached; the sot who went to bed last night like a beast, — "What, so drunk?" "No, so sober;" the trio who, being tied over a stream by girdles, the first to a tree, the second to the first, and so on, hung quietly while the upper one undid his fastening in order to tighten it (*Hibernice*, "Wait till I spit on my hands"); the rogue who called on the bystanders to seize the judge, "for I go in danger of my life because of him;" the husband who gave speech to his dumb wife by the help of the magician, but found no magician potent enough to stop her tongue; the lass who remarked of the very old wine that it was very little for its age (ascribed sometimes to Foote); the new-fledged scholar who proved two glasses, or chickens, or herrings, or whatsoever, to be three, and was told to solace himself with the third; and many another of the witty characters who are resuscitated in these pages, were probably among those who told Noah that "it would n't be much of a shower." In fact, one need only read over the list of sources whence Mr. Ashton has reprinted these extracts to see that some of his authorities are merely compendiums of all the wit extant, as is declared on their title-pages; and consequently the collection, as a whole, belongs to the seventeenth century only in the sense that it was all printed between the extreme limits 1600–1700.

It should not be understood, however, that the work is without local or temporal color. The chief butt is of course the countryman, as always. The despised nationality is, as in Shakespeare's time, the Welsh; but there must be some tenderness in Mr. Ashton's heart for the Scotch, who surely were more shot at than would be thought from these extracts. The Irish and the Jews, who furnish so many first and second clowns to our contemporary drolleries, appear scarcely at all. The Puritan, who in humor is necessarily the hypocrite in a vile form, and the Cavalier, who poses as dandy or braggart, are more fully represented. In general, however, no class or sect is aimed at; the wit is individual, ascribed to the jesters of the age, Scogin, Hobson, George Peele, or Tarlton, and the humor universal, dealing with such themes as the married man's repentance, the evils of getting poor by drink, the millennium to come when the devil goes blind, the cozening of tailors, and the praises of the black leather bottle. What is read here, in fact, is just such a farrago as would have been heard by a frequent lounger in the old London taverns. There is a smell of nappy ale in one's nostrils, and a noise of roisterers in one's ears, throughout the perusal.

The illustrations make, to our taste, the most entertaining part of the volume. Rude as the cuts are, there is a certain speaking quality in their postures, an *esprit* in their very woodenness, a *naïveté* in their ignorance of drawing and perspective, that are charming; their stiffnesses are those of Punch and Judy, their diminutiveness is puppet-like, and they frequently tell the story more quickly than does the text. "THE JOLLY WELSH WOMAN, Who, drinking at the Sign of the *Crown* in *London*, found a Spring in her Mugg, for Joy of

which hur Sung the praise of Old *England* resolving never to return to *Wales* again," is made far more interesting, with her smooth, long, old-maidish hair and melancholy features, as she hugs the huge tankard with a crone-like fondness. The captain stepping boldly off the globe, with his "Hey for Lubberland" (a new Cockayne, except that now it is roasted pigs instead of geese that go about crying, "Come, eat me"), gives us a new sense of the locality of that carnal paradise. The wonderfully black devil, with a stiff tail like a twisted harpoon, and evidently with the intentions of a very bad Bruin; pig-faced Miss Tannakin Skinker, the long-nosed lass, "dashing" the countenances of her suitors; Prince Rupert's aged monkey; the Cavalier, with his ribboned love-lock, his half-unbuttoned doublet and sleeves, his ruffled hosetops, big spurs, and horned boots, — a very modish figure; Mrs. Caudle giving her first Boulster Lecture to her mate, who vainly simulates slumber; the unfortunate maid who counted her chickens too soon, — all these, and others, have a kind of galvanic lifelikeness. With what a jaunty grace the valiant cook-maid prances off on her rocking-horse of a steed! With what a piteous and solemn patience the Anabaptist convert suffers himself to be dipped! How the beauty of Nell Gwynne's face is clouded under its grotesque patches, and with what meekness does the prince, afterwards her royal lover, bend his head while the Scots (1651) hold "their young kinges nose to y^e^ grinstone"! Especially pathetic are the cuts delineating the death of Prince Rupert's famous white Lapland dog, Boy, who was slain at Marston Moor, near the field where, among the pre-Raphaelite bean plants, his master's head may be seen in hiding. Boy was believed to be supernatural, a witch, and there was great rejoicing over his poor corpse among the Parliament men; for his fall was gazetted far and wide.

There is one great defect in the volume. It is, as has been said, a book to be referred to, but not read; yet there is neither a table of contents nor an index. The omission, in such a case, is unpardonable. The historical value of the work is particularly lessened, since no one can possibly carry in his memory such disconnected and brief illustrations of the times, or find any one of them without a careful and tedious hunt. Mr. Dyer's Folk-Lore, on the contrary, contains an admirable and exhaustive index, and the matter itself is arranged in a very plain and systematic way, with many sub-titles and cross-references. Both volumes are valuable contributions to the history of the common people; but from their fragmentary nature, only a very incomplete and piecemeal idea of their contents can be given in the space at our disposal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE present discussions about ancient and modern languages in education are likely to revive a sort of assertion, which turns up now and then, as to the comparative advantages of one language over another, for purposes of conversation, oratory, science, etc. It was undoubtedly the fashion, within the memory of living men, to set down English as vastly inferior to the Continental languages in copiousness and in neatness; and this verdict was meekly accepted by Englishmen and Americans. I suspect that it has long since been set aside

as against evidence; and I believe that exceptions might be taken to the rulings of many of the older judges in the case. At all events, it is amusing that just about the time when the Germans began to revolt most against the intrusive French element in their language, French began to open its doors to a quantity of English words. But I was struck, the other day, with a curious awkwardness in French expression, arising from grammatical forms, which may have its precise parallel in our own language, though I have not yet detected one. I find the labels of two esteemed French wine houses reading, respectively, "Cruse et Fils Frères" and "Les Fils de Victor Jacqueminot," which we translate, "Cruse and Sons" and "Victor Jacqueminot's Sons;" the point being that "Cruse et Fils" and "Jacqueminot Fils" might mean one son, as well as many, and, the plural being the same as the singular, what seem to us singularly roundabout phrases have to be adopted. I should like, however, to see "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé" adequately translated into English, so as to look well on a signboard.

A superior French scholar called my attention to what appeared to be a novelty to him, that there is no proper French word for *to stand*. I explained it to him as resulting from the absorption of *sto* into *sum; stabam* in French becomes *étais*, and *stare* becomes *être*. But why should this be necessary in French, when Italian can still keep *stare* in its original sense, after making *stato* = "been"?

In modern French *froidement* is an adverb in constant use to describe a certain manner in conversation. I was much perplexed by it as long as I translated it "coldly," for it evidently was used of people who were quite cordial to those they were answering. But is "coolly" much better? Would "composedly" be right, in most cases, or "calmly"? Can the difficulty be that *froidement* expresses the ordinary unnoticed manner of our race, and that therefore we have no special phrase to describe it at all!

I say "our race." One is often put to it for a word to include English and Americans alike. "Anglo-Saxon" and "English-speaking" are both used, and both are unsatisfactory. But surely, no coinage ever exceeded in awkwardness the late Dr. Lieber's "Anglican tribe."

— I was very much interested in Octave Thanet's story, The Bishop's Vagabond, in the January Atlantic, and still more in the reproduction of the "Cracker" dialect of South Carolina, which is on the whole very good; but I am sure that no Cracker would recognize some sounds as his own. I have just questioned several South Carolinians, one from near Aiken, with regard to the sounds to which I shall call attention, and not one recognized them as genuine reproductions. Nearly everybody about Aiken will of course say *cyar*, *gyarden*, etc.; but this breaking regularly occurs, I think, only when *c* and *g* come before *ar*. No person in South Carolina, Cracker or otherwise, will accept *cyant*, *cyould*, *cyoffin*, *no 'cyount*, *cyoop*, as reproductions of any native sounds, while *wyould* is impossible for anybody. The Cracker would say neither *cyoop* nor *coop*, but *coob;* nor would he say (for *sure*) either *shoo'* or *suah*, but always *sho'*. *Suah* is a very good rendering of a sound common among classes above the Cracker. A Cracker would say, I think, "I 'm gwine ter do it," but never, "What hev you *gwine* and done?" that is, *gwine* for *going*, but not for *gone*. He would say, not *real*, but *r'al;* not *yes'day*, but *yistiddy;* not *mahnin'* (morning), but *mawnin'*, just as he is made to say, correctly, *bawn* (born) and *Lawd* (Lord). I do not believe that any amount of assumed dignity in the presence of guests of "quality" would bring from him "*alight*,

alight," but "'light, 'light;" nor would he be likely to say, even on such an occasion, *potatoes;* the most that could be expected of him would be *pertaters*, while ordinarily he would say *'taters*. Certainly, not one Cracker in ten thousand would say *arternoon*, but always *evenin'*. Afternoon is little used by any class in South Carolina. The word *chipper*, in Deming's mouth, is protected only by the admission of the writer that "even his dialect is no longer pure South Carolinian; it is corrupted by Northern slang;" but this remark will not apply to the other words to which I call attention, for they are not slang. Under no circumstances could a Cracker be expected to say *Carolina*, but always *South C'lliny* or *South C'llina;* and I believe that *hev*, *hed*, and *thet* are unknown in the Cracker dialect, as well as any other in South Carolina; for if there is any shibboleth for the South Carolinian of any degree, it is the *a* sound (as in *fan*). The negroes from the coast do say *tek* (take), or something very like it, but I do not think the Crackers ever do.

— I am sorry to find in the Contributors' Club for October an article which was evidently written in haste, and which is obviously a mistake throughout.

The contributor proposes to "lighten the labor of reading by calling the attention of writers to some of the much-neglected notes of that ancient worthy, Goold Brown," and quotes from memory the following: "When the definitive words, *the one*, *the other*, are used, the former [one] must refer to the second of the antecedent terms, and the latter [other] to the antecedent term which was used first."

I am somewhat familiar with Goold Brown, and with other leading authorities on the structure of the English language, but I know of no such rule as the one above. Undoubtedly the contributor had in mind the following, which I quote from Brown's Grammar of English Grammars: "When the pronominal adjectives *this* and *that*, or *these* and *those*, are contrasted, *this* or *these* should represent the latter of the antecedent terms, and *that* or *those* the former."

To prove his "a simple rule and a reasonable," the contributor says, "We point with the mental index-finger to that thing lying nearest us, which is *the one* last named, and motion with a broader sweep of gesture to that which lies farther from us, the thing first mentioned, *the other*."

This reasoning is good when applied to *this* and *that*; but *other*, when used in correlation with *one*, means *the second* of *two*. *One* and *other*, referring to things previously mentioned, simply mean *first* (one) and *second* (other).

This interpretation of these terms, I believe, accords with the teaching of the professional grammarians and with the usage of the best writers. I am not surprised that the contributor has no difficulty in quoting, in violation of his rule, such authorities as The Atlantic, Sterling, and Emerson.

— There seems to be a popular belief in the law of the attraction of opposites as applying in the matter of love and friendship, — a law supposed to be based on induction, according to the true method of science. But is it not simply one of those formulæ which is true when it is true, and no oftener? Does the appeal to experience prove any more here than it does when made use of by believers in what are called "special providences," who have a way of calling to witness this or that special fact, which is held to confirm their theory, while they persistently disregard the more general facts, which lie right beside the particular one, and contradict the inference it is desired to draw from it? Opposite natures do attract each other, there is no doubt: a man of phlegmatic temper sometimes finds an irresistible fascination in a woman whose gay vivacity cheers and

stimulates him like sunshine and the birds' song; or, again, it is the sanguine, buoyant-natured man who is mated happily with a wife whose serious and discreet mind is the balance-wheel insuring the safe running of the household machine. Indisputably, there is an attraction, sometimes difficult to account for, between persons of contrasted natures; nevertheless, a nice observation will often show, I think, that dissimilarities between husbands and wives or between intimate friends are superficial, while the strength of the mutual attraction resides in an underlying likeness. A marriage which is truly such, or a serious friendship, involves a very close intercourse, which to be sustained must rest on certain deep moral affinities, — if there be also intellectual affinities, the union or communion will be stronger still; but such are not necessary, as the former are. Circumstances may play their part, and an important one, in the formation of our friendships or the selection of our life-mates; but among persons of any depth of character, choice as well as chance has to do with the matter, although the choice be often rather instinctive than deliberate. My opinions may agree or disagree with those of my friend; my sentiments may or may not correspond always and exactly with his; but that he should not be destitute of ideas and sentiments seems indispensable, if we are to find lasting satisfaction in companionship. The closer the bond, the more it becomes a spiritual or emotional one; the older we grow, the more we find that the stable affection our friend cherishes for us is precious above any mere similarity of tastes, pursuits, etc., there may be between us, while at the same time we may perhaps remember that it was the delight of sharing these that drew us together in the beginning. The ready sympathy which springs up between high and noble minds, and draws them into lifelong union has its counterpart, I believe, in the mutual attraction of shallower natures. There is a tacit comprehension between such; and whatever their external, superficial contrast, their mere negativity of character becomes the tie, which is as real, in its way, as that uniting characters of positive weight and worth. A further evidence of the truth of this view of the matter seems to be the fact that each of us finds it possible to maintain an intimate friendship with persons who differ greatly from each other in many respects. My friend A may be of an emotional nature, while B is reserved and chary of expressions of regard: the former is intellectually quick and fine, the latter of a slow and solid order of mind. Superficially, the two are most unlike, and yet I, who stand between, the friend of both, am aware of that in each of them which is the source of my deepest feeling for them, and which, should opportunity for acquaintance offer, would bind them together, as they are now separately bound to me.

— I wish to describe a beautiful form of aquatic life lately seen upon one of our Western rivers. To my eye, it was the most conspicuous object in sight; with its presence it honored and idealized the stream, and made the moment in which it was seen seem worthy of remembrance. A figure all curves and grace, as befits whatever lives in the suave communion of waters; pure white, like a drift of new-fallen snow kept by enchantment from melting, it moved without starting a ripple or leaving the slightest wake, while itself and its mirrored image "floated double." I may have wished it would rise from the water, that I might see the spread of its wings and the manner of its flight, but in this I was not to be gratified. It had the appearance of sleep; and as neither head nor neck could be seen, these were, doubtless, folded under its wing. If it had come as a migrant from distant regions, it was now resting oblivious of its

long voyage. Fancy suggested that the poetry of its motion be set to the music of a swan-song. To what island of rushes, or to what bare sandy margin, would it at last come to die, — to dissolve in the sun and the wind, leaving only a pinch of yellow-white dust, which the least breath might scatter away? Was I perhaps mistaken as to the species of this water-fowl? I looked again, and saw that it was one of the brood fledged in storm at the foot of the mill-dam. Air and water were its parents, and its whole substance but a drift of foam. A wild, white swan it was (such as no fowler ever snared or shot), sailing solitary and beautiful down the amber-colored river.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. Palgrave's now classic Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language has received a continuation, embracing selections from the works of recent and living English poets, by John Foster Kirk. (Lippincott.) Mr. Kirk, in his admirable preface, shows that he clearly apprehends the limitations which Mr. Palgrave accepted; he has not touched the original work, but has simply added a fifth book, which represents the lyrical work of the last half century, and is dominated by Tennyson. Since Wordsworth closed Mr. Palgrave's book, we have here the next great poetic epoch; for Mr. Kirk has disregarded Mr. Palgrave's rule to admit the work of the dead only. The book contains only English verse, and is a valuable sequel. — A Day in Athens with Socrates (Scribners) is a little volume consisting of translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. The translation is in excellent English, and an interesting introduction brings the subject of the work out of the range of bare scholasticism into that of current thought. — A curiosity of literature appears in Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature, under the title of The Güegüence, a comedy-ballet in the Nahuatl-Spanish dialect of Nicaragua, edited by Daniel G. Brinton (Philadelphia). Mr. Brinton says that it is the only specimen known to him of the native American comedy. As the great progenitor, therefore, of American humor, it ought to receive careful attention; and such it would seem to need before the humor can be discovered. It is rough horse-play and certainly very curious, while the liberal annotations and vocabulary of the editor supply all necessary help to those who would make a serious study of it. — In the Riverside Literature Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), W. C. Gannett has prepared a helpful little Studies in Longfellow, outlines for schools, conversation classes, and home study. Mr. Gannett works upon a plan which he has already tested, and his manual will be found of essential service to those who make a study of poetry, and do not merely entertain themselves with it.

Science and Philosophy. Where did Life Begin? is a question asked by G. Hilton Scribner (Scribners), and answered by him in a brief monograph to the effect that it began in the Arctic zone; "and now," he closes, "cold and lifeless, wrapped in her snowy winding sheet, the once fair mother of us all rests in the frozen embrace of an ice-bound and everlasting sepulchre." The book is a small one, and is written so clearly and even picturesquely that one at all interested in such subjects will not lay it down until he has finished it.

History and Politics. O Abolicionismo, by Joaquim Nabuco (Abraham Kingdon & Co., London), deals with the subject as related to Brazilian history. — Anecdotes of the Civil War in the United States, by Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend (Appleton), is an entertaining collection of stories, told in a simple, unaffected manner in print by one who has told them often by word of mouth. The absence of egotism on the part of the narrator adds to the general air of truthfulness. — The History of Democracy considered as a party name and as a political organization, by Jonathan Norcross (Putnams), is an arraignment of the Democratic party in the United States, with scarcely a reference to the fundamental article in the Democratic creed, state-rights, and certainly with no examination of it. — Mrs. Darling's Letters (John W. Lovell Co., New York) is a collection of letters written by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, who will be recognized as having made persistent claims upon the United States for losses incurred during the rebellion. The letters, addressed to Judge Norton and various people, not only cover the matter of her claim, but relate many personal adventures before, during, and after the war. — A Sketch of the Life and Times and Speeches of Joseph E. Brown, by Herbert Fielder (Springfield Printing Co., Springfield, Mass.). This is a conglomerate volume, which belongs here rather than under biography. It begins with a description of Georgia, followed by a chapter of reminiscences by Mr. Brown, who was governor of Georgia. Governor Brown's early life is sketched, apparently by Mr.

Fielder; and then there comes the bulk of this large volume in the shape of documents, letters, and narratives, relating chiefly to the Confederate movements so far as Georgia was concerned. An appendix gives Governor Brown's speeches when U. S. Senator. The book contains material for history.

Biography. A Memorial, with Reminiscences, Historical, Personal and Characteristic, of John Farmer, A. M., is the title of a little volume in which an old friend, John Le Bosquet, has portrayed the New Hampshire antiquarian in an affectionate and interesting manner. He is not above telling the color of Dr. Farmer's trousers, but with all the homeliness of the reminiscences there is also a tender and true perception of the nobility of the character.

Poetry. Those who like snatches of poetry from unexpected sources should possess themselves of a little volume, Rhymes of a Barrister. (Little, Brown & Co.) It has only eighty pages, can be read in less time than the evening paper takes, and will leave upon the ear the pleasant music of some melodious songs, some clever bits of translation, and some deft lines. — Mr. George Lunt's Poems (Cupples, Upham & Co.) are set to a variety of keys, and have a freedom and ease which make them easily read. He is a somewhat belated singer, one feels constrained to say, coming in these latter days with his unhappy views of a nation which has staggered through a civil war and is hard at work upon many designs of national well-being. Not that poetry is not sometimes good for reproof, but Mr. Lunt's reproving poetry seems aimed at retrospective evils. — The Nazarene, by George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard.) — The Happy Isles and other Poems by S. H. M. Byers (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a tasteful little volume of agreeable poems, in which the sentiment is unstrained and the measure is musical for the most part. — A Royal Pastoral, and other Poems, by John Gosse (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a medley of poems, religious, satirical, sentimental, didactic, lyrical, humorous, in which the author lets loose his mind, not especially freighted with wisdom or poetry.

Hygiene and Domestic Life. Voice, Song, and Speech, a Practical Guide for Singers and Speakers, from the combined view of Vocal Surgeon and Voice Trainer, by Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke (Putnams), is an octavo volume, illustrated by wood-engravings and photographs, in which the two authors, representing the two sides of the subject, have united to give the physiological foundation and the experimental application. — For Mothers and Daughters, a manual of hygiene for women and the household, by Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D. (Fowler & Wells), contains the customary admonitions and advice. — A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life and things adjacent, by William Aikman (Fowler & Wells), is a series of chapters upon the minor morals of the home, sensible though rather wordy.

Art. Mr. Edward Armitage's Lectures on Painting, delivered to the students of the Royal Academy, have been published (Putnams), and have the attractiveness which belongs to the half-formal, half-familiar talk of an artist of experience. Mr. Armitage mingles history, criticism, and practical advice. It is a pity that so agreeable and otherwise useful a book should lack an index.

Fiction. Jackanapes, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, with illustrations by Randolph Caldecott (S. P. C. K., London, E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a mannered and yet sincere little story of English village life at the close of the last century. It is a trifle, less than fifty pages, but written with great care. — Topelius's Surgeon's Stories (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is continued by the publication of the Times of Charles XII. The fiction by which a family group listens to stories and interrupts them with questions gives a continuity to the series, but somewhat interferes with the flow of the narrative.—Hope's Heart Bells, a romance by Mrs. S. L. Oberhaltzer (Lippincott), is a story of which the characters are for the most part Quakers, but the Quaker element scarcely goes beyond the use of *thee*. A parcel of boys and girls are shaken together, and after some three hundred pages come out young men and young women, but some juvenile traits cling to them. — Under the title of The Crusaders (Peabody, Macey & Co., New York), Emma R. Norton has written a story of the Women's Temperance movement of 1873-74, which is in the main a series of conversations between women engaged in the crusade and the men whom they attempted to influence. It is, from its nature, a very religious work. — Morning News Library is the title of a fiction series issued by J. H. Estill, Savannah, Georgia; the eighteenth number is entitled The Rescue, a Virginia story, by Miss Janey B. Hope; the Virginia is that of the middle of the last century. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library the latest numbers which we have received are All in a Garden Fair, the simple story of three boys and a girl, by Walter Besant; A Noble Wife, by John Saunders; Adrian Bright, by Mrs. Caddy; A Great Heiress, by R. E. Francillon; Jenifer, by Annie Thomas; Annan Water, by Robert Buchanan; An April Day, by Philippa Prittie Jephson; Round the Galley Fire, a collection of sea sketches and stories; and The Millionaire.

Books for Young People. The Boys of Thirty-Five, a story of a seaport town, is a bright reminiscence, thrown into boy-story form, of Portland, under the disguise of Landsport, by E. H. Elwell (Lee & Shepard). One does not need to have been a Down-Easter to enjoy the rough heartiness of the book. — Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History, by Charlotte M. Yonge and H. Hastings Weld (Appleton), is a series of stories in which the United States, Canada, Mexico, Peru, and other American states are run together in a queer fashion. The Aunt follows commonly received authorities and the Church of England in her treatment of the country. The book is colorless rather than impartial, but it has the advantage of being written in good English. It would not be difficult to follow after and show where the Aunt has been misled, but the general truthfulness is of the most account.

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DRIFTING DOWN LOST CREEK.

II.

Following the voice of the Lord, Cynthia took her way along a sandy bridle-path that penetrates the dense forests of Pine Mountain. The soft spring wind, fluttering in beneath her sun-bonnet, found the first wild-rose blooming on her thin cheek. A new light shone like a steadfast star in her deep brown eyes. "I hev took a-holt," she said resolutely, "ân' I 'll never gin it up. 'T war n't his deed, an' I 'll prove that, agin his own word; I dunno how, — but I 'll prove it."

The woods seemed to open at last, for the brink of the ridge was close at hand. As the trees were marshaled down the steep declivity, she could see above their heads the wide and splendid mountain landscape, with the benediction of the spring upon it, with the lofty peace of the unclouded sky above it, with an impressive silence pervading it that was akin to a holy solemnity.

There was a rocky, barren slope to the left, and among the brambly ledges sheep were feeding. As the flock caught her attention she experienced a certain satisfaction. "They hed sheep in the Lord's lifetime," she observed. "He gins a word bout 'n them more 'n enny other critter." And she sat down on a rock, among the harmless creatures, and was less lonely and forlorn.

A little log house surmounted the slope. It was quaintly awry, like most of the mountaineers' cabins, and the ridgepole, with its irregularly projecting clapboards serrating the sky behind it, described a negligently oblique line. The clay chimney had a leaning tendency, and was propped to its duty by a long pole. There was a lofty martin-house, whence the birds whirled fitfully. The rail fence inclosing the dooryard was only a few steps from the porch. Upon the cabin rested the genial afternoon sunshine. It revealed the spinning-wheel that stood near the wall; the shelf close to the door, with a pail of water and a gourd for the incidentally thirsty; the idle churn, its dasher on another shelf to dry; a rooster strutting familiarly in at the open door; and a newly hatched brood picking about among the legs of the splint-bottomed chairs, under the guidance of a matronly old "Dominicky" hen. In one of the chairs sat a man, emaciated, pallid, swathed in many gay-colored quilts, and piping querulously in a high, piercing key to a worn and weary woman, who came to the fence and looked down the hill as he feebly pointed.

"Cynthy — Cynthy Ware!" she called out; "air that you-uns?"

Cynthia hesitated, then arose and went forward a few steps. "It be me," she said, as if making an admission.

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"Kem up hyar. Jube 's wantin' ter know why ye hain't been hyar ter inquire arter him." The woman waited at the gate, and opened it for her visitor. She looked hardly less worn and exhausted than the broken image of a man in the chair. "Jube counts up every critter in the mountings ez kems ter inquire arter him," she added, in a lower voice. "'Pears like ter me ez it air 'bout time fur worldly pride ter hev loosed a-holt on him; but Satan kin foster guile whar thar ain't enough life left fur nuthin' else, an' pore Jube hev never been so gin over ter the glory o' this world ez now."

"He 'pears ter be gittin' on some," said the girl, although she hardly recognized in the puny, pallid apparition among the muffling quilts the rough and hale mountaineer she had known.

"Fust-rate!" weakly piped out the constable. "I eat a haffen pone o' bread fur dinner!" Then he turned fractiously to his wife: "Jane Elmiry, ain't ye goin' ter git me that thar fraish aig ter whip up in whiskey, like the doctor said?"

"'T ain't time yit, Jube," replied the patient wife. "The doctor 'lowed ez the aig must be spang fraish; an' ez old Topknot lays ter the minit every day, I 'm a-waitin' on her."

The wasted limbs under the quilts squirmed around vivaciously. "An' yander 's the darned critter," he cried, spying old Topknot leisurely pecking about under a lilac bush, "a-feedin' around ez complacent an' sati'fied ez ef I war n't a-settin' hyar waitin' on her lazy bones! Cynthy, I 'm jes' a-honing arter suthin' ter eat all the time, an' that 's what makes me 'low ez I 'm gittin' well; though Jane Elmiry" — he glared fiercely at his meek wife — "hev somehows los' her knack at cookin', an' sometimes I can't eat my vittles when they air fetched ter me."

He fell back in his chair, his tangled, overgrown hair hardly distinguishable from his tangled, overgrown beard. His eyes roved restlessly about the quiet landscape. A mist was gathering over the eastern ranges; shot with the sunlight, it was but a silken and filmy suggestion of vapor. A line of vivid green in the valley marked the course of Lost Creek by the willows and herbage fringing its banks. A gilded bee, with a languorous drone, drifted in and out of the little porch, and the shadow of the locust above it was beginning to lengthen. The tree was in bloom, and Cynthia picked up a fallen spray as she sat down on the step. Jubal glanced casually at her; then, with the egotism of an invalid, his mind reverted to himself.

"Why hain't ye been hyar ter inquire arter me, Cynthy, — you-uns, or yer dad, or yer mam, or somebody? I hain't been lef' ter suffer, though, 'thout folkses axin' arter me, I tell ye! The miller hev been hyar day arter day. Baker Teal, what keeps the store yander ter the Settlemint, hev rid over reg'lar. Tom Peters kems ez sartain ez the sun. An' the jestice o' the peace," he winked weakly in triumph, "Squair Bates, hev been hyar nigh on ter wunst a week. The sheriff or one o' the dep'ties hain't been sca'ce round hyar, nuther. An' some other folkses — I name no names — sends me all the liquor I kin drink from a still ez they say grows in a hollow rock round hyar somewhar. They sends me all I kin drink, an' Jane Elmiry, too. I don't want but a little, but Jane Elmiry air a tremenjious toper, ye know!" He laughed in a shrill falsetto at his joke, and his wife smiled, but faintly, for she realized that the invalid's pleasant mood was brief. "Ef I hed a-knowed how pop'lar I be, I 'd hev run fur jestice o' the peace stidder constable. But nex' time thar 'll be a differ; that hain't the las' 'lection this world will ever see, Cynthy." Then, as his eyes fell upon her once more, he remembered his question. "Why n't ye been hyar ter inquire arter me?"

The girl was confused by his changed aspect, his eager, restless talk, his fierce girding at his patient wife, and lost what scanty tact she might have otherwise claimed.

"The folkses ez rid by hyar tole us how ye be a-gittin' on. An' we-uns 'lowed ez mebbe ye would n't want ter see us, bein' ez we war always sech friends with 'Vander, an'" —

The woman stopped her by a hasty gesture and a look of terror. They did not escape the invalid's notice.

"What ails ye, Jane Elmiry?" he cried, angrily. "Ye act like ye war *de*stracted!"

A sudden fit of coughing impeded his utterance, and gave his wife the opportunity for a whispered aside. "He hain't spoke 'Vander's name sence he war hurt. The doctor said he war n't ter talk about his a-gittin' hurt, an' the man ez done it. The doctor 'lowed 't would fever him an' put him out 'n his head, an' he must jes' think 'bout 'n gittin' well all the time, an' sech."

Jubal Tynes had recovered his voice and his temper. "I hain't got no grudge agin 'Vander," he declared, in his old, bluff way, "nur 'Vander's friends, nuther. It air jes' that dad-burned idjit, 'Lijah, ez I *de*spise. Jane Elmiry, ain't that old Topknot ez I hear a-cacklin'? Waal, waal, sir, dad-burn that thar lazy, idle poultry! Air she a-stalkin' round the yard yit? Go, Jane Elmiry, an' see whar she be. Ef she hain't got sense enough ter git on her nest an' lay a aig when desirable, she hain't got sense enough ter keep out 'n a chicken pie."

"I mought skeer her off 'n her nest," his wife remonstrated.

But the imperious invalid insisted. She rose reluctantly; as she stepped off the porch she cast an imploring glance at Cynthia.

The girl was trembling. The mere mention of the deed to its victim had unnerved her. She felt it was perhaps a safe transition from the subject to talk about the idiot brother. "I hev hearn folks 'low ez 'Lijah oughter be locked up, but I dunno," she said.

The man fixed a concentrated gaze upon her. "Waal, ain't he?"

"'Lijah ain't locked up," she faltered, bewildered.

His face fell. Unaccountably enough, his pride seemed grievously cut down. "Waal, 'Lijah ain't 'sponsible, I know," he reasoned; "but bein' ez he treated me this way, an' me a important off'cer o' the law, 'pears-like 't would a-been more respec'ful ef they hed committed him ter jail ez insane, or sent him ter the 'sylum, fur they take some crazies at the State's expense." He paused thoughtfully. He was mortified, hurt. "But shucks!" he exclaimed presently, "let him treat haffen the county ez he done me, ef he wants ter. I ain't a-keerin'."

Cynthia's head was awhirl. She could hardly credit her senses.

"How war it that 'Lijah treated you-uns?" she gasped.

In his own turn he stared, amazed. "Cynthy, 'pears like ye hev los' yer mind! How did 'Lijah treat me? Waal, 'Lijah whacked me on the head with his brother's sledge, an' split my skull, an' the folks say some o' my brains oozed out. I hev got more of 'em now, though, than ye hev. Ye look plumb bereft. What ails the gal?"

"Air ye sure — sure ez that war the happening of it? — 'kase 'Vander tells a differ. He 'lowed ez 't war *him* ez hit ye with the sledge. An' nobody suspicioned 'Lijah."

Jubal Tynes looked very near death now. His pallid face was framed in long elf-locks; he thrust his head forward, till his emaciated throat and neck were distinctly visible, and his lower jaw dropped in astonishment. "God A'mighty!" he ejaculated, "why hev 'Vander tole sech a lie? *Sure!* Why,

I *seen* 'Lijah! 'Vander never tetched the sledge, an' 'Vander never tetched me."

"Ye hev furgot, mebbe," she urged, feverishly. "'T war in the dark."

"Listen at the gal argufyin' with me!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I *seen* 'Lijah, I tell ye, in the light o' the forge fire. 'T war n't more 'n a few coals, but ez 'Lijah swung his arm it fanned the fire, an' it lept up. I seen his face in the glow, an' the sledge in his hand. 'Lijah war hid a-hint the hood. 'Vander war t' other side o' the anvil. I gripped with 'Lijah. I seen him plain. He hit me twict. I never los' my senses till the second lick. Then I drapped. What ails 'Vander ter tell sech a lie? Ef I hed a-died, stidder gittin' well so powerful peart, they 'd hev hung him, sure."

"Mebbe he thought they 'd hang 'Lijah!" she gasped, appalled at the magnitude of the sacrifice.

"'Lijah ain't 'sponsible ter the law," said Jubal Tynes, with his magisterial aspect, "bein' ez he air a ravin' crazy, ez oughter be locked up."

"I reckon 'Vander never knowed ez that war true," she rejoined, reflectively. "The 'torney gineral tole Pete Blenkins, when 'Vander war convicted of receivin' of stolen goods, ez how 'Vander war toler'ble ignorant, an' knowed powerful little 'bout the law o' the land. He done it, I reckon, ter pertect the idjit."

Jubal Tynes made no rejoinder. He had fallen back in his chair, so frail, so exhausted by the unwonted excitement, that she was alarmed anew, realizing how brief his time might be.

"Jubal Tynes," she said, leaning forward and looking up at him imploringly, "ef I war ter tell what ye hev tole me, nobody would believe me, 'kase — 'kase 'Vander an' me hev kep' company some. Hed n't ye better tell it ter the Squair ez how 'Vander never hit ye, but said he did, ter git the blame shet o' the idjit 'Lijah, ez ain't 'sponsible, nohows? Ain't thar no way ter make it safe fur' Vander? They 'lowed he would n't hev been convicted of receivin' of stolen goods 'ceptin' fur the way the jury thought he behaved 'bout resistin' arrest an' hittin' ye with the sledge."

The sick man's eyes were aflame. "Ye 'low ez I 'm goin' ter die, Cynthy Ware!" he cried, with sudden energy. "I 'll gin ye ter onderstand ez I feel ez strong ez a ox! I won't do nuthin' fur 'Vander. Let him stan' or fall by the lie he hev tole! I feel ez solid ez Pine Mounting! I won't do nuthin' ez ef I war a-goin' ter die, — like ez ef I war a chicken with the pip — an' whar air that old hen ez war nominated ter lay a aig, ter whip up in whiskey, an' ain't done it?"

A sudden wild cackling broke upon the air. The red rooster, standing by the gate, stretched up his long neck to listen, and lifted his voice in jubilant sympathy. Jubal Tynes looked around at Cynthia with a laugh. Then his brow darkened, and his mind reverted to his refusal.

"Ye jes' onderstan'," he reiterated, "ez I won't do nuthin' like ez ef I war goin' ter die."

She got home as best she could, weeping and wringing her hands much of the way, feeling baffled and bruised, and aghast at the terrible perplexities that crowded about her.

Jubal Tynes had a bad night. He was restless and fretful, and sometimes, when he had been still for a while, and seemed about to sink into slumber, he would start up abruptly, declaring that he could not "git shet of studyin' 'bout 'n 'Vander an' 'Lijah an' the sledge," and violently wishing that Cynthia Ware had died before she ever came interrupting him about 'Vander and 'Lijah and the sledge. Toward morning exhaustion prevailed. He sank into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he woke refreshed

and interested in the matter of breakfast.

That day a report went the excited rounds of the mountain that he had made a sworn statement before Squire Bates, denying that Evander Price had resisted arrest, exonerating him from all connection with the injuries supposed to have been received at his hands, and inculpating only the idiot Elijah. This was supplemented by Dr. Patton's affidavit as to his patient's mental soundness and responsibility.

It aroused Cynthia's flagging spirit to an ecstasy of energy. Her strength was as fictitious as the strength of delirium, but it sufficed. Opposition could not baffle it. Obstacles but multiplied its expedients. She remembered that the trained and astute attorney for the State had declared to Pete Blenkins, after the trial, that the prosecution had no case against Evander Price for receiving stolen goods, and must have failed but for the prejudice of the jury. It was proved to them by his own confession that he had resisted arrest and assaulted the officer of the law, and circumstantial evidence had a light task, with this auxiliary, to establish other charges. Now, she thought, if the jury that convicted him, the judge who sentenced him, and the governor of the State were cognizant of this stupendous self-sacrifice of fraternal affection, could they, would they, still take seven years of his life from him? At least, they should know of it, — she had resolved on that. She hardly appreciated the difficulty of the task before her. She was densely ignorant. She lived in a primitive community. Such a paper as a petition for executive clemency had never been drawn within its experience. She could not have discovered that this proceeding was practicable, except for the pride of office and legal lore of Jubal Tynes. He joyed in displaying his learning; but beyond the fact that such a paper was possible, and sometimes successful, and that she had better see the lawyer at the Settlement about it, he suggested nothing of value. So she tramped a matter of ten miles along the heavy, sandy road, through the dense and lonely woods; and weary, but flushed with joyous hope, she came upon the surprised lawyer at the Settlement. He was a man who built the great structure of justice upon a foundation of fees. He listened to her, noted the poverty of her aspect, and recommended her to secure the coöperation of the convict's immediate relatives. And so, patiently, she went back again, along the dank and darkening mountain road.

The home of her lover was not an inviting abode. When she had turned from the thoroughfare into a vagrant, irresponsible-looking path, winding about in the depths of the forest, it might have seemed that in a group which presently met her eyes the animals were the more emotional, alert, and intelligent element. The hounds came huddling over the rickety fence, and bounded about her in tumultuous recognition. An old sow, with a litter of shrill soprano pigs, started up from a clump of weeds, in maternal anxiety and doubt of the intruder's intentions. The calf peered between the rails in mild wonder at this break in the monotony. An old man sat motionless on the fence, with an aspect as sober and business-like as if he did it for a salary. The porch was occupied by an indiscriminate collection of household effects, — cooking utensils, garments, broken chairs, — and an untidy, disheveled woman. An old crone, visible within the door, was leisurely preparing the evening meal. Cynthia's heart warmed at the sight of the familiar place. The tears started to her sympathetic eyes. "I hev kem ter tell ye all 'bout 'n 'Vander!" she cried impulsively, when she was welcomed to a chair and a view of the weed-grown "gyarden-spot."

But the disclosure of her scheme did not waken responsive enthusiasm. The

old man, still dutifully riding the fence, conservatively declared that the law o' the land war a mighty tetchy contrivance, an' he did n't feel called on ter meddle with it. They mought jail the whole fambly, ez fur ez he knew, an' then who would work the gyarden-spot, ez war thrivin' now, an' the peas fullin' up cornsider'ble? Mrs. Price 'lowed ez she hed no call ter holp sot the law on 'Lijah agin 'Vander's word. She did n't know what the folks would do ter 'Lijah ef Jube died, sence he hed swore ez he hed done afore Squair Bates. Some told her ez 'Lijah war purtected by bein' a idjit, but she war n't sati'fied 'bout 'n that. 'Lijah war sane enough ter be toler'ble skeered when he hearn 'bout 'n it all, an' hed tuk ter shettin' hisself up in the shed-room when strangers kem about. And indeed Cynthia had an unpleasant impression that the idiot was looking out suspiciously at her from a crack in the door; but he precipitately slammed it when she turned her head, to make sure. The old crone paused in her preparations for supper, that she might apply all her faculties to argument. "I don't 'pear ter reason how the gov'nor will pardon 'Vander fur receivin' of stolen goods jes' 'kase 't war n't him ez bruk Jube Tynes's head," she declared. "'Vander war jailed fur *receivin' stolen goods*, — nobody never keered nothin' fur Jube Tynes's head! *I* hev knowed the Tynes fambly time out 'n mind," she continued, raising her voice in shrill contempt. "I knowed Jubal Tynes, an' his daddy afore him. An' now ter kem talkin' ter me 'bout the gov'nor o' Tennessee keerin' fur Jube Tynes's nicked head! *I* don't keer nothin' 'bout Jube Tynes's nicked head; an' let 'em tell the gov'nor that fur *me*, an' see what he will think then!"

Poor Cynthia! It had never occurred to her to account herself gifted beyond her fellows and her opportunities. The simple events of their primitive lives had never before elicited the contrast. It gave her no satisfaction. She only experienced a vague, miserable wonder that she should have perceptions beyond their range of vision, should be susceptible of emotions which they could never share. She realized that she could get no material aid here, and she went away at last without asking for it.

Her little all was indeed little, — a few chickens, some "spun-truck," a sheep that she had nursed from an orphaned lamb, a "cag" of apple-vinegar, and a bag of dried fruit, — but it had its value to the mountain lawyer; and when he realized that this was indeed "all," he drew the petition in consideration thereof, and appended the affidavits of Jubal Tynes and Dr. Patton.

"She ain't got a red head on her for nothin'," he said to himself, in admiration of her astuteness in insisting that, as a part of his services, he should furnish her with a list of the jury that convicted Evander Price.

"For every man of 'em hev got ter sot his name ter that thar petition," she averred.

He even offered, when his energy and interest were aroused, to take the paper with him to Sparta when he next attended circuit court. There, he promised, he would secure some influential signatures from the members of the bar and other prominent citizens.

When she was fairly gone he forgot his energy and interest. He kept the paper three months. He did not once offer it for a signature. When she demanded its return, it was mislaid, lost.

Oratory is a legal requisite in that region. The lawyer might have taken some fine points from her unconscious eloquence, inspired by love and grief and despair, her scathing arraignment of his selfish neglect, her upbraidings and alternate appeals. They overwhelmed him, in some sort, and yet he was roused into sufficient activity to hunt up the lost manuscript. She went away with it,

leaving him in rueful meditation. "She *hain't* got a red head on her for nothin'," he said, remembering her pungent rhetoric.

But as he glanced out of the door, and saw her trudging down the road, all her grace and pliant, swaying languor lost in convulsive, awkward haste and a feeble, jerky gait, he laughed.

For poor Cynthia had become indeed a grotesque figure. Only Time can pose a crusader to picturesque advantage. The man or woman with a great and noble purpose bears about with it a pitiful little personality that reflects none of its lustre. Cynthia's devotion, her courage, her endurance in righting this wrong, were not so readily apparent, when in the valley she went tramping from one juror's house to another's, as her travel-stained garments, her wild, eager eye, her incoherent, anxious speech, her bare, swollen feet, — for sometimes she was fain to carry her coarse shoes in her hands, for relief in the long journeyings. Her father had refused to aid "sech a fool yerrand," and had locked up his mare in the shed. Without a qualm, he had beheld Cynthia resolutely set out on foot. "She'll be back afore the cows kem home," he said, with a laughing nod at his wife. But they came lowing home and clanking their mellow bells in many and many a red sunset before they again found Cynthia waiting for them on the banks of Lost Creek.

The descent to a lower level was a painful experience to the little mountaineer. She was "sifflicated" by the denser atmosphere of the "valley country," and exhausted by the heat; but when she could think only of her mission she was hopeful, elated, and joyously kept on her thorny way. Sometimes, however, the dogs barked at her, and the children hooted after her, and the men and women she met looked askance upon her, and made her humbly conscious of her disheveled, dusty attire, her awkward, hobbling gait, her lean, hungry, worn aspect. Occasionally somebody asked for her story, and listened incredulously and with sarcastic comments. Once, as she went on her way she heard her interlocutor call out to some one at the back of the house, "Becky, take them clothes in off 'n the line, an' take 'em in quick!" And although her physical sufferings were great, she had some tears to shed for sorrow's sake.

Always she got a night's lodging at the house of one or another of the twelve jurymen, whose names were gradually affixed to the petition. But they too had questions that were hard to answer. "Are you kin of his?" they would ask, impressed by her hardships and her self-immolation. And when she would answer, "No," she would fancy that the shelter they gave her was not in confidence, but for mere humanity. They were poor men, mostly, but one of them stopped his plowing to lend her his horse to the next house, and another gave her a lift of ten miles in his wagon. He it was who told her, in rehearsing the country-side gossip, that the governor was canvassing the State for reëlection, and had made an appointment to speak at Sparta the following day.

A new idea flashed into her mind. Her sudden resolution fairly frightened her. She cowered before it, as they drove along between the fields of yellowing corn, all in the gairish sunshine, spreading so broadly over the broad plain. That night she lay awake thinking of it, while the cold drops started upon her brow. Before daybreak she was up and trudging along the road to Sparta. It was still early when she entered the little town of the mountain bench, set in the flickering mists and chill, matutinal sunshine, and encompassed on every hand by the mighty ranges. A flag floated from the roof of the court-house, and there was an un-

usual stir in the streets. Excited groups were talking at every corner, and among a knot of men, standing near, one riveted her attention. He had been spoken of in her hearing as the governor of the State. Bold with the realization of the opportunity, she pushed through the staring crowd and thrust the much-thumbed petition into his hand. He cast a surprised glance upon her, then looked at the paper. "All right; I'll examine it," he said hastily, and folding it he turned away. In his political career he had studied many faces. Despite her ignorance, her poverty, and the low, criminal atmosphere of her mission, he read in her eyes the dignity of her endeavor, the nobility of her nature, and the prosaic martyrdom of her toilsome experience. He suddenly turned back to reassure her. "Rely on it," he said heartily, "I'll do what I can."

Her pilgrimage was accomplished; there was nothing more but to turn her face to the mountains. It seemed to her at times as if she should never reach them. They were weary hours before she came upon Lost Creek, loitering down the sunlit valley, to vanish in the grewsome caverns beneath the range. The sumach leaves were crimsoning along its banks. The scarlet-oak emblazoned the mountain side. Above the encompassing heights the sky was blue, and the mountain air tasted like wine. Never a crag or chasm so sombre but flaunted some swaying vine or long tendriled moss, gilded and gleaming yellow. Buckeyes were falling, and the ashy "Indian pipes" silvered the roots of the trees. In every marshy spot glowed the scarlet cardinal-flower, and the golden-rod had sceptred the season. Now and again the forest quiet was broken by the patter of acorns from the chestnut-oaks, and the mountain swine were abroad for the plenteous mast. Overhead she heard the faint, weird cry of wild geese winging southward. The whole aspect of the scene was changed, save that of Pine Mountain. There it stood, solemn, majestic, mysterious, masked by its impenetrable growth, and hung about with duskier shadows wherever a ravine indented the slope. The spirit within it was chanting softly, softly. For the moment she felt the supreme exaltation of the mountains. It lifted her heart. And when a sudden fluctuating red glare shot out over the murky shades, and the dull sighing of the bellows reached her ear from the forge on the mountain's brink, and the air was presently vibrating with the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge, and the crags clamored with the old familiar echoes, she realized that she had done all she sought to do; that she had gone forth helpless but for her own brave spirit; that she had returned helpful and hopeful; and that here was her home, and she loved it. This enabled her better to endure the anger and the reproaches of her relatives, and the curiosity and covert suspicion of the whole country side.

Evander's people regarded the situation with grave misgivings. "I hope ter the mercy-seat," quavered old man Price, "ez Cynthy Ware hain't gone an' actially sot the gov'nor o' Tennessee more 'n ever agin that pore critter; but I misdoubts," — he shook his head piteously, as he perched on the fence, — "I misdoubts."

"An' the insurance o' that thar gal!" cried Mrs. Price. "She never hed no call ter meddle with 'Vander."

Cynthia's mother entertained this view also, but for a different reason. "'T war no consarn o' Cynthy's, nohow," she said, advising with her daughter Maria. "Cynthy air neither kith nor kin o' 'Vander, who air safer an' likelier in the pen'tiary 'n ennywhar else, 'kase it leaves her no ch'ice but Jeemes Blake, ez she hed better take whilst he air in the mind fur it, an' whilst she kin git him."

Jubal Tynes wished that he could have

foreseen that Cynthia would meet the governor, for he could have told her exactly what to say; and this, he was confident, would have secured the pardon then. And it was clearly the opinion of the "mounting," expressed in the choice coteries assembled at the mill, the blacksmith-shop, the Settlement, and the still-house, that a young gal like Cynthy had transcended all the bounds of propriety in this wild junketing after "gov'nors an' sech through all the valley country, whar she war n't knowed from a gate-post, nor her dad nuther."

There were, however, doubters, who disparaged the whole account of the journey as a fable, and circulated a whisper that the petition had never been presented. This increased to open incredulity as time wore on, to ridicule, to taunts, for no words came of the petition for pardon and no word of the prisoner.

The bleak winter wore away; spring budded and bloomed into summer; summer was ripening into autumn, and every day — as the corn yellowed and the thickly swathed ears hung far from the stalk, and the drone of the locust was loud in the grass, and the deep, slumberous glow of the sunshine suffused every open spot — Cynthia, with the return of the season, was vividly reminded of her weary ploddings, with bleeding feet and aching head, between such fields along the lengthening valley roads. The physical anguish she remembered seemed light — seemed naught — to the anguish of suspense which racked her now. Sometimes she felt impelled to a new endeavor. Then her strong common sense checked the useless impulse. She had done all that could be done. She had planted the seed. She had worked and watched, and beheld it spring up and put forth and grow into fair proportions. Only time might bring its full fruition.

The autumn was fading; cold rains set in, and veined the rocky chasms with alien torrents; the birds had all flown, when suddenly the Indian summer, with its golden haze and its great red sun, its purple distances and its languorous joy, its balsamic perfumes and its vagrant day-dreams, slipped down upon the gorgeous crimson woods, and filled them with its glamour and its poetry.

On one of these days — a perfect day — a great sensation pervaded Pine Mountain. Word went the rounds that a certain notorious horse-thief, who had served out his term in the penitentiary, had stopped at the blacksmith-shop on his way home, glad enough of the prospect of being there once more; "an' ez pious in speech as the rider, mighty nigh," declared the dwellers about Pine Mountain, unfamiliar with his aspect as a penitent and discounting his repentance. It was a long story he had to tell about himself, and he enjoyed posing as the central figure in the curious crowd that had gathered about him. He seemed for the time less like a criminal than a great traveler, so strange and full of interest to the simple mountaineers were his experiences and the places he had seen. He stood leaning against the anvil, as he talked, looking out through the barn-like door upon the amplitude of the great landscape before him; its mountains so dimly, delicately blue in the distance, so deeply red and brown and yellow nearer at hand, and still closer, shaded off by the dark plumy boughs of the pines on either side of the ravine above which the forge was perched. Deep in the valley, between them all, Lost Creek hied along, veining the purple haze with lines of palpitating silver. It was only when the material for personal narration was quite exhausted that he touched, though with less zest, on other themes.

"Waal, — now, 'Vander Price," he drawled, shifting his great cowhide boots one above another. "I war 'stonished when I hearn ez 'Vander war in fur receivin' of stolen goods. Shucks!" — his

little black eyes twinkled beneath the drooping brim of a white wool hat, and his wide, flat face seemed wider and flatter for a contemptuous grin, — "I can't onderstand how a man kin git his own cornsint ter go cornsortin' with them ez breaks inter stores and dwellin's an' sech, an' hankerin' arter store-fixin's an' store-truck. Live stock air a differ. The beastis air temptin', partic'lar ef they air young an' hev got toler'ble paces." Perhaps a change in the faces of his audience admonished him, for he qualified: "The beastis air temptin' — *ter the ungodly.* I hev gin over sech doin's myself, 'kase we hed a toler'ble chaplain yander in the valley" (he alluded thus equivocally to his late abode), "an' I sot under the preachin' a good while. But store-truck! — Shucks! Waal, the gyards 'lowed ez 'Vander war a turrible feller ter take keer on, when they war a-fetchin' him down ter Nashvul. He jes' seemed desolated. One minit he 'd fairly cry, ez ef every sob would take his life; an' the nex' he 'd be squarin' off ez savage, an' tryin' ter hit the gyards in the head. He war ironed, hand an' foot."

There was no murmur of sympathy. All listened with stolid curiosity, except Cynthia, who was leaning against the open door. The tears forced their way, and silently flowed, unheeded, down her cheeks. She fixed her brown eyes upon the man as he went on: —

"But when they struck the railroad, an' the critter seen the iron engine ez runs by steam, like I war a-tellin' ye about, he jes' stood rooted ter the spot in amaze; they could sca'cely git him budged away from thar. They 'lowed they hed never seen sech joy ez when he war travelin' on the steam-kyars ahint it. When they went a-skeetin' along ez fast an' ez steady ez a turkey-buzzard kin fly, 'Vander would jes' look fust at one o' the gyards an' then at t'other, a-smilin' an' tickled nearly out 'n his senses. An' wunst he said, 'Ef this ain't the glory o' God revealed in the work o' man, what is?' The gyards 'lowed he acted so cur'ous they would hev b'lieved he war a plumb idjit, ef it hed n't a-been fur what happened arterward at the Pen."

"Waal, what war it ez happened at the Pen?" demanded Pete Blenkins. His red face, suffused with the glow of the smouldering forge-fire, was a little wistful, as if he grudged his quondam striker these unique sensations.

"They put him right inter the forge at the Pen, an' he tuk ter the work like a pig ter carrots." The ex-convict paused for a moment, and cast his eye disparagingly about the primitive smithy. "They do a power o' work thar, Pete, ez you-uns never drempt of."

"Shucks!" rejoined Pete incredulously, yet a trifle ill at ease.

"'Vander war a good blacksmith fur the mountings, but they sot him ter l'arnin' thar. They 'lowed, though, ez he war pearter 'n the peartest. He got ter be powerful pop'lar with all the gyards an' authorities, an' sech. He war plumb welded ter his work, — he sets more store by metal than by grace. He 'lowed ter me ez he would n't hev missed bein' thar fur nothin'! 'Vander air a powerful cur'ous critter: he 'lowed ter me ez one year in the forge at the Pen war wuth a hunderd years in the mountings ter him."

Poor Cynthia! Her eyes, large, luminous, and sweet, with the holy rapture of a listening saint, were fixed upon the speaker's evil, uncouth face. Evander had not then been so unhappy!

"But when they hired out the convict labor ter some iron works' folks, 'Vander war glad ter go, 'kase he 'd git ter l'arn more yit 'bout workin' in iron an' sech. An' he war powerful outed when he hed ter kem back, arter ten months, from them works. He hed tuk his stand in metal thar, too. An' he hed fixed some sort 'n contrivance ter head rivets quicker 'n cheaper 'n it air ginerally done;

an' he war afeard ter try ter git it 'patented,' ez he calls it, 'kase he b'lieved the Pen could claim it ez convict labor, though some said not. Leastwise, he determinated ter hold on ter his idee till his term war out. But he war powerful interrupted in his mind, fur fear somebody else would think up the idee, too, an' patent it fust. He war powerful irked by the Pen arter he kem back from the iron works. He 'lowed ter me ez he war fairly crazed ter git back ter 'em. He 'lowed ez he hed ruther see that thar big shed an' the red-hot puddler's balls a-trundlin' about, an' all the wheels a-whurlin', an' the big shears a-bitin' the metal ez nip, an' the tremenjious hammer a-poundin' away, an' all the dark night around split with lines o' fire, than to see the hills o' heaven! It 'pears to me mo' like hell! But jes' when 'Vander war honing arter them works ez ef it would kill him ter bide away from thar, his pardon kem. He fairly lept an' shouted fur joy!"

"His pardon!" cried Cynthia.

"Air 'Vander pardoned fur true?" exclaimed a chorus of mountaineers.

The ex-convict stared about him in surprise. "Ain't you-uns knowed that afore? 'Vander hev been out 'n the Pen a year."

A year! A vague, chilly premonition thrilled through Cynthia. "Whar be he now?" she asked.

"Yander ter them iron works. He lit out straight. I seen him las' week, when I war travelin' from my cousin Jerry's house, whar I went ez soon ez I got out 'n the Pen. The steam-kyars stopped at a station ez be nigh them iron works, an' I met up with 'Vander on the platform. That 's how I fund out all I hev been a-tellin' ye, 'kase we did n't hev no time ter talk whilst we war in the Pen; they don't allow no chin-choppin' thar. When 'Vander war released the folks at the iron works tuk him ter work on weges, an' gin him eighty dollars a month."

There was an outburst of incredulity.

"Waal, sir!"

"Tim'thy, ye kerry that mouth o' yourn too wide open, an' it leaks out all sorts o' lies!"

"We-uns know ye of old, Tim'thy!"

"Pine Mounting hain't furgot ye yit!"

"I would n't gin eighty dollars fur 'Vander Price, hide, horns, an' taller!" declared Pete Blenkins, folding his big arms over his leathern apron, and looking about with the air of a man who has placed his valuation at extremely liberal limits.

"I knowed ye would n't b'lieve that, but it air gospel-true," protested the ex-convict. "Thar is more money a-goin' in the valley 'n thar is in the mountings, an' folks pays more fur work. Besides that, 'Vander hev got a patent, ez he calls it, fur his rivet contrivance, an' he 'lows ez it hev paid him some a'ready. It 'll sorter stiffen up the backbone o' that word ef I tell ye ez he 'lowed ez he hed jes' sent two hunderd dollars ter Squair Bates ter lift the mortgage off 'n old man Price's house an' land, an' two hunderd dollars more ter be gin ter his dad ez a presint. An' Squair Bates acted 'cordin' ter 'Vander's word, an' lifted the mortgage, an' handed old man Price the balance. An' what do ye s'pose old man Price done with the money? He went right out an' buried it in the woods, fur fear he 'd be pulled out 'n his bed fur it, some dark night, by lawless ones. He 'll never find it agin, I reckon. The idjit hed more sense. I seen 'Lijah diggin' fur it, ez I rid by thar ter-day."

"Did 'Vander 'low when he air comin' back ter Pine Mounting?" asked Pete Blenkins. "He hev been gone two year an' a half now."

"I axed him that word. An' he said he mought kem back ter see his folks nex' year, mebbe, or the year arter that. But I misdoubts. He air so powerful

tuk up with metal an' iron, an' sech, an' so keen 'bout his 'ventions, ez he calls 'em, ez he seemed mighty glad ter git shet o' the mountings. 'Vander 'lows ez you-uns dunno nothin' 'bout iron up hyar, Pete."

It was too plain. Cynthia could not deceive herself. He had forgotten her. His genius, once fairly evoked, possessed him, and faithfully his ambitions served it. His love, in comparison, was but a little thing, and he had left it in the mountains, — the mountains that he did not regret, that had barred him so long from all he valued, that had freed him him at last only through the prison doors. His love had been an unavowed love, and there was no duty broken. For the first time she wondered if he ever knew that she cared for him, — if he never remembered. And then she was suddenly moved to ask, "Did he 'low ter you-uns who got his pardon fur him?"

"I axed that word when las' I seen him, an' the critter said he actially hed never tuk time ter think 'bout 'n that. He 'lowed he war so tickled ter git away from the pen'tiary right straight ter the iron works an' the consarn he hed made ter head rivets so peart, ez he never wondered bout 'n it. He made sure, though, now he hed kem ter study bout 'n it, ez his dad hed done it, or it mought hev been gin him fur good conduc' an' sech."

"'T war Cynthy Ware hyar ez done some of it," explained Pete Blenkins, "though Jubal Tynes stirred himself right smart."

As Cynthia walked slowly back to her home in the gorge, she did not feel that she had lavished a noble exaltation and a fine courage in vain; that the subtlest essence of a most ethereal elation was expended as the motive power of a result that was at last flat, and sordid, and most material. She did not murmur at the cruelty of fate that she should be grieving for his woes while he was so happy, so blithely busy. She did not regret her self-immolation. She did not grudge all that love had given him; she rejoiced that it was so sufficient, so nobly ample. She grudged only the wasted feeling, and she was humbled when she thought of it.

The sun had gone down, but the light yet lingered. The evening star trembled above Pine Mountain. Massive and darkling it stood against the red west. How far, ah, how far, stretched that mellow crimson glow, all adown Lost Creek Valley, and over the vast mountain solitudes on either hand! Even the eastern ranges were rich with this legacy of the dead and gone day, and purple and splendid they lay beneath the rising moon. She looked at it with full and shining eyes.

"I dunno how he kin make out ter furgit the mountings," she said; and then she went on, hearing the crisp leaves rustling beneath her tread, and the sharp bark of a fox in the silence of the night-shadowed valley.

Mrs. Ware had predicted bitter things of Cynthia's future, more perhaps in anger than with discreet foresight. Now, when her prophecy was in some sort verified, she shrank from it, as if with the word she had conjured up the fact. And her pride was touched in that her daughter should have been given the "go-by," as she phrased it. All the mountain — nay, all the valley — would know of it. "Law, Cynthy," she exclaimed, aghast, when the girl had rehearsed the news, "what be ye a-goin' ter do?"

"I 'm a-goin' ter weavin'," said Cynthia. She already had the shuttle in her hand. It was a useful expression for a broken heart, as she was expert at the loom.

She became so very skillful, with practice, that it was generally understood to be mere pastime when she would go to help a neighbor through the weaving of the cloth for the children's clothes.

She went about much on this mission; for although there were children at home, the work was less than her industry, and she seemed "ter hev a craze fur stirrin' about, an' war a toler'ble oneasy critter." She was said to have "broken some sence 'Vander gin her the go-by, like he done," and was spoken of at the age of twenty-one as a "settled single woman;" for early marriages are the rule in the mountains. When first her father and then her mother died, she cared for all the household, and the world went on much the same. The monotony of her tragedy made it unobtrusive. Perhaps no one on Pine Mountain remembered aright how it had all come about, when after an absence of ten years Evander Price suddenly reappeared among them.

Old man Price had, in the course of nature, ceased to sit upon the fence, — he could hardly be said to have lived. The fence itself was decrepit; the house was falling to decay. The money which Evander had sent from time to time, that it might be kept comfortable, had been safely buried in various localities and in separate installments, as the remittances had come. To this day the youth of Pine Mountain, when afflicted with spasms of industry and, as unaccustomed, the lust for gold, dig for it in likely spots as unavailingly as the idiot once sought it. Evander took the family with him to his valley home, and left the little hut for the owl and the gopher to hide within, for the red-berried vines to twine about the rotting logs, for the porch to fall in the wind, for silence to enter therein and make it a dwelling-place.

"How will yer wife like ter put up with the idjit?" asked Pete Blenkins of his old striker.

"She 'll be *obleeged* ter like it!" retorted Evander, with an angry flash in his eyes, presaging contest.

It revealed the one dark point in his prospects. The mountaineers were not so slow-witted as to overlook it, but Evander had come to be the sort of man whom one hardly likes to question. He had a traveling companion, however, who hailed from the same neighborhood, and who talked learnedly of coal measures, and prodded and digged and bought leagues of land for a song, — much of it dearly bought. He let fall a hint that in marrying, Evander had contrived to handicap himself. "He would do wonders but for that woman!"

The mountain auditors could hardly grasp the finer points of the incompatibility; they could but dimly appreciate that the kindling scintilla of a discovery in mechanics, more delicately poised on practicability than a sunbeam on a cobweb, could have a tragic extinction in a woman's inopportune peevishness or selfish exactions.

In Evander's admiration of knowledge and all its infinite radiations, he had been attracted by a woman far superior to himself in education and social position, although not in this world's goods. She was the telegraph operator at the station near the iron works. She had felt that there was a touch of romance and self-abnegation in her fancy for him, and this titillated her more tutored imagination. His genius was held in high repute at the iron works, and she had believed him a rough diamond. She did not realize how she could have appreciated polished facets and a brilliant lustre and a conventional setting until it was too late. Then she began to think this genius of hers uncouth, and she presently doubted if her jewel were genuine. For although of refined instincts, he had been rudely reared, while she was in some sort inured to table manners and toilet etiquette and English grammar. She could not be content with his intrinsic worth, but longed for him to prove his value to the world, that it might not think she had thrown herself away. In moments of disappointment and depression his prison

record bore heavily upon her, and there was a breach when, in petulance, she had once asked, If he were indeed innocent in receiving the stolen goods, why had he not proven it? She urged him to much striving to be rich; and she would fain travel the old beaten road to wealth in the iron business, and scorned experiments and new ideas and inventions, that took money out without the certainty of putting it in. And she had been taught, and was an adept in specious argument. He could not answer her; he could only keep doggedly on his own way; but obstinacy is a poor substitute for ardor. Though he had done much, he had done less than he had expected, — far, far less in financial results than she had expected. His ambitions were still hot within him, but they were worldly ambitions now. They scorched his more delicate sensibilities, and seared his freshest perceptions, and set his heart afire with sordid hopes. He was often harassed by a lurking doubt of his powers; he vaguely sought to measure them; and he began to fear that this in itself was a sign of the approach to their limits. He could still lift his eyes to great heights, but alas for the wings, — alas!

He had changed greatly. He had become nervous, anxious, concentrated, yet not less affectionate. He said much about his wife to his old friends, and never a word but loyal praise. "Em'ly air school-l'arned fur true, an' kin talk ekal ter the rider."

The idiot 'Lijah was welcome at his side, and the ancient yellow cur, that used to trot nimbly after him in the old days, was rejoiced to limp feebly at his heels. He came over, one morning, and sat on the rickety little porch with Cynthia, and talked of her father and mother; but he had forgotten the mare, whose death she also mentioned, and the fact that old Suke's third calf was traded to M'ria Baker. His recollections were all vague, although at some reminiscence of hers he laughed jovially, and 'lowed that "in them days, Cynthy, ye an' me hed a right smart notion of keeping company tergether." He did not notice how pale she was, and that there was often a slight spasmodic contraction of her features. She was busy with her spinning-wheel, as she placidly replied, "Yes, — though I always 'lowed ez I counted on livin' single."

It was only a fragmentary attention that he accorded her. He was full of his plans and anxious about rains, lest a rise in Caney Fork should detain him in the mountains; and he often turned and surveyed the vast landscape with a hard, callous glance of worldly utility. He saw only weather signs. The language of the mountains had become a dead language. Oh, how should he read the poem that the opalescent mist traced in an illuminated text along the dark, gigantic growths of Pine Mountain!

At length he was gone, and forever, and Cynthia's heart adjusted itself anew. Sometimes, to be sure, it seems to her that the years of her life are like the floating leaves drifting down Lost Creek, valueless and purposeless, and vaguely vanishing in the mountains. And then she remembers that the sequestered subterranean current is charged with its own inscrutable, imperative mission, and she ceases to question and regret, and bravely does the work nearest her hand, and has glimpses of its influence in the widening lives of others, and finds in these a placid content.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

Foreign economists have been at some pains to prove that presidential government in the United States is a failure, and this they attribute to the unwisdom of a "collective mediocrity." They felicitate us on our free institutions, but decry our method of selecting the chief magistrate of the nation.

M. de Tocqueville, who visited this country during the administration of Andrew Jackson, noted the paucity of great men here at that period, and philosophized concerning it: —

"On my arrival in the United States I was surprised to find so much distinguished talent among the subjects, and so little among the heads of the government. It is a well-authenticated fact that at the present day the most able men in the United States are very rarely placed at the head of affairs; and it must be acknowledged that such has been the result in proportion as democracy has outstepped all its former limits. The race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years. . . . This is as much a consequence of the circumstances as of the laws of the country. When America was struggling, in the high cause of independence, to throw off the yoke of another country, and when it was about to usher a new nation into the world, the spirits of its inhabitants were roused to the height which their great efforts required. In this general excitement the most distinguished men were ready to forestall the wants of the community, and the people clung to them for support, and placed them at its head. But events of this magnitude are rare, *and it is from an inspection of the ordinary course of affairs that our judgment must be formed.*"

If M. de Tocqueville could have foreseen the late civil war, he would have observed the same phenomenon. In that abnormal condition of affairs, the leadership of our armies and of our congressional bodies devolved upon the men most capable of grappling with the emergency. The bone, sinew, and brain of both sections were brought into play in that crucial contest, and all the latent power of the nation was developed. Most of the leaders of the struggle have passed away, and now the complaint is general that the void which they left has not been filled. The question arises, Are we dependent upon a crisis for the evolution of great men? Apparently so, although there is no valid reason for it. In England, the Pitts, George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone form an almost continuous line of statesmen, than whom that country has never produced greater. There is good ground for belief that every country possesses at least one great man. In the United States his natural place is the presidential chair, the seat of power. As a matter of fact, the White House seems to stand upon a hill, gleaming like a Jack-o'-lantern, to lure public men to heights that are simply inaccessible. This anomaly in a popular government attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill, who found something intrinsically wrong in our method of choice. He says, —

"In the United States, at the election of President, the strongest party never dares put forward any of its strongest men, because every one of these, from the mere fact that he has been long in the public eye, has made himself objectionable to some portion or other of the party, and is therefore not so sure a card for rallying all their votes as a person who has never been heard of by the public at all until he is produced as the

candidate. Thus, the man who is chosen, even by the strongest party, represents, perhaps, the real wishes only of the narrow margin by which that party outnumbers the other. Any section whose support is necessary to success possesses a veto on the candidate. Any section which holds out more obstinately than the rest can compel all the others to adopt its nominee; and this superior pertinacity is, unhappily, more likely to be found among those who are holding out for their own interest than for that of the public. The choice of the majority is therefore very likely to be determined by that portion of the body who are the most timid, the most narrow-minded and prejudiced, or who cling most tenaciously to the exclusive class interest; in which case the electoral rights of the minority, while useless for the purposes for which votes are given, serve only for compelling the majority to accept the candidate of the weakest or worst portion of themselves."

Mr. Mill here specifically attacks the convention, but he and M. de Tocqueville both concur in regarding the evil of unwise choice as in separable from the selection of a chief magistrate by popular suffrage. They are right in their facts, but in their conclusion lies a fundamental error.

If democracy is responsible for the colorless character of its Presidents, it is a sin of omission, and not of commission. In truth, the people of this country have very little to do with the choice of the supreme magistrate, their option being restricted to two men, the creatures of two practically irresponsible conventions. If, in the selection of presidential candidates, democracy exhibits that indifference, singular and inexplicable to foreigners, which is the opportunity of intellectually small and ambitiously great men, and if its enthusiasm in the campaign preceding the election is mostly an artificial party product, it has the good and sufficient reason that it cannot be expected to take an interest in that which has passed beyond its control. Party organization is so strong and effectual that a revolt from the regular nominee is an act of impotency that serves only to strengthen the opposing party. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the prospect of the voter is not happy. The mischief is in the autocracy of the convention, and its correction necessitates a transfer of power from that body to the people. Mankind is governed by names, and the term "popular convention" still screens many abuses. Although the philosophical cause of the evil may have escaped the foreign critic, he has keenly apprehended the indisputable fact. Now what is so patent to outsiders must be well understood here. Nay, it is not only understood, but it has engendered a widespread dissatisfaction with the existing method, which invariably rejects men of national reputation, and compromises by evolving candidates out of obscurity. "Statesman X" has figured largely in the presidential annals of this country. Since the death of the last survivor of the founders of the republic, the list of Presidents, with few exceptions, presents a mournful and mediocre array, and has suggested the cant phrases "his obscurity" and "his accidency," which are of long standing, and contain much significance.

Dr. von Holst, an able if pessimistic historian of the American constitution, says, "In the person of Adams [John Quincy] the last statesman who was to occupy it for a long time left the White House;" and that "so many of the Presidents" who succeeded him "have worn as their only coat-of-arms the manufacturer's mark of the party 'machine' that the rest of the world is sometimes tempted to estimate the dignity of the office too nearly in accordance with the worthiness of the person who holds it for the time being." Whether or not this severe reflection is

deserved, a glance at the history of the convention and the character of its progeny will reveal.

The national convention is a modern outgrowth of a caucus of Congressmen which nominated presidential candidates from 1800 to 1824. The first of these was denounced by a Philadelphia editor, with grim felicity, as a "jacobinical conclave," and he was called to the bar of the Senate to answer for his "false, defamatory, scandalous, and malicious assertions." However, these bodies met popular expectation by choosing men whom the party sentiment had designated, until, in 1824, their attempt to dictate a nominee in the person of William H. Crawford was attended by their own inglorious demise. Andrew Jackson assisted at the obsequies, and was instrumental in raising the present convention on the ruins of the old system.

The methods by which the latter's candidacy for the presidency was advocated have been handed down as a sacred heritage to "machine" politicians, and may be best described in the words of Professor Sumner. Andrew Jackson had a powerful coadjutor in William B. Lewis. "Lewis was the great father of the wire-pullers. He first practiced in a masterly and scientific way the art of starting movements, apparently spontaneous, at a distance, and in a quarter from which they win prestige or popularity. . . . On this system political activity is rendered theatrical. The personal initiative is concealed. There is an adjustment of *rôles*, a *mise en scène*, and a constant consideration of effect. Each person acts on the other in prearranged ways. Cues are given and taken, and the effect depends on the fidelity of each to his part. The perfection of the representation is reached when the audience or spectators are disregarded until the finale, when the chief actor, having reached the *dénoûment* towards which he and his comrades have so long been laboring, comes to the footlights and bows to 'the will of the people.'"

Jackson's successor was the last Vice-President who attained to the presidency by popular suffrage; and this he accomplished through a cut-and-dried arrangement. "Van Buren was nominated by two hundred and sixty votes out of three hundred and twenty-six. The 'spontaneous unanimity' of the convention was produced by the will of Andrew Jackson and the energetic discipline of the kitchen cabinet. It may well be doubted whether, without Jackson's support, Van Buren could have got two hundred and sixty votes for President or Vice-President in the whole United States, in 1832." It is worthy of remark that a newspaper, the Globe, "dragooned the whole Jackson party into the support of Van Buren," as the last instance on record in which a newspaper had anything to do with securing the nomination of a presidential candidate.

Mr. Harrison, who succeeded Mr. Van Buren as President, was nominated in 1839 by the Whig convention, which reluctantly abandoned Mr. Clay, the undoubted choice of the party.

On the death of Mr. Harrison, Vice-President Tyler became President, because nobody expected it, and, at the expiration of his term, found political oblivion, his party failing to indorse his administration by a renomination.

The mountain labored, and Mr. Polk became President, as the compromise nominee of a convention that did not give him a single vote on the first ballot.

On the death of General Taylor, who had been awarded the presidency for his splendid victories in Mexico, Mr. Fillmore succeeded. At the expiration of his time, he was offered as a candidate before the Whig convention, but could not obtain twenty votes from the free States.

Mr. Pierce was the accident of the Democratic convention of 1852. During the first thirty-five ballots his name

was not even mentioned, but he gained the nomination on the forty-ninth.

Mr. Buchanan was nominated by his party's convention, after a very stubborn contest with Douglas.

That Mr. Lincoln proved equal to his responsibilities, Mr. Bagehot, an eminent English economist, does not ascribe to the merits of democratic choice as effected by a convention. He says: —

"The first election of Mr. Lincoln was a characteristic instance of the workings of such a government [presidential government] upon a great occasion. And what was that working? It may be summed up: it was government by an *unknown* quantity. Hardly any one in America had any living idea what Mr. Lincoln was like, or any definite notion what he would do. The leading statesmen, under the system of cabinet government, are not only household words, but household *ideas*. . . . We have simply no notion what it would be to be left with the visible sovereignty in the hands of an unknown man. The notion of employing a man of unknown smallness at a crisis of unknown greatness is to our minds simply ludicrous. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, happened to be a man, if not of eminent ability, yet of eminent justness. There was an inner depth of Puritan nature, which came out under suffering and was very attractive. But success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries. What were the chances against a person of Lincoln's antecedents, elected as he was, proving to be what he was? Such an incident is, however, natural to a presidential government. *The President is elected by processes which forbid the election of known men*, except at peculiar conjunctures, and in moments when public opinion is excited and despotic; and consequently, when a crisis comes upon us, inevitably we have government by an unknown quantity."

Mr. Bagehot leaves us the alternative of a government by a nonentity, comparatively speaking, or by a cabinet with a premier as its official head, the creation of Congress. It is needless to say that the latter solution of the problem would be as obnoxious to the people of this country as it would be impracticable. The remedy can undoubtedly be found in a measure less radical.

The renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the nomination and renomination of General Grant were due to those exceptional causes which M. de Tocqueville has described, when, in an event of such magnitude and peril as the late civil war, those who had found their way to the front, or by accident were there, became popular idols, defeated the machinations of politicians, or attracted them by their overpowering strength, and received their just reward.

In 1876, Mr. Hayes was the compromise nominee of the Republican convention, although he was the least known of all the candidates.

The nomination of General Garfield in Chicago was another compromise, but a popular one; which again goes to show that a prize is occasionally drawn in lotteries, but affords no argument for their existence. That the convention could do so rational a thing, in so delirious a moment, as to select a man of long legislative experience, of recognized ability and capacity for the office which he was subsequently chosen to fill, was a matter of great surprise and equally great congratulation to the Republican party, and can only be explained by General Garfield's personal presence on the floor of the convention. Had it been known that he desired the presidency, a combination would have been effected immediately, which would no doubt have defeated him, regardless of his merits.

As usual, no account was taken by the Chicago convention of the contingency arising from the possible death of the President, and a Vice-President almost entirely unknown was hastily

nominated. Upon the assassination of President Garfield, Mr. Arthur succeeded to the chief magistracy for the remaining three and a half years, — as unlooked-for an event as an unpredicted eclipse of the sun. The public mind, perturbed by President Garfield's untimely and deplorable end, viewed Mr. Arthur's accession with uneasiness and distrust, and permitted itself to harbor the most unworthy suspicions. The administration of President Johnson was still fresh in common memory. In such a crisis, to win the respect, confidence, and esteem of the American people required a man of refined sensibilities and consummate tact. Mr. Arthur was such a man, and has proved to be a capable executive; but this the convention could not possibly have foreseen, even had it looked at the contingency, because Mr. Arthur, previous to his nomination, had had no public career.

Who will be the next President? The people will arbitrate between the nominees of the Democratic and Republican parties, but who those nominees will be defies all reasonable prophecy. Will the forces of the candidates be marshaled by an iron hand, will a deadlock ensue, and will the nomination be conferred upon some man of mushroom growth, who has never rendered any service to the state that would entitle him to such an honor, and who is distinguished for nothing but his negative character and absence of opinion? The people are passive spectators of the intrigues and cabals of the convention; the newspapers, the vehicles of their opinions, serve only to record its proceedings, not to influence the result; and both are as far removed from the scene as though they were in another planet. We are told that "the eminent men of a party, in an election extending to the whole country, are never its most available candidates. All eminent men have made personal enemies, or have done something, or at the lowest professed some opinion, obnoxious to some local or other considerable division of the community, and likely to tell with fatal effect upon the number of votes; whereas a man without antecedents, of whom nothing is known but that he professes the creed of the party, is readily voted for by its entire strength."[1] If this is so beyond remedy, then presidential government is a failure; but the convention, and not the people, is responsible for the ignominy of it.

Stable government rests upon the confidence of the masses, and it follows that in America the masses must choose that government. The theory is that this Republic is "of the people, for the people, and by the people," and the practice should be made to conform to it. The prerogative, however, of naming the President has been usurped by nearly every convention, and the nominees rarely, if ever, represent the will of the parties. If the people can choose only between two men at an election, they have the right to say who those two men shall be. We have had a few able Presidents in the past, but it was in spite of, and not because of, the convention. The absolutism of this body, concerning whose action really nothing can be predicated, has become so intolerable that a future lease of life must depend upon a considerable modification of its powers. What Mr. Dickerson said in the Senate, sixty years ago, regarding the presidential election applies with equal force to the present mode of nomination: "The President should be elected by a majority, and not by a minority, of the people, and no one should hold that office who has not with him the physical strength of the country. If he have it, all is safe, for the power that has created can protect and defend; if he have it not, his holding the office is an outrage upon the principles of our government, and is unsafe both for himself and the country.

[1] J. S. Mill, Representative Government, chap. xiv.

A strong majority will not patiently submit to a weak minority, who, taking advantage of the faults in our constitution, have succeeded in placing their man in the presidential chair." Mr. Benton once declared that "the only effectual mode of preserving our government from the corruptions which have undermined the liberty of so many nations is to confide the election of our chief magistrate to those who are farthest removed from the influence of his patronage; that is, to the whole body of American citizens," and he might have added, from the bribes of office and the allurements of designing candidates.

No particular reference has been made in this paper to that mode of nomination whereby a majority of a few votes — as in the state convention of New York in 1880 — pledged the entire delegation to one man. The abrogation of the "unit rule," in the national Republican convention, and the subsequent change in representation made by the national Republican committee, tend to defeat this injustice. But the reform does not go far enough. It is believed that the adoption of the following plan would be attended with benefit, as remedying many of the evils which have been enumerated: —

I. The candidates for President and Vice-President shall be balloted for by the congressional district conventions. The representation in these conventions shall be strictly proportional, and based on the party vote in the preceding presidential election. One delegate shall be sent to each convention for every fifty such votes, or fraction thereof, cast in the district.

II. All the congressional district conventions shall meet on the same day, and, first, shall cast one ballot for President, and, second, one ballot for Vice-President. The vote of each delegate shall count one, and the votes of all the delegates shall be recorded in favor of their respective candidates.

III. A national convention shall be held not later than two weeks after the meeting of the congressional district conventions. To this convention each congressional district convention shall send one delegate for every one hundred delegates, or fraction thereof, of which it is composed; and each of the Territories, Indian Territory excepted, and the District of Columbia shall send two delegates.

IV. In this national body the party platform shall be adopted, and all the votes given for all the candidates in the congressional district conventions shall be counted. If any one candidate shall have received a majority of all votes cast, he shall be declared the nominee of the party; but if no one candidate shall have received a majority of such votes, the national convention shall proceed to choose a candidate from the five names which have received the five highest number of votes. In case of a tie, a sixth candidate shall not be excluded. The method of procedure shall be the same for Vice-President.

With the Republican presidential vote of 1880 as a basis of representation, the apportionment of delegates among the various States will be as shown in the table on the following page.

I. Removing the choice of President and Vice-President from one national convention, containing eight hundred and twenty delegates, to two hundred and ninety-three district conventions, containing about ninety thousand delegates, dethrones an oligarchy, and vests the power of nomination in a body of men sufficiently large to guarantee the choice of a popular candidate, and to render abortive all attempts at corruption or "machine" manipulation. The adoption of the Crawford County (Pennsylvania) system, which provides for the selection of candidates by the direct vote of the people, presents an insurmountable difficulty; since, as Horace Greeley has said, these preliminary

States.	Representation 1884, old basis.	Representation on vote of 1880, new basis.	Gain.	Loss.
Alabama	20	12	–	8
Arkansas	14	9	–	5
Florida	8	5	–	3
Georgia	24	11	–	13
Kentucky	26	22	–	4
Louisiana	16	8	–	8
Maryland	16	16	–	–
Mississippi	18	7	–	11
Missouri	32	31	–	1
North Carolina	22	24	2	–
South Carolina	18	12	–	6
Tennessee	24	22	–	2
Texas	26	12	–	14
Virginia	24	17	–	7
West Virginia	12	10	–	2
Southern States	300	218	–	84

States.	Representation 1884, old basis.	Representation on vote of 1880, new basis.	Gain.	Loss.
California	16	17	1	–
Colorado	6	6	–	–
Connecticut	12	14	2	–
Delaware	6	3	–	3
Illinois	44	64	20	–
Indiana	30	47	17	–
Iowa	26	37	11	–
Kansas	18	25	7	–
Maine	12	15	3	–
Massachusetts	28	34	6	–
Michigan	26	38	12	–
Minnesota	14	19	5	–
Nevada	6	2	–	4
New Hampshire	8	9	1	–
New Jersey	18	25	7	–
New York	72	112	40	–
Ohio	46	76	30	–
Oregon	6	5	–	1
Pennsylvania	60	89	29	–
Rhode Island	8	4	–	4
Vermont	8	10	2	–
Wisconsin	22	29	7	–
Nebraska	10	11	1	–
Northern States	502	691	201	12

Territories.....18, 18, 0.
Number of delegates on present basis....820
Number of delegates on proposed basis...927

This calculation is not strictly accurate, as the vote of the State has been taken as a basis, and not that of the districts. The actual representation would be slightly increased, owing to the fractional divisions among the districts.

elections, being unwarranted by law, are corrupted by systematic frauds. It need not, therefore, be considered here. The district convention, however, is open to no such objection. Delegates are chosen by the primaries, who assemble *en masse*. The proceedings of the convention are formal and public, and the officers are elected by a majority of its constituents. Consequently, the possibilities of fraud are greatly diminished.

The representation in each convention will, as has been said, be one delegate for every fifty votes cast for the party in the district in the preceding presidential election. The size of the conventions will, in consequence, vary in the different districts, and inequality be thus prevented.

The plan proposed in this paper involves neither extra expense nor extra trouble, since the scheme of representation recently adopted by the national Republican committee compels the meeting of a convention in every congressional district in the United States within ninety days previous to the meeting of the national convention, to send delegates thereto.

II. These conventions shall meet on the same day, in order that one may not be influenced by the action of another.

If more than one ballot each for President and Vice-President were permitted, the prime object of the contemplated reform, namely, the expression of the free will of each delegate in every district convention, would be defeated; because continuous balloting would secure a majority, force a compromise nominee, and stifle the voice of the minority. To illustrate: If a district convention in the State of New York, consisting of three hundred delegates, should cast one hundred and twenty-five votes for A, one hundred votes for B, and seventy-five votes for C, under the system proposed by the national committee, the balloting would continue until one of the three candidates, say C, received a

majority. This would be sufficient to pledge the delegates, who should represent this district convention in the national convention, to C, and thus the votes cast for A and B would go for naught. But, under the proposed system, the votes which each had would be added to those they might receive in other districts of their own State and of other States; and this combination might suffice to secure A or B the nomination. Of course the old formula of silencing the minority by making the nomination unanimous would not be permissible; and is not at all requisite, if the dissenting delegates have definite notions of their own regarding the merits of candidates, the presumption being that they have.

Since the result of the balloting in no one single district convention is decisive, it is a matter of indifference whether a candidate receives its majority or unanimous vote. The delegates to the national convention go unpledged, being permitted the latitude of the five highest names.

III. It will be observed that all state distinctions are swept away, including the four delegates at large; it being deemed unnecessary that the party voters, who have a just representation in the district, should be represented twice.

It will also be noted that the apportionment of delegates, for example, of the Republican party to the national convention is not based on the majority which the Republicans may obtain in any particular State, but, as a matter of equal justice, rests upon the number of Republican votes cast, and not upon the number of Democratic votes.

In the event of a nomination of President and Vice-President by the district conventions, the holding of a national convention, to which in any event delegates should be sent, will be merely a formality, such as is the meeting of presidential electors in a State after an election.

IV. Theoretically, the result of the balloting in the district conventions would not be known until the votes were formally counted in the national convention, two weeks later. Practically, the wires would acquaint every district with the issue of the contest within a few hours.

Should there be a choice, the national convention, after adopting the party platform, would without further preliminary ratify the nomination. Should there be no choice, the delegates would proceed to select a candidate from the five names which had received the highest popular sanction; a number small enough to insure the selection of a man of national reputation, and large enough to afford that latitude which the consideration of availability requires.

It may be objected that the limited number of candidates would cause a deadlock, lasting for days, out of which a compromise nomination now affords an egress. It is a sufficient answer that party harmony would forbid an inflexibly stubborn contest; and, further, that a public spectacle so demoralizing would in all probability defeat the ultimate nominee at the election.

This plan is not offered as a panacea for all the evils in American politics, nor is it so radical as to involve the abolition of a single existing institution, except the four delegates sent by the state conventions. Long-established customs are not to be destroyed at one fell swoop, especially when a certain degree of efficiency is the partial atonement for their abuses. The design is simply to cripple the power of the "machine" by limiting the discretion of the convention, and by conferring upon the great body of district conventions, which are now the mere handmaids of the national assembly, the right of first choice; and in the failure of that, the selection of five men, from whom the nominee must be taken. While it is not possible to do

away with "wire-pulling," it can be so weakened by subdivision as to nullify the efforts of those political despots who are laconically called "bosses." To "pack" and control a state convention, say of New York, is one thing, and is conceivable; to "pack" and control thirty-three district conventions in that State is quite another thing, and is utterly inconceivable, even were the State held in fee-simple.

It may be urged that if, as under the proposed system, the power of choice were given to ninety thousand delegates, the number of candidates presented by them would be prodigious. This is exceedingly improbable, because every delegate would know that, should he vote for some local dignitary whose name would have no likelihood of being among the highest five, his ballot would be thrown away. This salutary limit of five would also check the growing tendency, which is constantly displayed outside the convention, of putting in nomination a host of the illustrious obscure; and would correct that misapprehension existing in the minds of many which confuses the dignity and power of the presidency of fifty millions of people with that of a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship.

It is reasonable to believe that, when the district conventions should have come to know the limits as well as the extent of their power, an earnest endeavor would be made to dispense with the arbitration of the national convention by securing that harmonious action which sacrifices personal feeling to the well-being of the state.

Lastly, if the election of the candidate for Vice-President depended on the suffrages of the many thousands in the district conventions, those would covet the honor by whom only it could be obtained, namely, men of national repute, and the office would become politically, what it is constitutionally, a stepping-stone to the presidency.

Oliver T. Morton.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

Golden pride and fragrant light
Are mine, and thereto was I born;
Thronèd pomp is mine of right,
Robes bestarred, or like the morn;
All words of pearl to me belong
Singers can string in shining song;
Jewels, as perfect song-notes rare,
Are mine own to waste or wear.

Not less hath this right hand power
Whereof such shows are but the flower, —
Power deep-rooted in the earth,
That shakes to royal wealth or mirth.

Yet, on many a deep blue night,
Clad and shod in coarsest wise,
All my splendors must I slight
For the smile of the common skies:

My feet, that inlaid courts forego,
Lanes of the dusty city know;
I jest among the bronzèd slaves,
And am well met with merry knaves,
And quaff poor drink, and feel it glow;
Steep me in simple weal and woe;
Yea, learn to swim in those dim waves
That, my palace flight before,
Fawning fall with plausive roar.

Hence rumors dear shall rise and rise
Of my descending and disguise;
Whereat the slave's freed heart shall sing:
A Sultan looked into his eyes:
How is he, then, so mean a thing?
By torchlight of such memories
The Sultan in himself he sees.
Thus, being loved, shall live my name,
Glowing in the general flame
Of the people's hearth and heart;
While men lie entombed apart
That were as glorious and as great,
Forgot, because they kept their state;
Crumbling with the crumbling Past
Into a dust unnamed at last,
Whence their gems procured shall be
By some wiser soul like me.

Helen Gray Cone.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XIX.

TEMISTOCLE closed the door, then opened it again, and looked out, after which he finally shut it, and seemed satisfied. He advanced with cautious tread to where Hedwig sat by the window.

"Well? What have you done?" she inquired, without looking at him. It is a hard thing for a proud and noble girl to be in the power of a servant. The man took Nino's letter from his pocket, and handed it to her upon his open palm. Hedwig tried hard to take it with indifference, but she acknowledges that her fingers trembled and her heart beat fast.

"I was to deliver a message to your excellency, from the old gentleman," said Temistocle, coming close to her and bending down.

"Ah!" said Hedwig, beginning to break the envelope.

"Yes, excellency. He desired me to say that it was absolutely and most indubitably necessary that your excellency should be at the little door to-night at twelve o'clock. Do not fear, Signora Contessina; we can manage it very well."

"I do not wish to know what you ad-

vise me to fear, or not to fear," answered Hedwig, haughtily; for she could not bear to feel that the man should counsel her or encourage her.

"Pardon, excellency; I thought" — began Temistocle humbly; but Hedwig interrupted him.

"Temistocle," she said, "I have no money to give you, as I told you yesterday. But here is another stone, like the other. Take it, and arrange this matter as best you can."

Temistocle took the jewel and bowed to the ground, eying curiously the little case from which she had taken it.

"I have thought and combined everything," he said. "Your excellency will see that it is best you should go alone to the staircase; for, as we say, a mouse makes less noise than a rat. When you have descended, lock the door at the top behind you; and when you reach the foot of the staircase, keep that door open. I will have brought the old gentleman, by that time, and you will let me in. I shall go out by the great gate."

"Why not go with me?" inquired Hedwig.

"Because, your excellency, one person is less likely to be seen than two. Your excellency will let me pass you. I will mount the staircase, unlock the upper door, and change the key to the other side. Then I will keep watch, and if any one comes I will lock the door and slip away till he is gone."

"I do not like the plan," said Hedwig. "I would rather let myself in from the staircase."

"But suppose any one were waiting on the inside, and saw you come back?"

"That is true. Give me the keys, Temistocle, and a taper and some matches."

"Your excellency is a paragon of courage," replied the servant, obsequiously. "Since yesterday I have carried the keys in my pocket. I will bring you the taper this evening."

"Bring it now. I wish to be ready."

Temistocle departed on the errand. When he returned, Hedwig ordered him to give a message to her father.

"When the count comes home, ask him to see me," she said. Temistocle bowed once more, and was gone.

Yes, she would see her father, and tell him plainly what she had suffered from Benoni. She felt that no father, however cruel, would allow his daughter to be so treated, and she would detail the conversation to him.

She had not been able to read Nino's letter, for she feared the servant, knowing the writing to be Italian and legible to him. Now she hastened to drink in its message of love. You cannot suppose that I know exactly what he said, but he certainly set forth at some length his proposal that she should leave her father, and escape with her lover from the bondage in which she was now held. He told her modestly of his success, in so far as it was necessary that she should understand his position. It must have been a very eloquent letter, for it nearly persuaded her to a step of which she had wildly dreamed, indeed, but which in her calmer moments she regarded as impossible.

The interminable afternoon was drawing to a close, and once more she sat by the open window, regardless of the increasing cold. Suddenly it all came over her, — the tremendous importance of the step she was about to take, if she should take Nino at his word, and really break from one life into another. The long-restrained tears, that had been bound from flowing through all Benoni's insults and her own anger, trickled silently down her cheek, no longer pale, but bright and flushed at the daring thought of freedom.

At first it seemed far off, as seen in a magician's glass. She looked, and saw herself as another person, acting a part only half known and half understood. But gradually her own individual soul

entered into the figure of her imagination; her eager heart beat fast; she breathed and moved and acted in the future. She was descending the dark steps alone, listening with supernatural sense of sound for her lover's tread without. It came; the door opened, and she was in his arms, — in those strong arms that could protect her from insult and tyranny and cruel wooing; out in the night, on the road, in Rome, married, free and made blessed forever. On a sudden the artificial imagery of her laboring brain fell away, and the thought crossed her mind that henceforth she must be an orphan. Her father would never speak to her again, or ever own for his a daughter that had done such a deed. Like icy water poured upon a fevered body, the idea chilled her and woke her to reality.

Did she love her father? She had loved him, — yes, until she crossed his will. She loved him still, when she could be so horror-struck at the thought of incurring his lasting anger. Could she bear it? Could she find in her lover all that she must renounce of a father's care and a father's affection, — stern affection, that savored of the despot, — but could she hurt him so?

The image of her father seemed to take another shape, and gradually to assume the form and features of the one man of the world whom she hated, converting itself little by little into Benoni. She hid her face in her hands, and terror staunched the tears that had flown afresh at the thought of orphanhood.

A knock at the door. She hastily concealed the crumpled letter.

"Come in!" she answered boldly; and her father, moving mechanically, with his stick in his hand, entered the room. He came as he had dismounted from his horse, in his riding boots, and his broad felt hat caught by the same fingers that held the stick.

"You wished to see me, Hedwig," he said coldly, depositing his hat upon the table. Then, when he had slowly sat himself down in an armchair, he added, "Here I am." Hedwig had risen respectfully, and stood before him in the twilight. "What do you wish to say?" he asked in German. "You do not often honor your father by requesting his society."

Hedwig stood one moment in silence. Her first impulse was to throw herself at his feet, and implore him to let her marry Nino. The thought swept away for the time the remembrance of Benoni and of what she had to tell. But a second sufficed to give her the mastery of her tongue and memory, which women seldom lose completely, even at the most desperate moments.

"I desired to tell you," she said, "that Baron Benoni took advantage of your absence to-day to insult me beyond my endurance." She looked boldly into her father's eyes as she spoke.

"Ah!" said he, with great coolness. "Will you be good enough to light one of those candles on the table, and to close the window?"

Hedwig obeyed in silence, and once more planted herself before him, her slim figure looking ghostly between the fading light of the departing day and the yellow flame of the candle.

"You need not assume this theatrical air," said Lira calmly. "I presume you mean that Baron Benoni asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, that is one thing, and is an insult in itself," replied Hedwig, without changing her position.

"I suspect that it is the principal thing," remarked the count. "Very good; he asked you to marry him. He has my full authority to do so. What then?"

"You are my father," answered Hedwig, standing like a statue before him, "and you have the right to offer me whom you please for a husband. But you have no authority to allow me to be wantonly insulted."

"I think that you are out of your mind," said the count, with imperturbable equanimity. "You grant that I may propose a suitor to you, and you call it a wanton insult when that suitor respectfully asks the honor of your hand, merely because he is not young enough to suit your romantic tastes, which have been fostered by this wretched southern air. It is unfortunate that my health requires me to reside in Italy. Had you enjoyed an orderly Prussian education, you would have held different views in regard to filial duty. Refuse Baron Benoni as often as you like. I will stay here, and so will he, I fancy, until you change your mind. I am not tired of this lordly mountain scenery, and my health improves daily. We can pass the summer and winter, and more summers and winters, very comfortably here. If there is anything you would like to have brought from Rome, inform me, and I will satisfy any reasonable request."

"The baron has already had the audacity to inform me that you would keep me a prisoner until I should marry him," said Hedwig; and her voice trembled as she remembered how Benoni had told her so.

"I doubt not that Benoni, who is a man of consummate tact, hinted delicately that he would not desist from pressing his suit. You, well knowing my determination, and carried away by your evil temper, have magnified into a threat what he never intended as such. Pray let me hear no more about these fancied insults." The old man smiled grimly at his keen perception.

"You shall hear me, nevertheless," said Hedwig in a low voice, coming close to the table, and resting one hand upon it as though for support.

"My daughter," said the count, "I desire you to abandon this highly theatrical and melodramatic tone. I am not to be imposed upon."

"Baron Benoni did not confine himself to the course you describe. He said many things to me that I did not understand, but I comprehended their import. He began by making absurd speeches, at which I laughed. Then he asked me to marry him, as I had long known he would do as soon as you gave him the opportunity. I refused his offer. Then he insisted, saying that you, sir, had determined on this marriage, and would keep me a close prisoner here until the torture of the situation broke down my strength. I assured him that I would never yield to force. Then he broke out angrily, telling me to my face that I had lost everything, — name, fame, and honor, — how, I cannot tell; but he said those words; and he added that I could regain my reputation only by consenting to marry him."

The old count had listened at first with a sarcastic smile, then with increased attention. Finally, as Hedwig repeated the shameful insult, his brave old blood boiled up in his breast, and he sat gripping the two arms of his chair fiercely, while his gray eyes shot fire from beneath the shaggy brows.

"Hedwig," he cried hoarsely, "are you speaking the truth? Did he say those words?"

"Yes, my father, and more like them. Are you surprised?" she asked bitterly. "You have said them yourself to me."

The old man's rage rose furiously, and he struggled to his feet. He was stiff with riding and rheumatism, but he was too angry to sit still.

"I? Yes, I have tried to show you what might have happened, and to warn you and frighten you, as you should be frightened. Yes, and I was right, for you shall not drag my name in the dirt. But another man, — Benoni!" He could not speak, for his wrath, and his tall figure moved rapidly about the room, his heart seeking expression in action. He looked like some forgotten creature of harm, suddenly galvanized

into destructive life. It was well that Benoni was not within reach.

Hedwig stood calmly by the table, proud in her soul that her father should be roused to such fury. The old man paused in his walk, came to her, and with his hand turned her face to the light, gazing savagely into her eyes.

"You never told me a lie," he growled out.

"Never," she said boldly, as she faced him scornfully. He knew his own temper in his child, and was satisfied. The soldier's habit of self-control was strong in him, and the sardonic humor of his nature served as a garment to the thoughts he harbored.

"It appears," he said, "that I am to spend the remainder of an honorable life in fighting with a pack of hounds. I nearly killed your old acquaintance, the Signor Professore Cardegna, this afternoon." Hedwig staggered back, and turned pale.

"What! Is he wounded?" she gasped out, pressing her hand to her side.

"Ha! That touches you almost as closely as Benoni's insult," he said savagely. "I am glad of it. I repent me, and wish that I had killed him. We met on the road, and he had the impertinence to ask me for your hand, — I am sick of these daily proposals of marriage; and then I inquired if he meant to insult me."

Hedwig leaned heavily on the table, in an agony of suspense.

"The fellow answered that if I were insulted he was ready to fight then and there, in the road, with my pistols. He is no coward, your lover, — I will say that. The end of it was that I came home, and he did not."

Hedwig sank into the chair that her father had left, and hid her face.

"Oh, you have killed him!" she moaned.

"No," said the count shortly; "I did not touch a hair of his head. But he rode away toward Trevi." Hedwig breathed again. "Are you satisfied?" he asked, with a hard smile, enjoying the terror he had excited.

"Oh, how cruel you are, my father!" she said, in a broken voice.

"I tell you that if I could cure you of your insane passion for this singer fellow, I would be as cruel as the Inquisition," retorted the count. "Now listen to me. You will not be troubled any longer with Benoni, — the beast! I will teach him a lesson of etiquette. You need not appear at dinner to-night. But you are not to suppose that our residence here is at an end. When you have made up your mind to act sensibly, and to forget the Signor Cardegna, you shall return to society, where you may select a husband of your own position and fortune, if you choose; or you may turn Romanist, and go into a convent, and devote yourself to good works and idolatry, or anything else. I do not pretend to care what becomes of you, so long as you show any decent respect for your name. But if you persist in pining and moaning and starving yourself, because I will not allow you to turn dancer and marry a strolling player, you will have to remain here. I am not such pleasant company when I am bored, I can tell you, and my enthusiasm for the beauties of nature is probably transitory."

"I can bear anything, if you will remove Benoni," said Hedwig quietly, as she rose from her seat. But the pressure of the iron keys that she had hidden in her bosom gave her a strange sensation.

"Never fear," said the count, taking his hat from the table. "You shall be amply avenged of Benoni and his foul tongue. I may not love my daughter, but no one shall insult her. I will have a word with him this evening."

"I thank you for that, at least," said Hedwig, as he moved to the door.

"Do not mention it," said he, and put his hand on the lock.

A sudden impulse seized Hedwig.

She ran swiftly to him, and clasped her hands upon his arm.

"Father!" she cried, pleadingly.

"What?"

"Father, do you love me?" He hesitated one moment.

"No," he said sternly; "you disobey me;" and he went out in rough haste. The door closed behind him, and she was left standing alone. What could she do, poor child? For months he had tormented her and persecuted her, and now she had asked him plainly if she still held a place in his heart, and he had coldly denied it.

A gentle, tender maiden, love-sick and mind-sick, yearning so piteously for a little mercy, or sympathy, or kindness, and treated like a mutinous soldier, because she loved so honestly and purely, — is it any wonder that her hand went to her bosom and clasped the cold, hard keys that promised her life and freedom? I think not. I have no patience with young women who allow themselves to be carried away by an innate bad taste and love for effect, quarreling with the peaceful destiny that a kind Providence has vouchsafed them, and with an existence which they are too dull to make interesting to themselves or to any one else; finally making a desperate and foolish dash at notoriety by a runaway marriage with the first scamp they can find, and repenting in poverty and social ostracism the romance they conceived in wealth and luxury. They deserve their fate. But when a sensitive girl is motherless, cut off from friends and pleasures, presented with the alternative of solitude or marriage with some detested man, or locked up to forget a dream which was half realized and very sweet, then the case is different. If she breaks her bonds, and flies to the only loving heart she knows, forgive her, and pray Heaven to have mercy on her, for she takes a fearful leap into the dark.

Hedwig felt the keys, and took them from her dress, and pressed them to her cheek, and her mind was made up. She glanced at the small gilt clock, and saw that the hands pointed to seven. Five hours were before her in which to make her preparations, such as they could be.

In accordance with her father's orders, given when he left her, Temistocle served her dinner in her sitting-room; and the uncertainty of the night's enterprise demanded that she should eat something, lest her strength should fail at the critical moment. Temistocle volunteered the information that her father had gone to the baron's apartment, and had not been seen since. She heard in silence, and bade the servant leave her as soon as he had ministered to her wants. Then she wrote a short letter to her father, telling him that she had left him, since he had no place for her in his heart, and that she had gone to the one man who seemed ready both to love and to protect her. This missive she folded, sealed, and laid in a prominent place upon the table, addressed to the count.

She made a small bundle, — very neatly, for she is clever with her fingers, — and put on a dark traveling dress, in the folds of which she sewed such jewels as were small and valuable and her own. She would take nothing that her father had given her. In all this she displayed perfect coolness and foresight.

The castle became intensely quiet as the evening advanced. She sat watching the clock. At five minutes before midnight she took her bundle and her little shoes in her hand, blew out her candle, and softly left the room.

XX.

I need not tell you how I passed all the time from Nino's leaving me until he came back in the evening, just as I could see from my window that the full moon was touching the tower of the castle. I sat looking out, expecting him,

and I was the most anxious professor that ever found himself in a ridiculous position. Temistocle had come, and you know what had passed between us, and how we had arranged the plan of the night. Most heartily did I wish myself in the little amphitheatre of my lecture-room at the University, instead of being pledged to this wild plot of my boy's invention. But there was no drawing back. I had been myself to the little stable next door, where I had kept my donkey, and visited him daily since my arrival, and I had made sure that I could have him at a moment's notice by putting on the cumbrous saddle. Moreover, I had secretly made a bundle of my effects, and had succeeded in taking it unobserved to the stall, and I tied it to the pommel. I also told my landlady that I was going away in the morning, with the young gentleman who had visited me, and who, I said, was the engineer who was going to make a new road to the Serra. This was not quite true; but lies that hurt no one are not lies at all, as you all know, and the curiosity of the old woman was satisfied. I also paid for my lodging, and gave her a franc for herself, which pleased her very much. I meant to steal away about ten o'clock, or as soon as I had seen Nino and communicated to him the result of my interview with Temistocle.

The hours seemed endless, in spite of my preparations, which occupied some time; so I went out when I had eaten my supper, and visited my ass, and gave him a little bread that was left, thinking it would strengthen him for the journey. Then I came back to my room, and watched. Just as the moonlight was shooting over the hill, Nino rode up the street. I knew him in the dusk by his broad hat, and also because he was humming a little tune through his nose, as he generally does. But he rode past my door without looking up, for he meant to put his mule in the stable for a rest.

At last he came in, still humming, and apologized for the delay, saying he had stopped a few minutes at the inn to get some supper. It could not have been a very substantial meal that he ate, in that short time.

"What did the man say?" was his first question, as he sat down.

"He said it should be managed as I desired," I answered. "Of course I did not mention you. Temistocle — that is his name — will come at midnight, and take you to the door. There you will find this inamorata, this lady-love of yours, for whom you are about to turn the world upside down."

"What will you do yourself, Sor Cornelio?" he asked, smiling.

"I will go now and get my donkey, and quietly ride up the valley to the Serra di Sant' Antonio," I said. "I am sure that the signorina will be more at her ease if I accompany you. I am a very proper person, you see."

"Yes," said Nino pensively, "you are very proper. And besides, you can be a witness of the civil marriage."

"Diavolo!" I cried, "a marriage! I had not thought of that."

"Blood of a dog!" exclaimed Nino, "what on earth did you think of?" He was angry all in a moment.

"Piano, — do not disquiet yourself, my boy. I had not realized that the wedding was so near, — that is all. Of course you will be married in Rome, as soon as ever we get there."

"We shall be married in Ceprano tomorrow night, by the Sindaco, or the mayor, or whatever civil bishop they support in that God-forsaken Neapolitan town," said Nino, with great determination.

"Oh, very well; manage it as you like. Only be careful that it is properly done, and have it registered," I added. "Meanwhile, I will start."

"You need not go yet, caro mio; it is not nine o'clock."

"How far do you think I ought to go, Nino?" I inquired. To tell the

truth, the idea of going up the Serra alone was not so attractive in the evening as it had been in the morning light. I thought it would be very dark among those trees, and I had still a great deal of money sewn between my waistcoats.

"Oh, you need not go so very far," said Nino. "Three or four miles from the town will be enough. I will wait in the street below, after eleven."

We sat in silence for some time afterwards, and if I was thinking of the gloomy ride before me, I am sure that Nino was thinking of Hedwig. Poor fellow! I dare say he was anxious enough to see her, after being away for two months, and spending so many hours almost within her reach. He sat low in his chair, and the dismal rays of the solitary tallow candle cast deep shadows on his thoughtful face. Weary, perhaps, with waiting and with long travel, yet not sad, but very hopeful, he looked. No fatigue could destroy the strong, manly expression of his features, and even in that squalid room, by the miserable light, dressed in his plain gray clothes, he was still the man of success, who could hold thousands in the suspense of listening to his slightest utterance. Nino is a wonderful man, and I am convinced that there is more in him than music, which is well enough when one can be as great as he, but is not all, the world holds. I am sure that massive head of his was not hammered so square and broad, by the great hands that forge the thunderbolts of nations, merely that he should be a tenor and an actor, and give pleasure to his fellowmen. I see there the power and the strength of a broader mastery than that which bends the ears of a theatre audience. One day we may see it. It needs the fire of hot times to fuse the elements of greatness in the crucible of revolution. There is not such another head in all Italy as Nino's that I have ever seen, and I have seen the best in Rome. He looked so grand, as he sat there, thinking over the future. I am not praising his face for its beauty; there is little enough of that, as women might judge. And besides, you will laugh at my ravings, and say that a singer is a singer, and nothing more, for all his life. Well, we shall see in twenty years; you will, — perhaps I shall not.

"Nino," I asked irrelevantly, following my own train of reflection, "have you ever thought of anything but music — and love?" He roused himself from his reverie, and stared at me.

"How should you be able to guess my thoughts?" he asked at last.

"People who have lived much together often read each other's minds. What were you thinking of?" Nino sighed, and hesitated a moment before he answered.

"I was thinking," he said, "that a musician's destiny, even the highest, is a poor return for a woman's love."

"You see: I was thinking of you, and wondering whether, after all, you will always be a singer."

"That is singular," he answered slowly. "I was reflecting how utterly small my success on the stage will look to me when I have married Hedwig von Lira."

"There is a larger stage, Nino mio, than yours."

"I know it," said he, and fell back in his chair again, dreaming.

I fancy that at any other time we might have fallen into conversation and speculated on the good old-fashioned simile which likens life to a comedy, or a tragedy, or a farce. But the moment was ill chosen, and we were both silent, being much preoccupied with the immediate future.

A little before ten I made up my mind to start. I glanced once more round the room to see if I had left anything. Nino was still sitting in his chair, his head bent, and his eyes staring at the floor.

"Nino," I said, "I am going now. Here is another candle, which you will

need before long, for these tallow things are very short." Indeed, the one that burned was already guttering low in the old brass candlestick. Nino rose and shook himself.

"My dear friend," he said, taking me by both hands, "you know that I am grateful to you. I thank you, and thank you again, with all my heart. Yes, you ought to go now, for the time is approaching. We shall join you, if all goes well, by one o'clock."

"But, Nino, if you do not come?"

"I will come, alone, or with her. If — if I should not be with you by two in the morning, go on alone, and get out of the way. It will be because I am caught by that old Prussian devil. Good-by." He embraced me affectionately, and I went out. A quarter of an hour later I was out of the town, picking my way, with my little donkey, over the desolate path that leads toward the black Serra. The clatter of the beast's hoofs over the stones kept time with the beatings of my heart, and I pressed my thin legs close to his thinner sides for company.

When Nino was left alone, — and all this I know from him, — he sat again in the chair, and meditated; and although the time of the greatest event in his life was very near, he was so much absorbed that he was startled when he looked at his watch and found that it was half past eleven. He had barely time to make his preparations. His man was warned, but was waiting near the inn, not knowing where he was required, as Nino himself had not been to ascertain the position of the lower door, fearing lest he might be seen by Benoni. He now hastily extinguished the light, and let himself out of the house without noise. He found his countryman ready with the mules, ordered him to come with him, and returned to the house, instructing him to follow and wait at a short distance from the door he would enter. Muffled in his cloak, he stood in the street, awaiting the messenger from Hedwig.

The crazy old clock of the church tolled the hour, and a man wrapped in a nondescript garment, between a cloak and an overcoat, stole along the moonlit street to where Nino stood, in front of my lodging.

"Temistocle!" called Nino, in a low voice, as the fellow hesitated.

"Excellency" — answered the man, and then drew back. "You are not the Signor Grandi!" he cried, in alarm.

"It is the same thing," replied Nino. "Let us go."

"But how is this?" objected Temistocle, seeing a new development. "It was the Signor Grandi whom I was to conduct." Nino was silent, but there was a crisp sound in the air as he took a banknote from his pocket-book. "Diavolo!" muttered the servant, "perhaps it may be right, after all." Nino gave him the note.

"That is my passport," said he.

"I have doubts," answered Temistocle, taking it, nevertheless, and examining it by the moonlight. "It has no *visa*," he added, with a cunning leer. Nino gave him another. Then Temistocle had no more doubts.

"I will conduct your excellency," he said. They moved away, and Temistocle was so deaf that he did not hear the mules and the tramp of the man who led them, not ten paces behind him.

Passing round the rock, they found themselves in the shadow; a fact which Nino noted with much satisfaction, for he feared lest some one might be keeping late hours in the castle. The mere noise of the mules would attract no attention in a mountain town, where the country people start for their distant work at all hours of the day and night. They came to the door. Nino called softly to the man with the mules to wait in the shadow, and Temistocle knocked at the door. The key ground in the lock from within, but the hands that

held it seemed weak. Nino's heart beat fast.

"Temistocle!" called Hedwig's trembling voice.

"What is the matter, your excellency?" asked the servant through the keyhole, not forgetting his manners.

"Oh, I cannot turn the key! What *shall* I do?"

Nino heard, and pushed the servant aside.

"Courage, my dear lady," he said, aloud, that she might know his voice. Hedwig appeared to make a frantic effort, and a little sound of pain escaped her as she hurt her hands.

"Oh, what *shall* I do!" she cried, piteously. "I locked it last night, and now I cannot turn the key!"

Nino pressed with all his weight against the door. Fortunately, it was strong, or he would have broken it in, and it would have fallen upon her. But it opened outward, and was heavily bound with iron. Nino groaned.

"Has your excellency a taper?" asked Temistocle suddenly, forcing his head between Nino's body and the door, in order to be heard.

"Yes. I put it out."

"And matches?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"Then let your excellency light the taper, and drop some of the burning wax on the end of the key. It will be like oil." There was a silence. The key was withdrawn, and a light appeared through the hole where it had been. Nino instantly fastened his eye to the aperture, hoping to catch a glimpse of Hedwig. But he could not see anything save two white hands trying to cover the key with wax. He withdrew his eye quickly, as the hands pushed the key through again.

Again the lock groaned, — a little sob of effort, another trial, and the bolts flew back to their sockets. The prudent Temistocle, who did not wish to be a witness of what followed, pretended to exert gigantic strength in pulling the door open, and Nino, seeing him, drew back a moment, to let him pass.

"Your excellency need only knock at the upper door," he said to Hedwig, "and I will open. I will watch, lest any one should enter from above."

"You may watch till the rising of the dead," thought Nino, and Hedwig stood aside on the narrow step, while Temistocle went up. One instant more, and Nino was at her feet, kissing the hem of her dress, and speechless with happiness, for his tears of joy flowed fast.

Tenderly Hedwig bent to him, and laid her two hands on his bare head, pressing down the thick and curly hair with a trembling, passionate motion.

"Signor Cardegna, you must not kneel there, — nay, sir, I know you love me! Would I have come to you else? Give me your hand — now — do not kiss it so hard — no — Oh, Nino, my own dear Nino" —

What should have followed in her gentle speech is lacking, for many and most sweet reasons. I need not tell you that the taper was extinguished, and they stood locked in each other's arms against the open door, with only the reflection of the moon from the houses opposite to illuminate their meeting.

There was and is to me something divinely perfect and godlike in these two virgin hearts, each so new to their love, and each so true and spotless of all other. I am old to say sweet things of loving. But I cannot help it; for though I never was as they are, I have loved much in my time. Like our own dear Leopardi, I loved not the woman, but the angel which is the type of all women, and whom not finding I perished miserably as to my heart. But in my breast there is still the temple where the angel dwelt, and the shrine is very fragrant still with the divine scent of the heavenly roses that were about her. I think, also, that all those who love in this world must have such a holy place

of worship in their hearts. Sometimes the kingdom of the soul and the palace of the body are all Love's, made beautiful and rich with rare offerings of great constancy and faith; and all the countless creations of transcendent genius, and all the vast aspirations of far-reaching power, go up in reverent order to do homage at Love's altar, before they come forth, like giants, to make the great world tremble and reel in its giddy grooves.

And with another it is different. The world is not his; he is the world's, and all his petty doings have its gaudy stencil blotched upon them. Yet haply even he has a heart, and somewhere in its fruitless fallows stands a poor ruin, that never was of much dignity at its best, — poor and broken, and half choked with weeds and briers; but even thus the weeds are fragrant herbs, and the briers are wild roses, of few and misshapen petals, but sweet, nevertheless. For this ruin was once a shrine, too, that his mean hands and sterile soul did try most ineffectually to build up as a shelter for all that was ever worthy in him.

Now, therefore, I say, Love, and love truly and long, — even forever; and if you can do other things well, do them; but if not, at least learn to do that, for it is a very gentle thing, and sweet in the learning. Some of you laugh at me, and say, Behold this old-fashioned driveler, who does not even know that love is no longer in the fashion! By Saint Peter, Heaven will soon be out of the fashion, too, and Messer Satanas will rake in the just and the unjust alike, so that he need no longer fast on Fridays, having a more savory larder! And no doubt some of you will say that hell is really so antiquated that it should be put in the museum at the University of Rome, for a curious old piece of theological furniture. Truth! it is a wonder it is not worn out with digesting the tough morsels it gets, when people like you are finally gotten rid of from this world! But it is made of good material, and will last, never fear! This is not the gospel of peace, but it is the gospel of truth.

Loving hearts and gentle souls shall rule the world some day, for all your pestiferous fashions; and old as I am, — I do not mean aged, but well on in years, — I believe in love still, and I always will. It is true that it was not given to me to love as Nino loves Hedwig, for Nino is even now a stronger, sterner man than I. His is the nature that can never do enough; his the hands that never tire for her; his the art that would surpass, for her, the stubborn bounds of possibility. He is never weary of striving to increase her joy of him. His philosophy is but that. No quibbles of "being" and "not being," or wretched speculations concerning the object of existence; he has found the true unity of unities, and he holds it fast.

Meanwhile, you object that I am not proceeding with my task, and telling you more facts, recounting more conversations, and painting more descriptions. Believe me, this one fact, that to love well is to be all man can be, is greater than all the things men have ever learned and classified in dictionaries. It is, moreover, the only fact that has consistently withstood the ravages of time and social revolution; it is the wisdom that has opened, as by magic, the treasures of genius, of goodness, and of all greatness, for every one to see; it is the vital elixir that has made men of striplings, and giants of cripples, and heroes of the poor in heart though great in spirit. Nino is an example: for he was but a boy, yet he acted like a man; a gifted artist in a great city, courted by the noblest, yet he kept his faith.

But when I have taken breath I will tell you what he and Hedwig said to each other at the gate, and whether at the last she went with him, or stayed in dismal Fillettino for her father's sake.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE RED SUNSETS.

THE way in which men take the unexpected is an excellent gauge of their state of mind. Sudden changes in the face of nature bring the man out of his burrow and exhibit his hidden motives. Fifty years ago the meteoric shower of 1833 showed that the less cultivated class, even in America, still looked upon the accidents of the skies as signs of heavenly wrath and portents of coming ills. Now even the least educated no longer ask, What does this presage? but What is its cause? Naturalism has advanced fast and far in the last century.

The autumn of 1883 will always have a large place in scientific history on account of the strange aspect of its heavens, as well as on account of the preceding eruptions of volcanoes in the Straits of Sunda, which in their grandeur and effects much exceeded any disturbance recorded in history. Although the volcanic outburst changed the geography of a large district, destroyed somewhere near one hundred thousand lives, and sent the ocean waves and the throbs of the air produced by the convulsion over the whole circumference of the earth, its nature was not unusual; it differed from a thousand similar accidents of this troubled world only in degree, — only as the discharge of a twenty-inch cannon differs from that of a small field-piece. But the strange heavens of the later autumn, the fiery glow of sunrise and sunset, the brownish haze that girdles the sun all day, are phenomena so out of the range of common experience that at first all the experts in meteorology were at sea in their explanations. At the outset, many of these students of the atmosphere turned naturally to the conjecture that some of the vagrant matter of space, such as we see in the comets or dust-like meteors, had been drawn down upon our atmosphere, and so enveloped the earth with a meteoric mist. Others looked upon these movements as a mere intensification of the afterglow, or second sunset, which is not an unfamiliar phenomenon in all extra-tropical regions at certain seasons of the year, particularly in the autumn, and which is probably due to the condensation of vapor in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Gradually, as the facts have been gathered in from all parts of the world, these explanations have been overthrown, and the sunsets have been proven to be in some way connected with the Javanese convulsion. At several points in Europe the new-fallen snow contains particles of volcanic dust essentially like those that fell upon the decks of ships near the point of eruption, and which presumably are the heavier bits that have descended from the dust-cloud in the upper air.

Still further, it has been shown that these curious appearances of the sky occurred more quickly in the district near the volcano than in regions remote from it. It is not easy to determine the precise times when the sunset and sunrise became so brilliant; for at first the phenomenon might seem accidental in its nature, and so not become recorded. Yet it is clear that at Rodriguez, Mauritius, and Seychelles, points from three thousand to three thousand five hundred miles west of Krakatoa, the red sunsets were seen on the 28th of August, within thirty-six hours after the eruption occurred. In Brazil, which is over ten thousand miles away, they appeared on the 30th of September. In Florida, thirteen thousand miles distant, on September 8th. It was noticed in England on the 9th of September, but in Sweden not until the 30th of November; each of these countries being about seven thousand five hundred miles from the

point of eruption.[1] The volcanic mist spread more rapidly in the tropical belt between the parallels of latitude in which Java lies than in the regions to the north and south of this line. Sweeping swiftly about the earth in this tropical belt, it seems to have been carried thence by some slower motion to higher latitudes.

These successions of occurrence, first near the point of disturbance, then in regions more remote, would of themselves be sufficient to establish some connection between the Java convulsion and the brilliant sunsets; but any doubt that might remain is removed by the fact that we have at least one instance of a similar convulsion, in the last century, which we can in the same way connect with a great eruption in Iceland. In 1783, Skapta Jokul, one of the greatest of our volcanoes, passed through a period of eruption which, for its energy, was the most violent ever known in any but a Javanese volcano. Shortly after this eruption occurred, the English skies put on the fiery aspect that our own have at present. In those days men still looked to the heavens for portents, and deep alarm took possession of the people. Mr. James Macaulay has noted the fact that the poet Cowper refers to these sunsets in his letters, as well as in the Task, Book II. line 58: —

> "Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
> Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
> Have kindled beacons in the skies; . . .
> And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
> To wait the close of all;"

and Mrs. Somerville, in her Physical Geography, called attention to the probable relation between the vapor and ashes thrown out by the Iceland volcano and the brilliant sunsets of Western Europe.[2] Gilbert White, the well-known author of the Natural History of Selborne, also perceived the connection between these lurid skies and the great eruption in Iceland; though he did not perceive the nature of the facts so clearly as did his able countrywoman.

In regard to the connection between volcanic eruptions and these skies as proven, we have next to consider the nature of the material that conveys the light down to us, the singular method in which it became diffused over the earth, and the reason for its long continuance. Here we are on more uncertain ground than in the first inquiry, yet with care we can find our way to the truth.

If the reader has examined these luminous skies with care, he will have observed that at midday, with an otherwise clear sky, the sun seems to be in a vast tract of thin whitish-brown vapor, looking like a thin mist, which is most evident a few degrees from the sun, and fades away insensibly, until at twenty degrees or less from the sun it imperceptibly melts into the apparently clear sky. Watching this faint cloud, we see that it is constantly changing its shape; dim streamers extend from it from time to time, and then fade away. Sometimes it is much stronger on one side of the sun than on the other. On several occasions it has appeared to be rapidly drifting to the northeast, with a speed comparable to the scud in a gale. These appearances, which I have not seen noted in any of the accounts of the sunsets, vary from day to day and hour to hour. They are explicable only on the supposition that there is a constant drifting of a very thin veil of this misty matter across the heavens near the sun. This matter, being intensely illuminated, is made visible in the region near the sun; elsewhere it is not dense enough to alter the blue of the sky. If we follow the descending sun, we find that when it begins to get into the mists of the horizon it no longer shows this ash-colored fringe, which melts into the dim, vaporous color that seems to encircle the

[1] See W. Upton, in Science, vol. iii. p. 37.

[2] See Nature, vol. xxix. p. 177; also Physical Geography, by Mary Somerville, chap. iv.

horizon, but which is in fact due to the greater thickness and humidity of the air through which we then look. Nor do we see much of anything of these strange vapors in the first stages of the sunset, for there the glowing lower vapors still mask the upper light. It is after the normal sunset has fairly gone that this higher level of very faint cloud becomes illuminated. The long time that elapses after the sun goes below the horizon before these upper vapors find themselves at the right angle to reflect the light to us, and the long duration of this glow, show us that the volcanic vapor is much further above the earth than any common clouds. Computations based on the duration of this sunset light on the mists in question indicate that they must be somewhere near fifty thousand feet above the surface, or between nine and ten miles high. As the lightest ordinary clouds probably do not rise more than about thirty thousand feet above the earth, in northern regions, in the winter season, it is evident that the great height of these volcanic clouds is a part of the problem with which we have to deal.

There is one other important point to be described in order to have the whole matter before us. This is the color of the vapors. It is clear that these colors differ somewhat, but not notably, from the hues reflected from the usual clouds. The mist about the noonday sun is a little more brown than it would be if it were watery vapor alone, and the sunset glow of the cloud appears to be from a less lustrous surface than clouds of pure watery mist would afford. Moreover, the banding or stratification of the mist, though tolerably evident, is not so clear as it is in the case of ordinary cirrus clouds. It has been noticed in other countries, where these volcanic emanations were thicker than they are in the region about the North Atlantic, that the sun at morning and evening had a greenish color, which is never given it by the usual vapors of the atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer calls attention to the fact that on one occasion he observed such a color in the sun when it was seen through the steam of a steamship ; but this effect cannot be had through pure steam, though it is perhaps obtainable through such a mixture of steam and smoke as comes from the locomotive engine.

If these clouds were composed of dust alone, it is reasonable to suppose that they could not be banded or stratified, as cirrus cloud is ; yet they exhibit some distinct traces of this banding. As their phenomena of color show that they are not water vapor alone, it is a fair conclusion that they are made up of a mixture of dust and water vapor, such as occurs in our chimney smoke. Our ordinary coal smoke is always composed in large part of steam, in which the little bits of carbon are mingled, as the soot is in the London fog. When dust of any kind becomes entangled in water vapor, the union is of a singularly permanent nature, the two being unwilling to separate until they fall as rain.

But it has often been asked of the present writer, How is it that these particles of mingled water and dust can remain so long at such a height above the earth ? Why do they not fall at once to the earth, instead of floating to and fro, miles above its surface, for some months ? To this there is a simple and apparently a sufficient answer, though it may not seem at first as evident as could be desired : the rate at which particles fall through the air is determined by the ratio that their superficies bear to their weight. Now the smaller any bits of matter are, the larger in proportion is their surface to their weight. A certain descending force is required to push the resisting atoms of air apart, and so permit the descent of the gravitating particle. It is this resistance that keeps the upper clouds floating so long and so high above the earth. The particles of

water are constantly falling through the air, but owing to their fineness they may fall only a few inches each day. The same principle is shown in the settling of mud in water. A tumbler of Mississippi water will require days to deposit its mud. We have only to suppose that the particles of mingled dust and water that constitute these volcanic clouds are extremely small, to account for months, or even years, of suspension in the air.

Having now examined that part of the sunset phenomena that is evident to the eye, let us inquire how the dust and vapor was driven to such a height into the atmosphere, and so rapidly distributed over the earth. If we consider what takes place in any violent eruption of a volcano, we will see the explanation of these facts. In the case of this Krakatoa eruption, as in that of Skapta Jokul, indeed in all great eruptions, we easily see that the principal thing that occurs is a furious uprush of steam from the crater, bearing with it a vast quantity of pulverized rock, called dust or ashes. If it were the purpose of this article to explain the phenomena of volcanoes, it would be shown that the volcanic steam is the water that in old ages was inclosed in the small interstices of the rocks as they were formed on the ancient sea floors, and which became heated from the thick coating, or blanket, of other rocks deposited above. When by some chance fracture these gases of the buried water escape, they force quantities of the heated rock before them, as they rush into the air. As the imprisoned water completely penetrates the rock, on expanding it sends its walls into extremely minute fragments, which are borne upward in the rush of steam.

Some years ago, a skillful inventor devised an ingenious machine to reduce the ordinary Southern cane into a state of paper pulp, which consists of very finely divided woody fibre. He prepared a large cannon-shaped vessel, of great strength; into this the cane was placed, along with some water; a strong lid closed the aperture; heat then being applied to the vessel, the imprisoned mass was brought to a very high temperature, say to twice the heat of boiling water; then, the lid being suddenly removed, all the water in the fibres of the cane was instantly converted into steam, and the mass, reduced to the finest shreds, was blown out of the muzzle of the gun-like vessel. The invention was never profitable, except to the geologist, who finds in it a capital illustration of the action that takes place in highly heated rocks when, by the rents at the volcano's base, they are suddenly permitted to escape to the air. He knows that every crystal has water disseminated all through its structure, and this will cause it, when heated, to be reduced to an exceedingly fine powder as soon as the retaining pressure is removed.

The speed of this uprush from the crater of a great volcano is extremely great. Even from a volcano like Vesuvius, the vast, straight column of steam, blackened with ashes, rises to the height of twenty or thirty thousand feet above the base. When the force of the ascending column is overcome by the friction of the air, the steam spreads out like the top of a great Italian pine, and sails away before the wind. Those who have seen a large cannon at the moment of discharge have doubtless noticed the cylinder of smoke that is projected for a hundred feet or so beyond the mouth, and is then broken into swift-circling clouds. Now imagine a gun standing vertically, with its mouth a mile or more in diameter, and discharging its gases into the atmosphere with several times the speed with which they escape from a piece of artillery, and we will have the essential conditions of a volcanic explosion; only in place of the momentary outrush of the cannon we must imagine the explosion to endure for hours, or perhaps for days.

We have no very good data by which

to determine the height to which the materials ejected from volcanoes are thrown. The strongest piece of modern artillery will, however, drive a ball straight upwards to the height of about four miles. It may easily be seen, even in small volcanoes such as Vesuvius, that more than this distance is attained by the substances which the eruption throws out. In great volcanoes, such as Krakatoa and many of those of Java and elsewhere, it may be that eruptions eject their matter to several times this height. Masses of considerable size, thrown out of volcanoes, have been known to fall four or five miles away from the crater. Allowing all that we can for wind carriage, it seems necessary to believe that these fragments must have had at least five or six times the speed of motion that we can impress on a cannon-ball, and must have gone upward with nearly enough velocity to carry them beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction.

If the observer could view the spectacle of such an eruption from a point well above the surface of the earth, he would see much that is hidden from those below by the wrap of clouds that quickly gather about the volcano. From such a vantage-point, say in a balloon, at the impossible height of sixty thousand feet above the earth, he would see the swift-moving column of steam and gas rising far above the level of our summer clouds, — ascending possibly, in such an eruption as that of Krakatoa, to the height of one hundred thousand feet above the sea. As this mass of mingled dust and steam rushed upwards, it would lean over to the westward, because of the greater eastward movement in the upper regions of the atmosphere; but the most remarkable effect would be the very rapid horizontal diffusion of the gases in the thin upper air. In the nearly perfect vacuum which would exist around the upper part of the ejection column, these gases would hurry away in all directions with exceeding speed.[1] This swiftly diffusing sheet of vaporous matter would, we may presume, quickly settle down upon the denser atmosphere below. The thicker the atmosphere the more slowly the matter would fall; the mist would be frozen, as is the water in all the higher-lying clouds, even on a summer day, and, entangling the volcanic dust in its meshes, would fall into the region of the air currents, and so journey over all the lands and seas.

If our imaginary observer from his lofty perch beheld an eruption that rose from the surface of the land, the ejection column before him would contain only the steam that came from the deep-buried rocks which are the seat of the volcanic impulse. But when, as was probably the case at Krakatoa, and is certainly so in many outbreaks, the eruption ascended from the sea floor, then, besides the steam that makes the eruption, there would be a large amount of sea water blown up with the ascending gas, which would enhance the mass of the material that found its way into the upper air.

It is not easy to conceive how vast is the volume of the gas thrown out by a great volcanic eruption. If we assume the area of the crater to be a mile square,

[1] It is possible, as afterwards described, that a portion of the volcanic dust may be thrown nearly or quite beyond the immediate control of the earth's attraction, and that the earth may not recover it for many hours after the time of ejection. If the reader can picture to himself the earth spinning around while this volcano is driving its column of dust and vapor out through the atmospheric envelope; if he can also bring himself to see that, owing to the fact that the rate of movement to the east at the earth's surface is somewhat slower than it is in the upper air, the updriven matter inclines somewhat to the westward, he will then be able to understand that if the dust is driven above the region whence it would quickly fall upon the earth, it would, when it fell down upon the air, find itself far to the westward of the point where it went up. These considerations are too complicated for discussion in this article. Those accustomed to such enigmas will see, however, in this suggestion a possible explanation of the rapidity with which the volcanic dust diffused itself over the earth.

the column to move upward with the speed of a mile a second, and the gas to have only the density of gunpowder gases within the chamber of a cannon at the moment of firing, as given by Rodman, then we have an amount about equal to all the atmosphere that lies on ten thousand square miles of the earth's surface thrown out in a second of time. If we reduce the rate of the movement to that of a shot when it leaves a gun, we will still have about one third of this quantity. If all the gas discharged from a volcano stayed in the form of highly heated gas, then the pressure of the earth's atmosphere would be doubled in about a fortnight, and even a day of eruption should add something like a pound to the pressure of the atmosphere on a square foot of surface.

The sudden movements of the barometer at points near the volcano of Krakatoa during the last eruption, amounting to an inch or so in height, show that a strong local effect on the atmospheric pressure is produced by the outrush of gases. That no widespread or continuous effect upon the weight of the air is brought about is doubtless due to the fact that by far the greater part of the gas is steam, that is quickly condensed and falls back upon the earth in the form of rain, which in all such great eruptions deluges the region about the active volcano. The most of the dust — all the coarser grains of it, at least — that is thrown up by these eruptions returns also by gravity, or is borne down by the torrential rain, to the region about the base of the volcano. It is only the remnant of water and of powdered rock that remains high in the air, like the wrack of a thunderstorm, to float far away from the point where it was hurled into the air. Although the foregoing calculations have little definite value, they serve to show the reader how vast is the vaporous discharge in such an eruption, and how, even from its mere shreds and flying waste, the whole atmosphere of the earth may for a while put on a strange aspect.

So far we have been considering only the outward appearances given to our atmosphere by the last Java convulsion. Let us see if there are any other effects of it than the changing variety that the mornings and evenings have gained by the eruption. It is a familiar fact that the earth's atmosphere is a singular, delicate mechanism, that moves with trifling impulses in the most varied ways. From its behavior during the Krakatoa eruption we may find one evidence of its sensitiveness to disturbing actions. Mr. Scott has shown that the barometric spasms that caused, during the eruption, the before-mentioned leaps of the mercury about Krakatoa were passed on through the atmosphere with the speed of some hundred miles or more an hour, until they encircled the earth; so that in about fifteen hours the remotest point on the earth had felt the shock of the explosions. But for reasons already given is is not likely that any permanent effect on the weight of the atmosphere can be produced by the volcanic gases. It is otherwise with the dust clouds that cause our golden sunsets. The fact that these particles of vapor and dust send us back the sunlight is proof that they cut off a share of the sun's rays from their proper access to the earth's surface. For months the earth has been wrapped in a veil that denies admission to a small part of the sun's light, and presumably to a portion of his heat as well. Upon this heat all the machinery of the earth's physical and organic life most intimately depends. Take but the hundredth part of it away, and all the life of the earth would feel the loss of power. The air currents would become feebler, the ocean streams less strong; thousands of animals and plants would find their conditions changed, so that the boundaries of the provinces they occupy would be altered, or even life itself abandoned after a few years

of struggle. The first command which life would put upon the physical forces of the earth, if it were happily in its power to command, would be to "get out of my sunshine."

As yet we have no data on which to base any reckoning concerning the effect of this thin veil that enshrouds the world. At the end of January, the midday sun, in an otherwise cloudless sky, shines through a veil that considerably diminishes its light. May it not be that the remarkably steady cold of the past thirty days in this country is in some way due to this interference? Whether this be so or no can be settled only when we have the records of the temperature stations within the tropics. But every physical consideration leads us to believe that, though slight, there is some result from this action.

If the Krakatoa eruption could be assumed to represent to us the maximum of volcanic energy, the climatal influences of volcanic eruptions might not properly command our attention; but when we consider that the geological record makes it probable that there have been times in the earth's history when disturbances of this class have been more frequent and on a far larger scale than at present, we are disposed to take a suggestion from this veiled sun, and ask ourselves whether some of those strange changes of climate in the past may not perhaps have had something to do with periods of intense volcanic activity. This supposition may not prove to have any great value, but such is the difficulty we have in explaining the changes that the climate of the earth has undergone in the geologic history that it is worth while to examine any events that promise to help us to understand how such alterations can take place. It appears possible that volcanoes may operate to change the climate of the earth in at least two ways. In the first place, the great amount of water in the form of steam that they hurl into the air tends to increase the rainfall over a wide region; the greater part of this water will fall near the volcano, but the effect will doubtless be of importance over a wide area. If this rain falls from skies that have any considerable amount of their sunlight fended off by the dust wrap that may be formed over them, this water will be apt to fall in the form of snow. If the dust wrap remained for any considerable time in the air, — and as far as we can see it might remain for several years, for this dust that our air now bears has been afloat for nearly half a year, with no sign of diminution, — then the chapter of accidents might lay the foundations of a glacial period which might endure long after the cause that led to its beginning had ceased to exist. It is not likely that any such great and enduring ice time as that which has just passed away from the earth could be due to volcanic dust and vapor, but it seems possible that to such accidents we may owe climatic changes of much consequence.

There is yet another interesting field of inquiry opened to us by the consideration of the Krakatoa convulsion. The first scientific observers of the red sunsets generally inclined to the opinion that they were produced by the falling upon the earth of some clouds of finely divided matter, such as are thought to give rise to the zodiacal light, — cosmic vapor, as it has been unhappily called. There can be no doubt that the celestial spaces — at least within the region that the earth traverses — are crowded with angular bits of stony matter, ranging in weight from thousands of pounds down to particles as light as the finest dust. Every night millions of the smaller bits fall swiftly upon our earth's atmosphere, sparkle for a moment as shooting stars, and are burnt into vapor by the heat engendered from their friction in the atmosphere. It is a matter of difficulty to account for the origin of these angular fragments in space.

Though they are found in every part of the space our earth passes through, they are most thickly gathered on certain belts, through one of which our earth passes in July, through another in October. The most likely conjecture as to the origin of these meteors that can be made is that in certain periods of particularly intense eruptions the ejection of volcanoes — those it may be of other planets, as well as of the earth — attain such an extreme velocity that they fly clear beyond the control of the orb from which they are projected, and are left to swing through space in orbits determined by the control of the sun. At times these bodies would perhaps come sufficiently into the sphere of the gravitation of a planet to be precipitated upon its surface; but the chance is that they would move on for ages before they neared any sphere with attraction strong enough to draw them to its surface.

To project stones beyond the earth's power to recall them requires a velocity that need not exceed seven miles a second. We have no proof of such extreme speed of uprising in any volcanic eruptions, but there are many reasons for believing that it is not altogether beyond the power of the greater eruptions to accomplish this work.

There is yet another lesson that the Krakatoa convulsion has for us: that is, a lesson in favor of a little more humility on the part of those semi-scientific men who fancy that they know the mechanism of the world as a watchmaker knows the wheels of a watch. Despite all we have known of volcanoes, this Javanese explosion has shown us that they possess powers over the air which were unknown six months ago. This may fairly serve as a warning to those who suppose that we know all the change-bringing agents of the world. There are doubtless many forces that may have had their share in the ancient history of our earth that are as yet undreamt of in our philosophies.

There remains the question as to how long these dust clouds are to endure in the atmosphere. On that point we can make no answer. For three months they have been drifting over this sky, and to-day they appear to be as high above the earth as they were when they first came. If they own their high elevation to electrical repulsion, as is conjectured by Mr. Crookes and others, there seems no reason why they may not stay in the upper air for years; but if, as is more likely, they are slowly settling towards the lower levels of the atmosphere, they will before long come within the limits wherein the rain clouds gather, when they will quickly be dragged down by the action of the falling drops.

This view is rendered the more probable by the fact that while in November and December the red sunsets and the mist-encircled noonday sun were very constant phenomena, they are now, in the first days of February, scarcely perceptible after a heavy rain or snow storm, though they gradually return with less brilliancy after a few days of good weather. This seems to show that the volcanic matter has in good part fallen into the lower zone of our atmosphere, where it may become entangled in the descending rain or snow. My observations on the height of the sunset glow and the duration of the light show that the remaining dust floats at a lessened elevation above the earth; so it is likely that a few months more will bring the last of it to the ground.

When this volcanic dust ceases to glorify our skies at dawn and eve, we shall part with what has probably been the most remarkable and picturesque accident to the earth's physical life that has been known with the limits of recorded history.

N. S. Shaler.

IN WAR TIME.

VII.

When Wendell told his sister of the state of things at the Mortons', she said that he would have been wise to have stayed with them that night, because the first effect of such intelligence was always "so upsetting," as she phrased it; and besides, with her warmer recognition of the calamities of others, she felt that it was just the moment to add the friend to the doctor, and to do more than was asked. Wendell saw the truth of this, but not so clearly as when he was called from his bed that night to visit his patient, who had become increasingly feverish, and had insisted on having the doctor at once. Then Wendell offered to sleep at the house, until the major grew better, and his offer being gladly accepted, arrangements were made to send the carriage for him every night about ten o'clock.

The constant and familiar intercourse with the Mortons, into which the doctor was thus thrown, became of great use to him. It gentled him, as the old English word has it; and, with the natural quickness of an American, he saw and assimilated a good deal of what was most akin to his tastes, which tended towards easy acceptance of whatever was pleasant or graceful. Moreover, all of these people interested him, and were some of them as novel to his former social experiences as would have been the flora of another planet to his botanical knowledge.

The Mortons, like many other of the older Pennsylvania families, had once, in very early colonial times, been Quakers, or, as they even yet preferred to say, "Friends." They had, however, long since deserted the following of Penn, or, what was more probable, had in stricter days been cut off from the society for breaches of discipline, and were now, and had long been, "world's people" to other Mortons, their kinsfolk, who came to the house at times, and were as well satisfied with their ancestry as with the polish of their old plate, or the ineffable silk of their marvelous bonnets. There came also many visitors representing staid families who had lived since Penn's settlement in or near the old borough of Germantown, and who had the distinctiveness and individuality of people long hedged about by unchanging circumstances. Their young folks mostly slipped away to the calmly growing city, or went to New York, and were then interiorly and vaguely regarded by aged aunts as lost souls. Those who remained in the ancient homesteads, and lived and died adhesive to the soil, held a certain distinct social place and position, passively yielded rather than demanded. It was not always easy to see why a few of these breeds had won early in colonial life, and held so steadily, their places on the upper levels of society. It may have been sometimes because of the general possession of shrewdness and business capacity, the cumulative quality, or that, among numberless commonplace people of their race, each generation produced one or two who rose to distinction, and thus illustrated a name and sustained its influence.

The little straggling town, with its long main street and outlying lanes, was full of such people as these; whilst also there were frequent visitors from the city, relatives or friends of the Mortons, — quiet Philadelphians, with set ways, and seemingly as much alike as their marble doorsteps, yet ready with an odd fund of undeveloped enterprise for emergencies, if they were sufficiently important.

To many of these people Wendell was more or less an interesting person, as a new comer and the attendant of a man of social importance and of large fortune, and found this position by no means unpleasant. He amused Morton, who liked people to talk for him, and who himself never talked more than he could help; so that, had it not been for the occasional breakdowns in his patient's case, his doctor would have felt, on the whole, that his own life was becoming more and more easy and agreeable.

All this while the war was moving on, and of its fortunes and their influences the little village had its share. There were families whom it tore asunder, and others whom it doomed to mourn their noblest. There were those of the Society of Friends who looked on it as wrong, from beginning to end, but who expended time and money on hospitals and the wounded; while now and then some resolute young fellow, like the famous Free Quakers of the Revolutionary War, would defy the society and the overseers, and go off to the front. These gallant backsliders from the creed of Penn and Barclay generally made themselves heard of in the struggle, and helped to make up a healthy average of active pugnacity for many a kindly, quiet stock which had struck no blow in anger for a century and a half. Out of it all came an increase of life, a freshening of national vitality, which was felt most in the centres of population, and which, stirring all social classes, developed for good or ill whatever there was susceptible of outgrowth alike in old and young. Certainly, no period in the history of our race was ever more interesting.

"I am seventeen, and over," said Arthur Morton; "and next year, by George, I'd like to see what will keep me out of this war! I am so big now, I'm ashamed to have a girl look at me in the street, and I always feel sure that she is saying, 'There's a fellow who ought to be at the front.'"

"Bother, Arty! I don't believe they think of you at all," said the elder brother.

"Well, perhaps not; but I think of myself."

"Oh, doubtless."

"Come, Ned, don't chaff me about this. When a Quaker like Fox thinks it his duty to go" —

"Must be an awful let-up to a Quaker," replied Edward. "But look here, old man," he went on, as he bent over the table, sketching fancy heads on the margins of a morning paper: "there are two sides to this question; and after all, you could n't go now, the way father is. I am of less and less use every day. Don't talk about it to mother; and if you are down about it, Arty, just think what I must be. Think what I must be!"

"That won't help me," said the boy. "Because you can't go is no reason why I should not. In fact, that is an additional reason why I ought to go. But I suppose there is no use in talking about it now!"

"No, there is no use. And I say, old man, don't talk to me about it any more; not till you must, anyhow! Damn it, Art — I — I can't stand it! I hate books. I never read any. I detest this quiet, humdrum life of our great towns. I love a horse and a gun, and — and — Arty, I shall never have them any more, — never!" he repeated, throwing down his pencil.

"Yes, you will, Ned; I am sure you will."

"Then you are sure without cause. This war will be over, and I shall have struck no blow in it; and, Arty, don't you go to thinking it romantic, but when I look ahead, and know how all the man in me is going to shrivel up by degrees, and that — oh, brother, I might have ridden with Custer, and died man-like in some wild rush of battle! Oh, by

George, old fellow, I am just like a fish on dry land. I think I begin to understand what Mrs. Westerley meant, last week, when she said that there was a certain completeness of calamity that approached the ludicrous. However, I can tell you one thing: you will never hear me complain again. I have said my say. A fellow must have his growl out to somebody."

"I would stay at home, if I could make it so you could go," said Arthur, who had a boy's admiration of the elder brother. "I wish they had some fellows like you in command of that Potomac army."

"Pshaw! I can't command myself, even, as you may see. Don't spread yourself on me as a hero, and above all not a word to mother. Does n't it seem, sometimes, as if life were one great muddle, Arty? Give me my stick. Here 's the doctor and Mrs. Westerley, and there comes Mr. Wilmington up the road. What a covey of queer birds!"

After the doctor had gone upstairs, the young men went out to the porch to join Mrs. Westerley, when Mr. Wilmington rode up on his tall sorrel thoroughbred, which not many people cared to mount.

The slightly built old gentleman, with an uncommonly red face and a nose inclined to purple, was on his feet in an instant, and bowing over the widow's hand in an antiquated and formal fashion. He immensely admired her when she was present, and entirely disapproved of her when she was absent.

"Charmed to see you, Mrs. Westerley," he said, raising his large gray eyes, with something quaintly solemn in their gaze.

"And how are your nieces?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"And is there any afternoon news?"

"None, I believe. But as Mr. Addison says, 'The steps of time' — Bother! I wish Susie were here! She always knows what it is — As Mr. Addison" —

"Yes, about Robinson Crusoe, and the footsteps on the sands of time," said the widow, viciously, while the two lads exchanged a surreptitious smile of amusement.

"No," ejaculated Wilmington calmly, "that is n't it! How is your father, boys?"

"Much the same, sir. He wants to see you when the doctor goes."

"Well, I will wait."

"What a lovely day!" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Yes, the day seems quite lovely," assented Wilmington.

"But we want rain."

"Yes, we want rain very much."

"Our wells are nearly dry" —

"Indeed, mine is quite dry."

"But luckily weather does not affect wine at all, I am told; at least, not madeira."

"No, I don't think weather affects wine, but the moon does."

"And when are you coming over to taste my madeira, Mr. Wilmington? I am told it is good; but Major Morton said, last spring, that it needed care, — like myself, he was kind enough to add. Come to-morrow, and take care of some of it for me. You know that when we are out of town we dine at three. I don't want to make a big dinner while the major is ill, but I will ask Doctor Wendell, — I want to ask him. And, Edward, I suppose you won't care to come?"

"No. Mother 's all the time urging me to leave the house, but I can't do it; I really cannot."

"Well, then, I must find some one else. Shall it be to-morrow, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," said the old gentleman. "At three to-morrow, madam. At three, you said?"

Wendell also received his invitation;

and when the widow added, "You know they are quite informal, — our summer dinings. Don't put on a dress-coat," he thanked her, and went away pleased and a trifle puzzled. To be told what he was to wear struck him as comical.

"I will walk with you," said Edward, "if you are not in a hurry, and will give me your arm."

"How are you doing?" asked the doctor, as they moved away.

"I am worse, doctor. I walk badly, and I try in vain to hide it from mother." Then pausing a moment, he added, "Shall I go down hill rapidly? You may be sure that I am fully prepared to hear the worst you can tell me; and frankly, I would rather know what I have to expect. Just answer me two or three questions, will you?"

"If you really wish it."

"Yes, I do wish it. Shall I lose all use of my legs?"

"No, I think not."

"Will my head suffer? Shall I lose my mind? That 's not — or at least it was not — as good as my legs; but still, when it is all there is left" —

"No; that does n't often happen in these troubles."

"Then I shall still be of a little use at home, and no worse off than some ugly girl whom no one wants to marry!" After a pause he again spoke: "There is, I suppose, not the faintest chance that I shall ever be well enough to sit a horse?"

"Hardly, I think; but while there is life there is hope."

Wendell was ashamed of this stupid commonplace of consolation, but in truth he did not know what to say.

"And to think of all the healthy-legged idiots who can go to the front, and are dawdling about Newport and Saratoga! Oh, doctor — By Heaven, but it 's hard!"

"Yes," replied Wendell, "it is hard," and walked in silence. He felt in a vague way for the lad, but did not know what to say. He tried to put himself, mentally, in this young fellow's place, but neither his experiences nor his intelligence suggested to him just what he ought to say; for although a dreamily imaginative man, he was possessed of none of that realistic, half-dramatic faculty, which in its highest developments and united with tenderness constitutes the genius of sympathy. With all his love of poetry and of nature, he lacked this precious gift.

"Yes, it is hard, — it is very hard," he continued, after a pause; and so saying regretted the distinctness with which he had answered the young man's straightforward queries. He had left himself none of the usual vaguely consolatory doubts on which the over-questioned doctor is apt to fall back.

"I did n't expect you to say anything to comfort me," said Edward. "What I really wanted was the truth."

"You asked me to be frank," returned Wendell, who did not easily recognize a direct nature, and was apt to search his index of human motives under other than the obvious headings for what was plainly to be read on the page before him, and who fancied no one could want a cruel truth set before him in its nakedness. Had he been a true woman, he would have been touched by the manliness and moral courage of the young fellow's questions. Had he been a more masculine man, he would have met them with sympathetic appreciation.

"Yes," repeated Edward, "I asked you to be frank, and I am really very thankful, sir, that you have told me everything. It must be hard for a doctor to do this," said the lad, with a slight tremor about his lips, and with a strange and thoughtful gentleness, "and perhaps I ought to have saved you the annoyance of telling me. In fact, I did think of writing; but it came out, somehow, just now, in spite of my not being quite ready. On the whole, it is just as well."

"I thought so, poor boy! He did not really want the truth," said Wendell to himself; not seeing how much the lad had considered the doctor's embarrassing share in the matter, nor how completely he had overrated the doctor's sympathetic reluctance to be unpleasantly outspoken.

There are delicate overtones of unselfishness which belong only to the purest and sweetest natures refined by the truest good-breeding. They are of the very poetry of social conduct. The lad was full of them; but Wendell unfortunately was one whose sensibility to moral harmonies failed of hearing-power for these higher notes of the gamut of character.

He answered young Morton with a few phrases of ordinary consolation, to which the latter made no reply, save to drop now and then a simple affirmative. In fact, he was lost to the passing moments, and was sadly looking back upon a world of action, and forward to a world of passive inactivity. Then he suddenly set these thoughts aside for a calmer hour, and, stopping, put out his hand.

"You have been a good friend to me," he said. "Do watch my father well, and keep an eye on mother, too. So far she bears her troubles admirably; but what with father's state and my own miserable bothers, it would n't surprise me to see her break down."

"Her power of endurance is certainly remarkable," returned Wendell. "Indeed, I was surprised, yesterday, to see how she could turn aside from it all. When I came downstairs, after seeing your father alone, I found her quite amused over Hester's comments on those queer plant caricatures of Grandville."

"Yet," said Edward, "my mother is not very fond of young girls. But I think Hester really delights her. You do not know that years and years ago we lost a little sister, and that ever since then mother has seemed to take no interest at all in girls. It is a thing I never could quite understand. I have seen her put herself out of the way to avoid talking to them, or being long with them. But she appears to take to Hester in a way I cannot see through — I don't mean — what I mean is that the girl is so gay, and alive, and full of childish surprises, of odd ideas, that any one must like her; but mother, in my memory, has never shown any pleasure in a little girl. I say all this, doctor, because it may make you feel that Hester is a good person to have in our house."

"Thanks," said Wendell. "I have sometimes hesitated" —

"Well, don't, then! She will always be welcome, — as welcome as you; and that is saying a good deal. Good-night, doctor, and once again, thank you."

"Shall I give you my arm back to the house?"

"Oh, no," replied Edward, laughing. "I shall hobble along slowly. Good-night."

VIII.

Ezra Wendell was gratified at the prospect of dining with Mrs. Westerley, and not less that Mr. Wilmington was to be of the party. He knew that the old gentleman was something of a force in the Morton household, and a man socially well considered everywhere; and the doctor overestimated such influences, as people are apt to overestimate the values, social or other, of taciturn persons. Then also Mrs. Morton, who had now taken Wendell's fortunes in charge, had told him that Mr. Wilmington had spoken about consulting him in regard to his gout. The doctor was pleased, too, because Morton was somewhat better in the morning; so that altogether his sensitiveness of temperament was agreeably dealt with by events, and he went with more than usual cheerfulness through his day's work, trying to

suppress the feeling that there was anything unusual in the matter of dining with a handsome and sprightly woman.

Mrs. Westerley was a lady by no means given to half measures. She had for the present "lost her heart to these utterly unconventional people, my dear." It was a question how long the loss would continue, but at the time we speak of she had socially adopted the doctor, and meant not only that he should succeed medically, but also that the little aristocracy of the neighborhood should accept him in social relations. All men interested Mrs. Westerley, and this one was to her a quite novel, and therefore a valuable, variety of the genus homo. Moreover, just at present she was somewhat bored, which, to do her justice, was rare, since, as a rule, her means of amusement were as varied as the hours allowed. She had married young, and within a year had lost her husband by an accident. She had mourned him in due fashion, and then had abruptly laid aside her widow's weeds, and crossed the ocean, to become a favorite in pleasant circles, and to return, after several winters, the same gay, light-hearted woman as before. What lay beneath this joyous masquerade only one woman — Mrs. Morton — knew, and the daws believed that Alice Westerley had no heart to wear upon her sleeve.

At present, she was bent upon attracting as well as helping the new doctor, and she was hardly less inclined to please his sister, as, like some few women, she enjoyed, next to her male conquests, those of her own sex. Of Miss Wendell, she as yet knew nothing, except that Mrs. Morton described her as a "very nice, plain kind of person, who does n't wear cuffs, and who, of all women, could not possibly interest you, my dear."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Westerley ordered her ponies at eleven o'clock, and, with a critical look at groom and harness, she set off on a round of errands, with the intention of calling last upon Miss Wendell. Presently, as she drove down the main street, she pulled up suddenly, with an abruptness to which her ponies were not altogether unused.

"Mr. Fox!" she cried, "Mr. Fox!" An erect, broadly built man, of more than middle height, clean-shaven and of fair color, approached her carriage. "I should have called you 'colonel,'" she said. "I heard you were at home on leave. Come and dine with me at three. As to my human *ménu*, there is a clever doctor for my piece of resistance, and old Wilmington, and myself."

The colonel was in undress uniform, and said quietly, "Yes, I would like it; but may I go away early? And, by the way, I have n't the sign of a civilized dress, — only my police uniform," and he looked round at his shoulder-straps, smiling.

"As to uniform," she replied, "I will try to bear it. I am an awful copper-head, you know. But we dine at three, as we always do in summer. As to going away early, you may; but I am sure you won't. And I forgot to say that I have some tremendous madeira."

The colonel's brown eyes lifted. "I will come, even at the risk of storing up awful retributive memories for days in camp, when the fare is beans and bacon."

"Three o'clock, then. Good-by," and she drove away. "Gracious," she exclaimed, "what an escape! If I had had to leave my doctor to talk madeira with Wilmington! What nice eyes the man has!"

Her errands done, the ponies drew up beneath the lindens in front of Dr. Wendell's house. There was no need to ring. Hester Gray was sitting on the stoop at the door, in the warm October sunshine, surrounded by a queer little museum of miscellaneous objects, over which the widow's eyes passed, amazed. There were two glass preserving jars, with a spray or two of leaves

in each, on which some green and gold caterpillars were patiently browsing. In the girl's lap was a large land turtle and several square paper boxes, as well as an open blank book, in which she was pasting very neatly a brilliant collection of autumn leaves. She looked up pleasantly, and setting aside her work rose to her feet.

"Why, Hester, what is all this?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"I just brought out my caterpillars to have some sun," the girl replied. "Dr. Wendell says they like it, and this one is making a cocoon. Shall I take out the big green one?"

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the widow; "it might disturb him. And what is that curious beast doing, on his hind legs? I really think he must be saying his prayers."

"Not he!" cried Hester, laughing. "And do you want to see my leaves, Mrs. Westerley?"

"Not now, my dear. Run and tell your aunt I am here."

"Aunt? Oh, you know she is not my aunt," returned Hester, tranquilly.

"Of course, I know. I mean Miss Wendell."

"Yes." And carefully setting aside her menagerie, the child said, "Please to come in. I will call Miss Ann."

Mrs. Westerley entered the parlor, and, wandering about, took a pleased survey of its appearance. "I wonder," she said to herself, "where that Delft bowl came from. The mark is good," she added, examining it critically. "And the books," she exclaimed, with renewed curiosity, turning to the table, — "what a droll assortment! Swedenborg, Divine Love and Wisdom, Browning, Hakewill's Apologia, — gracious heavens, does any one read a book that big? — Ford's plays, Edwards on the Will, Quarles' Emblems. I should like to know who reads which, as Arty says."

"Oh, Miss Wendell," she exclaimed, turning to greet Ann with one of her most charming smiles, "how pleasant to find you at home!"

"Will you sit down?" said Ann, composedly. "My brother told me that you were coming to see me. I am sure you are very kind. It is quite neighborly."

"Of course I should come. What a lovely room you have! So much color! You must have studied the effects a good deal."

"I am afraid," rejoined Ann, "that I don't think much of the colors. If I can only keep it clean, I am more than satisfied."

"But one of you must think a good deal about matters of taste. That Bartolozzi is not only beautiful, but it is a proof and very rare."

"My brother Ezra is responsible for these small extravagances. He says that they make life easier; but when I have to dust them, — and I assure you that is very often, — I know he is mistaken in that view of them. If he were the housekeeper, he would find that so many little things make life a good deal harder! I don't mean it is a matter really to make a fuss over."

This candid expression of domestic difficulties amused and puzzled the widow a little, but she replied, "Indeed, I have much the same troubles, and servants do break things. Don't you find that they break things?"

"No," said Ann, simply. "I do all the dusting myself, and I am careful, very careful, because brother values all these prints and bits of china."

"And how beautiful and charming they are! I was looking at that bowl on the mantel, before you came down. It is Delft, and very good Delft."

"Yes, that is one of the few things from home. I believe it came to Scituate in the Speedwell. My brother says that it belonged to an ancestress of ours, a Mistress Elizabeth Blossom. There is something about her and her father in a book we have. I think they came

over in 1640. How far away it seems! and now this bowl is all there is left on earth to remember her by."

Mrs. Westerley was interested. There was a mild flavor of gentility in this ancient Pilgrim breed, keeping, in its insignificant existence on the shores of Cape Cod, some pride of long descent.

"And you are proud," said the widow, "of your stern Puritan blood. I think I should be."

"Oh, but we were not Puritans," returned Ann; "we were Pilgrims, you know. There is a great difference."

Mrs. Westerley did not know, but she put the matter aside for future reference, saying, —

"Of course, — yes, of course. But do you know, your brother does n't seem to me like a New Englander?"

"Does n't he? I never thought of it at all, myself. Why does n't he?"

"Well, really, I could hardly say, but he does not." She had in her own mind an idea that there was about Wendell a certain softness of manner which was Southern in its character; but this was not quite the thing she desired to say, and so she added, "He talks more like a Marylander, I think."

"I don't know that I ever was called on to notice that, but it may be that he does."

"Have you heard him say to-day what he thinks of Major Morton?"

"No; I have not seen him since his morning visit."

"I think you would feel pleased if you could hear how the Mortons speak of him. He has been so good, and so gentle with the major; and perhaps you have little idea of that man's irritability! Indeed, I can't understand how any one could get on with him as your brother does. He must have a perfect temper."

Ann's face flushed with honest delight. "No one," she said, "knows how good he is." Then her heart opened to this woman who so intelligently appreciated the brother. "It is such a pleasure for me to feel that he is living where he has a chance to show what he is; and you know I could n't expect every one to feel just as I do about him."

"But you see you were wrong," returned Mrs. Westerley; and then, knowing that she had perhaps dwelt quite enough on Dr. Wendell, she added, "And how good he is to the child! It must be rather a grave business to have a girl suddenly left on your hands. Let me say, once for all, that if in any way I can help you about Hester, you must come to me without hesitation. Will you, now?" and she took Ann Wendell's hand.

"Yes, I will, if there be any need."

"And you won't forget? I really mean it."

"No, I will do as you say;" on which Mrs. Westerley rose, feeling that she had achieved the purpose of her visit, and went out to her ponies, with a kiss from the child, who was still at the open door with her pets, in the sunshine.

Mrs. Alice Westerley lived in a modern house on one of the lanes which border the battlefield of Germantown, and her windows looked over the ancient burial-ground, where sleep side by side the heroes of that indecisive day. A few old hemlocks and spruces, and one or two tulip-poplars were grouped about the grounds, which were only a few acres in extent; but the profusion of vines, now splendid in autumn colors, gave a distinct character to what would otherwise have been but one of numberless modern villas, in no other respect very unlike. Within, it remained very much as it was when she bought it, except that it had acquired that peculiar look of easy comfort and of being lived in which some women have the art of diffusing through any dwelling they may choose to inhabit.

Wendell arrived exactly at the hour, and found himself alone with Colonel Fox, the widow being a little late, as

was apt to be the case. Fox looked at him with brief attention. He had heard something of him before, and what he had heard was not altogether to his liking; yet despite his preconceptions, the doctor's face pleased him.

"Dr. Wendell, I think," said he. "I am Thomas Fox, — Colonel Fox, I suppose I should say; but we Friends cling by mere habit to the ways in which we were brought up."

"I like them," returned Wendell; "but it must be rare to see people of your creed in the army."

"Yes, it is rare," rejoined the colonel, simply. "I am glad our being both so early gives me a chance to ask you about Morton. Is he really very ill?"

"I would have said so until quite lately; but now I feel less uneasy."

"I am glad to hear it, and on such good authority. He made an admirable soldier. Do you see any likeness to him in the picture above you, — the one on the left? It is Mrs. Westerley's great-grandfather. Morton and she are distantly related."

"Indeed," said Wendell, "one would hardly suspect it. The major is such a wreck that I did not know the photograph taken two years ago. Pain is a relentless sculptor. But what a fine picture! I see some resemblance in the way the head is carried."

"It is a Copley, and the two over the table are Stuarts, and that on the left is by the elder Peale. It was hardly fair to hang it near the Stuarts. If you like good portraits, as I do, you will fancy these, I am sure. Just see how the hands are painted, in the Copley!"

"Yes," assented Wendell. "There is character in the way the old fellow grips his sword hilt."

"They say he was only too ready with it," remarked Fox.

"I can believe that," said Wendell, smiling. "But really, we are as unlike these people as we are unlike the English of to-day."

"Yes," returned Fox. "That is true to some extent. You must go further back for the best type of American face. I should say we are more like the English of Charles the First's time. In fact, the old Vandyke face has crossed the seas. You don't see it in England. You do see it with us. But here comes Mrs. Westerley!"

"And of course," said the widow, "you were saying that women never are punctual. Upon my word, the other world will be a great comfort to people like myself. Where time does not exist, punctuality will cease to be a virtue."

"Mr. Wilmington, at last," she added, as he entered.

It was a pleasant dinner to the doctor. The quick, alert chat of the hostess, trained in many varied circles, and knowing how to call out whatever there was of good talk in her guests; the reserved, tranquil, old-fashioned ways of Wilmington, with his long silences and occasional bits of sarcasm; and the grave intelligence of the Quaker colonel, made up a social atmosphere in which Wendell felt that he was appreciated and at his ease. Had he been a keener or more accustomed observer, he would perhaps have noted the momentary attention with which the colonel's brown eyes dwelt furtively, at odd moments, now upon him, and now upon Mrs. Westerley's mobile face; but he was too busy with the happiness of a rare social hour to search for what lay beneath. Whether the quick-witted woman herself observed it was quite another matter. Few things escaped her.

There was first the news of the neighborhood, and then the ever-recurrent talk of the war.

"Do you look for anything from Pope's advance?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"You won't tell," replied the colonel, smiling, "if I say I do not. He is too confident, and like most of our generals underrates his foe, I think. Lee is not

a general to be underrated, and never so little as when beaten. I don't like these cats in a corner. We shall have to make up our minds to lose man for man until we, who are numerically better off, have enough men left to win with."

"Did thee ever play poker very much, Fox?" inquired Mr. Wilmington without looking up from his plate. Like many of the descendants of Friends, he was apt to talk to those still of the society in Friends' language.

The soldier looked up at Mrs. Westerley, and replied demurely, "I have some dim memory of having heard it described when I was — well, rather young; but as a rule, thee knows it is not largely cultivated in Twelfth Street meeting."

"Well," continued the old gentleman, still pecking at the minutest amount of dinner on which life could be sustained, — "well, when thee gets some one in command who can play poker, I think Mr. Lee will have to go home and go to work."

"How much better," said Wendell, gayly, "to have a competitive examination on poker, open to grays and blues, and accept the result as ending the war. General Lee" —

"Pardon me, doctor, *Mr.* Lee," said Wilmington gravely.

Wendell did not care much whether Robert Lee was given his titular rank or not, and on the whole hated war talk; but he returned, smiling, "Thanks! Mr. Lee will be beaten, as Colonel Fox said, when we make up our minds to lose enough men in drawn battles to leave us at last with more men than he can meet."

"Well," said Wilmington, tranquilly, "that is poker."

"The illustration is faultless," laughed Fox, "but it is n't war."

"No," answered Wendell; "but it is the only war a race like ours can wage, when it is fighting against itself."

"Do you have all these theories in camp, colonel?" asked the widow.

"Oh, enough, and too many of them; less now than we had. But camp life is monotonous, and even Mr. Wilmington's educational resource gets played out, literally I may say, at times."

"Do you remember," said Wendell, "what one of Marlborough's generals told the London alderman when he asked if fighting was n't hard work?"

"No," replied Fox. "What was it?"

"The general declared it was n't very hard, because they fought every morning, and had all the rest of the day to themselves."

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Westerley. Her doctor was clearly coming on.

"Who can help wondering," said the colonel, "what the alderman answered!"

"That is the defect of most good stories," replied Wendell.

"I wish that general could regulate our little affair," returned Fox. "It is one day's fighting and six weeks of chasséing east and west. Still, it can end only one way, and it would n't be worth while betting on as a matter of chance."

"I rather think we have all bet pretty heavily," said Wilmington. "I 've bet a good deal before in my day, but this time I bet more than I liked."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Wendell, with indiscretion, and rather astonished.

Wilmington looked up, with a little of the tremulousness of age in his face. "My boy Jack," he said. Then he looked down at his plate, and there was a brief but perceptible silence, which the widow broke.

"Few have bet more heavily, — few, indeed. I should never have had the courage to bet anything as nice as my friend Jack Wilmington."

Wilmington looked up at her with a faint smile of pleasure. He smiled often, but never laughed.

"What I fear most," said Wendell, "is that when we have conquered the

South we shall have an endless guerrilla warfare."

"Oh, no, no," replied Fox; "the American common sense will stop that. I don't fear guerrilla warfare. The negroes will be the great question."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Westerley. "It is hideous to think of. One can't but pity the South."

"They should have thought of that before," muttered Wilmington.

"Unluckily," said Wendell, "it will be quite as much our business as theirs."

"Yes, exactly," answered the hostess. "Oh, there is one of those horrid newsboys! 'Great battle on the Potomac,' of course. Shall I send for a paper?"

"No, don't, my dear Mrs. Westerley," exclaimed Wilmington. "I try to think as little as I can of it all. In fact, I read the papers but once a week, — on Sunday."

"I wish," said Fox, "that all the editors could be sent to the front."

"With all my heart," returned the widow; "and no doubt you would send the copperheads to reinforce Lee, and so give me a chance of seeing it all."

"No, indeed! A brigade of Mrs. Westerleys at the rebel front would be fatal," cried Fox, laughing.

"I should desert, or malinger, — is n't that what you call shamming sick?" she rejoined. "Gettysburg was quite near enough for me. I was in New York, and do you know my man John buried all the silver; and to this day, if I complain of its want of polish, he puts on an injured air, and says it was 'all along of them rebels, ma'am.' I suppose the excuse will last my time and his!"

"I heard," said old Wilmington, wickedly, "that you meant to make Mr. Lee's visit an excuse to stay in New York."

"Now, that is one of Helen Morton's calumnies! I know by my own experience — I mean that I know of myself — how little one's friends are to be trusted! However, I have one consolation: I think I have abused her quite enough in the past to leave me with a good balance in my favor."

"But no one believes your abuse," asserted the colonel.

"And it was n't true, then?" asked Wilmington, peering under his lazy eyelids with a sense of mild disapproval at the very comfortable dinner the Quaker colonel was making.

"I did not say it was n't true," retorted Mrs. Westerley, "and New York always is a temptation to me."

"Then why do you stay here?" said Wendell. "To be able to go where you will, and to live where you wish to live, seems to me the most desirable of human liberties."

"Why do I live here? Oh, because I am better here."

"Morally better?" asked the colonel.

"I decline to be catechised!" she returned. "If I were as good as Mr. Wilmington," she continued, with malice in her eyes, "I would n't have to escape temptation by change of residence."

"I knew my time would come," murmured that little old gentleman, remembering with sly satisfaction that he had been rather agreeably naughty in his time, in many localities.

"As to Gettysburg," she resumed, "you were all of you badly enough scared, men and women. For my part, I never believed Lee would get to Philadelphia, — never!"

"And why?" said Wilmington, tumbling into her trap.

"Why?" she continued. "Because, my dear Mr. Wilmington, nothing unusual ever happens in Philadelphia; and that would have been very unusual, therefore it could not happen. Is n't that what you call a syllogism, Dr. Wendell?"

Every one laughed, and Wilmington exclaimed, "You always were cross about Philadelphia."

"No, no," she said, "I like it, and it suits me; but now and then I do incline to go somewhere else, just, you know, to recover a little my belief in the possibility of the unexpected."

"Oh, that is too outrageous!" laughed Fox. "As to New York, it is a pleasant casino, supported by stock gambling."

"And is it true, Mrs. Westerley," said Wilmington, "that you told Morton that bad New Yorkers, when they die, go to Philadelphia."

"I!" retorted the widow. "Impossible! Somebody in Boston said something like that about Paris. But I always am maligned."

"I wish I had said it," returned Fox.

"And did it take you long to think of it?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Oh, really," complained the widow, "I see it is full time for me to leave you. I was never so abused in my life!" and while speaking she arose, saying to Mr. Wilmington, as the old gentleman, bowing low, held the door open, "You will take my place, please; and there are, I think, some madeiras you may like. At least, I have done my best for you! John, the cigars are in the sideboard. I will give you your coffee in the drawing-room."

Then Mr. Wilmington shifted his seat to the place she had left, and the servant put in front of him, on silver coasters, four or five tall, slender, antique decanters.

The old gentleman, with his head on one side, looked through massive gold eyeglasses at the silver labels, and very deliberately rearranging the bottles filled his glass, and passed the wine to Wendell. "With the sun, if you please," he said. "A little cold, John, this wine," upon which, to Wendell's amazement, he clasped the wine-glass in both hands, and shut his eyes with a tranquil expression of such utter satisfaction at the coming pleasure, and with so much of a look of devotion, that the doctor conceived for a moment the idea that nothing less than a thankful prayer for a good dinner could be in the old man's mind; but presently he drank off his wine, and remarked, "A good grape juice. '28, I think. I didn't suppose there was any of it left."

Wendell certainly found it good.

The second wine was dismissed with, "I would n't advise you to take that. It wants a good fining, Colonel Fox."

The colonel was of like opinion.

"There is no label on this; but women take no care of their wines. Hem," he said, as he set down his glass, "I remember that wine well. It is precisely my own age. It 's getting just a little shaky, like myself, it is smoke! No better wine, Dr. Wendell; do you know it?"

"I can't say that I do," said Wendell, rather puzzled at the appellation. "I know little or nothing of wines."

"Well," remarked Fox, "Mr. Wilmington is a good instructor. I advise you to begin your education."

"But what on earth is smoke?" asked the doctor.

"Don't you taste it?" returned Wilmington. "There is no better madeira. I don't know many as good. A little eggshell would help it."

"Yes, a little eggshell," repeated Fox, with equal gravity.

"I am glad you still like it," exclaimed the old gentleman; "the taste is going out. I don't know five lads who can tell sherry from a fine madeira. My Jack says he likes cider. 'Likes cider,'—good heavens! Will you take another glass, doctor, or a cigar?"

"Unless you want to be excommunicated vinously," said Fox, laughing, "you can't drink after you smoke;" and so the cigars were brought and there was more war talk, during which Fox slipped away to chat with Mrs. Westerley, and the doctor was left alone with Mr. Wilmington.

Wendell very soon found that any discussion which did not involve wine talk was, at this stage of the dinner, quite out of the question, and he therefore wisely yielded, and as a consequence rose many degrees in the old gentleman's favor. What he learned as to wines it is perhaps not worth while to inquire. "And when I say wines," said Mr. Wilmington, "I mean madeiras, sir. There are other drinks; but excepting now and then a rare claret, — a very rare claret, — there are no wines except madeira. None, sir!" said the old gentleman, with unusual warmth, — "none, sir!"

He talked of wines as people talk of other people, of their vices or virtues, their births and decays. His dinners were gossips about wines. Such was the fashion of his day, and he and a very few old friends held to it with the tenacity of age. The friends were dropping fast, but the wines remained, and through them more than in any other way were aroused his pleasantest memories of departed feasts and the comrades at whom he had smiled above some golden south side vintage, in days when manners were more courtly and healths were drunk.

At last, when Wendell timidly remarked that all this care about wines must take up a good deal of time, Mr. Wilmington said, "Yes. It was quite true; they were like women and needed a good deal of attention, and that was just why Morton's wines had all gone to the devil. And a very pretty cellar he might have had, too, if he had only looked after it."

Sunday afternoon, he added, he himself had found a good quiet time to see to his madeiras; and, as Wendell learned later, any Sunday the old gentleman was to be found in his wine garret, contemplative and surrounded by demijohns, and eggshells, and what not.

At last, in despair, Wendell suggested that, as the afternoon was wearing on, they might as well have their coffee; upon which Mr. Wilmington reluctantly finished his glass, saying, "Well, I shall get you to dine with me, when Morton mends. I would like you to taste my pale heriot. That is very high up, sir, — very high up."

Just before they joined Mrs. Westerley, the colonel had said, "I do not believe you were really afraid."

"No, I was not afraid. I suppose I am like your raw recruits: want of experience makes them courageous. I can't realize the horrors of war. Were you ever afraid, Colonel Fox? A stupid question, I suppose; but were you ever, now, really?"

"Yes," he replied softly, "once or twice — of you."

The widow flushed a little, and was glad as she heard the coming steps of her other guests.

"I mean — you know what I mean, in war," she said.

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "I have been so afraid, Mrs. Westerley, I have prayed God to help me."

"Oh," she murmured, under her breath, "you are a brave man to say it."

"There are things a man will say to a woman — to some women — which he will say to no man," he rejoined.

"And you go back to-morrow?" she exclaimed, hastily.

"Yes."

At this moment Mr. Wilmington and Wendell entered the room. "Oh, at last, doctor!" she said, "I thought you were never coming. Won't you ring that bell in the corner? But here is John, already! Coffee, John, if you please."

S. Weir Mitchell.

NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

HAUNTED by unknown feet —
Ways of the midnight hour!
Strangely you murmur below me,
Strange is your half-silent power.
Places of life and of death,
Numbered and named as streets,
What through your channels of stone
Is the tide that unweariedly beats?
A whisper, a sigh-laden breath,
Is all that I hear of its flowing.
Footsteps of stranger and foe —
Footsteps of friends, could we meet —
Alike to me in my sorrow;
Alike to a life left alone.
Yet swift as my heart they throb,
They fall thick as tears on the stone:
My spirit perchance shall borrow
New strength from their eager tone.

Still ever that slip and slide
Of the feet that shuffle or glide,
And linger or haste through the populous waste
Of the shadowy, dim-lit square!
And I know not, from the sound,
As I sit and ponder within,
The goal to which those steps are bound, —
On hest of mercy, or hest of sin,
Or joy's short-measured round;
Yet a meaning deep they bear
In their vaguely muffled din.
Roar of the multitude,
Chafe of the million-crowd,
To this you are all subdued
In the murmurous, sad night-air!
Yet, whether you thunder aloud,
Or hush your tone to a prayer,
You chant amain through the modern maze
The only epic of our days.

Still as death are the places of life;
The city seems crumbled and gone,
Sunk 'mid invisible deeps —
The city so lately rife
With the stir of brain and brawn.
Haply it only sleeps;

But what if indeed it were dead,
And another earth should arise
To greet the gray of the dawn?
Faint then our epic would wail
To those who should come in our stead.
But what if that earth were ours?
What if, with holier eyes,
We should meet the new hope, and not fail?

Weary, the night grows pale:
With a blush as of opening flowers
Dimly the east shines red.
Can it be that the morn shall fulfill
My dream, and refashion our clay
As the poet may fashion his rhyme?
Hark to that mingled scream
Rising from workshop and mill —
Hailing some marvelous sight;
Mighty breath of the hours,
Poured through the trumpets of steam;
Awful tornado of time,
Blowing us whither it will.
God has breathed in the nostrils of night,
And behold, it is day!

George Parsons Lathrop.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE: AN OUTLINE PORTRAIT.

Some of M. Victor Cousin's readers are disposed to be more grateful to him for his eight volumes of biographies of the famous Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century than for the historico-philosophical writings which he looked on as the more important work of his life. Of the great men and the great writers of that century most of us have some knowledge, but less, perhaps, of their feminine contemporaries; yet there never was an age more abundant in remarkable women, who impressed themselves upon the social and political life of their times. Everywhere, at court, in the salons of Paris and the noble mansions of the aristocracy, what an array of brilliant and accomplished women the period presents to us, beginning with Charlotte de Montmorency and ending with Madame de Montespan! Among the splendid group was hardly one who was not noted for a beauty of a type quite different from that of the women of the following century, which, as M. Cousin says, "invented pretty women, charmingly perfumed and powdered dolls." The beauties of the earlier epoch were of the superb style, many of them a peculiarly dazzling order of blonde; and dark and fair dame alike drew after her a company of adorers, spreading everywhere that worship of beauty which was known throughout Europe as "la galanterie Française." Their beauty was not their sole distinction: they charmed by the graces of their mind, as well. Some of them were

women of superior intellectual powers, which, unhappily, were often wasted and perverted in pursuit of futile and mischievous ends. The age was one, as our author remarks, in which all things were in the extreme. Men and women permitted both their virtues and their vices to display themselves frankly, and even with a certain *éclat*. This is particularly true of the earlier half of the century, — the age of Descartes, Corneille, Pascal, Arnauld, Bossuet, Fénelon, Malebranche, De Luynes and Richelieu, the great Condé and Turenne, — before Louis XIV. had attained that personal domination by which he impressed himself upon his time; "effacing genuine traits of character while polishing the surface, banishing the great vices and also the great virtues of men."

Of this anterior period we learn much, directly and indirectly, in becoming acquainted with its women, who, as has been said, were such prominent figures in the social and political spheres. The life of one of these high-born Frenchwomen, Marie de Hautefort, has been briefly sketched in a former number of this magazine. It must be admitted that the characters of but few of her contemporaries could bear comparison with her pure and dignified personality. In the conventual houses, it is true, were to be found women of admirable qualities of mind and heart, — women with the austere energy of a Jacqueline Pascal, the calm and tender wisdom of an Angélique Arnauld. One of the most noted of the Parisian convents was the Carmelite foundation of the Rue St. Jacques, with which many ladies of the great world were closely connected by ties of friendship with the inmates, and as benefactresses of the institution. That proud and ambitious beauty, who, though so much sought after and celebrated, had yet preserved an unblemished reputation, Charlotte de Montmorency, wife of Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, was accustomed to visit the convent frequently, accompanied by her young daughter, Anne Geneviève, afterwards famous as the Duchess of Longueville. Madame la Princesse was desirous of having a private apartment in the building, similar to that of the queen, where she might install herself and her daughter at any time and for as long a period as she might choose. In the records of the convent there is an act, dated November, 1637, in which it is set down that "in presence of Mère Madeleine de Jésus, humble prioress, Sister Marie de la Passion, sub-prioress, Sister Philippe de St. Paul, and Sister Marie de St. Barthélemy, representing the community, was made known the requests of the high and mighty princess Dame Charlotte Marguérite de Montmorency, spouse of the high and puissant prince Henri de Bourbon, first prince of the blood, and Anne de Bourbon, their daughter, to be received as founders of the new building which the aforesaid reverend sisters are having constructed and added to the more ancient edifice; that the affair having been proposed in full chapter, in consideration of the great piety professed by the said noble princesses and the very charitable affection they have always borne to the order of the Carmelites, and particularly to this monastery, the said princesses are admitted to all the privileges granted to founders, — namely, free entrance to the convent whenever they so desire, there to eat, sleep, assist at divine service and other spiritual exercises, vigils and other pious works of daily custom; granted, moreover, that the said lady princess shall enjoy the privilege she has obtained from the Holy Father of bringing with her two other persons three times in each month, on condition that such other persons shall not remain in the monastery after six o'clock in the evening in summer, and seven in winter. This being accepted, the said ladies oblige themselves to continue the honor of their good

will to the reverend sisters, and also to defray the expense of the new construction."

Anne de Bourbon was hardly more than a child at this time. Her youthful piety was sincere and fervent, and she, as well as her mother, delighted to spend the larger portion of her time with her Carmelite friends, and to play the benefactress to them. She obtained from the Pope the relics of seven virgin martyrs, with a brief from his Holiness attesting their authenticity, and the fact of the names of each of the victims having been found entire or in part on the stones covering their bodies in the Catacombs. If we can imagine ourselves in a Carmelite convent of those days, we may conceive of the saintly joy which must have spread through the house upon the arrival of this magnificent gift. Mademoiselle de Bourbon also caused these and other such treasures in possession of the convent to be placed in a silver casket, in the shape of a dome surmounted by a lantern, around which were set the figures of the four Evangelists. The young girl had, in fact, resolved on becoming a Carmelite herself; but the politic Prince of Condé had other views for his daughter, and she plead for his permission in vain. In order to detach her affections from the Carmelites, she was obliged to appear more frequently in the world. At first she obeyed reluctantly, and as she took little pains to please, her social success was by no means brilliant. The struggle of will between her and her parents went on thus for some time. Anne had never yet been to a ball, but one day she was told that she was to accompany her mother to a grand ball, given at the Louvre. Much distressed, the girl sought the advice of her friends, the Carmelite sisters, who took the question in hand most seriously. Prudence and Penitence, personified by two of the sisters, presided over the council, and it was finally determined that Mademoiselle de Bourbon should go to the ball with a haircloth garment worn underneath her *robe de fête*. She was, moreover, strongly urged to be on her guard against the seductions of worldly gayety.

All the memoir writers of the time agree in their admiration of Mademoiselle de Bourbon's beauty. She is described as having lovely eyes, of a tender blue, and these, together with the infantine purity of her fair skin, suggested to every one the epithet "angelic" in speaking of her youthful countenance. Arrayed as became her rank, and sparkling with jewels, Anne went to the ball, full of confidence in her power to resist temptation. Admirers trooped about her; all eyes were upon her. Her heart was stirred by feelings she had never before experienced. "On leaving the ball she was no longer the same person." From this time she made no further effort to win consent to her taking the veil. Though she nowise forgot or neglected to visit her former conventual friends, thenceforth she belonged to another world than theirs, and she allowed herself to be led by the desire of pleasing, and the passion for being applauded on that stage where she saw so many others shine who had not her advantages either of birth, of mind, or of person.

Mademoiselle de Bourbon was something more than a beauty; she must have been, from all accounts, a woman of extraordinary charm. In this respect she resembled the famous Duchess of Chévreuse, whose sway over so many hearts was not due to her beauty alone. But we imagine the two women, equally proud by nature, as differing, nevertheless, very greatly. Madame de Chevreuse exercised an imperious fascination over all who came under her influence: she dazzled them by her audacious temper and her brilliant intellect. Anne de Bourbon charmed by an indefinable quality of her personality; by the curious mingling of haughtiness, noncha-

lance, and a soft languor, in her air and manner.

By the turn of her mind and character, as well as her beauty and grace, Mademoiselle de Bourbon was fitted to become an accomplished scholar of the Hôtel Rambouillet. The mistress of this noted salon did not, it is true, create the taste for intellectual pleasures, for literary elegance, which distinguished the society of the day, but from 1620 to 1648 the Hôtel Rambouillet was the most resorted to of all the Parisian salons. It was not till a later period that the nobility of ideas and elevation of sentiment which reigned here degenerated, among the numerous imitations of the mode in the inferior circles of Paris and the provinces, into that pseudo-grandeur, that exaggerated and affected tone of thought and speech, which Molière mocked at in Les Précieuses Ridicules. It was in 1660 that this first piece was printed, and Les Femmes Savantes, in 1663. Both Italian and Spanish literature were esteemed and studied by the frequenters of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Here it was not enough for a gentleman that he should be distinguished as a hero; he must also show himself a man of gallantry, — *l'honnête homme*, as it was somewhat mysteriously agreed to denominate the gentleman of intelligence, liberal culture, and agreeable manners. Madame de Rambouillet herself had been beautiful in her youth, but had never roused the breath of scandal. She had an extreme delight in the companionship of clever and refined people, without making any pretensions to wit in her own person. As a hostess, she charmed her guests. Her daughter, Julie, afterwards Duchess of Montausier, was less noted for her beauty than her mother had been, but her powers of mind were superior, and she was Madame de Rambouillet's gracious assistant in dispensing the hospitalities of the house. The drawing-room in which these ladies received, the famous blue chamber, was furnished throughout in blue velvet, relieved with silver and gold. From the large windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, and commonly open when the weather permitted, a prospect was had of a beautiful and well-kept garden, which appeared the larger from its neighborhood to other gardens belonging to the adjoining mansions.

Among those who frequented the Hôtel Rambouillet was Corneille, who sometimes read aloud his compositions to the appreciative company assembled there. A welcome guest was Voiture, a writer comparatively unknown to posterity, but of repute in his own day, and who understood how to commend himself to beautiful women and young gentlemen, who in the intervals of war occupied themselves with the refined pleasures of the intellect. It was to his credit that Voiture also knew how to preserve his independence, while associating thus familiarly with these great lords and ladies. Corneille, "timid and proud," was not wholly at his ease, it is said, in the social world. He listened almost always in silence; but Voiture was the life of the house. His mind was always alert, in trim; and while Corneille could scarcely succeed in keeping out something of the tragic manner even from the comedies he intended to be most diverting, Voiture allowed his pleasantries to mingle even in his serious discourse. He had a caustic wit, and people were on their guard against giving him occasion for an epigram, which, "like a swift and poisoned arrow," might in a few hours make the circuit of Paris. He wrote occasional verses, analogous to those nowadays called *vers de société*, and seems, in short, to have been one of those light, and agreeable *littérateurs* who often achieve a considerable though not a lasting reputation. The great Condé, as he was to be known, — the young Duc d'Enghien, as he then was, — often accompanied his sister to the intellectual banquets of the Hôtel Ram-

bouillet, and even indulged in the verse-writing which was one of the pleasures *à la mode* of the aristocratic circle. His verses are pretty bad, even for a prince, it must be confessed. Another *habituée* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and an intimate friend of the daughter of the house, was Madame de Sablé, an amiable woman, of excellent literary taste but mediocre talent, whose happiest gift was her ability to draw superior persons about her; and when the Hôtel Rambouillet had ceased to be an intellectual centre, the tradition of it was continued in the salon which the Marquise de Sablé held for many years in the Place Royale.

The Saturdays of Mademoiselle de Scudéry were of quite another order from the assemblies of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Although intelligent persons, of whatever condition, whose manners were good, were welcome at the latter house, yet it happened that the greater part of the guests were of high rank, and the aristocratic tone prevailed; while at the Saturdays the company was in general decidedly *bourgeois*, — persons who affected an air of distinction, and delivered themselves of pretentious commonplaces. At the Hôtel Rambouillet conversation was familiar, and whatever the subject, war, religion, or politics, it was discussed with simplicity and ease. At the Saturdays the topics were purely literary. Almost at the same time, Mademoiselle, "la grande Mademoiselle," daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, received her friends at the Luxembourg, and set the fashion of making those literary "portraits," the most famous of which are from her own pen. This style of literature, which became very prevalent in the provinces as well as in Paris, preceded the "Characters" of Bruyère, who painted, not individuals, but his times and society at large.

The Hôtel Condé was also a rendezvous of the best society. It was a magnificent mansion, with sumptuous appointments, rich tapestries, rare pictures, and other treasures of art collected by the Montmorencys, and descended from them to the Princess of Condé, who did the honors of her house with a dignified grace. Here Anne de Bourbon passed the winters, visiting at the Hôtel Rambouillet, at the Louvre, at the cardinal's palace, and at other hotels of the Place Royale. The princess was no friend of Richelieu; she had not forgiven him the death upon the scaffold of her brother Montmorency, whom all her prayers had been unable to save; but she yielded to the politic schemes of her husband, and his endeavor to bring about a marriage between their son and the cardinal's niece, Mademoiselle de Brezé. The summers were spent at Fontainebleau with the court, at Chantilly and other of the princess' country residences, at Ruel, the cardinal's estate, and elsewhere. At Chantilly, a vast domain, for a long time in possession of the Montmorencys, the princess held a little court of her own friends, her son's, and her daughter's. The prince, her husband, ordinarily remained in Paris. In this charming spot the young people diverted themselves in a hundred ways: with driving and riding; with promenades in the bosky alleys of the garden and park, on the terrace or the borders of the lakes, singly or in groups, as the humor took them. In the heat of the day, gathered on the balconies or on the lawns, romances were read aloud; there were singing and recitation of verses. One of the principal amusements was the making of verse, — of sonnets, elegies, etc. Voiture was a frequent guest. At Ruel, the cardinal was accustomed to amuse his guests with grand mythological ballets, in imitation of those given at the Louvre, and other fêtes of almost royal magnificence.

Among Mademoiselle de Bourbon's friends and guests at Chantilly was Mademoiselle de Vigeau, the object of the young Duc d'Enghien's early and faithful attachment. Although of good

family, her rank and position were not proportioned to those of a prince of the blood royal, and the marriage with the cardinal's niece was imposed upon the Duc d'Enghien, in spite of his resistance. He never loved the wife who displayed towards him a great devotion, but remained always constant in his heart to the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Vigeau. The tender affection she continued to feel for her lover was not to be satisfied by anything but a marriage with the duke, who, in fact, made more than one effort to obtain a separation from his wife. For a while the lovers continued to meet. On taking leave of him at the time of his departure for Germany (before the battle of Nordlingen), Mademoiselle de Vigeau was so overcome that when he was gone from the house she fainted. So false and painful a situation could not be prolonged, and Mademoiselle de Vigeau, resisting the remonstrances of her family, became a Carmelite in the convent of the Rue St. Jacques. Anne de Bourbon was throughout the confidante of her brother, between whom and herself there always existed a very warm affection.

Among the many young and brilliant cavaliers by whom Anne was surrounded, she does not appear to have distinguished any one with her special regard. Several brilliant marriages were talked of for her, and she was even promised at an early age to the Prince de Joinville, whose death put an end to the project. Finally, in 1642, when Mademoiselle de Bourbon was twenty-three years of age, she was married to the Duc de Longueville, next to the princes of the blood the greatest seigneur in France. He was forty-seven years old, and a widower. Anne de Bourbon manifested considerable repugnance to the marriage, but, as in all the alliances of these noble families, personal feelings on either side went for nothing in the matter. The marriage ceremonies were even more brilliant than those of the Duc d'Enghien, and Mademoiselle de Bourbon's beauty never appeared more dazzling than on this occasion. The Duc de Longueville was a gentleman of accredited bravery and some military talent, liberal, indeed magnificent, in his ideas and habits, but weak in character, and easily carried away by the influence of others. It was his misfortune throughout life to be drawn into enterprises beyond his ability to conduct, and where his defects rather than his virtues displayed themselves. The marriage was never a happy one, though during the earlier years of it the wife's conduct was irreproachable. She neither admired nor loved her husband, and her pride was wounded by the knowledge of his passion for the Duchess of Montbazon, who, even after the marriage, made every effort to retain her influence over M. de Longueville. The *liaison* between them was not a secret, and became the cause of many sharp reproaches addressed to her son-in-law by the Princess of Condé. Madame de Longueville's indifference to her husband enabled her to support his treatment without any display of irritation; but she considered herself authorized to surround herself, as before her marriage, with a little court of worshipers. She was the object of more poetic admiration than ever, and everywhere she carried herself with that air of gentle nonchalance which was her characteristic manner. She loved none among the crowd of adorers, though she distinguished with some marks of favor Maurice, Count of Coligny, who had been a former suitor for her hand.

It was in May, 1643, that the Duc d'Enghien, then but twenty-two years of age, distinguished himself by the victory of Rocroy, where, taking on himself to lead the right wing of the army in person, he drove before him the Italian, Walloon, and German infantry, and, nothing intimidated by the reverses of

his left wing and the cries for succor from his centre, continued to push forward his victorious columns, till, sweeping round on the enemy's left, he caught their main body between two fires, and gained the day. The court and the whole of Paris were in transports of enthusiasm; a disastrous defeat had been feared, and in its stead was a triumphant success. The proud delight experienced at the Hôtel Condé may easily be imagined, when one of the duke's comrades brought thither the news of the battle. The Spanish colors taken at Rocroy were hung in the great halls of the hôtel, previous to being carried to Notre Dame, and people flocked to look at them. All the muses of Rambouillet, great and small, chanted the praises of their brilliant disciple, and many persons were moved to tears at hearing of the young conqueror's order that the army should kneel upon the battle-field to give thanks for the victory and that his next care was for the wounded among his own men and those of the enemy.

In espousing the side of Mazarin, in his quarrel with the Importants, the house of Condé had drawn upon itself the enmity of this party, members of the old nobility who at an earlier day had striven to make head against Richelieu. The great minister's systematic endeavor was to keep down the power of the ancient noblesse and to elevate the royal prerogative, while they, in turn, maintained the struggle for their feudal privileges. Mazarin, pursuing his predecessor's policy, encountered the same opposition, which at the period we speak of was beginning to take shape as the earlier movement of the Fronde. Madame de Longueville's political indifference, with the amiability she generally showed in all things where her heart was not interested, had hitherto secured her from any mark of party hostility. She had, however, an enemy in the person of Madame de Montbazon, stepmother of Madame de Chevreuse, and mistress, as we have said, of the Duc de Longueville. Madame de Montbazon was a type of the worst feminine character to be found in any age. She was conspicuous even in those lax times for the free indulgence of her passions. "I have never known any one," says De Retz, "who preserved so little respect for virtue." What mental force she possessed showed itself chiefly in a turn for intrigue and perfidy; she was to be trusted in nothing. "She cared for nothing but her pleasures, and for her own interests even above them. Vain and fond of money, she sought influence and fortune by the help of her beauty, which was very considerable." Her most striking features were her black eyes and hair, in combination with a remarkably white skin; her mouth gave an expression of hardness to her face. Her air was haughty, but her manner of talking *degagé* and free. Evidently she was in all respects a notable contrast to Madame de Longueville, for whom she cherished a jealous hate. One evening, when a large company was assembled at her house, two letters were picked up, which Madame de Montbazon pretended had fallen from the pockets of Maurice de Coligny, Madame de Longueville's admirer, who had just left the room; and she asserted, moreover, that they were in the handwriting of Madame de Longueville. The scandal was caught up and repeated by the Importants. In reality, the letters were not forged, but were found by Madame de Montbazon in her salon, where they had been dropped by the Marquis de Maulevrier, who had received them from Madame de Fouguerolles. Maulevrier, trembling at the idea of having compromised his correspondent, hastened to beg the aid of his friend La Rochefoucauld in the matter. The latter succeeded in persuading Madame de Montbazon that it was for her interest to give up the letters, which, by a comparison of handwritings,

could so easily be proved not to have come from Madame de Longueville. The letters having been shown to the Princess of Condé and some friends of Madame de Longueville, they were burned in the queen's presence. The Duc de Longueville would have had the affair rest there, and his wife was satisfied to have the truth established; but the Princess of Condé could not brook the insult to her daughter, and declared that if the matter were not taken up, she and her family would retire from the court. The whole party of the Importants were excited about the matter, especially Beaufort, a lover of Madame de Montbazon; but Mazarin, by no means willing to embroil himself with the Condés, induced the queen to settle the imbroglio by insisting on an apology to the injured duchess, the words of which were dictated to Madame de Montbazon in a little billet, to be fastened to her fan, that it might be repeated word for word. In the presence of the queen and Mazarin the duchess pronounced her harangue, with an air that mocked at the words she used. Having omitted to address the princess as "madame," in the opening of her discourse, the princess complained of the discourtesy, and the duchess was obliged to recommence. The reply to the apology had also been set down beforehand, and this being duly made, the hollow reconciliation was complete. The princess had also been promised that she should not be compelled to remain in any place where she should find Madame de Montbazon of the company. Shortly after, however, the queen being invited to a collation given by the Duchess of Chevreuse, the princess accompanied her mistress, and, contrary to what she had been told, she encountered there Madame de Montbazon. The princess made an excuse to retire, and the queen, not feeling justified in retaining her, begged Madame de Montbazon to pretend an illness and to withdraw from the scene. The duchess would not consent to do so, and the offended queen herself refused to remain longer, and quitted the place with the princess. The Duchess of Montbazon received an order, in a few days' time, enjoining her to leave Paris, which disgrace done to her exasperated greatly her allies, the Importants, and hastened the execution of the plot against Mazarin, formed by Beaufort and others. It failed, however, through Mazarin's vigilance, and Beaufort was imprisoned.

Madame de Longueville, now in her twenty-sixth year, had left far behind her, as it seemed, the days when she had aspired to renounce the world for the conventual life. More and more she conformed to the manners of the age, though as yet without contracting a spot on her fair fame. Without personal ambition, she was ready in everything to serve the interests of her brother, over whom her influence was all-powerful. In 1646, she followed her husband to Münster, where he had resided for a year past as ambassador and minister plenipotentiary. She was accompanied by her step-daughter, a young woman nearly her own age, and by several friends. The journey from Paris to Münster was one continual ovation for the Duchess of Longueville. Governors issued forth to meet her, at the head of their garrisons, and she was furnished with escorts of cavalry. Her husband came from Münster to Wesel, to meet her, and Turenne, who commanded on the Rhine, gave her the spectacle of an army drawn up in order of battle and put through its various manœuvres. She made an almost triumphal entrance into Münster, where, during the following autumn and winter, she reigned as sovereign of the social world. The Count d'Avaux, a politician and man of great finesse, wrote in a congratulatory letter to the Princess of Condé, —

"Madame, it was from your daugh-

ter that I learned the news of the taking of Dunkirk. Such a victory should have been announced from such lips. Rejoice, madame, in the praises due to so great a captain, since France owes him to you. But along with the triumph of the brother permit me to place those of the sister, who is held here in such esteem that the single point on which the congress of Münster is in accord is that you, Madame la Princesse, are the happiest and most glorious mother in the world."

Brilliant as was her social success, Madame de Longueville nevertheless felt her stay at Münster an exile, and in the winter of 1647, on the death of her father, she returned to Paris, where she found herself surrounded by a court of adorers more numerous and more devoted than ever. This was the most triumphant portion of her career. Madame de Motteville says of her, "The Duchesse de Longueville, on her return to Paris, appeared there with more éclat than before her departure. Every one sought her favor as the highest honor. The affection which her brother, the Prince of Condé, had for her, her great beauty, and the superiority of her mind caused her to be so considered that those for whom she testified friendship were looked on as the minions of fortune." The prosperity of her life seemed at its height. But it was at the close of this year that she fell under the influence of La Rochefoucauld, her passion for whom was the source of all the agitations of her existence during the next six years, and of the long penitence with which she expiated her errors. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld had his attractive qualities, — an agreeable person, the air of a *grand seigneur*, manners at once polished and natural, graceful facility in conversation, and a refined intelligence; but he was vain and selfish, putting in practice those principles of self-interest that are set forth in his Maxims as the motive powers of human conduct. It was to further his own ends that he sought to form a liaison with Madame de Longueville, as is proved by a passage from his own writings. She gave him her heart, and thenceforth devoted herself wholly to him. He being one of the chiefs of the Importants, she set herself to win over to that party her younger brother, her husband, and also the Prince of Condé. With the first two this was an easy matter, but with Condé there was more difficulty. It is impossible, in this place, to follow Madame de Longueville through the mazes of the Fronde, in which, from first to last, she was a prime mover. She had by nature little of Madame de Chevreuse's stirring energy of character, nor did she rival the latter's remarkable penetration in political affairs; yet not even Madame de Chevreuse herself surpassed La Rochefoucauld's mistress in thorough-going devotion, tenacity, and courage. She even put herself in opposition to her brother Condé, her love for whom had always been the deepest sentiment of her heart. This was in 1649, when the queen-regent had fled with the young king to St. Germain, and Condé had been persuaded by Mazarin that his higher glory was to be known as preserver of the monarchy rather than as upholder of the people, with whom the Frondeurs had signed an act of union. It was then that, as Lavallée sets it down in the pages of his history, "the Duchess of Longueville installed herself at the Hôtel de Ville, with a court of frivolous and licentious lords. Her beauty, her delicate intelligence, and the celebrity she had gained in Paris and the whole of France made her the talk of Europe." It was at the same time, we may remark, that the young king, the queen, and Mazarin, at St. Germain, were sleeping in the unfurnished palace upon straw, which was all too scarce to furnish beds for their suite, — such were the piquant contrasts furnished by the

Fronde. But in establishing herself at the Hôtel de Ville, Madame de Longueville's intent was to show the people that by thus putting her own person into their hands she guaranteed the good faith of her husband and her younger brother, Conti. It was De Retz who conveyed her and the Duchess of Bouillon, with their children, from the Hôtel de Longueville to the town-hall. "The Grève was crowded, even to the roofs of the houses; and while the men shouted for joy, women wept at the spectacle, when the two noble ladies appeared upon the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, each with an infant in her arms. Madame de Longueville put the finishing stroke to the enthusiasm by lifting her child above her head, and exclaiming in her clear and silvery voice, 'Parisians, our husbands confide to you what is dearest to them on earth, — their wives and their children!' She was answered with cries of wild delight, and De Retz followed up her address by a shower of gold from the window."

Condé had none of the qualities of a statesman. He changed sides more than once, during the course of the Fronde, having no clear and fixed policy to maintain. With his sister it was otherwise; the clue that guided her through the tangle of the eventful years being her sole devotion to La Rochefoucauld. Now in Normandy or Holland, now in Paris, according as the Fronde or the court party was uppermost, she displayed at all times the resolute and intrepid temper of a man, while employing at the same time the fascinations of her feminine personality to seduce Turenne from his loyalty, and to cement more closely the union of the conspirators. At the time when the queen and Mazarin had resolved on striking boldly at the head of the Fronde, and had caused Conti, the Duc de Longueville, and Condé himself to be arrested in Paris, Madame de Longueville, being left defenseless, started at once for Normandy, which a year before had risen in revolt at her bidding. But at Rouen she found the face of affairs altered, and she was obliged to proceed to Havre. The queen, on hearing of the duchess' flight, hastened after her to Rouen, which she reached shortly after Madame de Longueville's departure. The latter arrived at the gates of Havre only to see them shut against her; and, finding an asylum there peremptorily denied her, pursued her way to Dieppe. The queen ordered the governor of Normandy to lay siege to the castle of Dieppe. "The fugitive duchess escaped from the place by a back entrance, and with two women and a few gentlemen who had refused to forsake her she traveled for two leagues, on foot, to the little port of Pourville, where a vessel awaited her which she herself had provided for the day of necessity. The tide was so strong and the wind so tempestuous that the sailors entreated her not to embark; but the duchess, fearing the regent more than the tempest, persisted in going on board. As the tide made it impossible to bring a boat to shore, one of the sailors attempted to carry her thither; but a wave swept him off his feet, and he fell, with his beautiful burden. She sank into deep water, but after some exertion she was dragged into the boat. On recovering from the immersion, she would again have tried to reach the vessel, but the sailors declared that it would be to fly in the face of Providence. She therefore was obliged to adopt some other expedient, and, sending for horses, she rode along the coast through the whole of that night and the following day, till she reached the house of a nobleman, who received her and her attendants with courtesy, and concealed them for some time beneath his roof. While there she learned that the captain of the vessel on which she was to have embarked was in the cardinal's interest, and that if she had set foot upon its deck she would have been arrested. She soon returned to Havre, this time

in male attire; and having introduced herself to the captain of an English ship as a nobleman who had just been engaged in a duel and was obliged to leave France, she succeeded in obtaining a passage to Holland, where the Prince and Princess of Orange received her as though she had been a fugitive queen."

For six years the miserable struggle of the Fronde went on, — "a war of intrigues, mines and countermines, internal discords and open violences, where the public good counted for nothing, and the parliament and people served but as instruments of seignorial ambition." It was merely a coalition of individual and selfish interests. La Rochefoucauld was no worse than others because from the beginning he had pursued only his personal ends. But he laid himself open to the charge of a base ingratitude when, having broken with his mistress, he descended to injure her in the estimation of her brother, and to the publication in a foreign country of memoirs whose authorship he disavowed, in which he related the history of their love, and exposed the weaknesses of one who had sacrificed all for him, and whom he should have died to defend. The cause, or rather the occasion, of the rupture was this. To serve the interests of Condé, his sister, at a certain conjuncture, made trial of her influence on the Duc de Nemours, who was enamored of Madame de Châtillon. Probably something of the emulation of conquest between rival beauties led Madame de Longueville to the mingling of a little coquetry with her pursuit of a more serious and disinterested purpose. The intercourse between her and the duke was but brief, but reports, which may have been exaggerated, reached La Rochefoucauld, then at Bordeaux. A candid explanation would have cleared away the cloud; but La Rochefoucauld broke with Madame de Longueville with such sudden haste as implied his having found a pretext for bringing about a separation long desired. Whether or not this were really the case, the appearance of a wrong to him sufficed. His self-love was the most sensitive spot in his nature. Moreover, it was no longer for his interest, as it once had been, to remain in intimate relations with Madame de Longueville. He had not drawn from the Fronde struggle the advantages he had hoped for, and weary of the wandering and adventurous life he had been following for several years he desired nothing better than to accommodate his quarrel with the court party. That party, as we know, triumphed in the end, and La Rochefoucauld, at the cessation of the struggle, arranged his affairs with the court admirably to his satisfaction. He obtained a comfortable pension for himself and an honorable position for his son. He accepted a seat in Mazarin's carriage, saying smilingly, "Everything happens in France." No such conclusion of the matter was possible for Madame de Longueville. Constant to her brother Condé and to her party, so long as it had any existence, she only consented at the last, and under necessity, to accept the amnesty signed at Bordeaux. The Prince of Condé with his wife was then in the Low Countries. If his sister had followed her inclination, she would have joined them there; but her mind was already filled with graver thoughts of repentance and expiation, and she turned whither duty seemed to call, to her aged husband and her home in Normandy. She was but thirty-five years old, and still in all the brilliancy of her ripe beauty; she might for many years longer have enjoyed the pleasures of the world. But she chose to turn her mind away from them forever; and the remaining twenty-five years of her life were passed first in Normandy, then among the Carmelites, and lastly with the Jansenists of Port Royal, where, in 1679, she died.

We are tempted to be the less severe

to her faults that she herself deplored them so long and so sincerely. The end of her days recalls the beginning, before the angelic-faced young girl who went to the Louvre ball with the garment of mortification beneath her festal robes had felt the contagion of the moral atmosphere she breathed, and, ill defended by her husband, had succumbed to the force of universal example. From the saintly refuge of her latter years, how strange it must have been to her to look back upon that short but fatal episode of her life, the days of the Fronde!

Maria Louise Henry.

THE RETURN OF A NATIVE.

It was never distinctly understood by his compatriots how Truesdale had earned the title of filibuster. The blending of reproach and glory implied in this term he bore with dignity and good-humor, and, it was sometimes suspected, with inner complacency. He touched but lightly upon the sequence of events which in his adventurous young manhood had turned the current of his life away from the ordinary channels. For many years he had been as complete an alien as it is possible for one to be who still at intervals stands on his country's threshold to discharge some errand of merely commercial interest. He had made his home in an old Spanish city in that portion of our continent which the geographies designate Central, but which, viewed in the light of all that is characteristically American, has more than a European remoteness and indifferency. Another language had become more ready to his thought than his mother-tongue, and in employing the latter his phrases were tinged with an unconscious euphuism, the natural effect produced by a Latin graft upon the long-neglected stock of the vernacular.

A few months previous to the incidents here to be narrated Truesdale had arrived in New York, with the vague purpose of renewing an acquaintance with his countrymen and of studying the social conditions in his native land, about which he had almost a foreigner's curiosity. What happened soon after his return — how in him society joyfully recognized a genuine specimen from the remote regions, in its charts marked *Hic sunt leones* — it is not within the province of this sketch to relate. Perhaps he had not disdained the *rôle* of splendid barbarian; he may not have been altogether unwilling to "grace my own triumph," as he had characterized his acquiescence with the schemes of his exhibitors: yet, in his serious reflections, he felt that he had made but small progress in the study which he had proposed to himself; he had been stripping layer after layer off the social nut, and yet so far had not reached the kernel of essential sweetness. It was at this point in the experiment that he spoke often, albeit somewhat floridly, of the "dear old sylvan life of the West;" his boyhood's home; the tender associations it held for him; the idyllic and grotesque characters, the homely worth, which had flourished there. As it was with the lotos-eaters, so with himself; he, too, knew how sweet it is

> "To muse, and brood, and live in memory
> With those old faces of our infancy,
> Heaped over with a mound of grass."

Oftenest, in his reverie, he saw the small chamber that had been his, in his mother's house: the whitewashed walls, the slant ceiling, the one window opening towards the morning. There, what dreams he had entertained! — surely not

of frontier adventure and the cruelties of war, but of a life dear to Apollo and the Muses. It was when this retrospective mood was upon him that he was wont to show his metropolitan friends an old ambrotype portrait of a youth, with pensive, Antinous face, framed with loose ringlets of dark hair, these falling over a wide, rolling collar of the fashion known as Byronic. The portrait having elicited the usual romantic and speculative comments, Truesdale would observe in a careless, reminiscential tone, "A most unfortunate young fellow, I knew, years ago. Wrote poetry; thought he had the divine afflatus. Checkered career, — gold-mining, fighting greasers, and what not; dead long ago, if reports are to be trusted." Rumors of his own demise had more than once reached Truesdale; and on one occasion he had been charged with imposture, when personating himself supposed deceased.

Previous to this unlooked-for attack of nostalgia, it had been in vain to urge Truesdale's revisitation of his old home, though frequent pressing invitations had been sent him by the remnant of his family residing there. He had not believed in your sentimental pilgrimage. "When you are disposed to go back and touch the shrine with your hands, don't do it; keep at a discreet, worshiping distance," had been his precept. But he had not been a day in "old Hillsboro'" before his objection to the sentimental pilgrimage was dispelled. He blessed the lazy immutability of the times and manners illustrated in the lives of his old friends and neighbors. As he looked on the summer fields, it seemed to him that they were still waving the unshorn harvests of twenty years ago. He was pleased to see above him the same "low, Hillsboro' sky," held up at the horizon by tall, Atlas-shouldered woods, — the sky that had shut down too close, the woods that had presented a hostile phalanx, to his impatient youth. Chiefly was he pleased that he could be thus pleased with the old scenes and associations. Did it not argue, he asked himself, that his heart was still warm and impressionable, open to all gentle influences, as is the soil to the ministrations of sun and dew?

He had visited the village burying-ground, given over to the care of blooming sweet-brier and wild strawberry in early summer, and later to aster, golden-rod, and life-everlasting. A long time he had stood, with uncovered head, beside his mother's grave, and then had moved but a few steps away, where a low headstone bore the legend, "Rosalie Graham. Aged twenty-one. 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'" A strange scripture for her, it seemed to him. When had the wicked troubled her tranquil and innocent life? He, at least, had gone away, and had not spoken aught to vex her. Weary? He could not believe it, with her fresh young face still blooming in his memory.

He had not neglected to attend the Sabbath morning service in the little, lonesome, white-painted, sun-beaten church, that stood at one side of the village green. He could not enough praise the devout faith and abounding good works of those whom he curiously denominated "Apostolic Methodists." In them he recognized the stuff of the Huguenots, of the Covenanters, and the Puritans. Their prayers and exhortations, he demonstrated, were as replete with natural poetry as with fervent piety. "A wellspring in a desert land," "stately steppings of the Almighty," "abundant entrance into the kingdom," — where could you find more lively imagery, more vigorous English, than in these and like expressions contained in the unwritten ritual of this earnest, faithful people? Indeed, he now gave himself, both by observation and practice, to recover the short, stout, Anglo-Saxon vocables, which so many years' use of a foreign language had wrested

from his command. He had been freshly convinced of the great resources afforded in the vernacular, by hearing an old neighbor, noted for her allocutive energy, remark that she had "just given the hired man a good tongue-banging"!

As a matter of course, Truesdale had called upon Uncle Gail Hartwell, now in his ninety-second year, and mentally dwelling among the events of the early portion of the century. Truesdale, sentimentally moved by the sight of the worthy patriarch and the generations gathered around him, had repeated the "seven ages of man." "And did old Bony write that you 've been a-sayin'?" asked the patriarch, who had listened with misty attention. "Ah, yes," Truesdale had observed in an aside, "Bony was a sweet poet."

In this bronzed, foreign-appearing man, this stranger so anxious to be treated as a native, Hillsboro' people had at first found it difficult to recognize the youth they had known in times past. Afterwards, all were desirous to substantiate the great truth that the boy is father of the man. One testified that Truesdale had once, in the coldest January weather, walked ten miles to borrow a book owned by deponent's uncle. Another, surveying the hero's imposing height and muscularity, affirmed that he "always told 'em there was pluck enough in Jim Truesdale to stock a nation." Still another remembered that when they went to "deestrick" school "Jimmy was always A No. 1 in geography. P'int to South Afriky, an' he knew all about it, 'cause he was goin' there some day to shoot lions; p'int to Brayzil, an' he was goin' there to clean out them di'mon's in the big river; an' he said he 'd go over them Alps, if he had to pour vinegar on 'em, as Hannybil did!"

Whatever desperate passages there may have been in Truesdale's history, no truculent indices appeared in his countenance, its expression being uniformly one of serene self-reliance. Yet there were those who noticed that his eyes had a habit of masked watchfulness, while others saw in the same eyes something of elate expectancy. Certain it was, if, looking up the tame country road, he remarked, "What is that coming yonder? It has the appearance of an Indian on horseback," the observation was sufficient to stir the imagination of any youthful hearer. Also, in the summer evenings spent at the farmhouse of his relatives, when he would pace up and down the floor, occasionally pausing at the open door and peering into the twilight scene without, the action suggested that at some time in his life such sentinel-like vigilance had been habitual. While there was little in his present appearance that could be construed as indicating a bellicose element in his past, it is true that if the glossy locks of his dark hair (just touched with a first frost) had been parted at a certain place, a long white mark, the scar of an old sabre-cut, would have been disclosed. He carried a cane, but with such adroitness as to make its use appear a whimsicality of taste, rather than a necessity. None would have suspected that an old hip wound, still troublesome at intervals, strongly recommended the services of a walking-stick. Some good Hillsboro' souls kindly prescribed for his supposed rheumatism, — that malady being perennially prevalent in the community.

At a picnic, as he had anticipated, Truesdale had a rare opportunity to taste the half-forgotten flavor of rural social life. At this picnic, the holiday confluence of two neighboring schools, were present, besides the demure young school-mistresses and their small summer flocks, the parents of the children and many friends of education. Among these last, most of them old acquaintances of Truesdale, was Squire Jerrold, a person of authority in Hillsboro', as became one connected with the Jerrolds in the East. Had *Colonel* Truesdale

(Hillsboro' etiquette had decided that this prefix was suitable) ever seen the Genealogy of the Jerrold Family? No? Then he must see it. Squire Jerrold was troubled with headache and dizziness, but had been much comforted by the perusal of the ancestral record: all the Jerrolds, so far as he could gather, had had "something the matter with their heads," especially those who had been eminent in professional life. In politics the squire was a staunch Democrat, and an adorer of that canonized patriot, General Jackson. Though not profane in his habits of speech, he was known sometimes, in vehement debate, to employ the favorite oath of his political idol. When he did so, with an effort to dilate his small frame and to clinch his short, soft fingers into a forcible fist, the effect was most laughable, or pathetic, according to the character or the mood of the spectator.

Next to the squire, on the temporary seating arranged for those who were to listen to the children's exercises, sat Elder Doolittle. He was a large, vigorous man, a powerful preacher, so called by those who sat under his boanergic ministration of gospel truth. His massive head was rendered larger in appearance by the abundance of iron-gray hair which it bore, and which its owner, by the unconscious working of some curious cranial muscle, could bring down over his forehead to within an inch and a half of his bushy eyebrows. Had his scalp been of india rubber, its elasticity and recoil could scarcely have been greater. Whether this agitation of the outer integument was related to the inner act of cerebration might have been a fit subject for scientific investigation. The elder exchanged hearty greetings with Truesdale, who, he felt sure, had been sent to his charge to be rescued as a brand from the burning.

Among the friends of education before mentioned was old Sammy Upson, the cooper. With no drop of Celtic blood in his veins, nevertheless he could scarcely open his mouth without an Irish bull issued therefrom. In relating his experience, in the class-meeting, a few Sundays before, he had most feelingly referred to the time "when I lay on my death-bed." On being nudged by his grand-daughter, who sat beside him, he had added, "my death-bed, as it were, though the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to spare me for a few more fleetin' years!" His latest felicity of this sort had been uttered while on the witness-stand, in a suit being tried at the county-seat. Such and such things had happened so and so, he attested, as sure as he held up his hand betwixt God and heaven!

Between old Sammy Upson and Moffitt Herkimer sat Hollering Clapp, whose stentorian voice, in the old days, could be heard as far as any farmhouse noon-bell could send its summons. Many a time had Truesdale listened to the musical storms awakened in the West Woods by Clapp's singing of his favorite hymns, while his axe rang in unison. It was touching now to observe how thin and piping had become that phenomenal voice, confessing to its own disabilities. "Could n't holler now worth a cent. All used up with coughin'. S'pose I 've got the long lingerin' consumption."

Truesdale remembered Moffitt Herkimer as having excelled in every department of woodcraft: never a bee-tree but Moffitt Herkimer was informed as to its exact locality; never a coon-hunt in which his sagacity and agility were not exercised; never a well to be dug, on anybody's farm, but the witch-hazel in his canny hand must be consulted. He had also been the best runner in five townships. On Truesdale's inquiring whether he could now get over the ground as rapidly, he replied, "Wall, I cal'late I could, mebbe. Give me a smooth road, an' if my soles wan't too tender from wearin' shoes so much, in these days, I cal'late I could run to

the Centre inside of three minutes and a half."

"No, you could n't, you ole fool," interposed Mrs. Herkimer, whose remarkably hard common sense never dealt in euphemism; "you could n't, and you know you could n't, — all stiffened up with the rheumatiz as you be. Had to have a chair to get up into the buggy with, last Sunday!"

Very refreshing to Truesdale's eye was the scene before him. The green recesses of the wood; the slight motion of the leaves; the lights and shadows that played over the little stage, changefully brocading the white dresses of the two girlish teachers; the happy children, in their holiday attire, now "coming to order" at a word from her who acted as mistress of ceremonies, — all pleased the returned native more than any pageant of civic prosperity he had ever witnessed. Where under heaven were the children so favored, so well clothed, so well mannered, so intelligent and apt withal, as here in his own country?

During the opening exercises, — in part performed by a melodeon, which seemed to express astonishment at its own presumption in trying to fill so vast an auditorium, — a singular arrival was noticed. This might have been some grotesque genius of the wood, — some *lusus*, called into existence by Nature in her most rollicking mood. Advancing slowly, the new comer threw himself upon an inviting bed of moss under a tree, and there stretched out his rotund proportions, while he surveyed the holiday company with an air of lazy enjoyment. "Fatty Wheaton," whispered one of Truesdale's juvenile friends. "He 's fat, like that, because his folks let him eat so much pork when he was a baby. He 's been asked to go with a circus, but his folks won't let him."

The opening exercises over, a pale-faced, tow-haired boy came upon the stage, and in shrill-pitched voice announced that he was trying to climb the Hill of Science, and that Truth was his guide and sure reliance. The young pilgrim had much difficulty in making the ascent, having several times to be "prompted." "That boy must be a Hackett, and that accounts for his perplexities," thought Truesdale. "No Hackett was ever known to climb the slight elevation he speaks of." Next, a gypsy maiden, with sunburnt hair of many shades, and lips and cheeks red as the fruit of the wild rose, extolled, in rapid sing-song, the advantages and pleasures to be found in country life. Then, a tall boy came forward with a temperance piece, depicting in Miltonic blank verse the envious strife stirred up in Pandemonium by a certain peregrinating fiend, who boasted of the mischief he had accomplished upon the earth: —

"But tell me first, O mighty spirit, thy name.
'My name,' the fiend replied, 'is Alcohol!'"

After this, a bevy of girls filled the little stage, and a dialogue entitled Gossip was acted. Each gossip had sewing or knitting work in her hands; there was frequent laying together of shrewd heads, much mysterious whispering, much lifting of the eyebrows in scandalized amazement, while many promises of secrecy were exacted.

The exercises went forward, but Truesdale had dropped into a reverie. As he bent his eyes upon the ground, a plant with delicate light green leaves and small yellow flowers arrested his attention. It seemed bending forward to say, "I know you, but I see you have forgotten me." Its name did not at once come to his mind, but when it did he was pleased, recognizing an old acquaintance. Sheep-sorrel? — of course it was; and he tried his memory with other plants around him, and had soon added cohosh, milkweed, and lobelia to the list of his botanical recollections. The grass, — how fat and sleek it grew in one place, shining with prosperity!

What would he not have given for such a grass-plot transferred to his garden in the tropics! Did anybody know how good it was to see the grass growing, after living under a sun too fervid for this temperate, cool-blooded plant? Would it not be sweet to take up his life anew under these old trees that had shaded the home of his childhood? Enough had he seen of the cocoa and the orange tree; these had been well; but now give him an apple-orchard and a title to the West Woods of Hillsboro'. What better could he do, perhaps, than return here for good, buy a little farm, and live the "gentle life"? Perhaps some daughter of Arcadia —

But a daughter of Arcadia was even now sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking; and her words, addressed to him, were these: —

"We would be pleased to listen to some remarks from Colonel Truesdale."

There was a hush of expectation, in which all eyes were turned towards the colonel, who slowly rose to his feet. I pretend to no clairvoyant cleverness; the account of what passed through his mind is based upon his own affidavit. He rose to his feet, because it was expected that he should do so. The events of his life drifted before him, as in the retrospect of a drowning man. Now, now, do these good people think to reach the heart of his mystery. Now must he show them his scars, and they will give him their most sweet voices. He takes a step forward. Something to interest the children, of course. Then, they would, perhaps, like to hear how a jaguar — a bold, bad beast, dear children — met his death in his own den. Two balls of fire in the dark were the mark of the dare-devil fellow. . . . Or take this: Four riders, hotly pursued. They spur their horses, and bid fair to escape. But a chasm is reached. Leap it, or fall into the hands of the enemy. Three go over safely. The fourth tries to follow. *Adios, mundo,* — good-by, world! and down. . . . Or this: Evening, after a red day of battle. On this side, the moon rising over the long mountain wall; on that, the ocean and the sunset. A band of soldiers, a couple of prisoners, halt before a small village. The vesper hymn, — chanted prayer for pardon and peace, — sweet and solemn. The younger prisoner joins in the singing, though to-morrow — who knows? His voice rings out clear. When the hymn is done, the dark-eyed women of the village gather around him. "*El es muy suave,* — he is very gentle. Soldiers, don't kill him." . . . Good heavens! what tales are these to pour into the ears of these innocent children! There must be another way, thus: My dear young friends, you are to-day assembled here in the capacity of — a picnic. It rejoices my heart to be permitted to mingle with you here, for I was once as you are. I once roved through these sylvan aisles, warbling my wood-notes wild. Just as you do now, I set traps for the squirrels, and fished out of Crooked *Crick.* Like you, I went to school, loved my books and teacher dear. As I grew up, I increased in virtue and wisdom, and became a bright and shining — filibuster. Fought, bled, and died, times without number. Returning to the home of my youth, the elders arise and call me Colonel, and you all listen, enraptured, to the mellifluous accents of this chin-music of mine.

Up to this point in his unmouthed eloquence, the face of the filibuster had worn an expression of dreamy abstraction, now changing rapidly to one of bewilderment and appeal. Help him, ye woodland powers! How very still it is! — so still that he hears distinctly the hum of bees at work in the blossoms of yonder basswood. He also hears the snuffings and pawings of some canine zealot (doubtless Tige Herkimer) bent upon unearthing a woodchuck. But what evil spell is this? *Vox faucibus hæsit.* Stage-fright, aha! Had he not

harangued and subdued the myrmidons of war? Had he not overruled, in secret juntas, by the crafty persuasiveness of his voice and speech? Had he not, like another Othello, held society, like another Desdemona, entranced by the moving and pictorial quality of his language? And should he now quail before a handful of country children? No! and yet it seemed inevitable. What a merciful deliverance if he could but see a charge of greasers breaking through the thicket on his right! Single-handed he would defend his people! He was so taken with this idea that he actually bent a faint smile of scrutiny in the direction of the wished-for raid.

He knew not how long he had stood thus. He perceived that his friends were growing solicitous on his account. Elder Doolittle evinced his sympathetic distress by an unusually violent twitching of his movable scalp, bringing his hair and eyebrows much nearer together than had ever been observed before. The sufferer from long lingerin' consumption was inspired to a paroxysm of coughing, which succeeded in attracting considerable attention away from the spellbound orator. Old Sammy Upson puckered his dry lips, ready for a prolonged whistle of amazement; while Dave Hackett, who had always owed Jim Truesdale a grudge for the latter's "fine-haired notions," smiled with derisive satisfaction. The younger of the two pretty school-teachers, at this trying juncture losing her self-control, tittered audibly. At length, a friend of our hero, perceiving the hopelessness of the situation, came to the rescue. "I would suggest, with Colonel Truesdale's concurrence," said this friend, "that further remarks be deferred until the children, who are getting rather impatient, have had refreshments."

The colonel, with a grave smile and inflection of his head, signed his concurrence. The children, considering themselves dismissed, deserted their hard seats, and were soon expectantly ranged on each side of the long table, which groaned (if table ever groaned) under its feastful burden. Delicious proclamation of this plenty went abroad on the air. Some bees left their mealy labor in the basswood tree, and came over to the table, where they behaved themselves like true sybarites. As the festivity proceeded, Fatty Wheaton was not forgotten. Whether from shyness or an indisposition towards leaving his mossy couch, he had refused to take his place with the other children; but the good women who dispensed the feast plied him with every sort of delicacy which the table afforded. It appeared to them that, by such attentions, the weight of his obese misery might be lessened.

With but one exception, all were prepared to do justice to the bountiful dinner. This exception was not to be found among the children; nor could it have been Moffitt Herkimer, who declared himself keen enough to eat a woodchuck. (Who, if not he, knew the flavor of woodchuck?) The exception could not have been Squire Jerrold. With a school-boy fondness for sweetmeats, which led him to keep a jar of candies in the closet at home, as also to have his pockets supplied with some sort of "drops" for his hoarseness, he was now engaged in abstracting the raisins from his pudding and the icing from his cake. Elder Doolittle, with the earnestness that characterized all his actions, gave himself to the full enjoyment of the "creature benefits" referred to in the grace pronounced by him. No one had lost an appetite unless it was the filibuster. Verily, dead-sea apples could not have been bitterer to his taste than was the wholesome and delicious food with which his injured friends insisted upon heaping his plate. How could he partake of their kind hospitality, when he had failed to perform the paltry part assigned to him in the day's exercises? He was grimly amused,

sitting between the squire and the elder, to note their efforts to restore his spirits by relating embarrassments similar to his own, which had happened in their experience.

"'D I ever tell you, elder, about the fix I got into down at Plainfield, once when I tried to make a p'litical speech there, just before 'lection? I'd committed every word of it to memory, and then, to make a dead-sure thing of it, I copied it to take with me. Well, I'd been going on swimmingly for about five minutes, when I came up stump. Recollect the very sentence I stuck on: 'Let us, who cherish the star-bright palladium of our rights, secured to us by him who, inflexible in his patriotism, was fitly styled "Old Hickory," — let us' — I said that 'let us' over and over, until some young peppersass in the back part of the room put in, 'Go right ahead; we 'll let ye.' Searched my pockets, and pulled out a paper; but by the Eternal! it wa' n't my speech at all, — only a stack of old letters I 'd put in by mistake."

"That reminds me, Squire Jerrold, of how I got bushed, when I first entered the ministry. I had to preach before the presiding elder at Copenhagen. I took for my text, TEKEL: thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Of course the sermon was extempour; preaching with notes was n't approved of, then. I got through TEKEL all right, and then I broke down completely, — in fact, had to sit down; and Elder Woolever had to continue the exercises. As I was subject to palpitation in those days, the congregation took it for granted that I had had one of my bad turns."

Thus, in the goodness of their hearts, Masters Slender and Shallow strove to comfort and cheer Master Silence. He, however, refused to be comforted, and as soon as he could withdraw without giving offense took his way home by a cross-cut through the West Woods; whipping with his cane the innocent herbage in his path, and not stopping, as he had thought to do, to see if certain old landmarks were still remaining. Sylvan things had lost their charm.

To this day, Truesdale counts "that disgraceful *fiasco* of mine at the picnic" as among the serious chagrins of a lifetime. "But what could I do?" he asks. "To do the least thing well, a man must have had practice. I could not 'make remarks' to the school, because my training in that direction had been neglected."

Edith M. Thomas.

EN PROVINCE.

VII.

FROM AVIGNON TO ORANGE.

I.

I HAD been twice at Avignon before, and yet I was not satisfied. I probably am satisfied now; nevertheless, I enjoyed my third visit. I shall not soon forget the first, on which a particular emotion set indelible stamp. I was traveling northward, in 1870, after four months spent, for the first time, in Italy. It was the middle of January, and I had found myself, unexpectedly, forced to return to England for the rest of the winter. It was an insufferable disappointment. I was wretched and broken-hearted. Italy appeared to me at that time so much better than anything else in the world that to rise from table in the middle of the feast was a prospect

of being hungry for the rest of my days. I had heard a great deal of praise of the south of France; but the south of France was a poor consolation. In this state of mind I arrived at Avignon, which under a bright, hard winter sun was tingling — fairly spinning — with the *mistral*. I find in my journal of the other day a reference to the acuteness of my reluctance in January, 1870. France, after Italy, appeared, in the language of the latter country, *poco simpatica;* and I thought it necessary, for reasons now inconceivable, to read the Figaro, which was filled with descriptions of the horrible Tropmann, the murderer of the *famille* Kink. Tropmann, Kink, *le crime de Pantin*, — the very names that figured in this episode seemed to wave me back. Had I abandoned the sonorous south to associate with vocables so base?

It was very cold, the other day, at Avignon; for though there was no mistral, it was raining as it rains in Provence, and the dampness had a terrible chill in it. As I sat by my fire, late at night — for in genial Avignon, in October, I had to have a fire — it came back to me that eleven years before I had at that same hour sat by a fire in that same room, and, writing to a friend to whom I was not afraid to appear extravagant, had made a vow that in some happier period of the future I would revenge myself on the *ci-devant* city of the Popes by taking it, in a peaceful sense. I suppose that I redeemed my vow on the occasion of my second visit better than on my third; for then I was on my way to Italy, and that vengeance, of course, was complete. The only drawback was that I was in such a hurry to get to Ventimiglia (where the Italian custom-house was to be the sign of my triumph) that I scarcely took time to make it clear to myself at Avignon that this was better than reading the Figaro. I hurried on almost too fast to enjoy the security of my sense of moving southward. On this last occasion I was unfortunately destitute of that sense. Avignon was my southernmost limit; after which I was to turn round and proceed back to England. But in the interval I had been a great deal in Italy, and that made all the difference.

I had plenty of time to think of this, for the rain kept me practically housed for the first twenty-four hours. It had been raining in these regions for a month, and people had begun to look askance at the Rhone, though as yet the volume of the river was not exorbitant. The only excursion possible, while the torrent descended, was a kind of horizontal dive, accompanied with infinite splashing, to the little *musée* of the town, which is within a moderate walk of the hotel. I had a memory of it from my first visit; it had appeared to me more pictorial than its pictures. I found that recollection had flattered it a little, and that it is neither better nor worse than most provincial museums. It has the usual musty chill in the air, the usual grass-grown fore-court, in which a few lumpish Roman fragments are disposed, the usual red tiles on the floor, and the usual specimens of the more livid schools on the walls. I rang up the *gardien*, who arrived with a bunch of keys, wiping his mouth; he unlocked doors for me, opened shutters, and while (to my distress, as if the things had been worth lingering over) he shuffled about after me, he announced the names of the pictures before which I stopped, in a voice that reverberated through the melancholy halls, and seemed to make the authorship shameful when it was obscure, and grotesque when it pretended to be great. Then there were intervals of silence, while I stared absent-mindedly, at haphazard, at some indistinguishable canvas, and the only sound was the downpour of the rain on the skylights. The museum of Avignon derives a certain dignity from its Roman fragments. The town has no Roman

monuments to show; in this respect, beside its brilliant neighbors, Arles and Nîmes, it is a blank. But a great many small objects have been found in its soil — pottery, glass, bronzes, lamps, vessels and ornaments of gold and silver. The glass is especially charming — small vessels of the most delicate shape and substance, many of them perfectly preserved. These diminutive, intimate things bring one near to the old Roman life; they seem like pearls strung upon the slender thread that swings across the gulf of time. A little glass cup that Roman lips have touched says more to us than the huge mass of an arena. There are two small silver *casseroles*, with chiseled handles, in the museum of Avignon, that struck me as among the most charming survivals of antiquity.

I did wrong, just above, to speak of my attack on this establishment as the only recreation I took that first wet day; for I remember a terribly moist visit to the former palace of the Popes, which could have taken place only in the same tempestuous hours. It is true that I scarcely know why I should have gone out to see the Papal palace in the rain, for I had been over it twice before, and even then had not found the interest of the place so complete as it ought to be; the fact, nevertheless, remains that this last occasion is much associated with an umbrella, which was not superfluous even in some of the chambers and corridors of the gigantic pile. It had already seemed to me the dreariest of all great historical buildings, and my final visit confirmed the impression. The place is as intricate as it is vast, and as desolate as it is dirty. The imagination has, for some reason or other, to make more than the effort usual in such cases to restore and repeople it. The fact, indeed, is simply that the palace has been so incalculably abused and altered. These alterations have been so numerous that, though I have duly conned the enumerations, supplied in guide-books, of the principal ones, I do not pretend to carry any of them in my head. The huge bare mass, without ornament, without grace, despoiled of its battlements and defaced with sordid modern windows, covering the Rocher des Doms, and looking down over the Rhone and the broken bridge of Saint-Bénazet (which stops in such a sketchable manner in mid-stream), and across at the lonely tower of Philippe le Bel and the ruined wall of Villeneuve, makes at a distance, in spite of its poverty, a great figure, the effect of which is carried out by the tower of the church beside it (crowned though the latter be, in a top-heavy fashion, with an immense modern image of the Virgin), and by the thick, dark foliage of the garden laid out on a still higher portion of the eminence. This garden recalls, faintly and a trifle perversely, the grounds of the Pincian at Rome. I know not whether it is the shadow of the Papal name, present in both places, combined with a vague analogy between the churches — which, approached in each case by a flight of steps, seem to defend the precinct — but each time I have seen the promenade des Doms it has carried my thoughts to the wider and loftier terrace from which you look away at the Tiber and St. Peter's.

As you stand before the Papal palace, and especially as you enter it, you are struck with its being a very dull monument. History enough was enacted here: the great schism lasted from 1305 to 1370, during which seven Popes, all Frenchmen, carried on the court of Avignon on principles that have not commended themselves to the esteem of posterity. But history has been whitewashed away, and the scandals of that period have mingled with the dust of dilapidations and repairs. The building has for many years been occupied as a barrack for regiments of the line, and the main characteristics of a barrack, an extreme nudity and a very strong smell, prevail throughout its endless

compartments. Nothing could have been more cruelly dismal than the appearance it presented at the time of this third visit of mine. A regiment, changing quarters, had departed the day before, and another was expected to arrive (from Algeria) on the morrow. The place had been left in the befouled and belittered condition which marks the passage of the military after they have broken camp, and it would offer but a melancholy welcome to the regiment that was about to take possession. Enormous windows had been left carelessly open all over the building, and the rain and wind were beating into empty rooms and passages; making draughts which purified, perhaps, but which scarcely cleared. For an arrival, it was horrible. A handful of soldiers had remained behind. In one of the big, vaulted rooms several of them were lying on their wretched beds, in the dim light, in the cold, in the damp, with the bleak, bare walls before them, and their overcoats, spread over them, pulled up to their noses. I pitied them immensely, though they may have felt less wretched than they looked. I thought not of the old profligacies and crimes, not of the funnel-shaped torture-chamber (which, after exciting the shudder of generations, has been ascertained now, I believe, to have been a mediæval bakehouse), not of the tower of the *glacière* and the horrors perpetrated here in the Revolution, but of the military burden of young France. One wonders how young France endures it, and one is forced to believe that the French conscript has, in addition to his notorious good-humor, greater toughness than is commonly supposed by those who consider only the more relaxing influences of French civilization. I hope he finds occasional compensation for such moments as I saw those damp young peasants passing on the mattresses of their hideous barrack, without anything around to remind them that they were in the most civilized of countries. The only traces of former splendor now visible in the Papal pile are the walls and vaults of two small chapels, painted in fresco, so battered and effaced as to be scarcely distinguishable, by Simone Memmi. It offers, of course, a peculiarly good field for restoration, and I believe the government intend to take it in hand. I mention this fact without a sigh; for they cannot well make it less interesting than it is at present.

II.

Fortunately, it did not rain every day (though I believe it was raining everywhere else in the department); otherwise I should not have been able to go to Villeneuve and to Vaucluse. The afternoon, indeed, was lovely when I walked over the interminable bridge that spans the two arms of the Rhone, divided here by a considerable island, and directed my course, like a solitary horseman — on foot, to the lonely tower which forms one of the outworks of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. The picturesque, half-deserted little town lies a couple of miles further up the river. The immense round towers of its old citadel and the long stretches of ruined wall covering the slope on which it lies are the most striking features of the nearer view, as you look from Avignon across the Rhone. I spent a couple of hours in visiting these objects, and there was a kind of pictorial sweetness in the episode; but I have not many details to relate. The isolated tower I just mentioned has much in common with the detached donjon of Montmajour, which I had looked at in going to Les Baux, and to which I paid my respects in speaking of that excursion. Also the work of Philippe le Bel (built in 1307), it is amazingly big and stubborn, and formed the opposite limit of the broken bridge, whose first arches (on the side of Avignon) alone remain to give a measure of the occasional volume of the Rhone. Half an hour's walk brought

me to Villeneuve, which lies away from the river, looking like a big village, half depopulated, and occupied for the most part by dogs and cats, old women and small children; these last, in general, remarkably pretty, in the manner of the children of Provence. You pass through the place, which seems in a singular degree vague and unconscious, and come to the rounded hill on which the ruined abbey lifts its yellow walls — the Benedictine abbey of Saint-André, at once a church, a monastery, and a fortress. A large part of the crumbling enceinte disposes itself over the hill; but for the rest, all that has preserved any traceable cohesion is a considerable portion of the citadel. The defense of the place appears to have been entrusted largely to the huge, round towers that flank the old gate; one of which, the more complete, the ancient warden (having first inducted me into his own dusky little apartment, and presented me with a great bunch of lavender) enabled me to examine in detail. I would almost have dispensed with the privilege, for I think I have already mentioned that an acquaintance with many feudal interiors has wrought a sad confusion in my mind. The image of the outside always remains distinct; I keep it apart from other images of the same sort; it makes a picture sufficiently ineffaceable. But the guard-rooms, winding staircases, loop-holes, and prisons repeat themselves and intermingle; they have a wearisome family likeness. There are always black passages and corners, and walls twenty feet thick; and there is always some high place to climb up to for the sake of a "magnificent" view. The views, too, are apt to get muddled. These dense gate-towers of Philippe le Bel struck me, however, as peculiarly wicked and grim. Their capacity is of the largest, and they contain ever so many devilish little dungeons, lighted by the narrowest slit in the prodigious wall, where it comes over one with a good deal of vividness and still more horror that wretched human beings ever lay there rotting in the dark. The dungeons of Villeneuve made a particular impression on me — greater than any, except those of Loches, which must surely be the most gruesome in Europe. I hasten to add that every dark hole at Villeneuve is called a dungeon; and I believe it is well established that in this manner, in almost all old castles and towers, the sensibilities of the modern tourist are unscrupulously played upon. There were plenty of black holes in the Middle Ages that were not dungeons, but household receptacles of various kinds; and many a tear dropped in pity for the groaning captive has really been addressed to the spirits of the larder and the fagot-nook. For all this, there are some very bad corners in the towers of Villeneuve, so that I was not wide of the mark when I began to think again, as I had often thought before, of the stoutness of the human composition in the Middle Ages, and the tranquillity of nerve of people to whom the groaning captive and the blackness of a "living tomb" were familiar ideas, which did not at all interfere with their happiness or their sanity. Our modern nerves, our irritable sympathies, our easy discomforts and fears, make one think (in some relations) less respectfully of human nature. Unless, indeed, it be true, as I have heard it maintained, that in the Middle Ages every one did go mad, — every one *was* mad. The theory that this was a period of general insanity is not altogether indefensible.

Within the old walls of its immense abbey the town of Villeneuve has built itself a rough *faubourg;* the fragments with which the soil was covered having been, I suppose, a quarry of material. There are no streets; the small, shabby houses, almost hovels, straggle at random over the uneven ground. The only important feature is a convent of cloistered nuns, who have a large garden (always

within the walls) behind their house, and whose doleful establishment you look down into, or down at, simply from the battlements of the citadel. One or two of the nuns were passing in and out of the house; they wore gray robes, with a bright red cape. I thought their situation most dreary. I came away, and wandered a little over the base of the hill, outside the walls. Small white stones cropped through the grass, over which low olive-trees were scattered. The afternoon had a yellow brightness. I sat down under one of the little trees, on the grass — the delicate gray branches were not much above my head — and rested, and looked at Avignon across the Rhone. It was very soft, very still and pleasant, though I am not sure it was all I once should have expected of that combination of elements: an old city wall for a background, a canopy of olives, and, for a couch, the soil of Provence.

When I came back to Avignon the twilight was already thick; but I walked up to the Rocher des Doms. Here I again had the benefit of that amiable moon which had already lighted up for me so many romantic scenes. She was full, and she rose over the Rhone, and made it look, in the distance, like a silver serpent. I remember saying to myself, at this moment, that it would be a beautiful evening to walk round the walls of Avignon — the remarkable walls, which challenge comparison with those of Carcassonne and Aigues-Mortes, and which it was my duty, as an observer of the picturesque, to examine with some attention. Presenting themselves to that silver sheen, they could not fail to be impressive. So, at least, I said to myself; but, unfortunately, I did not believe what I said. It is a melancholy fact that the walls of Avignon had never impressed me at all, and I had never taken the trouble to make the circuit. They are continuous and complete, but for some mysterious reason they fail of their effect. This is partly because they are very low, in some places almost absurdly so; being buried in new accumulations of soil, and by the filling in of the moat up to their middle. Then they have been too well tended; they not only look at present very new, but look as if they had never been old. The fact that their extent is very much greater makes them more of a curiosity than those of Carcassonne; but this is exactly, at the same time, what is fatal to their pictorial unity. With their thirty-seven towers and seven gates they lose themselves too much to make a picture that will compare with the admirable little vignette of Carcassonne. I may mention, now that I am speaking of the general mass of Avignon, that nothing is more curious than the way in which, viewed from a distance, it is all reduced to naught by the vast bulk of the palace of the Popes. From across the Rhone, or from the train, as you leave the place, this great gray block is all Avignon; it seems to occupy the whole city, expansive, with its shrunken population, as the city is.

III.

It was the morning after this, I think (a certain Saturday), that when I came out of the Hôtel de l'Europe, which lies in a shallow concavity just within the city gate that opens on the Rhone — came out to look at the sky from the little *place* before the inn and see how the weather promised for the obligatory excursion to Vaucluse — I found the whole town in a terrible taking. I say the whole town advisedly, for every inhabitant appeared to have taken up a position on the bank of the river, or on the uppermost parts of the promenade of the Doms, where a view of its course was to be obtained. It had risen surprisingly in the night, and the good people of Avignon had reason to know what a rise of the Rhone might signify. The town, in its lower portions, is quite

at the mercy of the swollen waters; and it was mentioned to me that in 1856 the Hôtel de l'Europe, in its convenient hollow, was flooded up to within a few feet of the ceiling of the dining-room, where the long board which had served for so many a *table d'hôte* floated disreputably, with its legs in the air. On the present occasion the mountains of the Ardêche, where it had been raining for a month, had sent down torrents, which, all that fine Friday night, by the light of the innocent-looking moon, poured themselves into the Rhone and its tributary, the Durance. The river was enormous, and continued to rise, and the sight was beautiful and horrible. The water, in many places, was already at the base of the city walls; the quay, with its parapet just emerging, being already covered. The country, seen from the plateau des Doms, resembled a vast lake, with protrusions of trees, houses, bridges, gates. The people looked at it in silence, as I had seen people before — on the occasion of a rise of the Arno, at Pisa — appear to consider the prospects of an inundation. "Il monte; il monte toujours" — there was not much said but that. It was a general holiday, and there was an air of wishing to profit, for sociability's sake, by any interruption of the commonplace (the popular mind likes "a change," and the element of change mitigates the sense of disaster); but the affair was not otherwise a holiday. Suspense and anxiety were in the air, and it never is pleasant to be reminded of the helplessness of man. In the presence of a loosened river, with its ravaging, unconquerable volume, this impression is as strong as possible; and as I looked at the deluge which threatened to make an island of the Papal palace, I perceived that the scourge of water is greater than the scourge of fire. A blaze may be quenched, but where could the flame be kindled that would arrest the quadrupled Rhone? For the population of Avignon a good deal was at stake, and I am almost ashamed to confess that in the midst of the public alarm I considered the situation from the point of view of the little projects of a sentimental tourist. Would the prospective inundation interfere with my visit to Vaucluse, or make it imprudent to linger twenty-four hours longer at Avignon? I must add that the tourist was not, perhaps, after all, so sentimental. I have spoken of the pilgrimage to the shrine of Petrarch as obligatory, and that was, in fact, the light in which it presented itself to me; all the more that I had been twice at Avignon without undertaking it. This is why I was vexed at the Rhone — if vexed I was — for representing as impracticable an excursion which I cared nothing about. How little I cared was manifest from my inaction on former occasions. I had a prejudice against Vaucluse, against Petrarch, even against the incomparable Laura. I was sure that the place was cockneyfied and threadbare, and I had never been able to take an interest in the poet and the lady. I was sure that I had known many women as charming and as handsome as she, about whom much less noise had been made; and I was convinced that her singer was factitious and literary, and that there are half a dozen stanzas in Wordsworth that speak more to the soul than the whole collection of his *fioriture*. This was the crude state of mind in which I determined to go, at any risk, to Vaucluse. Now that I think it over, I seem to remember that I had hoped, after all, that the submersion of the roads would forbid it. Since morning the clouds had gathered again, and by noon they were so heavy that there was every prospect of a torrent. It appeared absurd to choose such a time as this to visit a fountain — a fountain which would be indistinguishable in the general cataract. Nevertheless, I took a vow that if at noon the rain should not have begun to descend upon Avignon I would

repair to the head-spring of the Sorgues. When the critical moment arrived, the clouds were hanging over Avignon like distended water-bags, which only needed a prick to empty themselves. The prick was not given, however; all nature was too much occupied in following the aberrations of the Rhone to think of playing tricks elsewhere. Accordingly, I started for the station in a spirit which, for a tourist who sometimes had prided himself on his unfailing supply of sentiment, was shockingly perfunctory.

> "For tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

I remembered these lines of Matthew Arnold (written, apparently, in an hour of gloom), and carried out the idea, as I went, by hoping that with the return of insight I should be glad to have seen Vaucluse. Light has descended upon me since then, and I declare that the excursion is in every way to be recommended. The place makes a great impression, quite apart from Petrarch and Laura.

There was no rain; there was only, all the afternoon, a mild, moist wind and a sky magnificently black, which made a *repoussoir* for the paler cliffs of the fountain. The road, by train, crosses a flat, expressionless country, toward the range of arid hills which lie to the east of Avignon, and which spring (says Murray) from the mass of the Mont-Ventoux. At Isle-sur-Sorgues, at the end of about an hour, the foreground becomes much more animated and the distance much more (or perhaps I should say much less) actual. I descended from the train and ascended to the top of an omnibus, which was to convey me into the recesses of the hills. It had not been among my previsions that I should be indebted to a vehicle of that kind for an opportunity to commune with the spirit of Petrarch; and I had to borrow what consolation I could from the fact that at least I had the omnibus to myself. I was the only passenger; every one else was at Avignon, watching the Rhone. I lost no time in perceiving that I could not have come to Vaucluse at a better moment. The Sorgues was almost as full as the Rhone, and of a color much more romantic. Rushing along its narrowed channel under an avenue of fine *platanes* (it is confined between solid little embankments of stone), with the goodwives of the village, on the brink, washing their linen in its contemptuous flood, it gave promise of high entertainment further on.

The drive to Vaucluse is of about three quarters of an hour; and though the river, as I say, was promising, the big, pale hills, as the road winds into them, did not look as if their slopes of stone and shrub were a nestling-place for superior scenery. It is a part of the merit of Vaucluse, indeed, that it is as much as possible a surprise. The place has a right to its name, for the valley appears impenetrable until you get fairly into it. One perverse twist follows another, until the omnibus suddenly deposits you in front of the "cabinet" of Petrarch. After that you have only to walk along the left bank of the river. The cabinet of Petrarch is to-day a hideous little *café*, bedizened, like a signboard, with extracts from the ingenious Rime. The poet and his lady are, of course, the stock in trade of the little village, which has had for several generations the privilege of attracting young couples engaged in their wedding tour, and other votaries of the tender passion. The place has long been familiar, on festal Sundays, to the swains of Avignon and their attendant nymphs. The little fish of the Sorgues are much esteemed, and, eaten on the spot, they constitute, for the children of the once Papal city, the classic suburban dinner. Vaucluse has been turned to account, however, not only by sentiment, but by industry; the banks of the stream being disfigured by a pair of hideous mills for the manufacture of paper and of wool. In an enterprising and economical age, the water-

power of the Sorgues was too obvious a motive; and I must say that, as the torrent rushed past them, the wheels of the dirty little factories appeared to turn merrily enough. The footpath on the left bank, of which I just spoke, carries one, fortunately, quite out of sight of them, and out of sound as well, inasmuch as on the day of my visit the stream itself, which was in tremendous force, tended more and more, as one approached the fountain, to fill the valley with its own echoes. Its color was magnificent, and the whole spectacle more like a corner of Switzerland than a nook in Provence. The protrusions of the mountain shut it in, and you penetrate to the bottom of the recess which they form. The Sorgues rushes and rushes; it is almost like Niagara after the jump of the cataract. There are dreadful little booths beside the path, for the sale of photographs and *immortelles* — I don't know what one is to do with the immortelles — where you are offered a brush dipped in tar to write your name withal on the rocks. Thousands of vulgar persons, of both sexes, and exclusively, it appeared, of the French nationality, had availed themselves of this implement; for every square inch of accessible stone was scored over with some human appellation. It is not only we in America, therefore, who besmirch our scenery; the practice exists, in a more organized form (like everything else in France), in the country of good taste. You leave the little booths and stalls behind, but the bescribbled crag, bristling with human vanity, keeps you company even when you stand face to face with the fountain. This happens when you find yourself at the foot of the enormous straight cliff out of which the river gushes. It rears itself to an extraordinary height — a huge forehead of bare stone — looking as if it were the half of a tremendous mound, split open by volcanic action. The little valley, seeing it there, at a bend, stops suddenly, and receives in its arms the magical spring. I call it magical on account of the mysterious manner in which it comes into the world, with the huge shoulder of the mountain rising over it, as if to protect the secret. From under the mountain it silently rises, without visible movement, filling a small natural basin with the stillest blue water. The contrast between the stillness of this basin and the agitation of the water directly after it has overflowed constitutes half the charm of Vaucluse. The violence of the stream when once it has been set loose on the rocks is as fascinating and indescribable as that of other cataracts; and the rocks in the bed of the Sorgues have been arranged by a master-hand. The setting of the phenomenon struck me as so simple and so fine — the vast sad cliff, covered with the afternoon light, still and solid forever, while the liquid element rages and roars at its base — that I had no difficulty in understanding the celebrity of Vaucluse. I understood it, but I will not say that I understood Petrarch. He must have been very self-supporting, and Madonna Laura must indeed have been much to him.

The aridity of the hills that shut in the valley is complete, and the whole impression is best conveyed by that very expressive French epithet *morne*. There are the very fragmentary ruins of a castle (of one of the bishops of Cavaillon) on a high spur of the mountain, above the river; and there is another remnant of a feudal habitation on one of the more accessible ledges. Having half an hour to spare before my omnibus was to leave (I must beg the reader's pardon for this atrociously false note; call the vehicle a *diligence*, and for some undiscoverable reason the offense is minimized), I clambered up to this latter spot, and sat among the rocks in the company of a few stunted olives. The Sorgues, beneath me, reaching the plain, flung itself crookedly across the

meadows, like an unrolled blue ribbon. I tried to think of the *amant de Laure*, for literature's sake, but I had no great success, and the most I could do was to say to myself that I must try again. Several months have elapsed since then, and I am ashamed to confess that the trial has not yet come off. The only very definite conviction I arrived at was that Vaucluse is indeed cockneyfied, but that I should have been a fool, all the same, not to come.

IV.

I mounted into my diligence at the door of the Hôtel de Pétrarque et de Laure, and we made our way back to Isle-sur-Sorgues in the fading light. This village, where at six o'clock every one appeared to have gone to bed, was fairly darkened by its high, dense plane-trees, under which the rushing river, on a level with its parapets, looked unnaturally, almost wickedly, blue. It was a glimpse which has left a picture in my mind: the little closed houses, the place empty and soundless in the autumn dusk but for the noise of waters, and in the middle, amid the blackness of the shade, the gleam of the swift, strange tide. At the station every one was talking of the inundation being in many places an accomplished fact, and, in particular, of the condition of the Durance at some point that I have forgotten. At Avignon, an hour later, I found the water in some of the streets. The sky cleared in the evening, the moon lighted up the submerged suburbs, and the population again collected in the high places to enjoy the spectacle. It exhibited a certain sameness, however, and by nine o'clock there was considerable animation in the Place Crillon, where there is nothing to be seen but the front of the theatre and of several cafés — in addition, indeed, to a statue of this celebrated brave, whose valor redeemed some of the numerous military disasters of the reign of Louis XV. The next morning the lower quarters of the town were in a pitiful state; the situation seemed to me odious. To express my disapproval of it, I lost no time in taking the train for Orange, which, with its other attractions, had the merit of not being seated on the Rhone. It was my destiny to move northward; but even if I had been at liberty to follow a less unnatural course I should not then have undertaken it, inasmuch as the railway between Avignon and Marseilles was credibly reported to be (in places) under water. This was the case with almost everything, but the line itself, on the way to Orange. The day proved splendid, and its brilliancy only lighted up the desolation. Farmhouses and cottages were up to their middle in the yellow liquidity; haystacks looked like dull little islands; windows and doors gaped open, without faces; and interruption and flight were represented in the scene. It was brought home to me that the *populations rurales* have many different ways of suffering, and my heart glowed with a grateful sense of cockneyism. It was under the influence of this emotion that I alighted at Orange, to visit a collection of eminently civil monuments.

The collection consists of but two objects, but these objects are so fine that I will let the word pass. One of them is a triumphal arch, supposedly of the period of Marcus Aurelius; the other is a fragment, magnificent in its ruin, of a Roman theatre. But for these fine Roman remains and for its name, Orange is a perfectly featureless little town, without the Rhone — which, as I have mentioned, is several miles distant — to help it to a physiognomy. It seems one of the oddest things that this obscure French locality — obscure, I mean, in our modern era, for the Gallo-Roman Arausio must have been, judging it by its arches and theatre, a place of some importance — should have given its name to the heirs apparent of the throne of

Holland, and been borne by a king of England who had sovereign rights over it. During the Middle Ages it formed part of an independent principality; but in 1531 it fell, by the marriage of one of its princesses, who had inherited it, into the family of Nassau. I read in my indispensable Murray that it was made over to France by the treaty of Utrecht. The arch of triumph, which stands a little way out of the town, is rather a pretty than an imposing vestige of the Romans. If it had greater purity of style, one might say of it that it belonged to the same family of monuments as the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. It has three passages — the middle much higher than the others — and a very elevated attic. The vaults of the passages are richly sculptured, and the whole monument is covered with friezes and military trophies. This sculpture is rather mixed; much of it is broken and defaced, and the rest seemed to me ugly, though its workmanship is praised. The arch is at once well preserved and much injured. Its general mass is there, and as Roman monuments go it is remarkably perfect; but it has suffered, in patches, from the extremity of restoration. It is not, on the whole, of absorbing interest. It has a charm, nevertheless, which comes partly from its soft, bright yellow color, partly from a certain elegance of shape, of expression; and on that well-washed Sunday morning, with its brilliant tone, surrounded by its circle of thin poplars, with the green country lying beyond it and a low blue horizon showing through its empty portals, it made, very sufficiently, a picture that hangs itself to one of the lateral hooks of the memory. I can take down the modest composition, and place it before me as I write. I see the shallow, shining puddles in the hard, fair French road; the pale blue sky dilated by days of rain; the disgarnished autumnal fields; the mild sparkle of the low horizon; the solitary figure in *sabots*, with a bundle under its arm, advancing along the *chaussée;* and in the middle I see the little ochre-colored monument, which, in spite of its antiquity, looks bright and gay, as everything must look in France of a fresh Sunday morning.

It is true that this was not exactly the appearance of the Roman theatre, which lies on the other side of the town; a fact that did not prevent me from making my way to it in less than five minutes, through a succession of little streets concerning which I have no observations to record. None of the Roman remains in the south of France are more impressive than this stupendous fragment. An enormous mound rises above the place, which was formerly occupied — I quote from Murray — first by a citadel of the Romans, then by a castle of the princes of Nassau, razed by Louis XIV. Facing this hill a mighty wall erects itself, thirty-six metres high, and composed of massive blocks of dark brown stone, simply laid one on the other; the whole naked, rugged surface of which suggests a natural cliff (say of the Vaucluse order) rather than an effort of human, or even of Roman labor. It is the biggest thing at Orange — it is bigger than all Orange put together — and its permanent massiveness makes light of the shrunken city. The face it presents to the town — the top of it garnished with two rows of brackets, perforated with holes to receive the staves of the *Velarium* — bears the traces of more than one tier of ornamental arches; though how these flat arches were applied, or encrusted, upon the wall, I do not profess to explain. You pass through a diminutive postern — which seems in proportion about as high as the entrance of a rabbit-hutch — into the lodge of the custodian, who introduces you to the interior of the theatre. Here the mass of the hill affronts you, which the ingenious Romans treated simply as the material of

their auditorium. They inserted their stone seats, in a semicircle, in the slope of the hill, and planted their colossal wall opposite to it. This wall, from the inside, is, if possible, even more imposing. It formed the back of the stage, the permanent scene, and its enormous face was coated with marble. It contains three doors, the middle one being the highest, and having above it, far aloft, a deep niche, apparently intended for an imperial statue. A few of the benches remain on the hillside, which, however, is mainly a confusion of fragments. There is part of a corridor built into the hill, high up, and on the crest are the remnants of the demolished castle. The whole place is a kind of wilderness of ruin; there are scarcely any details; the great feature is the overtopping wall. This wall being the back of the scene, the space left between it and the chord of the semicircle (of the auditorium) which formed the proscenium is rather less than one would have supposed. In other words, the stage was very shallow, and appears to have been arranged for a number of performers standing in a line, like a company of soldiers. There stands the silent skeleton, however, as impressive by what it leaves you to guess and wonder about as by what it tells you. It has not the sweetness, the softness of melancholy, of the theatre at Arles, but it is more extraordinary, and one can imagine only tremendous tragedies being enacted there, —

"Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line."

At either end of the stage, coming forward, is an immense wing — immense in height, I mean, as it reaches to the top of the scenic wall; the other dimensions are not remarkable. The division to the right, as you face the stage, is pointed out as the green room; its portentous altitude and the open arches at the top give it the air of a well. The compartment on the left is exactly similar, save that it opens into the traces of other chambers, said to be those of a hippodrome adjacent to the theatre. Various fragments are visible which refer themselves plausibly to such an establishment; the greater axis of the hippodrome would appear to have been on a line with the triumphal arch. This is all I saw, and all there was to see, of Orange, which had a very rustic, bucolic aspect, and where I was not even called upon to demand breakfast at the hotel. The entrance of this resort might have been that of a stable of the Roman days.

Henry James.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

THE happiness of birds, heretofore taken for granted, and long ago put to service in a proverb, is in these last days made a matter of doubt. It transpires that they are engaged without respite in a struggle for existence, — a struggle so fierce that at least two of them perish every year for one that survives.[1] How, then, can they be otherwise than miserable?

[1] Wallace, Natural Selection, page 30.

There is no denying the struggle, of course; nor need we question some real effect produced by it upon the cheerfulness of the participants. The more rationalistic of the smaller species, we may be sure, find it hard to reconcile the existence of hawks and owls with the doctrine of an all-wise Providence; while even the most simple-minded of them can scarcely fail to realize that a world in which one is liable any day to

be pursued by a boy with a shot-gun is not in any strict sense paradisiacal.

And yet, who knows the heart of a bird? A child, possibly, or a poet; certainly not a philosopher. And happiness, too, — is that something of which the scientific mind can render us a quite adequate description? Or is it, rather, a wayward, mysterious thing, coming often when least expected, and going away again when, by all tokens, it ought to remain? How is it with ourselves? Do we wait to weigh all the good and evil of our state, to take an accurate account of it *pro* and *con*, before we allow ourselves to be glad or sorry? Not many of us, I think. Mortuary tables may demonstrate that one half of the children born in this country fail to reach the age of twenty years. But what then? Our "expectation of life" is not dependent upon statistics. The tables may be correct, for aught we know; but they deal with men in general and on the average; they have no message for you and me individually. It seems not unlikely that birds may be equally illogical; always expecting to live, and not die, and often giving themselves up to impulses of gladness without stopping to inquire whether, on grounds of absolute reason, these impulses are to be justified. Let us hope so, at all events, till somebody proves the contrary.

But even looking at the subject a little more philosophically, we may say — and be thankful to say it — that the joy of life is not dependent upon comfort, nor yet upon safety. The essential matter is that the heart be engaged. Then, though we be toiling up the Matterhorn, or swept along in the rush of a bayonet charge, we may still find existence not only endurable, but in the highest degree exhilarating. On the other hand, if there is no longer anything we care for; if enthusiasm is dead, and hope also, then, though we have all that money can buy, suicide is perhaps the only fitting action that is left for us, — unless, perchance, we are still able to pass the time in writing treatises to prove that everybody else ought to be as unhappy as ourselves.

Birds have many enemies and their full share of privation, but I do not believe that they often suffer from *ennui*. Having "neither storehouse nor barn," [1] they are never in want of something to do. From sunrise till noon there is the getting of breakfast, then from noon till sunset the getting of dinner, — both out-of-doors, and without any trouble of cookery or dishes, — a kind of perpetual picnic. What could be simpler or more delightful? Carried on in this way, eating is no longer the coarse and sensual thing we make it.

Country children know that there are two ways to go berrying. According to the first method, you stroll into the pasture in the cool of the day, and at your leisure pick as many as you choose of the ripest and largest of the berries, putting every one into your mouth. This is agreeable. According to the second method, you carry a basket, which you are expected to bring home again well filled. And this way — well, tastes will differ, but I think most unsophisticated persons prefer the other. The hand-to-mouth process certainly agrees best with our idea of life in Eden; and, what is more to the purpose now, it is the one which the birds, still keeping the garden instead of tilling the ground, continue to follow.

That this unworldliness of the birds has any religious or theological significance I do not myself believe. Still, as anybody may see, there are certain very plain Scripture texts on their side.

[1] The shrike lays up grasshoppers and sparrows, and the California woodpecker hoards great numbers of acorns, but it is still in dispute, I believe, whether thrift is the motive with either of them. Considering what has often been done in similar cases, we may think it surprising that the Scripture text above quoted (together with its exegetical parallel, Matthew vi. 26) has never been brought into court to settle the controversy; but to the best of my knowledge it never has been.

Indeed, if birds were only acute theologians, they would unquestionably proceed to turn these texts (since they find it so easy to obey them) into the basis of a "system of truth." Other parts of the Bible (so the theory would run) must be *interpreted*, to be sure; but *these* statements mean just what they say, and whoever meddles with them is carnally minded and a rationalist.

But somebody will object that, with our talk about a "perpetual picnic" we are making a bird's life one cloudless holiday; forgetting what we have before admitted about a struggle for existence, and leaving out of sight altogether the seasons of scarcity, the storms, and the biting cold. These hardships are real enough, and serious enough; but they are not necessarily inconsistent with enjoyment; they may even give to life an additional zest. It is a matter of every-day observation that the people who have nothing to do except to "live well" (as the common sarcasm has it) are not always the most cheerful; while there are certain diseases, like pessimism and the gout, which seem appointed to wait on luxury and idleness, — as though nature were determined to have the scales kept somewhat even. And surely this divine law of compensation has not left the innocent birds unprovided for, — the innocent birds of whom it was said, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." How must the feathered pair exult, when, in spite of owls and hawks, squirrels and weasels, small boys and oölogists, they have finally reared a brood of offspring! The long uncertainty and the thousand perils only intensify the joy. In truth, so far as this world is concerned, the highest bliss is never to be had without antecedent sorrow; and even of heaven itself we may not scruple to say that if there are painters there they probably feel obliged to put some shadows into their pictures.

But of course (and this is what we have been coming to through this long introduction), — of course our friends of the air are happiest in the season of mating; happiest, and therefore most attractive to us who find our pleasure in studying them. In spring, of all times of the year, it seems a pity that everybody should not be an ornithologist. For "all mankind love a lover;" and the world, in consequence, has given itself up to novel-reading, not knowing, unfortunately, how much better that *rôle* is taken by the birds than by the common run of story-book heroes.

People whose notions of the subject are derived from attending to the antics of our imported sparrows have no idea how delicate and beautiful a thing a real feathered courtship is. To tell the truth, these foreigners have associated too long and too intimately with men, and have fallen far away from their primal innocence. There is no need to describe their actions. The vociferous and most unmannerly importunity of the suitor, and the correspondingly spiteful rejection of his overtures by the little vixen on whom his affections are for the moment placed, — these we have all seen until we are weary.

The sparrow will not have been brought over the sea for nothing, however, if his bad behavior serves to heighten our appreciation of our own native songsters, with their "perfect virtues" and their "manners for the heart's delight."

The American robin, for instance, is not by any means a bird of exceptional refinement. His nest is rude, not to say slovenly, and his general deportment is unmistakably common. But watch him when he goes a-wooing, and you will begin to feel quite a new respect for him. How gently he approaches his beloved! How carefully he avoids ever coming disrespectfully near! No sparrow-like screaming, no dancing about, no melodramatic gesticulation. If she moves from one side of the tree to the

other, or to the tree adjoining, he follows in silence. Yet every movement is a petition, an assurance that his heart is hers and ever must be. The action is extremely simple; there is nothing of which to make an eloquent description; but I should pity the man who could witness it with indifference. Not that the robin always behaves in one way; he is much too versatile for that. On one occasion, at least, I saw him holding himself absolutely motionless, in a horizontal posture, staring at his sweetheart as though he would charm her with his gaze, and emitting all the while a subdued hissing sound. The significance of this conduct I do not profess to have understood; it ended with his suddenly darting at the female, who took wing and was pursued. Not improbably the robin finds the feminine nature somewhat fickle, and counts it expedient to vary his tactics accordingly; for it is coming to be more and more believed that, in kind at least, the intelligence of the lower animals is not different from ours.

I once came unexpectedly upon a wood-thrush, who was in the midst of a performance very similar to this of the robin. He was standing on the dead branch of a tree, with his crown feathers erect, his bill set wide open, and his whole body looking as rigid as death. His mate, as I perceived the next moment, was not far away, on the same limb. If he was attempting fascination, he was making a serious mistake, I thought, unless his mate's idea of beauty was totally different from mine; for I could hardly keep from laughing at his absurd appearance. It did not occur to me till afterwards that he had probably heard of Othello's method, and was at that moment acting out a story

> "of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe
> And sold to slavery."

How much depends upon the point of view! Here was I, ready to laugh; while poor Desdemona only thought, "'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful." Dear sympathetic soul! Let us hope that she was never called to play out the tragedy.

Two things are very noticeable during the pairing season, — the scarcity of females and their indifference. Every one of them seems to have at least two admirers dangling after her,[1] while she is almost sure to carry herself as if a wedding were the last thing she would ever consent to think of; and that not because of bashfulness, but from downright aversion. The observer begins to suspect that the fair creatures have really entered into some sort of no-marriage league, and that there are not to be any nests this year, nor any young birds. But by and by he discovers that somehow, he cannot surmise how, — it must have been when his eyes were turned the other way, — the scene is entirely changed, the maidens are all wedded, and even now the nests are being got ready.

I watched a trio of cat-birds in a clump of alder bushes by the roadside; two males, almost as a matter of course, "paying attentions" to one female. Both suitors were evidently in earnest; each hoped to carry off the prize, and perhaps felt that he should be miserable forever if he were disappointed; and yet, on their part, everything was being done decently and in order. So far as I saw, there was no disposition to quarrel. Only let the dear creature choose one of them, and the other would take his broken heart away. So, always at a modest remove, they followed her about from bush to bush, entreating her in most loving and persuasive tones to listen to their suit; but she, all this time, answered every approach with a

[1] So near do birds come to Mr. Ruskin's idea that "a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so of suitors under vow for her."

snarl. She would never have anything to do with either of them; she disliked them both, and only wished they would leave her to herself. This lasted as long as I stayed to watch. Still I had little doubt she fully intended to accept one of them, and had even made up her mind already which it should be. She knew enough, I felt sure, to calculate the value of a proper maidenly reluctance. How could her mate be expected to rate her at her worth, if she allowed herself to be won too easily? Besides, she could afford not to be in haste, seeing she had a choice of two.

What a comfortably simple affair the matrimonial question is with the feminine cat-bird! Her wooers are all of equally good family and all equally rich. There is literally nothing for her to do but to look into her own heart and choose. No temptation has she to sell herself for the sake of a fashionable name or a fine house, or in order to gratify the prejudice of father or mother. As for a marriage settlement, she knows neither the name nor the thing. In fact, marriage in her thought is a simple union of hearts, with no taint of anything mercantile about it. Happy cat-bird! She perhaps imagines that human marriages are of the same ideal sort!

I have spoken of the affectionate language of these cat-bird lovers; but it was noticeable that they did not sing, although, to have fulfilled the common idea of such an affair, they certainly should have been doing so, and each trying his best to outsing the other. Possibly, there had already been such a tournament before my arrival; or, for aught I know, this particular female may have given out that she had no ear for music.

Yet there was really nothing peculiar in their conduct. No doubt, in the earlier stages of a bird's attachment he is likely to express his passion musically; but later he is not content to warble from a tree-top. There are things to be said which cannot appropriately be spoken at long range; and unless my study of novels has been to little purpose, all this agrees well with the practices of human gallants. Do not these begin by singing under the lady's window, or by sending verses to her? and are not such proceedings intended to prepare the way, as speedily as possible, for others of a more satisfying, though it may be of a less romantic nature?

Bearing this in mind, we may be able to account, in part at least, for the disappointment which an inexperienced observer meets with when, fresh from the perusal of (for example) the thirteenth chapter of Darwin's Descent of Man, he goes into the woods to look about for himself. He expects to find here and there two or three songsters, each in turn doing his utmost to surpass the brilliancy and power of the other's music; while a feminine auditor sits in full view, preparing to render her verdict, and reward the successful competitor with her own precious self. This would be a pretty picture. Unfortunately, it is looked for in vain. The two or three singers may be found, likely enough; but the female, if she be indeed within hearing, is modestly hidden away somewhere in the bushes, and our student is none the wiser. Let him watch as long as he please, he will hardly see the prize awarded.

Nevertheless he need not feel that his time has been wasted. He certainly will not, if he be one who loves music; for birds, like all true artists, can do their best only on great occasions. Our brown thrush, for instance, is a magnificent singer, albeit he is not of the best school, being too "sensational" to suit the most exacting taste. His song is a grand improvisation: a good deal jumbled, to be sure, and without any recognizable form or theme; and yet, like a Liszt rhapsody, it perfectly answers its

purpose, — that is, it gives the performer full scope to show what he can do with his instrument. You may laugh a little, if you like, at an occasional grotesque or overwrought passage, but unless you are well used to it you will surely be astonished. Such power and range of voice; such startling transitions; such endless variety! And withal such boundless enthusiasm and almost incredible endurance! Considered as pure music, one strain of the hermit thrush is to my mind worth the whole of it; just as a single movement of Beethoven's is better than a world of Liszt transcriptions. But in its own way it is unsurpassable.

Still, though this is a meagre and quite unexaggerated account of the ordinary song of the brown thrush, I have discovered that even he can be outdone — by himself. One morning in early May I came upon three birds of this species, all singing at once, in a kind of jealous frenzy. As they sang they continually shifted from tree to tree, and one in particular (the one who was nearest to where I stood) could hardly be quiet a moment. Once he sang with full power while on the ground (or close to it, for he was just then behind a low bush), after which he mounted to the very tip of a tall pine, which bent beneath his weight. In the midst of the hurly-burly one of the trio suddenly sounded the whip-poor-will's call twice, — an absolutely perfect reproduction.[1]

The significance of all this sound and fury; what the prize was, if any, and who obtained it, — this another can conjecture as well as myself. I know no more than old Kaspar: —

> "'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
> 'But 't was a famous victory.'"

As I turned to come away, the contest all at once ceased, and the silence of the woods, or what seemed like silence, was really impressive. The chewinks and field sparrows were singing, but it was like the music of a village singer after Patti; or, to make the comparison less unjust, like the Pastoral Symphony of Handel after a Wagner tempest.

It is curious how deeply we are sometimes affected by a very trifling occurrence. I have remembered many times a slight scene in which three purple finches were the actors. Of the two males, one was in full adult plumage of bright crimson, while the other still wore his youthful suit of brown. First, the older bird suspended himself in mid air, and sang most beautifully; dropping, as he concluded, to a perch beside the female. Then the younger candidate, who was already sitting near by, took his turn, singing nearly or quite as well as his rival, but without quitting the branch, though his wings quivered. I saw no more. Yet, as I say, I have often since thought of the three birds, and wondered whether the bright feathers and the flying song carried the day against the younger suitor. I fear they did. Sometimes, too, I have wondered whether young birds (who none the less are of age to marry) can be so very meek or so very dull as never to rebel against the fashion that only the old fellows shall dress handsomely; and I have tried in vain to imagine the mutterings, deep and loud, which such a law would excite in certain other quarters. It pains me to say it, but I suspect that taxation without representation would seem a small injustice, in comparison.

Like these linnets in the exceptional interest they excited were two large seabirds, who suddenly appeared circling about over the woods, as I was taking a solitary walk on a Sunday morning in April. One of them was closely pursuing

[1] "That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!"

The "authorities" long since forbade *Harporhynchus rufus* to play the mimic. Probably in the excitement of the moment this fellow forgot himself.

the other; not as though he were trying to overtake her, but rather as though he were determined to keep her company. They swept now this way, now that, — now lost to sight, and now reappearing; and once they passed straight over my head, so that I heard the whistling of their wings. Then they were off, and I saw them no more. They came from far, and by night they were perhaps a hundred leagues away. But I followed them with my blessing, and to this day I feel toward them a little as I suppose we all do toward a certain few strangers whom we have met here and there in our journeyings, and chatted with for an hour or two. We had never seen them before; if we learned their names we have long ago forgotten them; but somehow the persons themselves keep a place in our memory, and even in our affection.

"I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt;
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest."

Since we cannot ask birds for an explanation of their conduct, we have nothing to do but to steal their secrets, if possible, by patient and stealthy watching. In this way I hope, sooner or later, to find out what the golden-winged woodpecker means by the shout with which he makes the fields reëcho in the spring, especially in the latter half of April. I have no doubt it has something to do with the process of mating, but I am puzzled to guess just what the message can be which requires to be published so loudly. Such a stentorian, long-winded cry! You wonder where the bird finds breath for such an effort, and think he must be a very ungentle lover, surely. But withhold your judgment for a few days, till you see him and his mate gamboling about the branches of some old tree, calling in soft, affectionate tones, *Wick-a-wick, wick-a-wick;* then you will confess that, whatever failings the golden-wing may have, he is not to be charged with insensibility. The fact is that our "yellow-hammer" has a genius for noise. When he is *very* happy he drums. Sometimes, indeed, he marvels how birds who have n't this resource are able to get through the world at all. Nor ought we to think it strange that in his love-making he finds great use for this his crowning accomplishment. True, we have nowhere read of a human lover's serenading his mistress with a drum; but we must remember what creatures of convention men are, and that there is no inherent reason why a drum should not serve as well as a flute for such a purpose.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

I saw two of these flickers clinging to the trunk of a shell-bark tree; which, by the way, is a tree after the woodpecker's own heart. One was perhaps fifteen feet above the other, and before each was a strip of loose bark, which answered for a drum-head. First, the lower one drummed, rather softly. Then, as he ceased, and held his head back to listen, the other answered him; and so the dialogue went on. Evidently, they were already mated, and were now renewing their mutual vows; for birds, to their praise be it spoken, believe in courtship after marriage. The day happened to be Sunday, and it did occur to me that possibly this was the woodpeckers' ritual, — a kind of High Church service, with antiphonal choirs. But I dismissed the thought; for, on the whole, the shouting seems more likely to be diagnostic, and, in spite of his gold-lined wings, I have set the flicker down as almost certainly an old-fashioned Methodist.

Speaking of courtship after marriage, I am reminded of a spotted sandpiper,

whose capers I amused myself with watching, one day last June, on the border of Saco Lake. As I caught sight of him, he was straightening himself up, with a pretty, self-conscious air, at the same time spreading his white-edged tail, and calling, *Tweet, tweet, tweet.*[1] Afterwards he got upon a log, where, with head erect and wings thrown forward and downward, he ran for a yard or two, calling as before. This trick seemed especially to please him, and was several times repeated. He ran rapidly, and with a comical prancing movement. But nothing he did was half so laughable as the behavior of his mate, who all this while dressed her feathers without once deigning to look at her spouse's performance. Undoubtedly they had been married for several weeks, and she was, by this time, well used to his nonsense. It must be a devoted husband, I fancy, who continues to offer attentions when they are received in such a spirit.

Walking a log is a somewhat common practice with birds. I once detected our little golden-crowned thrush showing off in this way to his mate, who stood on the ground, near by. In his case the head was lowered instead of raised, and the general effect was heightened by his curiously precise gait, which even on ordinary occasions is enough to provoke a smile.

Not improbably every species of birds has its own code of etiquette; unwritten, of course, but carefully handed down from father to son, and faithfully observed. Nor is it cause for wonder if, in our ignorant eyes, some of these "society manners" seem a little ridiculous. Even the usages of fashionable human circles have not always escaped the laughter of the profane.

I was standing on the edge of a small thicket, observing a pair of cuckoos as they made a breakfast out of a nest of tent caterpillars (it was a feast rather than a common meal; for the caterpillars were plentiful, and, as I judged, just at their best, being about half grown), when a couple of scarlet tanagers appeared upon the scene. The female soon selected a fine strip of cedar bark, and started off with it, sounding a call to her handsome husband, who at once followed in her wake. I thought, What a brute, to leave his wife to build the house! But he, plainly enough, felt that in escorting her back and forth he was doing all that could be expected of any well-bred, scarlet-coated tanager. And the lady herself, if one might infer anything from her tone and demeanor, was of the same opinion. I mention this trifling occurrence, not to put any slight upon *Pyranga rubra* (who am I, that I should accuse so gentle and well dressed a bird of bad manners?), but merely as an example of the way in which feathered politeness varies. In fact, it seems not unlikely that the male tanager may abstain on principle from taking any active part in constructing the nest, for fear that his fiery color should betray its whereabouts. As for his kindness and loyalty, I only wish that I felt as sure of one half of the human husbands whom I meet.

It would be very ungallant, however, to leave the impression that the female bird is always as unsympathetic as most of the descriptions I have thus far given would appear to indicate. In my memory are several scenes, any one of which, if I could put it on paper as I saw it, would suffice to correct any such mistake. In one of these the parties were a pair of chipping sparrows. Never was man so churlish that his heart would not have been touched with the vision of their gentle but rapturous delight. As they chased each other gayly about

[1] May one who knows nothing of philology venture to inquire whether the very close agreement of this *tweet* with our *sweet* (compare also the Anglo-Saxon *swéte*, the Icelandic *sætr*, and the Sanskrit *svad*) does not point to a common origin of the Aryan and sandpiper languages?

from branch to branch and from tree to tree, they flew with that delicate, affected movement of the wings which birds are accustomed to use at such times, and which, perhaps, bears the same relation to their ordinary flight that dancing does to the every-day walk of men and women. The two seemed equally enchanted, and both sang. Little they knew of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." Adam and Eve, in Paradise, were never more happy.

A few weeks later, taking an evening walk, I was stopped by the sight of a pair of cedar birds on a stone wall. They had chosen a convenient flat stone, and were hopping about upon it, pausing every moment or two to put their little bills together. What a loving ecstasy possessed them! Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sounded a faint lisping note, and motioned for another kiss. But there is no setting forth the ineffable grace and sweetness of their chaste behavior. I looked and looked, till a passing carriage frightened them away. They were only common cedar birds; if I were to see them again I should not know them; but if my pen were equal to my wish, they should be made immortal.

Bradford Torrey.

ANNINA.

Pastor Comba was a Waldensian clergyman, whose acquaintance I made at a prayer-meeting in Venice. There are prayer-meetings in Venice, and the Italians relate their experiences and sing hymns with all the fervor of enthusiastic Methodists. My friend, Miss Leslie, called for me, one evening, and I accompanied her because I thought it rather novel to glide to a prayer-meeting in a gondola. We went some distance, twisting through narrow canals, turning innumerable corners, shooting a score of bridges, while the soft moonlight beamed as brightly as it did on the night when Jessica escaped from Shylock's house. We halted at last before a great, grim palace, and a tall man hastened forward to help us up the slippery steps. This was Pastor Comba, a singularly handsome man, with a silky beard and mustache covering the lower part of his face. He led the way up a wide marble staircase to a large room, where thirty or forty men and women were assembled. Some were devout souls; some, like me, had been brought by a friend; and a few were there out of sheer curiosity. One peasant entered, looked about him with a puzzled air, and asked what was going on. The reply made him cross himself and hasten away, shaking the unholy dust from his feet.

The room had been, in days gone by, a banquet hall, and the ceiling showed rosy nymphs and bacchantes, now very dingy and badly defaced. As an offset to these pagan pictures, one side of the hall was covered with Scripture texts, and where a Catholic would have looked to find a basin of holy water was a table full of tracts. In a corner stood a parlor organ, a young lady seated on the stool before it, intently studying a hymn-book. Thither Pastor Comba led us, and introduced us to his niece, Signorina Annina Comba. She was not more than seventeen, — a pretty, slim, dark-haired slip of a girl, who looked very demure, but her black eyes were bubbling over with life and fun. She had in her hands a copy of Sankey's hymns, an Italian version. The prayer-

meeting began with Hold the Fort, Signorina Annina playing the organ and joining in the singing. Overhead, the nymphs still smiled sweetly, and the bacchantes never dropped their wreaths; but two or three gondoliers went out of the hall, knocking a few benches over to show their disapproval. Pastor Comba made a fervid address; a white-headed man in the audience rose, and described his conversion; and finally there came an exhortation from a young man, who appeared to be not more than twenty. His eloquence was tremendous. Signorina Annina's great eyes dilated, and Miss Leslie cried, but the crowd went crazy. Everybody wanted to speak at once, when the young man sat down, and the air was rent with passionate voices that Pastor Comba tried in vain to quell. When order was restored we went home; but we had first been invited by the clergyman to dine with him and his niece on the following evening.

Thus began my acquaintance with the Combas, and that winter I boarded with them in Florence, whither the pastor had been sent to take charge of a Protestant chapel. He had a charming wife, but no children, and Annina passed the winter with them, in order that she might study music. Her home was in Turin, and I asked her, one day, at the dinner table, if there were no good music teachers there.

She smiled significantly, and her uncle shook his finger at her. "Yes, there are music teachers there," he said, "and there is also a young man there, and he distracts Annina's mind; so she must stay here in Florence, if she will learn anything."

Annina very soon told me that she was engaged to be married, and in a week I knew all about Allesio Ghiandaja. I heard of his blue eyes, his curly hair, his beautiful white hands, and his sweet tenor voice. Annina showed me his portrait, which she wore in a locket, and I pleased her by saying that he must be very handsome.

"An Apollo!" she exclaimed.

She wrote many letters to him, and received many in return, and as a favor she would occasionally show me a line or two. We became excellent friends, despite the disparity of our ages, and I often took her with me to walk, or to visit the galleries. She talked continually about her Allesio; but she spoke in Italian, so it was good practice for me in that language. He was a neighbor's son, and she had known him from babyhood.

"But we did not love," she said, "until one summer, when his family and mine went to Switzerland together. Then we found out."

"Did he tell you?" I asked.

She looked much scandalized. "He told my mother," she answered, "and mother told me; but I knew it before," she added naively. "There is much in a glance."

The rogue shot a demure sidelong look at me, as she said this, and gave an ecstatic little skip. We were walking in the cascine, and the officers bestowed bold stares of admiration on Annina. She was very pretty, and by no means unconscious of it; but she talked of her beauty in the same frank way that she did of her love affair.

"Were you ever alone with Allesio, — I mean after you became engaged?" I asked, wondering whether old customs still held sway.

"No, no!" she cried. "That my mother would never allow."

I felt her hand tighten on my arm, and she suddenly became silent. She did not even grow gay at the sight of Mr. Livingstone driving his sixteen or eighteen horses. At dinner, she spoke hardly a word, and her uncle rallied her on her melancholy, her unwonted silence. "No letter from Allesio?" he said; for when no letter came, Annina usually wept copiously.

"Oh, she had a ream of paper this morning," his wife answered, a trifle impatiently. She was a plain, matter-of-fact woman, and she thought Annina a silly, romantic girl, whose enthusiasm should be crushed. She told me privately that she had a very poor opinion of Allesio Ghiandaja.

"My brother-in-law would do better to arrange a marriage for Annina with his partner, Signor Benelli," she said. "He is a prudent, middle-aged man, and would make an excellent husband."

"But if she loves Allesio?" I asked; for although I was forty-seven, I was sentimental.

Signora Comba shrugged her handsome shoulders. "Annina's love does n't count for much," she replied. "She would love a broomstick."

I did not agree with her. Annina was a child of an ardent, passionate temperament. She could love, and she loved Allesio.

Late that night she came to my bedroom, dressed in a flowing white wrapper and a pair of scarlet slippers, her long black hair floating about her shoulders. If she had sung the mad-song from Lucia I should not have been particularly surprised; but I was surprised, not to say horrified, when she flung herself on her knees before me and burst out crying. I finally succeeded in comforting her, and she raised her dishevelled head. "Oh," she moaned, "you will think me so wicked! I lied to you. I did see Allesio alone once. It was in the garden, and by moonlight. You will never tell? Promise me never to tell."

I promised solemnly. I had heard of lovers in a moonlight garden before, and I mentioned the fact now.

"But in America!" she exclaimed, as though anything were possible there. "I was so frightened that evening!" She shuddered at the recollection. "I only stayed ten minutes, and I was trembling all the time; for if my mother had discovered us, she — oh, I can't think what she would have done!"

I saw him at Christmas time, this Signor Ghiandaja, for he came with his future mother-in-law to pay a visit. They arrived late one evening, and the mother entered first. Allesio had stopped below to pay the cab man, she said; but in a minute he walked into the drawing-room, where we were all assembled. He greeted Pastor Comba and his wife, he was introduced to me, and finally he approached Annina, with both hands outstretched. She came forward slowly, her head hanging and a hot flush dyeing her cheeks; she put her hands in his, and looked up at him shyly. He glanced over his shoulder at the mother, a plump, consequential little woman. "With your permission," he said; then without waiting for it, he stooped and kissed Annina. For a moment she stood bewildered. Her mother began to laugh, and Annina covered her face with her hands and ran away, while Allesio twirled his mustache and looked very handsome. I admire audacity in a man, and I admired him, although there was a gleam in his eyes that made me distrust him. He divined that I was *simpatica*, and during his visit he poured out his heart to me, as Annina had poured out hers. I took these lovers under my wing: I carried them off on walks and drives, never neglecting an opportunity to turn my back on them, and acting deaf and blind to their whispers and glances. In return, these lovers declared an undying affection for me.

"You must come and see us, when we are married," Allesio said. "There shall be a room set apart for you; and you must stay weeks, — a whole winter. Annina *mia* and I will try to prove that we are not ungrateful. We shall never forget you, eh, Annina?"

She shook her head and slipped her hand in mine, by way of reply. She never chattered in his hearing; she be-

came shy and silent in his presence, hardly daring to raise her eyes; but when she did raise them, it was to bestow an eloquent glance on her lover. At table, she sat beside him, and she blushed when he filled her wineglass, blushed again when he passed her the bread. Alone with me, however, she rattled away as though to make up for lost time.

Once I asked her who Signor Benelli was, and she looked at me in surprise.

"Papa's partner," she replied.

"Do you like him, Annina?"

"*Cosi, cosi.* He is not young; he is fat, he is bald, but he is very amiable."

Clearly, the thought of him as a suitor had never entered her head, and I concluded that Signora Comba had mentioned him only to contrast him with Allesio. I rather fell in love with the young man, too. He was always the same, serene and smiling; perhaps a trifle arrogant, a trifle vain, but courteous and considerate. Annina's mother I disliked, for she seemed a purse-proud dame, and I know that she told Signora Comba that I ought to pay more for my board. Annina stood in awe of her, and her mother corrected her continually. It was, "Sit up, Annina;" or, "Turn out your toes, Annina;" or, "Take care what you say, Annina." I was glad when the tiresome woman went, but I missed Allesio's bright smile and melodious voice, and Annina was sad-eyed for a week. She wrote more letters than ever, and received more; meanwhile the spring came up our way. Annina grew very religious: she went to prayer-meetings with her uncle, she attended service three times on Sunday, and she visited the poor with her aunt. She became interested in a Protestant charity school; so she taught ragamuffins the Testament twice a week. The ragamuffins' fathers and mothers, ignorant folk and inflamed by the priests, Pastor Comba declared, did not like to see their children taught, and they stoned the school-room, one day. Annina came home, a martyr, with her right wrist sprained; so I wrote letters for her to Allesio. In them she described minutely all that she did and thought; nothing was too trivial, and I was skeptical enough to wonder if any man lived in this workaday world who could read one of those ten-page letters through, every morning for a year. But a man in love performs extraordinary feats, — there is no doubt of that.

Suddenly, Allesio's letters stopped. The days went by, and it was almost a week since Annina had heard from him. She ate nothing, she refused to go out, and she locked herself in her room to weep and be miserable. Her uncle and aunt and I met in conclave, one evening, for we feared she would fall ill.

"She was very feverish last night," declared Pastor Comba, who loved his niece, albeit he teased her unmercifully.

"She has eaten almost nothing for a week," said his wife.

"She will die, if he deserts her," added I, the sentimental spinster.

Then we three grown-up people smiled, but we all felt sorry for the poor girl. The next morning we called in a physician, who looked very grave.

"She must be cajoled," he said. "If she will not eat, and will not go out, and will only cry, she will surely get the fever. There is a good deal of fever this spring."

What were we to do? We cajoled, we commanded, we implored; but Annina refused to eat more than the least morsel of bread, or to drink anything but a little water. A girl might keep that up for two days, — I mean a girl who was shamming, — but Annina kept it up for nearly two weeks. At last a letter came from Allesio, — a short letter, written in a wavering hand and dated at Paris. He wrote that he was ill and among strangers, but that he was slowly getting better. Annina was eager to go to him by the first train, — she even tried to run away; so we all

watched her like cats until Allesio was well and back in Turin. As his letters grew regular, she regained her appetite and was soon her joyous self once more.

It was my plan to join Miss Leslie in Venice, that spring; but before I left Florence I bought a wedding present for Annina, which I confided to Pastor Comba's care. She besought me to come to her wedding, which was to take place in September, and sobbed when I told her that in September I hoped to return to America.

"You will be in Europe again?" she said, lifting her tearful face from my shoulder.

"Yes, I shall come to Europe again," I replied.

"Then you must surely pay Allesio and me a long visit." She put her mouth close to my ear. "I shall be his wife," she whispered. "I shall be Annina Ghiandaja."

"The cab is here!" cried Pastor Comba, and I tore myself free from Annina's clinging arms.

She wrote me several letters, that summer. She seemed very happy, for she was traveling with her parents, and Allesio was with them for a while. In September, as I was speeding toward London, an old gentleman in the railway carriage saw that I was reading Italian, and addressed me in that tongue. He was very polite to me, in a benign way, and told me that he was a banker in Turin; so I asked him if he knew Giovanni Comba, the silk merchant.

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "I know him and his family very well. Are you acquainted with them?"

"With the signora and with Annina," I said.

"Ah, Annina," he repeated. "I trotted her on my knee, the other day, and now she is engaged to be married."

"To Allesio Ghiandaja," I added.

"He is not worthy of her," said the old banker. "He drinks and he gambles. He went to Paris last spring, and returned half dead from the effects of dissipation. I hope Comba will break off the match. Little Annina deserves a better husband."

Just before the steamer sailed from Liverpool I received a letter from Annina. She wrote in the gayest of spirits, although she told me that her marriage had been postponed.

"Dear Allesio must go to Lyons on business," she wrote, "but he will soon return. I have made him a little traveling cap of blue silk, and you cannot think how well he looks in it. He says that he will not dare wear it, for all the girls will fall in love with him, and he will surely be carried off by somebody. 'And then,' he adds, 'what would you do, Annina *mia?*' Ah, what should I do!"

So she ran on for ten pages, — Allesio, Allesio, always Allesio. I answered as soon as I reached New York, and in the next letter I expected to hear of Annina's marriage. As the weeks slipped by, I pictured the child on her wedding journey, too happy to write to me or to anybody else. The new year dawned, a clear, frosty day, the sky a dazzling blue, and the air full of powdery snow that blew off the housetops. On such a day, the sentimental traveler thinks of orange groves, of gray olive orchards, of the blue, tideless sea breaking on the Southern coast. It was on that day that I received my last letter from Annina; for, although I had written to her several times, she had ignored me completely. After I read it, I brought out the letter that had reached me in Liverpool, and re-read that, hardly able to believe my own eyes. Some day, I mean to go to Europe again, and I shall certainly look up Annina. I do not know what to think of her. The letter I received in Liverpool was written in August; the letter I received in New York was written four months later. The last letter I will translate as

literally as possible, keeping the original punctuation. Such a neat letter! I wonder if she dashed it off at fever heat, or composed it carefully, biting the pen-holder with her white little teeth, and wrinkling her pretty brows! If I could answer this, I should think that I understood the mystery.

PIAZZA D'AZEGLIO.
TURIN, 4 *December*.

DEAR MISS PENNIMAN, — Since last I wrote to you, so much has happened that my poor brain is in quite a whirl. I am the happiest of women, the wife of the best of men and mistress of the prettiest house in all Turin. Just think, a whole house! Mamma, who still lives in an apartment, envies me, I know. It is a great thing to be married. Everybody treats me with respect, even mamma, but I must except my cook, Assunta, who used to be my nurse and who still considers me a child and scolds me. I was married in white silk (hand embroidered!), and my husband gave me pearls to wear. He is so good, so kind! I love him better every day, if that were possible. Dear uncle married us, and then went to Africa to rescue the heathen from their darkness. We all pray that he may succeed in his labors and that his health may hold good. Aunt Maria went with him. She wore her old gray silk at the wedding, and cried all the time. I never saw her cry before, but I suppose she was thinking of Africa.

After the wedding, the journey! My husband let me plan the route. I could not decide, so he helped me, and we bought guidebooks and maps, and finally we made up our minds to travel through our own country. I had never been farther south than Florence. We visited Genoa and Pisa, and finally went to Rome, and spent two delicious weeks there, visiting those monuments that history has rendered so familiar. We both caught cold, and my husband was ill for two days and I nursed him, glad to show my devotion and yet grieved that he should suffer! He recovered entirely and we were able to proceed to Naples where we lingered in rapture before that beautiful bay so often described in prose and poetry. Then on to Pompeii! I thought of that terrible day when Vesuvius overwhelmed the smiling country and dealt death to men at their labor, women with their children in their arms. My husband bought me some Pompeiian ornaments for my drawing room, but they were so ugly that I was not sorry when, on arriving home, I found that I had left them in the hotel at Naples.

At last the journey was over and we returned to Turin. We are living in a lovely house in the Piazza d'Azeglio. It is beautifully furnished and I have the old cook, Assunta; but I mean to send her away, for she still treats me like a child. In my own room I have put the lovely present you left for me, and I thank you for it a thousand times. You were so kind to me there in Florence. I often speak of you to my husband, who joins me in hoping that you will pay us a long visit very soon. He wants to do everything for me, and is the kindest, dearest of husbands.

And now I must end my long letter with the hope that it finds you well and in good spirits. Think sometimes of me, and remember that I am the happiest woman in this great world that the good God has given to his unworthy servants. ANNINA BENELLI.

P. S. It is not Allesio!

Charles Dunning.

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

FROM A SICK-ROOM.

It was a new point of view, if that is in its favor. It was limited, undeniably, yet perhaps one saw and noticed things which would have been overlooked in a wider horizon. The prospect it commanded was an open space, formed by the convergence of five wide streets into the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, divided at the junction by quincunxes of grass, bordered by trees and lamp-posts, each containing a fountain, and producing a pleasaunce-like effect of greensward, branches, and spurting, foaming water, very cheerful and agreeable to behold at all seasons. Opposite the sick-room windows, the Avenue d'Antin and Avenue Montaigne, both planted with trees, opened oblique, broken perspectives of tall, pale houses. One of them ends in a confusion of distant gables and dormer windows; the other is closed by a long, low hill rising above intervening tree-tops, the heights of St. Cloud beyond the Seine. It is the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, the frontier of that extraordinary district, the paradise of Parisian cockneys.

The autumn of 1882 was hopelessly gloomy. For three months the sun must have been shining on other worlds. When a single ray peered through the clouds it was like Béranger's *Dieu des bonnes gens* looking out of the window, and saying, —

"Leur planète a péri peutêtre."

The genial beam was instantly lost in rivers of rain falling into seas of mud. The Seine rose higher and higher, truncating the piers of the bridges, until the river navigation was stopped; even the *bateaux mouches*, those tiny steamboats which dart about on the stream like water-flies, could not pass under the abased arches. The quays, which border the Seine on both sides for miles, through the heart of the town, were lined with river-crafts and bristled with a *chevaux-de-frise* of smoke-stacks. Where the river leaves the streets and skirts the Bois de Boulogne, it swept past gray, leafless woods and inundated meadows, a swollen, livid mass of water, beneath a leaden sky, heaving as if its sullen rage would soon burst its barriers. In the country it had done so already, and the sufferings of the rural populations were audible in groans of distress and growls of discontent, filling the political air with menacing echoes. Strangers, who had been talking of keeping their hotel rooms, or taking private apartments for the winter, suddenly packed up and traveled southward, and many residents of Paris hastily went off on a visit to Provence or Italy. Paris was visibly deserted. Riding, walking, driving, for pleasure were impossible. The streets were dirty and dismal; even the Champs Elysées were dreary; nothing was to be seen except muddy carriages, draggled horses, and people in their worst clothes splashing about under umbrellas.

On the 1st of January, 1883, this reign of Saturn came to an end. The sun broke forth from the clouds to welcome the new year; the sky was soon blue and fleckless, while the industrious street-cleaners made quick work with the mud, which looked deep and thick enough to form the stratum of a new geological era. The Parisian mud exhibits curious phenomena. On a fine day the asphalt is as dry and bare as a ten-pin alley; on a rainy morrow it is as deep in slime as if acres of alluvion had been carted in during the night. It is delightful to watch the light-footed French go through it and hardly spat-

ter themselves. The maid-servants and shop-girls, especially, trip along, keeping their white petticoats and long white aprons spotless. Frenchwomen have always been famous for their dexterity in holding their skirts clear of the ground with one hand. The present fashion of dresses tied back makes this more difficult than when the robe flowed free. They manage it by a little kick with what an American lady once called the hind-leg (by analogy, no doubt, with the fore-arm), adroitly catching the skirt in one hand at the same moment. This manœuvre is practiced with great skill by the ladies who get out of their carriages at the Rond Point to take a little exercise on the wide sidewalk of the Champs Elysées. They are sometimes followed by a footman leading a poodle, sometimes they lead the pet themselves, sometimes they leave him to tread in their footsteps; any one of which experiments gives a looker-on good opportunities of studying the dispositions of dogs and of ladies who own them. There are a great many fine dogs to be seen in the Champs Elysées during the day, from the Italian greyhound shivering under its blanket to the bloodhound or Danish mastiff with a spiked collar. When there is nobody else to take them walking, they are sent out with a maid-servant; and there is often a total want of sympathy between the girl, in her neat frilled cap, and the small, scuffling Skye terrier, racing before her at a pace with which she cannot keep up, or the huge quadruped, nearly as big as a horse, pulling and tugging her contrariwise to her intentions by the chain with which she is supposed to be holding *him*. Fortunately, the large dogs are generally amenable to authority or reason; and if the situation becomes too tense between the *bonne* and the lap-dog she puts an end to it by picking him up in her arms, whence he yelps and squeaks in a way to justify the interference of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society,— if such an association exist in Paris, which the treatment of the horses discredits. The majority of cab-drivers, and even of private coachmen, do not know how to drive, and lash their beasts unmercifully, besides jerking the curb to make them turn, back, halt, or go on. They also strike them when they wish them to stop or stand still. The lash may not be more abused in Paris than in London, and loading animals to the top of their strength and driving them at the top of their speed is as bad in one country as in the other. But in London, at least at the West End, there are fewer underfed horses and donkeys than in Paris, where they are often mere skeletons, scarcely able to stand; then the whip falls at every step, to stimulate the flagging beast, in a way that makes human nerves wince. It is disgraceful to Paris that, except in private carriages and the wagons of certain establishments, such as the great dry-goods shops, it is uncommon to see a fresh, well-fed horse. The overloading is distressing and disgraceful, too, when the solitary poor nag of an open cab, or, still worse, of a smart, showy private equipage, has three grown people on the back seat, two on the front, and a huge coachman on the box. The size of public coachmen in Paris is noteworthy: many of them must weigh between two and three hundred pounds, or, as the English say, over fifteen stone, and are as red and surly-faced as London 'bus-drivers. Can this be a result of Anglomania on the French turf? If there is cruelty in some forms, however, there is little brutality, in proof of which it is unusual to see a French horse or donkey afraid to let its head be touched, or shrinking from the approach of a hand. The beasts and their drivers are on good terms, and it is more common to hear a Frenchman address them as "my heart" or "my cabbage" than with oaths. The charge of overloading cannot be brought against omnibuses or tramway cars. The rule

of showing a sign marked "Full" when the vehicle contains its complement, protects both horses and passengers from the injustice which is hourly inflicted upon them in this country. There is sense and humanity, moreover, in the general practice of driving horses without blinkers and in the disuse of the check-rein, which is almost obsolete.

The foreigner, looking down upon the Champs Elysées from December until July, discovers that the Parisians with pretensions to elegance takes most pride in his stable. It is too often a misplaced pride, what the French call an unhappy passion. It is not rare to see them with a light hand for a horse's mouth, and managing the curb nicely; but in the saddle few of them attain more than a bad eminence, having neither by nature nor acquirement the firm, easy seat of the true horseman. Their best riders are the cavalry officers. There are women to be seen in the Champs Elysées and Bois who are better equestrians than any of the civilians; but it is doubtful whether these are English or French women, and their social status is still more doubtful than their nationality. The Frenchman is more at home on the coach-box than in the saddle; some of those who make a pursuit of driving do it very well, and with a great deal of style. Every fine morning dozens of breaks, with pairs or four-in-hands, pass the Rond Point, driven by a trainer or coachman, sometimes by the master; exercising the horses in that peculiar gait which is the great desideratum of the amateur whip. It is a prancing, plunging action of the fore feet, like a canter, contrary to American notions of the square trot, and different from English high-stepping. But on getting over one's first contempt at the circus-chariot advance of these curveting spans, one learns to admit that it is a dashing, showy gait, well suited to the dog-cart or mail phaeton of a lord of the turf, or to the barouche of a pretty woman. Races are among the favorite and most frequent amusements during the gay season. From New Year until midsummer, steeple-chases and every other form of the diversion are given at Passy, Auteuil, Longchamps, which are on the outskirts of the town, and at Vincennes, Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and other places, an hour away by rail, announced by placards among the opera and play bills and similar advertisements of the week's pleasures. Several clubs have annual races in the rotunda of the Palais de l'Industrie; the military ones are in high favor with the world of fashion. At Easter huge advertisements and flags floating across the Avenue Montaigne proclaim that horses and riders are scattering the tan and clearing the hurdles under the eyes of fair Parisians in spring toilets, on ground which a month later will be transformed into a garden, where heterogeneous thousands of Salon-goers will be staring at the statuary of the great art exhibition.

But these are the observations of springtime, for the racing season does not fairly begin until after Lent, and I was in my midwinter recollections.

The 1st of January brought not only sunshine, but excitement. Gambetta's disappearance from before the footlights with the expiring year was startling, yet so consistent with the part he had acted upon the world's stage that the poor player might have been well content with his exit, if he had not died in torture. His death, like most public shocks, sobered the populace, and produced a momentary calm. The distressing suicide of the Austrian ambassador, two days before, was forgotten; the sudden death of General Chanzy, a gallant and prominent man, a few days later, was overlooked in the engrossing interest which lasted until the funeral procession of the demagogue had passed out of Paris. Soldiers, bands of citizens, and hecatombs of flowers have become

unmeaning in the convoy of a dead politician, but it was a new thing to see almost the whole population of a great capital following the body of one man. The people of Paris accompanied the train in a concourse which filled the streets solidly from wall to wall, flowing like a river, impossible to stem. The multitude was innumerable; large portions of the city must have been deserted; it seemed as if all the inhabitants were out-of-doors. It was an extraordinary spectacle. They were quiet and orderly, making no violent demonstrations of any sort, but passing, passing, passing, as if there were no end to them. As the day wore on they surged in great waves of humanity over the Faubourg St. Honoré, submerging the quarter; then they gradually spread and subsided, like the ebbing tide.

The next day the nurses and children were back on their usual beat. The Champs Elysées is one of the public playgrounds of the well-to-do Parisian children, and is almost given up to them at certain hours of the day. The nursery-maids are the most conspicuous figures in the show, with their white caps wreathed with bows of ribbon ending in two broad streamers hanging almost to their heels, and a long round cloak, often an entire costume, of the same color as the cap ribbons. The children are beautifully dressed, like so many little princes and princesses by Vandyke and Velasquez, or small aristocrats of the later times of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is as much regard paid to adapting their dress to their age as if they were men and women. The excess of fancy and finery is for the youngest; the dress grows simpler as the child grows older, until boys about to escape from knickerbockers (which are worn much later here than in England, or with us) are as soberly clad as little sportsmen, save for their bright stockings and cravats, while the costume of young girls who are not yet young ladies is picturesquely severe. The majority of the children under seven years old wear white, often in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin on the mother's part. It cannot be convenient to clothe suitably a sturdy boy, who has cast off petticoats, under this restriction, but blue, the color dedicated to the Madonna, can be used. There is a children's clothing establishment, called "A l'enfant voué au bleu et au blanc," after the enticing French custom of giving names to shops, — the resort of Roman Catholic mothers in this difficulty. French children have been reproached with a lack of bloom and spirits, but I suspect that this originated with those systematic detractors of the French and all other foreign nations, the English. After watching the endless "march past" of the children on the Champs Elysées, day after day, for half a year, I am convinced that no civilized country can muster a finer host. Their forms are as chubby, their cheeks as rosy, their eyes as bright, their teeth as pearly, their locks as thick and glossy, as those of any children I have ever seen; in this last respect they excel their little island neighbors. The calves of their legs may not always be so robust as the little Britons', but they frisk and caper upon them to such a degree that they must wear off the superfluous flesh. Their spirits are inexhaustible; they seem filled with quicksilver to the tips of their fingers and toes. They never look tired, or cross, or dirty; never quarrelsome, never naughty. They are captivating little creatures, neither shy nor bold, caressing and vivacious, restrained in their romps only by obedience and precocious politeness, — the only precocity I can detect in them. They are graceful and gesticulating; their play is like a perpetual liliputian pantomime or ballet.

Besides these well dressed and tended little mortals there are the children of the middle and poorer classes, of whom an irruption occurs every day before

noon. The sidewalk is suddenly invaded by scores of urchins between eight and twelve years old, fresh, clean, and tidy, most of them wearing black alpaca blouses, with broad white linen collars and leather belts, which give them a clerical aspect, and carrying their books, not in satchels, but in black portfolios called *serviettes*, such as lawyers use for their papers. More than half these children have no head-covering, — a French custom not confined to children nor to the male sex; economical in a way, of course, but which must surely cost most people dear, at some time or other, in earache, toothache, and neuralgia of the head with its myriad tortures. The little fellows are not troubled by them yet, and come bounding and babbling along the streets, hand in hand, or with arms thrown round each other's shoulders; for French children are demonstrative, and not self-conscious. They are very kind to their juniors. I never saw the hapless and hated "tag-tail," panting and blubbering after his stronger, fleeter elders, kicked and cuffed out of the way when they cannot dodge him; there was always a bigger boy to take the small boy by the hand, and run with him in the wake of the party. I saw squabbles occasionally, but seldom blows; only once or twice a real fight. Their altercations are very dramatic. I remember two little fellows in blouses, in great wrath, to judge by their gestures. At the climax one of them raised his hand, but not to strike; he waved it with ineffable scorn, ejaculating, "R-r-republicain!" to which the other retorted, with a motion of utter defiance, "Aristo-c-r-r-rat!" and each turned on his heel. They are twitted with this absence of pugnacity by our little Anglo-Saxon bullies, who set it down to want of pluck; but people who settle the slightest difficulty with sword or pistol cannot be supposed to lack personal courage. Mere love of danger, however, has not the same attraction for French children as for our own: they are not to be seen indulging in pranks which make older people's hearts stand still, such as hanging by their hands to the edge of a roof, or trying how near they can come to being run over in the street. But besides love of danger, love of disobedience has a great deal to do with children's enjoyment of perilous sport, and the French child is obviously more submissive and better trained than ours.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the small fry have given place to grown-up loungers of every class, who repair to the Champs Elysées every day, from the middle of the afternoon until sunset, to look at each other and the world that drives to and from the Bois de Boulogne. It is a curious contrast to the similar daily parade in Hyde Park. To begin with the side scenes, instead of fine English trees and stretches of turf and flower-beds, here, on each side the paved street, there are young plantations in a nondescript region of asphalt, grass-plats, cake-stalls, *parterres*, gravel-walks, shrubbery, puppet-shows, fountains, merry-go-rounds, eating-houses. The procession is not less multifarious. The exclusion of drays, carts, cabs, and other public conveyances from Hyde Park results in an assemblage of handsome, or at any rate presentable, equipages, with that stamp of *private* so characteristic of England. Here there are huge omnibuses, with an imposing front of three horses abreast, constructed on the model of an excursion steamboat, fog-horn and all, minus the smoke-stack; there are little yellow cabs, and the black, shiny parcels-delivery wagons of the Bon Marché, Louvre, and other great shops, built like prison-vans, but driven by men in smart livery, and drawn by pairs of magnificent horses, perfectly groomed. Here are curious vehicles like small omnibuses without a knife-board, which carry schoolboys to and from the different *lycées* and *colléges*, which correspond to our pub-

lic schools; each apparently has its own, which passes twice a day with its freight of youngsters in cap and uniform, carrying serviettes, like a company of cadets turned lawyers all at once. In Hyde Park people on horseback keep to Rotten Row; here riders mix with the throng on wheels, and as this is the highroad to the Bois de Boulogne horse men and women go by in squads, and groups of children on smaller steeds. The Hippodrome, by way of advertisement, sends out half a dozen pairs of diminutive ponies, — cream-colored, black, chestnut, gray, white, and piebald, — ridden by tiny boys, with tricolor streamers to their hats, and otherwise bedizened, who thread their way in and out among the thundering rush of heavy vehicles and horses, which could swallow them at a gulp, chatting as coolly as if they had the street to themselves. Bicycles skim by, and every sort of handcart adds to the confusion. There are quantities of the latter, pushed or pulled by the human beast of burden, who is cheaper, even, than the donkey; some of them contain the apparatus of industries which do not exist with us, or exist in a form which cannot be carted about the street. Among the most peculiar of these are the copper bath-tub and heating arrangements for taking *un grand bain à domicile*, brightly burnished, and looking like a machine-room in miniature. These are seen so often as to impugn the accuracy of the classification which sets down the French among non-washing nations. Bathing establishments for people of all classes are to be found in every neighborhood, almost in every street, of Paris, and swimming baths, cheap or costly, along the quays, in refutation of the charge. It is to be doubted whether such English people as cannot count a bath-tub among their household necessaries ever indulge in the luxury of hiring one.

Although spring and autumn are the times of year when the daily procession to the Bois is at its height, every fine Sunday brings forth an interminable parade, defiling past the Rond Point from early in the afternoon until dark. Thousands of carriages, of every shape and size, drive by: some very handsome, others very shabby, with handsome or shabby horses and occupants. The most remarkable thing about the latter is the way in which the women are painted: some of them look as if they were standing over a fire, some as if their eyes were lolling out of their head; some of them have painted out the semblance of humanity, and are mere monsters. The crowd never reaches that hopeless climax of cross-purposes which constantly occurs at Hyde Park Corner during the London season; but on every fair afternoon there is such an agglomeration of vehicles and animals going at full speed in all directions that it is alarming to see anybody attempt to cross the street on foot. Yet the feat is safely performed every minute, and another, which I could no more understand than a conjuring trick,— that of piloting four frisky goats harnessed to a child's barouche through the vortex. It was done without blows or tugs, — a lesson to cab-drivers and draymen, if they would profit by it.

It was long a subject of speculation to me why an ordinary Parisian crowd should be so much more picturesque and spectacular than an English or American one. There is, it is true, much greater variety of attire; for although a French peasant's costume is as seldom seen in the Champs Elysées as a Greek's, there are the white caps and aprons of the maid-servants and men-cooks, the red trousers of the soldiers, the black cassocks of the priests, the veils and wimples of nuns, the uniform frocks of girls' charity-schools, — light blue, dark blue, lilac, violet, gray, brown, — the white suits of some artisans, the blue smocks of others; the long, dark, rough cloak, with a pointed hood of mediæval pattern, worn by men of all classes in wet

weather; the frequency of bare heads, the general independence in dress of a community where nobody feels obliged to appear like anybody else except the members of an organization. I once saw a group of workmen fit to be painted by Rembrandt: three of them were habited in brown velveteen, with gray slouch hats; the other wore a crimson jacket, dull blue trousers, and a brown cap. But the Parisians' briskness of movement, their gestures, changes of countenance, their lively bearing and expressive physiognomies, add as much to the animation and interest of their street scenes as dissimilarity of dress. There is a perpetual ripple, sparkle, eddy, on the surface of their crowd.

Yet this was not the laughter-loving multitude, the gay, thoughtless throng, of half a century or even twenty years ago. These people have felt the blows of war, grinding want, the burden of political responsibility. Their city has lost much of the brilliancy and elegance of which it boasted under the Second Empire, and has a shabby, second-hand air; even in the showiest streets, the equipages, shops, and purchasers look cheap, wholesale, made for the million. The men and women of the working-classes are careworn and toilworn; there are constant strikes among tradesmen and workmen, and rumors of communistic disturbance.

Notwithstanding the driving to the Bois and a general impression that all the world was brought abroad on Sunday, it was not until February, the *jours gras*, the three days before Ash Wednesday, that I saw anything like the old gayety. A Parisian carnival is a spiritless, commonplace affair to any one who is familiar with Italy. A few noisy fellows in false noses, a woman in a grotesque mask and a man's fancy dress, or a man in woman's clothes, are all that represent the picturesque travesties and disguises, the merry antics, of the Roman Corso. But putting those out of mind, the Champs Elysées at Shrovetide was a popular holiday, such as Americans must go to Europe to witness. The weather was beautiful; and winter weather in Paris, when it is fine, is particularly charming, with the cheerful, tender loveliness of our sweetest early April days. There were such myriads of people abroad that it seemed as if the town had turned itself inside out. The cafés which line the Rue Montaigne and Avenue Matignon, where they meet in an apex on the Rond Point, were crowded from morning till night, and the pavement before the doors filled with little tables, at which sat family parties or friends, eating, drinking, smoking, laughing, and chatting, bundled in furs and warm wraps. Numbers of very young children were in costume: small Harlequins, Columbines, officers and courtiers of Louis XIV.'s time, ran in and out among men and women in every-day dress. I saw one little fellow, in his ordinary clothes and the black half mask which the French call a *loup*, his rosy mouth and chin peeping out below the satin frill like a Cupid on a dinner card, strut along, holding his mother's hand, evidently persuaded that he was entirely disguised. There was a pervading light-heartedness, the atmosphere of which penetrated even the sick-room.

A revival of this jollity occurred at the *mi-carême*, or mid-Lent holiday, which seemed to be more of a frolic and in the spirit of the Italian festival. The streets were again thronged, and the pavement before the cafes blocked with the little tables and their feasters; but the feature of the day was the masquerading of the lower orders, which was not to be seen at its height in the Champs Elysées. Stragglers from other quarters appeared occasionally among the sober citizens, and large vans, with streamers and garlands, filled with young men and girls in fancy dress, dashed recklessly into the Rond Point from time to time. Some of the trades' guilds had wains deco-

rated with flags and flowers, and drawn by four and six horses, filled with revelers; now and then the inborn French taste was shown in an arrangement which made these vulgar triumphal cars strikingly artistic objects, worthy of a Florentine procession in the sixteenth century. The *fête* belongs to the *boulevards* and their population. The *bourgeoisie* apparently took no part in it beyond sipping ices and coffee on the sidewalks; the world of fashion kept in-doors all day, but celebrated the evening by an explosion of balls.

With all the variety, life, and interest of the Champs Elysées during the day, after dark it becomes a very scene of enchantment. At nightfall a gauzy vapor gradually overspreads the earth and fills the air, veiling every outline, until nothing remains but a sense of space; through this flash innumerable triple jets of gas, in rows, in circles, in long double and quadruple lines, leading far away through miles of illuminated mist, until they meet in the indefinite distance, reflected on the wet asphalt by linear dashes of light, like a palisade of fire. Through these glimmering avenues, and through intervals of dimness, glide countless lights: some swift as meteors, some slow as glowworms, white, yellow, red, — were there other colors? — higher or lower, but always in the air, flitting, following, darting, chasing, like thousands of will-o'-the-wisps. The imagination ranges with delight among the beautiful, mysterious suggestions of the phantasmagoria. "A firefly meadow," said Mr. J. R. Lowell, looking down from the window. Yes and no, for the lights do not twinkle; it is more like New York bay at night from the heights of Staten Island; nor yet that, altogether, because the spectator is so much nearer this scene. It is most like some of Martin's illustrations of Milton, without the terror: they are theatrical, and so is this fantastic, fairy transformation of the Champs Elysées on a rainy day to an unpeopled world of wonder on a rainy night.

There are few places susceptible of so many beautiful transformations. The first snowstorm of 1883 was during the night of the 7th of March. The inhabitants of the Champs Elysées woke to find their lively quarter a silent expanse of untrodden snow, under a sky like oxidized silver; long, broad streets of fleecy white without a footprint, between trees delicately penciled against the whiteness, and blossoming with feathery sprays and powdery tufts. It was a lovely but dreary sight; everybody kept in-doors. Towards evening an exquisite pink line faintly irradiated the atmosphere, throwing pale lilac shadows here and there on the blank surfaces; it was so faint and evanescent that each person might imagine his the only eyes to see it.

The cold was the last pinch needed to rouse the ire of the malcontents, who had been nursing their wrath all winter, fomented by Bonapartists, the clerical party, communist leaders, and all enemies of the government. Ever since I saw the police tearing down Prince Napoleon's foolish manifesto, six or seven weeks earlier, there had been a perceptible growth of murmuring and grumbling among the working classes. My French visitors if of the Legitimist party, and my American ones who were converts to Roman Catholicism (whose sympathies are more anti-republican than a French monarchist's), were full of forebodings; to listen to them, one would have supposed that the government could not last another half hour. I have no doubt that with those in whom the wish was father to the thought originated the reports of imminent anarchy which filled French, English, and American newspapers at that time. On the evening of the 8th of March, the snowy day, President Grévy gave a ball at the little palace of the Elysée, which has changed names so often that I forget

its present official appellation. Some of the beauties signalized themselves by appearing in the fashions of the Directory, and the public coachmen, taking advantage of another slight snowfall, refused to take home the guests they had brought without such an extortionate augmentation of fare that many ladies indignantly walked home in satin slippers, by the light of dawn. A few hours later the *émeute* broke out on the other side of the river. A large body, said to be workmen out of employment, marched to the Elysée with a petition for work. Being ordered to depart, they straggled up the Champs Elysées to the Rond Point, shouting a little, and I saw the police disperse them without difficulty, the crowd breaking into groups and scattering in different directions. On the other side of the river there was more disturbance, and two or three persons imprudently driving through that quarter in private carriages had the windows broken. The mob there was dispersed by a body of cavalry, who rode through them at a trot, and the only blood shed was from the noses of a few pugnacious blackguards of opposite political opinions. There was some stir about the Elysée that afternoon, a strong police force protecting the precinct, and knots of common men hanging on their skirts, a cavalry guard patrolling the street, and an officer trotting round and round a flagstaff in the Champs Elysées, as if he were at riding-school.

This was the beginning and end of the new reign of terror, which had been predicted for months. For some weeks each succeeding Sunday was regularly announced in advance as the date of the real revolution; but March went by, and took winter away with it, and the faint symptoms of uprising melted with the icicles and vanished before the April sun.

Easter Monday was another popular holiday. As to the day before, there was no more sign of observance of it, outside the churches, than of any other Sunday in the calendar; that is, there was none beyond the shops being shut in the afternoon, as they are in London on Saturday. The Sabbathlessness of Paris strikes a stranger oddly and painfully; the ear and brain wait for the recurring seventh-day lull in the noises of the week, but it does not come. The rattle of business-carts and rumble of drays, the cries and calls of itinerant venders, the hammering and pounding of masons and carpenters, go on without intermission; the one voice which is unheard is the sound of church-bells. I tried to get a notion of the system and statistics of attendance on public worship and cessation of labor on Sunday in Paris, but could come to no conclusion as to whether there is a general custom in either, or not. There are so many services between six in the morning and one o'clock, with vespers and the benediction later in the afternoon, that the whole working population might attend them by detachments without causing any apparent pause in its toil. There was one tribute to the day which could be noticed even from an upper window, — a greater display of clean blouses; but whether this was in recognition of its sacred or its festive character I cannot say.

With spring weather the wedding processions, which had been rare through the winter, began again — those funereal lines of hired carriages, only to be distinguished from the pomp of obsequies by driving at a better pace, and showing glimpses of white instead of black through the windows. I never saw a funeral in the Champs Elysées; the great cemeteries lie in other directions, so the gay avenue is seldom sobered for a moment by the sight of a hearse and mourners. As the favorite goal of a bridal drive is the Bois, where the party breakfasts at a restaurant and then takes the traditional walk, two by two following the happy pair,

bridal parties, on the contrary, were constantly passing the Rond Point on Wednesday and Saturday, the days consecrated to marriage in Paris; whether by civil or religious authority, or only by custom, I do not know. Of course these promenades are a middle-class fashion: in what is called "society" it is not usual even to make wedding journeys. I had an amusing glimpse of the manners of the average citizen on these occasions. One day, on going into the little dining-room of my hotel for luncheon, I found a wedding-party at the central table, — a huge bunch of orange flowers in the middle, champagne corks popping, five men, of different ages, in dress-coats and white cravats, two ladies in bonnets and one in white satin and a veil, — beginning an elaborate breakfast. The bride was pale, but rather pretty and attractive, poor girl; the bridegroom plain and insignificant looking. They scarcely glanced at each other, and to all appearance were hardly acquaintances. The other guests were the parents of this couple, an old family friend, and a younger brother of the bride's. The elderly men very soon had taken too much champagne; they all became talkative, and one of them, the friend, very noisy and declamatory. Nothing had been settled beforehand, and they loudly debated whether they should take the regulation drive in the Bois or to the Jardin des Plantes, and whether they should go in carriages or in a small omnibus, which would hold them all; also, what direction to choose for the wedding journey. The unhappy pair wished to go to Nice or Cannes; but they were very silent, and the dictatorial friend opposed it vehemently.

"As to wedding trips, I know all about them, for I have made two. Don't set out on a long journey, to arrive at an out-of-the-way place, where you will find a wretched hotel and nothing to see but the fields, which are wet at this season. Go to R——. You need not start until half past nine P. M.; you will be sure to get a railway carriage to yourselves; you have a short trip; you find an excellent hotel, — especially not too dear, — charming promenades, a superb theatre; and you come back the day after to-morrow and dine with me."

"But" — began one of the fathers.

"Allow me to speak, monsieur," resumed the friend authoritatively. "The next day you are back at your business. Let us send for an omnibus, which will take the luggage, too, and drive to the Jardin des Plantes: there you have delightful walks, the animals to visit" —

"If" — interposed the bride's mother.

"Allow me to speak, madame," said the friend, with deference, but decision, — "and you are close to the railway station. You take the half past nine P. M. train for R——. You will be sure to get a carriage to yourselves; you have a short trip; you find an excellent hotel, — especially not too dear" —

"Still" — demurred the other father.

"Allow me to speak, monsieur" — this very imperiously — "charming promenades, a superb theatre" — and *da capo al fine.*

Everybody now thought his turn had come, and tried to put in a word; the friend stopped them short with, "Allow me to speak; I know all about wedding journeys," etc. I stayed as long as decency would permit, pretending to eat my breakfast at a side-table; as I left the room, he was repeating "Surtout pas trop cher" for the third time, and the others were passing the railroad guide round the table.

The want of consideration for women's feelings and wishes on occasions like this, when with us they would be paramount, is singularly at variance with the importance given to the demands and opinions of their sex in so many circumstances and conditions of life in France. There is no classifying the contradictions and inconsistencies which an American observes among the French

on this head. Not to go further than I could see from my window, there is an irreconcilable variance between the universal interest which Frenchmen show for the other sex by their impartial staring and their indifference to opportunities, which we should consider obligations, of rendering slight services even to the young, pretty, and elegant. A true Frenchman would no more pass a woman without looking at her than certain superstitious housekeepers would "see a pin and let it lay." Yet apparently it is not according to his code of etiquette to help a woman out of an omnibus, to hail a cab which she is signaling in vain, or to pick up her handkerchief if she drops it. The absence of these minor gallantries is sometimes explained by Americans and English as a result of masculine selfishness, which they profess to find more largely developed in the Gallic race than in themselves; but even admitting the imputation, I cannot believe that it accounts for this want of alacrity in a nation of men whose first preoccupation is women. I am inclined to think that it arises from the greater quickness of Frenchwomen, who are more alert to help themselves than their Anglo-Saxon sisters, and possibly from a well-founded prejudice on the former's part against being accosted by knights-errant of the sidewalk. The boulevards are the scene of adventures of this sort; the mixed throng in the Champs Elysées amuse themselves as respectably as the select fewer who frequent Beacon Street, Fifth Avenue, or the upper end of Walnut Street in Philadelphia.

As spring advances the number of loungers increases. Not a seat is empty among the chairs which border the pavements and the benches on the inner edge for two miles, and the hours of lounging lengthen with the lengthening afternoon; people sit at the tables before the cafés all day and late into the night. Through the open windows come the sounds of the street: the Arcadian piping of Basque peasants, who pass in the morning with a little drove of she asses or goats, to be milked before the houses where invalids are waiting for the warm beverage; the melancholy, plangent, rebellious braying of the donkey, who brings green stuff to the Cirque d'Eté every morning; the constant, conversational neighing of the omnibus-horses, which recalls the words of the prophet Jeremiah (v. 8); at quieter instants, the plash of the fountains; the incessant roll of wheels and thud of hoofs, so deadened by the smooth asphalt that they lull and soothe the nerves; that subdued reverberation composed of multitudinous voices and footsteps; the would-be gay song of the poor young fellows who have just been drawn for military service, and go about for a day or two with their numbers and tricolor cockades in their hats; the lively bugle-notes of the amateur guards of the four-in-hands, which are constantly driving to and from the races. A few afternoons before the great day of the Grand Prix they parade in force along the Champs Elysées and through the Bois, — a pretty show, the horses in shining condition, the coachtops covered with fine ladies and gentlemen in holiday humor; the proudest and happiest woman of them all she who is perched on the post of honor, dressed to perfection, beside the impassive gentleman who wields the long-lashed whip. Whiffs of fragrance stir the air from flower-stalls and handcarts of plants in bloom. The birds sing as if they were in the woods, among the branches of the horse-chestnuts in the five converging avenues, which have come into the densest leaf and flower, and look from above like broad rivers of dark green foliage foaming with blossoms. The tenant of the sick-room sees health beckoning from without, and goes down to take part in the life and movement and enjoyment of the Rond Point.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

We have before us the military operations of General Beauregard [1] detailed in two large octavos. A considerable part of each volume consists of an appendix, containing official and other documents, many of them of great interest. There are excellent indices at the end of the second volume, both of the text and the documents. There are two portraits of the subject of the memoir.

Colonel Roman has written a careful and exhaustive biography of his chief. Beauregard, in the preface, indorses all his statements and comments, excepting only his eulogiums upon Beauregard himself. The book is, we are obliged to say, unnecessarily long; there is a good deal of repetition in it, and many episodes, especially those involving the personal differences between General Beauregard and President Davis, are, in our judgment, dwelt upon with needless particularity. But the work is unquestionably a very valuable contribution to the history of the late war; and, from the standpoint of the student, it may well be that, looking at it as in great part consisting of *mémoires pour servir*, there is no excess either of material or of comment.

No officer in the Confederate service had such a varied experience as Beauregard. From the capture of Fort Sumter to the surrender of Johnston, he was almost constantly in active service, and it was his fortune to be connected with several of the most important and picturesque events of the war. It was under his direction and control that the militia of South Carolina surrounded Fort Sumter with their batteries and compelled its surrender. It was he who, with General Joseph E. Johnston, fought and won the first battle of Bull Run, the cause of so much unfounded rejoicing, and the parent of so much vain confidence. It was he who, with General Albert Sydney Johnston, planned and carried out the brilliant and almost completely successful attack upon Grant's position at Pittsburg Landing, the first of a series of hard-fought, sanguinary, and indecisive engagements, of which our war furnished so many examples. It was through Beauregard's indomitable spirit and masterly engineering skill that Fort Sumter and Charleston were so stoutly defended against the ironclads of Admiral Dahlgren and the batteries of General Gillmore. It was due to Beauregard's obstinate resolution that Petersburg was not taken on the 16th and 17th of June, 1864, and the evacuation of Richmond anticipated by nearly a year. Finally, we find him again associated with Joseph E. Johnston, collecting the scattered and decimated forces of the tottering Confederacy, in the vain hope of arresting Sherman's march through the Carolinas, until the surrender at Greensboro' ended the career begun at Sumter and Bull Run. Wherever we see him we find him active, enterprising, daring, in fact, to the verge of rashness; extremely methodical, also, and most industrious. He impresses us as a man devoted to his profession, and simply to his profession. He does not seem to have been hampered by any of those feelings of responsibility, arising from a mingling of the duties of soldier and statesman, which to a greater or less extent undoubtedly influenced the

[1] *The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States*, 1861 *to* 1865. Including a brief personal sketch and a narrative of his services in the war with Mexico, 1846–8. By Alfred Roman, formerly Colonel of the 18th Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector-General on the staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

judgment of some of the most prominent generals on either side. Beauregard appears always to have preserved a perfectly clear military head; he was always capable of advising the most unwelcome measures, when he thought they were demanded by the situation; to him Richmond, even, and Charleston were only squares on the military chessboard. We shall have occasion to advert to this subject further on. Let us now briefly follow General Beauregard through the war.

After his reduction of Fort Sumter, with which we will not detain the reader, we find Beauregard in command of the main body of the Confederate forces at Manassas Junction, and Joseph E. Johnston in command of the troops in the Shenandoah Valley. The principal Federal army, under McDowell, lay in front of Beauregard. Patterson, in the Valley, confronted Johnston. The enemy had adopted, under the advice of General Lee, a strictly defensive policy. Beauregard, on the other hand, advised, as early as the 12th of June, that Johnston should unite his forces with the main body, and that an effort should be made to capture Alexandria and Arlington Heights. But this suggestion was not received by the President with favor, and things went on in the same way for another month, when it became evident that the national forces intended taking the offensive at an early day, and equally plain, at least to General Beauregard, that the advance would be made against his army at Manassas, and not against Johnston's in the Shenandoah Valley. He therefore recommended the immediate transfer of the latter force to the main army. He sent an aide to Richmond on July 14th to represent the danger of a Federal advance with overwhelming numbers, and to urge that he should be reinforced by the bulk of Johnston's army. As soon as this should be done, he proposed to take the offensive against the Federals in front of Washington. But Davis and Lee declined to act upon the suggestion. They may, as Colonel Roman claims, have been wrong; but it strikes us as probable that the extremely sanguine hue which Beauregard gave to his project, and the predictions of unlimited success which he authorized his aide to make to the President and General Lee, — such as "exterminating" Scott and McDowell, "driving them into the Potomac," then going to the Valley and "destroying" Patterson, and after this had been achieved reinforcing Garnett in West Virginia and defeating McClellan, and finally crossing into Maryland, "arousing the people" and attacking Washington, — probably had a good deal to do with their hesitation to take the first step which Beauregard proposed, the transfer to the army at Manassas of the bulk of that in the Valley. In fact, Beauregard's imagination, while it often enabled him to foresee the movements of the enemy with really astonishing accuracy, and to find ways and means of counteracting them, was generally allowed too prominent a place in his projects. Beauregard had a great deal of the sanguine and excitable nature of a Frenchman about him; and this quality, together with his never failing and always expressed belief that the course which he advocated would be followed by complete and overwhelming success, undoubtedly jarred upon the nerves of the elderly Anglo-Saxon military men, Davis, Lee, Johnston, and the rest with whom he had to do, and created in their minds a feeling of distrust, which most of our readers will not fail to understand, and even, to a certain extent, to sympathize with. Still, there can be no doubt that Mr. Davis and his advisers allowed their prejudices to carry them too far. Beauregard, in his advice to them at this time, as afterwards on other and also important occasions, was supplying a want which none of them could supply. In imag-

ination, in enterprise, in daring, he was their superior. His suggestions were, moreover, the suggestions of a trained military mind, in possession of all the facts of the case that could be at that time ascertained; and so far as concerned the first step that he recommended, — that the bulk of Johnston's forces should be at once transferred to his own command, — he was not only right, but the peril against which he was urging them to provide was even more imminent than any one then supposed.

Beauregard's advice, as we have seen, was given on Sunday, the 14th. On Tuesday, the 16th, McDowell began his march. On the 17th he occupied Fairfax Court House. Not till then was Johnston ordered to join Beauregard, and no part of his troops arrived till the 20th. A portion, as is well known, came up on Sunday afternoon, the 21st, while the battle was in full progress; and had McDowell been able to adhere to his original plan of attacking the enemy's right, at Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords, and below them, the battle must have taken place before a single regiment of Johnston's command had reached Manassas Junction, or Beauregard must have fallen back without a fight, which is perhaps more probable.

It appears that the idea of a pursuit of the Federal forces after the rout at Bull Run was never entertained, either by Davis, Johnston, or Beauregard; the want of transportation rendered it out of the question. But about the last of September, 1861, both Johnston and Beauregard strongly urged that the strength of the army should be raised to sixty thousand men, and that the war should be carried into Maryland. The plan was to cross at Edwards's or Conrad's Ferry, and then to march on Washington; relying on the greater cohesion and *élan* of the Southern army to defeat the then raw troops of General McClellan. But Mr. Davis refused his assent, and the project was abandoned.

We next find Beauregard sent to the West, where Albert Sydney Johnston had suffered serious reverses. Forts Henry and Donelson had been taken, with many guns and thousands of prisoners. The States of Kentucky and Tennessee had been nearly abandoned; the Mississippi had been opened as far as Island No. 10; the Confederate forces had been widely separated. In this state of things, Johnston and Beauregard conceived the brilliant plan of reuniting at the earliest moment the wings of the army; calling up all outlying detachments and all possible reinforcements, and attacking the Federal army under Grant before it could be augmented by the forces of Buell. We do not care to discuss the question how the merit of this plan is to be apportioned. Suffice it to say that both commanders entered heartily into it, and that their daring scheme for the rehabilitation of the Confederate cause in the West was gallantly supported by their troops. The battle of Shiloh, fought on April 6–7, 1862, was a battle of the old-fashioned kind, — a pitched battle; and, after the advantage which the Confederates derived from their surprise of our army had been exhausted, it was a very hard-fought battle. It was a new experience to the troops on both sides, and was an education in itself.

Beauregard has been criticised for not having accomplished more on the first day; but we fail to see that anything more was possible.

Corinth, a very important railway and strategic centre, to which Beauregard retreated after the battle, was held against Halleck and his greatly superior force until May 30th, when Beauregard drew off his army in excellent order and condition. His health now requiring attention, he was relieved from duty. We find him next at Charleston, where he

arrived in September of the same year. Here he was already well known and highly thought of; and here, too, was a chance for him to display those resources of engineering art which he possessed in so great a degree. The autumn and winter were occupied in providing for the assaults which were sure to be made in the ensuing spring. Beauregard's activity, industry, and skill were never displayed on a better field. Finally the long-expected blow was delivered. On April 7, 1863, Admiral Dupont, with a fleet of ironclads, attacked Fort Sumter; but after some hours of gallant and determined fighting the ships were obliged to confess themselves beaten by the forts.

Two months after this event General Gillmore superseded General Hunter in charge of the land operations against Charleston. We observe that General Beauregard considers that his plan of attack was faulty. "It was fortunate," says Colonel Roman, speaking the views of General Beauregard, "that, shortly afterwards, the new commanding general, in whose daring and engineering ability the North greatly relied, preferred making his attack by Morris Island, instead of on the broad and weak front of James Island, where he might have penetrated our long, attenuated lines, and taken Charleston in flank and rear. Nothing then could have prevented Sumter from falling; for there can be no doubt that General Gillmore would have immediately increased the armament at and around Fort Johnson, and have thus completely commanded the interior harbor. The possession of Charleston and of all the South Carolina sea-coast would have followed as a necessary sequence." It is not for us to decide between two such authorities, but merely to state the different views. That Gillmore's opponent should entertain the view that his plan was a faulty one in its conception is certainly an interesting fact.

Whether General Gillmore did or did not adopt the proper line of attack, it is undeniable that Beauregard foiled him in his efforts to take Sumter and to capture Charleston. Sumter, its batteries silenced, was, it is true, reduced to something very much resembling a pile of stones and rubbish; but the Confederate flag on the flagstaff on its summit was daily saluted, night and morning, until the march of Sherman through South Carolina forced the evacuation of Charleston and its forts. And the book before us gives an interesting account of the marvelous daring and the equally marvelous engineering skill and fertility of resource by which the cradle of secession was for so long a period defended against its powerful antagonists.

By the spring of 1864 the Federal operations against Charleston had virtually ceased. It was considered impracticable to effect anything further without the aid of a more powerful land force; and the plans of the government contemplated the employment in Virginia of General Gillmore himself, and of a large portion of the troops which he had been commanding in the department of the South. In April Beauregard was also ordered to Virginia, to assist in the defense of Richmond.

General Grant, who had recently been placed at the head of all the armies of the United States, had determined to accompany the Army of the Potomac in its march from the Rapidan upon Richmond. He had also prepared an auxiliary expedition under General Butler, which should land at Bermuda Hundred, a point on the river James about half-way between Petersburg and Richmond, and which should take possession of the railroad between those cities, which runs south from Richmond, near to and following for a few miles the course of the river. Having acquired this important position, Butler was to capture Richmond or Petersburg, as he might find most feasible.

Of all this, nothing, of course, was known at Richmond. But the somewhat ostentatious reorganization of the Ninth corps, at Annapolis, awakened the suspicions of General Beauregard. He scented danger in the air. He felt sure that the Federal generals intended to make a bold and vigorous campaign, and he was fully alive to the exposed condition of Petersburg and Richmond. But at this moment, just on the eve of the campaign, just when the Confederate government should have been completing their preparations for the defense of the capital and its approaches, he finds they have denuded Petersburg of troops in an ill-advised attempt to recapture Newbern, North Carolina. On the 22d of April, 1864, he arrived at Weldon; on the 25th he urged upon General Bragg, then commanding the forces of the Confederacy under the supervision of President Davis, the probability of an immediate attack upon Richmond and Petersburg, and the danger of scattering the forces of the department. But his representations were of no avail. Full of the project of repossessing themselves of the coast of North Carolina, the administration disregarded Beauregard's advice, until, on the 4th of May, Butler, with thirty thousand men, had landed at Bermuda Hundred. Then, indeed, there was a hurried concentration. From Plymouth and the Neuse, from Wilmington and from Charleston, troops were hurried up to Richmond "with the greatest dispatch." "There was," as Davis said in his telegram of May 4th, "not an hour to lose."

Fortunately for the Confederates, the expedition to Bermuda Hundred was not under the direction of an able and enterprising soldier. There was a delay of a few days before anything was even attempted, and then the attempt was a poor affair. Two good officers of the regular army, commanded by a civilian general, did not make a strong board of direction. Beauregard had leisure to collect his forces. By the time he was ready to strike — for his usual policy, and it was generally a good one, and it proved an especially wise one in the present case, was to take the offensive — he found that our troops had advanced towards Richmond from Bermuda Hundred, had taken possession of the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, and were facing north; their line extending from the river on the right, not far from Drury's Bluff, to a point beyond the railroad in a westerly direction. Between this line and Richmond was the little army of Beauregard. In Petersburg was a Confederate division under Major-General Whiting. Beauregard's plan was to make his main attack on our extreme right, close to the river, and so cut us off from our base at Bermuda Hundred, while Whiting's division was to assault us in rear. The result was a serious defeat for our forces, which would doubtless have been a more crushing one had Whiting's division participated in the action. But owing to the fault of that officer this part of the plan was not carried out.

The outcome of this brilliant affair was that General Butler's operations came abruptly to an end. He retired to Bermuda Hundred, fortifying the short neck of land between the James and the Appomattox which constituted the westerly line of his position; and when Beauregard had constructed a like series of works opposite to his, "his army," to use General Grant's celebrated phrase, "though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked."

Having for the time being thus disposed of the immediate danger, Beauregard made, on the 18th of May, one of his characteristic proposals to the war department. Lee and Grant were confronting each other at Spottsylvania, some fifty or sixty miles from Richmond.

This proposition shows so well the military sagacity of Beauregard that we venture to copy the greater part of his letter: —

"*Memorandum.* The crisis demands prompt and decisive action. The two armies are now too far apart to secure success, unless we consent to give up Petersburg and place the capital in jeopardy. If General Lee will fall back behind the Chickahominy, engaging the enemy so as to draw him on, General Beauregard can bring up fifteen thousand men to unite with Breckinridge [who had been sent for from the Valley], and fall upon the enemy's flank with over twenty thousand men effective, thus rendering Grant's defeat certain and decisive, and in time to enable General Beauregard to return with a reinforcement from General Lee to drive Butler from Petersburg and from his present position. For three days, perhaps four at most, Petersburg and Richmond would be held by the forces left there for that purpose. Without such concentration nothing decisive can be effected, and the picture presented is one of starvation. Without concentration General Lee must eventually fall back before Grant's heavy reinforcements, and the view presented merely anticipates this movement for offensive purposes."

It certainly may be said that, had this plan been carried out, the battle would have been fought when the army under Grant was by no means as strong as it was on the day of Cold Harbor. But whether the united forces of Lee and Beauregard could have inflicted a "decisive" defeat upon the Army of the Potomac, entrenched as it would unquestionably have been, we take the liberty, *pace* General Beauregard, to doubt. Yet it must be borne in mind that what he predicted in this memorandum actually came to pass. True it was that without such a concentration as he urged nothing could be effected, and that "the picture presented was one of starvation;" that is, of inaction and decay, resulting in inevitable and utter failure. It may well be that Beauregard's counsel was not only bold, but wise.

No notice seems to have been taken of it, however, and the armies of Grant and Lee occupied a fortnight in getting down to Cold Harbor; the reinforcements received by Grant during this time largely exceeding those received by Lee. To fight his great battle Grant took the Eighteenth corps away from Bermuda Hundred. After he had delivered his ill-advised assault on the lines of Cold Harbor, there was for a time a lull in the progress of the campaign. But this was merely to concert a scheme, by which Grant hoped to seize Petersburg with his whole army, while Lee was still on the north bank of the James. This masterly movement, the successful accomplishment of which has been generally overlooked in considering the extremely unsatisfactory performances of the army after it had arrived before Petersburg, was begun on the 12th of June.

General Grant saw that unless he could induce General Lee to believe that he was aiming at Richmond his object would not be achieved. Therefore, after breaking camp at Cold Harbor, he manœuvred so skillfully on the Chickahominy and near Charles City Cross Roads that he completely deceived his adversary, both as to his whereabouts and his intentions. Smith's corps, the Eighteenth, was put on transports, and sent back to Bermuda Hundred, where it arrived on the 14th, and moved at once upon Petersburg. A pontoon bridge was laid across the James at Windmill Point, below the junction with the Appomattox, and the Second corps, under General Hancock, despite an entirely unnecessary delay at the crossing, for which nobody seems to be responsible, reached, with two divisions, the outer works of Petersburg about dark on the

15th, just after Smith, who had come up before noon, had succeeded in capturing them.

Ever since the 7th, Beauregard had foreseen this movement of Grant's. He had been obliged to weaken his small force by sending Hoke's division and two brigades of Johnson's division to Lee, in anticipation of the battle of Cold Harbor; and all he had to depend upon was the remainder of Johnson's division, which was in front of Bermuda Hundred, and Wise's brigade, Dearing's cavalry, and a few militia at Petersburg. On the 7th he begged Bragg to return his troops from Lee's army, expressing his belief that "Grant doubtless intends operating against Richmond along James River, probably on south side." On the 9th he wrote a careful memorandum to General Bragg, suggesting that Grant would probably operate from Bermuda Hundred as a base against Petersburg. At last, on the very morning when Smith's corps appeared before Petersburg, Hoke's division was allowed to leave Drury's Bluff for Petersburg. It arrived just in time for one of its brigades to participate in the withdrawal of the troops of Wise from the outer line, which Smith had broken in the afternoon. Beauregard instantly decided that the enemy's main attack was against Petersburg, and he at once withdrew Johnson's division from the lines at Bermuda Hundred. Gracie's brigade also arrived from Lee's army. His forces did not exceed fifteen thousand men. Colonel Roman puts them at a "total effective of about ten thousand men," but we think the larger number is nearer the fact.

But not only were the Eighteenth corps and two divisions of the Second corps the assailants of Petersburg. On the morning of the 16th of June the remaining division of the Second corps appeared, and, soon after, the Ninth corps, one division (Neill's) of the Sixth (the other two being sent to Bermuda Hundred), and, later in the day, the Fifth corps. One division of the Eighteenth corps was, however, sent to Bermuda Hundred.

Beauregard's little force maintained such a firm front, and held still such advanced positions, that the Federal generals were deceived as to its strength. It was not till dark on the 16th that an assault was ordered. It was measurably successful. But although a portion of the lines was carried, the remainder was obstinately held, and attempt after attempt was made during the night to recover the lost ground. The next morning, the 17th, Potter's division of the Ninth corps made a brilliant assault on the left of our line, capturing guns and prisoners; but there was no proper provision to support the attack, although the Fifth corps was lying idle on the left of the Ninth. The other two white divisions of the Ninth corps were put in during the day and evening; but they were put in one after the other, without being supported to any effective degree either by each other or by the corps on the left and right, the Fifth and Second. The first division of the Ninth corps, for instance, made a brilliant charge at dusk, and captured the enemy's works; but it was allowed to be driven out again, for want of reinforcements and ammunition. On our right, the Second and Sixth corps won some important ground, but their generals seem to have remained satisfied with very inadequate results. In fact, while allowance must of course be made for the fatigue of the troops, it is really impossible to understand the utter failure of the Army of the Potomac to improve its golden opportunity of taking Petersburg on June 16th and 17th except on the hypothesis that Beauregard's handling of his forces completely deceived our commanders. His policy was so daring that his adversaries supposed they were fighting the whole or a large part of the army of General Lee. No one could imagine that with twelve or

fifteen thousand men a general would undertake to hold such an extended front, to stick so obstinately to weak and untenable positions, to try repeatedly by desperate counter-assaults to recapture the ground which had been wrested from him. The tactics of the Confederate general were bold indeed. Had the Fifth corps, at any time while the rest of the army were engaging Beauregard's forces, marched up the Jerusalem plank road into Petersburg, the whole game would have been up. But this seems not to have been even thought of. We repeat that it is no wonder that the unaccountable failure of the Army of the Potomac to accomplish anything of moment during these two days has obscured the brilliant strategy by which the army had these two days given to it in which to make itself master of Petersburg.

For, during this time, Lee was on the north side of the James, fully expecting that Grant intended a direct move on Richmond. Able as Lee undoubtedly was, he failed on this occasion to divine his opponent's scheme. Nor could Beauregard rouse him to a sense of the danger of the situation. Dispatch after dispatch, aide after aide, were sent to Richmond; but the alarming news they brought was attributed to Beauregard's too fertile imagination. Among the most curious stories in the book are those of the staff officers whom Beauregard sent at this time to General Lee. It was not till Beauregard telegraphed, on the 17th, that, unless reinforced, he would have to evacuate Petersburg by noon of the next day that Lee consented to move to Petersburg; and even then he expressed himself as "not yet satisfied of General Grant's movements."

On the morning of Saturday, the 18th, accordingly, General Lee's army began to appear. On that day the same fatality pursued the Federal leaders as had marked their doings for the preceding forty-eight hours. Meade's order to attack at daybreak, which could have been and ought to have been carried out to the letter, would even then have gained us the possession of Petersburg. When our troops moved, early on Saturday morning, they found the lines of the night before abandoned; in pressing on, they allowed themselves to be detained by the enemy's skirmishers; finally, they arrived in front of the formidable positions, near the city itself, on which Beauregard, with excellent judgment, had placed his little force, and which were the positions held to the end of the war. Here our corps commanders saw fit to halt; and while they were thus delaying in front of the thin lines of Beauregard, — which at that moment they could either have broken by a direct assault, or have turned by way of the Jerusalem Road, — the gallant little force which had so well defended Petersburg was reinforced by the army of Northern Virginia. At half past ten o'clock in the morning appeared General Lee himself, at the head of Kershaw's division. And when, after a sufficient time had been spent in making preparation, the Federal army delivered their assault it was a total failure. Despite of the greatest courage and self-devotion on the part of both officers and men, we were repulsed at every point, with great slaughter. Our want of enterprise had cost us dear.

Beauregard was in Petersburg at the time of the explosion of the mine, on the 30th of July, 1864, and Colonel Roman gives us much that is interesting and valuable in regard to that most unfortunate day.

In the autumn of 1864, Beauregard was again sent to the West, to command the armies of Hood and Taylor. His authority over these officers seems not to have been very clearly defined. He certainly took no active part in the disastrous campaign of General Hood.

But in the winter and early spring of 1865 we find him, at first alone, afterwards with his old comrade, Joseph E.

Johnston, working hard to get together a respectable force, to arrest the progress of Sherman in the Carolinas. Matters were at a desperate pass for the Southern cause. The "march to the sea" gave the Federals two armies on the Atlantic coast. Sherman left Savannah on the 1st of February, on his march northward, and to the armies of Grant and Lee "there came," as Swinton well says, "rolling across the plains of the Carolinas, beating nearer and nearer, the drums of Champion Hills and Shiloh." Unless Sherman could be stopped, the Confederacy was doomed. On the other hand, such was the weariness of the war in the North and in Europe, and so precarious seemed the condition of the Federal finances, that a severe defeat inflicted upon Sherman, while in the Carolinas, might yet, so some sagacious men thought, restore the falling fortunes of the South. It might accomplish for the Confederacy what was accomplished for the colonies by the bloody and indecisive battle of Guilford Court House, which Greene forced upon Cornwallis in March, 1781.

But to effect this required the instant adoption of a policy of concentration. Augusta, Columbia, Goldsboro', Wilmington, Charleston, — even, as Beauregard thought, Richmond itself, — should be abandoned at once. Any and every sacrifice of local feeling should be unhesitatingly made. No associations were too sacred to be given up, if only a force could be raised capable of coping with Sherman's powerful and well-appointed army. This policy Beauregard strongly advocated. He soon, however, found obstacles in his way. The Confederacy had deeply felt the loss of Savannah. But to abandon Charleston was too terrible even to think of. General Hardee doubted and delayed at the last moment. Davis ordered him to postpone the evacuation of the city as long as was prudent, hoping "to save the pain of seeing it pass into the hands of the enemy." From causes like this, Beauregard's policy was blocked at every stage; the result fell far short of his hopes. Sherman, in the mean time, was steadily pursuing his onward course. He compelled the evacuation of Augusta, Columbia, Charleston, and Wilmington, as an inevitable consequence of his admirable strategy. He completely deceived his adversaries as to his real intentions; he kept them separated from each other; and it was not until his masterly march from Savannah to Goldsboro' was well-nigh completed that Johnston, who had succeeded Beauregard in command, was able to strike the well-meant but feeble blows of Bentonville and Averysboro'. Sherman had deserved his success.

After the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Davis had an interview with Johnston and Beauregard at Greensboro', North Carolina. Of this interview General Johnston, in the appendix to the second volume (page 664), gives a curious account. The military men were all of a mind. They considered the situation as hopeless, and so expressed themselves. With them agreed the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, and all the members of the cabinet except the President and Mr. Benjamin. The latter, General Johnston says, "repeated something very like Sempronius's speech for war. Mr. Davis," the general goes on to say, "received these suggestions of mine as if annoyed by them." Beauregard reports that the President said that the struggle could still be carried on to a successful issue by bringing out all the latent resources of the Confederacy, and, if necessary, by crossing the Mississippi and uniting with Kirby Smith's forces. But he was finally compelled to hear reason, and General Johnston was permitted to open negotiations with Sherman.

Here we leave our subject. It needs not to be said that Colonel Roman's

book is a very important contribution to our history; that no library which aims at getting together the important works on the late war can omit it. It is long, and it is written with more minuteness on certain topics than seems to us to be necessary. But there may well be questions in the investigation of which one would find that these pains had all been well bestowed.

The book bears throughout abundant evidence of a very strong feeling against the late President of the Southern Confederacy. We have purposely refrained from bringing this feature into prominence; nor do we deem it necessary to say more here than that the reader will find in this work many grave charges of inefficiency, obstinacy, and prejudice against the administration of Mr. Davis, and a good deal of evidence in their favor.

JULIAN'S POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

These Political Recollections[1] have all the refreshing frankness of a posthumous autobiography. Mr. Julian does not hesitate to speak his mind freely about both living and dead, and is evidently quite ready to take the responsibility of all he says. For example, he states on page 249 that General Grant became intoxicated in the presence of the congressional committee on the conduct of the war, and while he was commander in chief of our armies. It is not a rumor or a discreetly veiled allusion which Mr. Julian gives, but a blunt statement of fact, with time, place, circumstances, and witnesses all duly set forth. The wisdom of such very plain speaking in a volume of reminiscences might perhaps be questioned, and we are inclined to think that it will not contribute materially to the repose of Mr. Julian's declining years; but this concerns the writer and his subjects, and not the public. To the readers of the book — and they ought to be many — this outspoken criticism is of course interesting, and imparts a strong vitality to all the author says.

The first eight chapters are decidedly the best part of the book, and in their way are extremely remarkable. They describe the rise, progress, and triumph of the anti-slavery movement with a vividness and force which are almost painful in their intensity, and which stir the blood like the shouts of battle. There is no account of that memorable struggle which, in our opinion, at all equals this by Mr. Julian. It is necessarily brief, but every word tells. There is a sufficient infusion of the personal element, and not too much. The chief actors in the conflict come sharply before us at the critical moments, and every important incident is clearly defined, while the details are dropped out of sight. Mr. Julian's success is not due to literary skill, although he writes well and forcibly, but to depth of feeling and intense conviction. Mr. Julian, as is well known, was one of the earliest of the Free Soil leaders, who fought for the cause when it was despised and rejected of men. He faced pro-slavery mobs, and spoke night after night to hostile hearers; and the contumely and reproach which he endured are real and living to him to-day, and the shouts of execration and hatred still ring in his ears. He was one of the little band of nine who rose up in the Thirty-first

[1] *Political Recollections.* 1840–1872. By George W. Julian. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884.

Congress and struck down the recreant Whig party, and he ran as Vice-President on the ticket with Hale in 1852, when it looked as if the Free Soil movement was about to be submerged in the flood of compromise. A man who had such experiences as these could hardly fail to tell his story well, and Mr. Julian's narrative is instinct with the fire of those exciting times.

Nothing is more striking, however, than the flashes of light which are here thrown on certain phases of the anti-slavery movement; enabling us to appreciate some of them, and to read their true character in a way that no other writer has attained. Here, for instance, we see clearly that Taylor's triumphant election was in reality the death of the Whig party; and no one can read Mr. Julian's account of that episode and fail to understand why the Whigs went so hopelessly to pieces at the very next election. His analysis of the Free Soil vote in 1848, to take another instance, shows plainly why there was such an apparent falling-off four years later. The vote for Van Buren was artificial; the vote for Hale was genuine, and, far from indicating loss of strength, really gave evidence of remarkable growth. Mr. Julian describes the leading men of the day in the same incisive manner. He has, indeed, quite a faculty for disposing of a man by a single touch, as when he refers to Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, as "the parliamentary hangman of his employers." He heard the 7th of March speech, and he is the first writer of any party who has pointed out the way in which Webster labored in his utterance. The sentences of the great orator were broken in delivery, and big drops of sweat stood on his forehead. Mr. Julian attributes this to a troubled conscience, — the right explanation, undoubtedly, and another striking indication of the sense which Webster had that he was doing wrong, and acting contrary to the impulses of his better and higher nature. Nothing, again, could be neater than this little touch about a first meeting with Sumner, before the latter, whom Mr. Julian profoundly admired, was in active political life: "He told me that he had recently been lecturing at several points out of the city [Boston], and had been delighted to find the people so intelligent and so capable of understanding him." Nothing could illustrate better the lack of quick perception and of a sense of humor which was so marked a defect in Sumner's powerful but solemn mind and character.

The dramatic portion of the book closes with the election of Lincoln; but we have never seen the absolute violence with which the Republicans recoiled from war, or from any hostile measures, when they first came into power, so strongly portrayed as it is here. They not only would not and did not interfere in any way with the South, but, overmastered by love for the Union and by dread of its impending dissolution, they stood ready, and were even eager, to make every concession. This attitude on the part of the Republicans, so forcibly described by Mr. Julian, brings out in darker relief than ever the crime of the Southern leaders, who seem to have gone mad with rage because they had merely lost the election, and to have rushed headlong to destruction, dragging their people after them. If any one has doubts as to where the awful burden of having caused the most terrible of civil wars should rest, let him read Mr. Julian's account of the conduct of the Republicans, which he himself bitterly condemned, in the spring of 1861.

The chapters on the war and the reconstruction period are by no means so interesting or so valuable as their predecessors. They are necessarily fragmentary, and they deal with events for the most part so entirely within the memory of the present generation that

they have not yet the charm of history, and smack of present controversies. Nevertheless, there is much in them which will be read with interest and profit, especially the account of the impeachment fever and the inception of the liberal Republican movement, as well as the very able discussion of our policy in regard to public lands, — a subject to which the author gave years of study.

Mr. Julian is himself, as we see him in his book, an interesting type of the men developed by the anti-slavery struggle. He was not an original abolitionist, but he was an extreme Free Soiler and a very radical Republican. He belonged to the class which had a good deal of fanaticism, and who, without that quality, would probably have failed in the grand work in which they were the pioneers. But a man with a strong dash of fanaticism, who has been through such a contest and come out victorious, is often unfitted for the piping times of peace, when the stuff martyrs are made of is not in demand, and when public questions are economic and administrative, and not moral and emotional. He has come to believe that the normal condition of mankind is to be in a state of violent agitation over some fundamental question of right and wrong; of tyranny on the one hand and oppression on the other. Now and then, in the progress of mankind, a great moral issue must be met; but it usually involves a terrible tearing and rending of society and of the body politic. The normal condition of a healthy society is not the fierce conflict engendered by a great moral issue any more than a thunderstorm is the normal condition of any tolerable climate. This simple fact is one which the man who has spent his life in the heat of a tremendous struggle between right and wrong cannot generally realize. He has come to feel that fierce agitation against a burning wrong must constantly be kept up. The original cause to which he has given his life having triumphed, he immediately looks about for another. It is for this reason, for instance, that almost all the men interested in the woman-suffrage business and all who are most prominent in that movement are old men, who were brought up in the abolition school. Slavery being destroyed, they immediately cast about for some other dire oppression; and not finding anything very serious, and craving excitement, they took up the suffrage. They overlooked the important fact that the slavery agitation was fearfully real, while the suffrage agitation is entirely artificial. It is real enough to them, however, and so they go on pouring forth bitter invective and burning appeals which are perfectly comic in their incongruity and misapplication. The great mass of men and women regard the whole thing either with total indifference or as a gigantic bore, and nine tenths of those who nominally sympathize with it do so to make a little political capital or to earn a trifling notoriety. Under these circumstances, to see not merely those who make a living out of it, but sincere men and women, raving to a heedless world about the serfdom and oppression of woman is an amusing example of the necessity of supplying agitation in order to satisfy people of a certain cast of mind, as theatres and picnics are supplied for others. Then, again, a man who has been through the awful reality of such a conflict as came from slavery, and is too sensible to be pacified by playing at agitation with the suffragists, is very apt to regard every real public question as of the same intense moral character as that to which he has devoted himself. We can see it all in Mr. Julian. He is of course a woman suffragist; and, moreover, he talks about tariffs and railway policies as if they were questions of the same order as the "middle passage" or the slave-pens. This quality of mind and character

comes out very strongly in his treatment of Lincoln. He finds fault with Lincoln's conservatism, and even now fails to see that the delay in issuing the emancipation proclamation was a mark of the highest wisdom. Premature action would have been fatal; but Lincoln, with his wonderful instinctive knowledge of the American people, issued the proclamation when the whole nation was ready to respond and cry, "Well done!" Men of Mr. Julian's type have done, and will do when they are really needed, the best and noblest work; but in the long intervals of peace, when nations are happy in having no history, they seem singularly out of place in their methods of dealing with commonplace questions. Mr. Julian's book is not out of place, however, and is the production of a man who may look back upon a public career of which, in point of character and devotion to a principle, anybody might be very proud. No one can do a more foolish thing than to urge some one else to invest money, but in this instance we have no hesitation in advising all who care for American history or pungent personal memoirs to invest their money in buying and their time in reading Mr. Julian's Political Recollections.

RECENT TRAVEL.

THE Soudan has lately acquired notoriety and interest as a battle-ground of the False Prophet; but if any one should consult the volume[1] in which Mr. James has narrated his adventures, with the expectation of obtaining much information regarding this little-known region, he would waste his time; not because the author has written either uninterestingly or untruthfully, but for the reason that the range of his subject is narrower than his attractive title indicates. To the party of which he was apparently the head, the Soudan was a hunting-field; the object of the journey was sport, and such knowledge as might be gained concerning the inhabitants and geography of the land was an entirely secondary consideration. Indeed, although the expedition was into a district previously unexplored, the hunters did not traverse the Soudan proper, but merely its eastern borders. In particular, they penetrated into the hill-country, about the banks of the stream variously designated in different parts of its course as the Gash, Sonah, and Mareb; and, after striking across the desert to the Settite, followed up that river as far as their guides and servants could be persuaded to venture. The wild tribes they encountered were the Basé, who, although they murdered an Englishman and his wife and child some years since, were pacific toward this large and well-armed caravan, which brought them substantial benefit in the shape of freely distributed cotton cloth, knives, beads, etc., conciliated them by unlimited supplies of game, and abstained from any injurious or suspicious treatment. The province held by these people is the frontier between the Egyptian and Abyssinian powers, and on the east of the waste of jungle, river, and desert known as the true Soudan.

Mr. James writes, in the main, for hunters. He tempts them by an enthu-

[1] *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan.* An Account of Travel and Sport, chiefly in the Basé Country; being personal experiences and adventures during three winters spent in the Soudan. By F. L. JAMES, M. A., F. R. G. S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

siastic love of the chase, a minute record of the game, and an exact description of the field from a sportsman's point of view; while he gives all necessary directions and warnings for any who may follow on his trail, as many might be led to do, since he has opened up for the rifle a new haunt of large animals, buffalo, elephants, lions, rhinoceri, giraffes, hippopotami, as well as panthers, ostriches, seven or eight varieties of antelope, and multitudes of small game, such as quail and partridges, besides discovering excellent fishing-grounds. To the general reader, however, since the hunting was not particularly adventurous (no elephants, rhinoceri, or giraffes were shot), and since the author has not cared to exaggerate its salient incidents by the usual romantic coloring, the principal interest of his journal-like chapters lies in the description of the natural features and the aspect of human life as he saw and noted them; for he seems to be an exceptionally cautious and keen observer, when his attention is once diverted from tracking buffalo and ambushing lions.

From the time the party left Souakim and crossed the desert to Cassala until, on their return, they arrived at the port of Massawa, Nature wore usually a repulsive appearance. The country was hilly, intersected by dry channels, the beds of the rapid floods of the rainy season; the heat by day was extreme, and at night the cold was frequently so great as to make blankets a necessity, the thermometer ranging in the Basé country from 37° F. at dawn to 164° F. on the same day; the soil was but little cultivated; the natural growth was chiefly high jungle grass, or leafless, sharp-thorned trees not more than from fourteen to sixteen feet high. Occasionally there were heavy dews, sometimes a thick fog; but as there was generally no water except in the wells hollowed out in the sandy beds of streams by the natives, the desert was for the most part barren and without verdure. Along the Settite, however, which was a running river, instead of being an intermittent torrent like the Gash, there were green fields; but even there, although the inhabitants were of a higher type than the Basé, agriculture was but little pursued. The flocks of wild birds cause great injury, so that boys are perched on platforms all day long to scare them off with slings or by their cries; likewise the hippopotami are guarded against and frightened back to the water by the ringing of numerous bells strung on a long rope. The principal wealth of the country is in flocks and herds, which in the richest portions number many thousand head.

The Basé, the poorest and most uncivilized of the various tribes met by the hunters, live in scattered villages on the tops of hills that rise at a short distance from the bed of the Gash. They are scantily clothed, if at all, and have no arms but spear and shield; they dig with their hands; they have, apparently, no art except that of weaving a basket-like bottle for carrying water; they feed voraciously, when they are so fortunate as to get meat, and like vultures spare no portion of the carcass, and devour it raw. The prey alternately of the fiercer and better armed tribes to the north and south, they are cowardly, and live in terror of their enemies. Religion they have none, but they observe the widespread barbarian rite of leaving food at the grave of their relatives. Their government is similarly backward; for, although they recognize a tribal unity, village fights against village, and man against man. Mr. James, who throughout the journey showed great kindness of heart and active benevolence, as did his companions also, won the confidence of these poor people, and went among them without any fear of disturbance; at least until after the rather ridiculous *rencontre* of some of the party with a crowd of Abyssinians,

who, by capturing their rifles and fatally wounding a servant, proved the Englishmen to be vulnerable to treachery, if not to attack. Only once was there any prospect of a hostile meeting with the Basé, and fortunately it did not occur. They would probably have plundered the caravan, if they had dared. Of the other tribes there is nothing distinctive to report. The ethnological result of the trip was, as is seen, slight.

The volume purports to be an account of three expeditions, — in 1878, 1881, 1882, respectively; but the last alone is described in detail, the former two being mentioned merely illustratively. In one of these earlier journeys the author was so fortunate as to make the ascent of Tchad-Amba, a mountain in the neighborhood of Sanheit, at the summit of which is an Abyssinian monastery, which no European had been allowed to visit. The party was guided by a renegade monk, who concealed his real character. The consequence was that when they neared the top, stones were rolled down the perilous descent by the fathers above, who took them for Turks; but they kept on, and at last, making their friendliness known, they were allowed to climb unimpeded. At the summit was a huge fig-tree, some conical huts, where eight aged monks lived, and the church, a round building, thatched with straw, divided into three sections, the inner one of which the high priest alone was allowed to enter. The monks wore yellow gowns and caps, went barefoot, and supported life on figs and unleavened bread. Several of them had not descended the mountain for forty years, yet they did not relish the sight of these intruding visitors, the first who had ever been up to their retreat. They possessed some manuscripts, which they held in great veneration, and would not sell. The whole number of the company living there was twelve or fourteen, some of whom were absent on a mission to the King of Abyssinia. To read of this carries one back to the days of Hypatia. The maps which accompany the text are prepared from careful daily observations, and are an addition of value to our geographical knowledge; but the illustrations, of which there are an unusual number, all full-page, engraved after photographs taken on the spot, are almost without exception very poor work. The author promises to make a new excursion to the northern region of Abyssinia. Should he write an account of it, his book would be much improved by avoiding the repetition, which is a great blemish to his first effort in literature.

In all volumes of travel in the East one finds great complaint of the falsehoods of the Arab guides. In that which has just been reviewed the chief difficulties sprang from this cause. Indeed, there is a proverb which might well be inscribed once for all on the brow of the Arab, as it is found frequently on his tongue: "Lying is the salt of a man." Their attachment to this article of the desert creed seems to be the main reason why the information given by Dr. Trumbull in his learned volume[1] has been so long concealed, to the darkening of biblical geography, and the sharpening of the *odium theologicum* between rival explorers in Palestine and the Negeb. Kadesh-Barnea, as everybody knows, is the holy camp in the wilderness where Moses struck the rock for the living waters to flow forth, and whence he sent the spies into Canaan and the messengers to Edom. It was here that the people rebelled, and, on going forward to fight for the Promised Land before the time, were turned back to wander forty years, during which period this oasis or mountain fastness was their

[1] *Kadesh-Barnea.* Its Importance and Probable Site, with the Story of a Hunt for It; including studies of the route of the Exodus and the southern boundary of the Holy Land. By H. Clay Trumbull, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

headquarters, the home of the tabernacle when it was not on its sacred progress through the various encampments. Here, at the conclusion of that long probation, the people gathered to make their descent on Canaan; and, on being refused a passage through the region of the Edomites, from this spot they started on the long detour by which they finally arrived at the Jordan. Geographically, it marks the western limit of the kingdom of Edom, and the southernmost point of the Holy Land; it helps, furthermore, to locate the wilderness of Paran, Zin, and the Negeb, the sites of Mount Hor and Mount Halak, of Tamar, and the route of Kedor-la'omer, which Dr. Trumbull designates as the "first really great military campaign of history." In short, its situation is the principal geographical problem of the Pentateuch, and is so involved in conjecture, and has such bearings on biblical themes of the scholarly sort, as to afford matter for the liveliest controversy.

The discussion has not been unfruitful. It appears that for Kadesh-Barnea there are eighteen distinct suggested sites, each with its adherents, living or dead. In this confusion it is gratifying to learn that, "whatever uncertainty there is concerning the geographical position of Kadesh, there need be no doubt as to its typical or illustrative signification:" it means, we are told, the Land of Training, as it lay between Egypt, the Land of Bondage, and Canaan, the Land of Rest. There is no need to follow Dr. Trumbull through the learned examination of the Bible text, the Egyptian records, the Apocrypha, the Rabbinical writings, and the Christian name-lists for indication of the exact locality of the sanctuary-stronghold; or to review the entire history of the exploration and cartography of the Holy Land, as he does. The question has long laid between Dr. Robinson's identification of its site with 'Ayn el-Waybeh at the upper end of the 'Arabah, the depression running from the Gulf of 'Aquabah to the Dead Sea, and Rev. John Rowland's identification of its site with 'Ayn Qadees, some distance to the southwest, on the north of the Desert et-Teeh, but on its level, a thousand feet above the 'Arabah. These two authorities divided the theologians; but as time went on, one great objection to Rowland's view arose in the fact that no later traveler could find the spot described by him. In answer to all inquiries, for forty years the Arab sheiks and guides denied that any such place as 'Ayn Qadees existed, except once, when another place, 'Ayn Qasaymeh, was shown to President Bartlett as the one sought for.

This was the state of the case when, in 1881, Dr. Trumbull was so fortunate as to be allowed to take the unusual Hebron route northward through the desert, and by some finessing and good luck duped the Arabs into guiding him to the jealously guarded desert spring of the old Israelitish sojourning in the land. Happily, one of the two sheiks who had hitherto done the requisite lying was absent, and the other was ill, and consequently Dr. Trumbull was dispatched under the care of the latter's two young sons, who were solemnly charged to oblige him, on account of some hoped-for favor at Jerusalem which the sheik had much at heart. An experienced dragoman, who wished to be put in a book, and a skilled guide also accompanied him. When he thought he was near the place, he first broached the subject of visiting 'Ayn Qadees, and received the customary denial that there was any spring of that name. By further questioning regarding known points, he was convinced that he was being lied to, and, becoming indignant, said that he knew more of the country than they did, and described how to go to the place shown to Bartlett as 'Ayn Qadees. This Christian book-knowledge startled the Arabs, and, being sensitive to their

reputation for acquaintance with their own country, they confessed that there was such a place, but it was 'Ayn Qasaymeh, not 'Ayn Qadees; the latter was elsewhere. Having thus surprised their secret, by great efforts he and the dragoman, who had the influence of a Mohammedan preacher and was overcome by his desire to be put in a book, persuaded the guide and the sheik's sons to take them to the spot, which lay outside the tract that, by desert law, they were allowed to roam over, and within the territory of a rival tribe, who, they said, would rob and might murder them, if found on their land. This fear is probably one reason why the guides on this route, always of the same tribe, have at all times refused to take travelers to 'Ayn Qadees. It required much management and persistence to carry through the undertaking, even after the start was made; but at last Dr. Trumbull saw with his own eyes the beautiful oasis described by Rowland, as well as 'Ayn Qasaymeh, by which Bartlett was deceived, and 'Ayn el-Qadayrât, which has also been mistaken for the true 'Ayn Qadees. There was the plain where an army might encamp, and beyond it the springs under the rock, surrounded by fig-trees, grass, and flowers, and alive with quail and bees, — a spot beautiful, he says, as a summer nook in New England; there was the Way of the Spies northward: and so he goes on to enumerate once more the reasons for believing this the actual Holy Camp of the old host. After concluding this brief account of the locality, he sums up the literary evidence carefully, and has clearly made out his case. In fact, all that was lacking to his argument was the verification of Rowland's discovery, and this he happily accomplished.

Dr. Trumbull concludes with an extensive special study of the route of the Children of Israel from their start until they passed the Red Sea. In this essay he opposes the theory of Brugsch very vigorously, and even accuses that scholar of having "rearranged sites, changed directions, and misstated distances as if for the purpose of conforming the facts to a preconceived theory of the exodus." This is a grave charge to prefer against so eminent an authority, but not extraordinary in the annals of such discussion. Dr. Trumbull himself finds the key to the Egyptian route of the chosen people in the identification of Shur with the fortified wall which then extended across the isthmus as the barrier of Egypt. He gives a very clear and intelligible account of the journey northward, and there are even gleams of rationalizing in his remarks, as at the outset in the very curious statement that "the primary barrier to the exodus was not the Red Sea, but the Great Wall; and the Red Sea was opened because the Great Wall was closed." Briefly, he supposes that the Israelites were ready to leave Egypt whenever, on receiving Pharaoh's permission, Moses should give the signal, and therefore, after taking what he calls "bakhsheesh" for their masters, easily gathered from all quarters of Goshen at the rendezvous, Succoth, a tenting ground to the north of their province, whence they moved upward and encamped just inside the Great Wall, intending to pass through by the westernmost desert route, by which they would arrive at Canaan in three days, as they innocently thought, and take possession. The Lord, however (we follow the narrative here given), unwilling to risk this untrained and servile multitude in a battle with the Philistines, "lest, peradventure, the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt," ordered Moses to lead them southward the whole length of the Wall, and at the lower end of it, when Pharaoh came up in pursuit, brought them through the Red Sea, thus flanking the Wall, and conducted them on by the easternmost way, the Red Sea road, to Kadesh-Barnea around by Sinai. Between Kadesh and Shur (the Great Wall) they were

doomed to wander for forty years, until a new generation grew up, hardened by desert life and freedom into a nation strong enough to conquer the land of promise. The argument by which this theory is supported is exhaustive, and in the present state of our knowledge must be regarded as conclusive. Taken in its entire range, the volume is the most important contribution to biblical geography made for many a day, and is an honor to the country. It is well furnished with maps, indexes, and copious notes, and its material is very lucidly and conveniently arranged.

Dr. Field's small book[1] takes us at once into Palestine. In the last issue of the series in which he is narrating his travels around the world he described the desert of the wanderings, and now begins at once with Jerusalem, where he made his headquarters in a hotel on Mount Zion. The tedium of a decayed Oriental town, destitute of clubs, theatres, resorts, or a newspaper in any living language, was enlivened by the exercises of Holy Week, which gave him an unfavorable impression of Greek Christianity, even in comparison with the Moslem faith; and indeed it must have been pitiful to hear the people celebrate the victory of their hopes in the Resurrection by singing, "We are happy, but the Jews are miserable," and by shouting, in their wild foot-race about the Holy Sepulchre, "O Jews! Jews! your feast is a feast of devils or of murderers, but our feast is the feast of Christ!" Miserable, too, it was to watch the observance of the Jewish Passover, frugal in food but abundant in potations, which leads the author to quote the saying of the devout Irishman: "Bless-in's on the Council o' Trint, that it put the fastin' on the mate, an' not on the dhrink!" At Jerusalem there are many religious sects, but among them all the faith of Mahomet seemed to Dr. Field the most worthy of men.

The ground of Palestine has been so often described that the author need not be followed in his excursion to Carmel and Lebanon and about Galilee. He found the country, as all do, a desert, except where the water makes it blossom into a beauty the more attractive by contrast. As a whole, the region did not please him. It is a miniature Colorado, he says; but he adds as his last word, "In riding over its rugged hills, I have asked myself again and again, Can this be the Promised Land? and inwardly thanked God that it was not the land promised to our fathers." For the Jews he has an almost unadulterated contempt, which he expresses most naively in the remark that the divinity of Christ is less of a miracle than his being a Jew. Much of his text is naturally occupied with what he himself styles moods of sentimental devotion, interrupted somewhat by the unromantic reality of the scenes. He was especially disappointed at finding the Mount of the Beatitudes only a little hill, and he wished the Transfiguration had taken place on Mount Tabor instead of Mount Hermon, as offering a more beautiful background of woods and grass to the scene. Sometimes, it must be confessed, the touch meant for light humor is unseasonable; but otherwise the book may be welcomed to its undistinguished place in the library already written on the same outworn subject.

Unlike Dr. Field, Mr. Warner seems to be a lover of the Orient. In the present narrative[2] he does not trespass on the ground already covered by his delightful sketches of the Levant, but not the least interesting portion of the new work is the description of Tangier, best known in English literature through Pepys, and the chapter humorously entitled Across Africa. As was the case with

[1] *Among the Holy Hills.* By HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

[2] *A Roundabout Journey.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

all the travelers noticed above, he had to submit to be lied to by the Arabs, but the necessity did not greatly disturb him. The picturesqueness, the bright atmosphere, and the repose of the Arab scene, the wise inborn philosophy of the people,

"To take things easily, and let them go,"

evidently attract him as an American, with a quick eye for color and freshness and novelty, and with a humorist's distrust of so boring a *bête-noir* as work. Even on the borders of that realm of indolence which has suffered the strange change of the Arabian touch, in Malta and Sicily, and on the French coast where the half-Saracenic myths of the Middle Ages still linger, he puts more poetic charm in his pages than he can accomplish in the description of other scenes. The quality of his work is too well known to require definition now: it has the vividness, the detail, the artistic keeping, that make condensation impossible, — the fragrance of a garden is not in any one flower. It is unfortunate that he had bad luck in his Spanish journey, for the narrative itself has thereby caught something of the disagreeableness that he experienced. We stay at home in order to avoid all that. In Spain scarcely anything was to his taste that did not date from the Moors. As for bull-fights, of course he was horrified at their barbarity; but how long is it since his ancestors and ours kept bulls for "baiting"? Nay, it is not a long age ago that an English village would sell the parish Bible to replace the dead bull. The country itself is finely described, but the people are certainly painted with a realism not flattering to themselves, and, we cannot but think, of limited application. The romance of Spain, like its courtesy, has always been characterized by a certain externality that might well prepare the traveler for unwelcome revelations of the nature of the inner man. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the volume is the most entertaining book of travels that has come before us. Parts of it — such as the account of the packed skeletons at Palermo and the description of the gypsy dance at Seville — are equal to the best of Mr. Warner's work.

Mr. James, as he very well knows, and is not slow to state, is a cosmopolite; but, as old Professor Sophocles would have said, he is a cosmopolite only of the West. He has gathered in this volume [1] scattered travel sketches, really correspondent's letters, of the last fourteen years of his peregrinations; but although he has ranged over many countries he has never passed beyond the circle of European civilization. Niagara is his Pillars of Hercules on the west, and Venice is the easternmost spot whence his sun rises; the unexplored wilderness, the fine Arabian glow, are equally beyond his horizon. The only Oriental suggestion in his book is that it is written backwards, like Hebrew: he begins with Venice in 1882, and ends with Niagara in 1870. All this, in his own phrase, implies a limitation, but one with a distinct charm in an American; for if he has, like Mr. James, quick perceptions, it makes him almost involuntarily a dilettante in Western civilization. He learns to distinguish the highest bred sort, at least; and our author gives himself to the enjoyment of it with the abandon of an epicure at Greenwich, whether he finds it in the oak-studded parks and warm winter interiors of English country-seats and at the private dinners of college Fellows nested in privilege, or discovers it in the educated palate of the French nation and the conversibility of French laundresses, or comes upon it in the felicity with which the Italian poor make the best of small pleasures. On the other hand, defects of civilization — it may be in the Derby day, or bedroom furniture in France, or the rigid and exclusive insistence on one point of view,

[1] *Portraits of Places.* By HENRY JAMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

as in Ruskin's tracts on Florence — bore Mr. James; indeed, in the last instance, if the Tartar within himself is not penetrated, his cuticle is certainly much irritated. In reading these sketches, consequently, one is sure to find the agreeable in life described with the warmth of a richly sensuous temperament. We use the highly colored phrase advisedly. He is, it is true, an exceptionally keen observer: in the *milieu* of society this makes him a novelist, in that of nature it makes him a tourist; for he travels principally to see things. But as these papers abundantly indicate, he is an observer with an artistic sense; or, to use a bad word, he is an impressionist. The perusal of this book is more like turning over a portfolio of water-colors than reading pages of black print. Those elements which do not compose well, as painters say, are left out; landscapes which cannot be described by tones and effects hardly attract the author's pen; if his eye sees them, it does not dwell on them. Perhaps this selection of the components, or it may be the happy memory which records only the finely combined impressions of sense, gives his brief sketches their grace, which does not proceed only from felicities of language and mere literary point. Grace, definiteness, full light, are the artistic qualities here shown, just as amiableness and a high regard for the agreeable are the social traits. Any volume so characterized has, independent of its contents, a distinct charm, and one, as has been said, peculiarly delightful in an American, because it supplements in our literature the lambent humor, the light wit, the romantic suggestiveness, which especially distinguish our better work. The borderland which is abolished in Mr. James' geography, both physical and mental, is not far to seek with us; on the other hand, within the liberties (not to say the walls) of modern civilization he is a delightful dispenser of the laws of good living, and, as a traveled man, full of the pleasantest reminiscences.

Max O'Rell's observations[1] on English character are meant to be piquant; in fact, they are more distinguished by point than by truthfulness. As in all such caricatures of English manners, the Sabbath-going, philanthropy, seriousness, etc., of the upper and middle classes are set off by the glaring contrasts of the drunkenness, wife-beating, and obscene or brutal amusements of the lower class. It is, the author remarks, "Bible or beer, gospel or gin; . . . as M. Taine says, 'Paradise or Hell; no Purgatory in England.'" By this easy method of searching for violent contrasts, and seeking out striking if not illustrative facts, a book has been made that must affect any reader strongly; for, although it is a monstrous parody of the truth, it exhibits certain phases and incidents of English life that make the flesh creep, particularly in its portraiture of low life. A vein of humor runs through it, and occasionally there is a good story from literary sources; some will find it readable, in consequence; but its main interest lies only in its eccentricity. Evidently, the author has seen English life almost wholly in the city, and there generally *ab extra*. Being unsympathetic by nature, he is thus able to set forth the coarsenesses of the metropolis with revolting realism, and is incapacitated from doing justice to the finer aspects of the national life, which he can treat only in a vulgarly satirical way. These very limitations, however, serve to enforce impression of the brutalized poor and hypocritic rich, the demoniac and the lying elements in modern society. Without believing England to be either a theatre for the Saturnalia of vice, a shop for universal duping, or the parade-ground of the Salvation Army, one can find much innocent food for reflection in this prejudiced, narrow, and uncandid work.

[1] *John Bull and his Island.* By MAX O'RELL. Translated from the French under the supervision of the Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

THE LATEST OF "THE VIRGILIANS."

WERE one to name, after a well-known model, the qualities of Virgil to be kept in mind by a translator, he would mention, as preëminent among them, his conscious art; or, to designate its results, his dignity and grace. Virgil cut his vocal reed by the smooth-gliding Mincius only figuratively, and he never piped to the groves and streams. Delicate and sensitive, as he was, his self-distrust made him a listener to Theocritus; refined and proud, his self-consciousness made him the laureate of a splendid court. Though he dwelt alone, a true lover of nature, like Saadi he could not "dispense with Persia for his audience;" and he knew well that for the fastidious ears of Pollio and Mæcenas the utmost of art must be achieved, as well as the secret spirit be rendered. His work is consequently the supreme result of the most thorough poetic culture, as well as the genuine expression of the most charming of poetic natures. No scholar needs to be told this. With Dante, Milton, and Tennyson, he is recognized by all who have any gift of sensibility to poetic form as the master, the *duce verace*, who has led these children of his song to the heavenly paradise on whose verge he closed his mortal eyes, although not without a vision of that promised land, —

"Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo."

The advance of poetry in that new age has been in the christianization of its spirit, and of this Virgil was the forerunner. What Shelley wrote of all poets is preëminently true of him: he was "the hierophant of an unapprehended inspiration." He had a prescience of the modern age; by sharing and partly expressing its feeling, he has drawn toward him a more sympathetic reverence than any of his peers in the old era, and consequently has exercised a more active and continuous influence. Thus in Virgil's verse is found the earliest prophecy of the new, the romantic spirit, as also the last perfection of the old, the classical form: this latter, the gift of the elder civilization to the modern poet, has been transmitted mainly through him who at the dawn of our literature was the master of Dante. The crystalline purity of style in the first Italian, the perfect phrase and fall of the young Milton's numbers, the composite sweetness of Tennyson's idyllic verse, find their model and fixed eternal type in him, still unsurpassed, who is the mediator between the two great epochs, — the pagan poet, whose divine inspiration has been asserted in the tomes of the fathers and from the pulpit of the Popes, and whose heavenly aid has been invoked by kneeling Christians in the liturgies of the universal church. It is not our purpose to add a line to his panegyric, — Tennyson's votive wreath is honor enough for one decade; but by such opening remarks we would indicate how large a survey, how embracing a compass, that mind must have which would rewrite his verses in an alien tongue; and especially we would emphasize the essential need in such a mind of the finer qualities of subtle appreciation. The first requisite in the translator of a poem of highly wrought art is cultivation of taste. Yet he may be thus characterized and fail, because he lacks technical skill to make his culture tell; but he will know that he has failed. Any translation of Virgil must be done with good taste, and with something of literary finish; the lowest intelligent standard must demand this.

There is, it must be confessed, a touch of ceremony in Mr. Wilstach's bow to the public, as he proffers these two at-

tractive volumes,[1] which is slightly discomposing to the genial-minded reader. "It is now proposed," he writes, "in the year 1882, nearly seven hundred years after the birth of our language, and, if this date be important, four hundred years after the discovery of America, two hundred years after the first American attempt, and nearly two hundred years after the English achievement, with our language in its full, perhaps its greatest, development, and with the rich accumulations of Virgilian efforts, successful and unsuccessful, at our service, to build a new translation of the full works." Now, accuracy and a respect for detail are excellent qualities in a translator; it is better to have too much of them than too little. It is to be noted, however, that the "building" of the new translation refers to the printer's work; for the author states elsewhere that he began his version on the 17th of January, 1880, and finished it on the 14th of April, 1882: "The time employed, therefore, in the full original work of translation was two years and twenty-seven [*sic*] days, and this in the intervals of leisure spared from other duties." Here, too, there is some discouragement, both in the misplaced pride of the last clause and in the arithmetic; but bearing in mind that Mr. Wilstach's serious labor will be in another kind of numbers, one reads on, and gathers happy auguries from a variety of sources. For instance, the author has consulted nearly all previous translations, including the almost "unintelligible" Scotch version of Gawin Douglas, not in order to avoid charges of plagiarism, but, as he boldly avows, to profit by whatever was worth plundering; and he takes occasion happily to contrast his procedure with that of Governor Long, who entirely neglected his predecessors. Again, when he quotes with relish Hallam's priggish remark on Dryden, "He forgets, even in his dedications, that he is standing before a lord," how can the rising doubt refuse to yield to the intimation that Mr. Wilstach will always remember in whose presence he is, and will conduct himself humbly! Pushing on through the one hundred and twenty-seven pages of prolegomena, — very useful tables that show how easily Virgil may be transmuted into lexicography, tables of speeches, similes, fate-lines, imperfect lines, ignorings (passages neglected or slurred over by previous hands), new readings (meanings in the text now first discovered), and a notice of the minor works, — the reader comes to the poems, or rather to a "table of the Pastorals," which exhibits the familiar Eclogues in an original order, and in three cases under original names. Such innovations, however, are minor matters. From this point the text flows invitingly on, with prefatory remarks, arguments, lists of *dramatis personæ*, and copious foot-notes. This specious look of careful learning gives one confidence at once.

For the Eclogues the lover of Virgil has a special and peculiar fondness. They were the poet's bud of promise, the virgin gold of first thought, first love, in his young heart; their defects are excrescent and transitory, their virtues are those of immortality. How sweetly the names now come to an English ear, with what increments of beauty, tenderness, and pathos, — Lycidas, Damœtas, Corydon, Amaryllis, Thyrsis! How many echoes of noble song mingle with the refrain

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim"!

How many reminiscences of later idyls seem to fly from the lines as from nests of singing birds! But what is this? one exclaims, and rubs his eyes; for a change has passed upon those radiant syllables,

[1] *The Works of Virgil.* Translated into English Verse. With Variorum and other Notes and Comparative Readings. By JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH (counselor at law). In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

— a change more marvelous in seeming as one opens the first Georgic, and can but pause and acknowledge that it is no individual charm of the Eclogues to his own heart that fills his critical mind with forebodings. Literalness is necessary in translation, of course, and it may be extended from words to constructions when the genius of English admits; but here are such inversions, often unwarranted by the text itself, such convolutions as of a language *in extremis*, as have seldom been observed in public. The sentences advance with a curious crab-like movement, walking backward, with edgewise thrusts of their posteriors unexampled in acrobatic grammar; the verb making headway (the locution is not exact) toward the subject, the noun coquetting with the adverb, and the adjective pirouetting off with a particle. One cannot but mix metaphors in describing it, so dizzying is the confusion: —

"E'en now the solemn pomps
To lead, I seem, up to the shrines with joy;
I see the bullocks slain; I see the scene
Poised on its changing fronts, and see sustain
The purple curtain Britons woven in."
(G. iii. 22–28.)

Not to be too narrow in citation, the last line of this extract (the references are to the Latin text) is matched by

"He virus ill to serpents added black,"
(G. i. 129)

and fairly surpassed by

"Not thee of no God's nod do angers lash,"
(G. iv. 453)

a line whose movement recalls maliciously Mr. Wilstach's own criticism on one in Addison's version: "It is simply a writhing, bellying, cucumberish, twisted line, which ought never to have been written." In vocabulary as well as in grammar the English of this translation is singular. No objection need be urged, it is true, to *cyclone*, *bayou*, or, except as a vulgarism, to *stand in* (instare), meaning to decide on, — "stand in for bearded grain" (G. i. 220), — or to be worth, —

"To entertain Æneans him will stand
In no small cost."
(Æn. x. 494.)

At least, not wishing to be thought captious, we waive the question in this case. The author's favorite among the newly coined words, *theopoiia* (apotheosis), as a name for what he quotes himself as elsewhere calling "the proudest exhibition of the spectacular superb" in history, may be passed, also, since it will never outlive the foot-note in which it is embedded. *Armisonant* might perhaps be admitted this once. But the most good-natured tolerance must certainly stop on the hither side of *sloo*, a word, as the translator himself remarks, confined in modern times to "story-books spiced with the dialect of 'the West,'" and of *platted* (posuit), to describe Dido's founding of Carthage, —

"Platted a paltry city for a price;"
(Æn. iv. 211–12)

on which rendering Mr. Wilstach comments "still nearer to say (since our registry laws have come in) that she *placed of record* her town-plat, in the manner of the proprietor of a wildcat or paper town." We take space to condemn, also, *ultraly* (ultro), *addense* (to gather together), *t'wards*, *rivalized*, and *illy* as happily not yet English.

In a translation of Virgil it is impossible not to give some slight regard to the melody of the verse; for in poetry this music of the mere words holds the secret of much of that indefinable element of charm which is the supreme result of art, and the dignity and grace of Virgil, which have been designated as the principal marks of his style, are especially conspicuous in this. A poet, of course, would not write thus (the Latin, by the way, is simply "infelix lolium"): —

"The wretched bearded darnel's flaunting flag;"
(G. i. 154)

but no one supposes Mr. Wilstach to be a poet, and the line goes on five fingers. In his preface the author stated

that in syllables he had given "full count rather than short measure," and therefore the reader is prepared for frequent Alexandrines and such Swinburnian excess of short quantities as in the following: —

"Through bibulous sands, especially then when
sweeps;"
(G. i. 114)

but after both promise and liberal performance have accustomed the ear to leisurely scansion, it is unkind to precipitate one down a pentameter in this breakneck manner, —

"Of frankincense claims Sabæan soil;"
(G. ii. 117)

not a solitary instance. The use of *sour* as a dissyllable and of *sowers* as a monosyllable indicates extraordinary command of the vocal organs in the author; but *sistér*, worse than Keats' worst cockneyism, and *princéss*, which Mr. Wilstach informs us he prefers as the usage of the English court (one wonders that he does n't say "*mar'm*" Andromache), are fatal errors. One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Wilstach has no ear for rhythm long before the proof comes in his rendering of the onomatopoetic lines,

"Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."
(Æn. viii. 452–53.)
"Sounds roar, arms raise, blows clang, clang in
chorus;
And quick clip, turn, beat they the flat masses."

To pass by these matters of technique, which the translator speaks of slightingly and may not have considered worth his notice, possibly he has been only the more faithful to the meaning of the poet. He frequently turns aside to punish one of his brother Virgilians, as he terms them; he has a whole fagot of rods to select from, and uses them in rotation on the backs of Dryden and lesser men. But how delightedly, on the other hand, does he point out to the reader his own improvements of Virgil! For slurring and omission he has no words too severe, but he does not regard expansion and heightening as offenses. He himself directs attention to his inflation of Melibœus' exclamation, "Corydon, Corydon" (Ecl. vii. 70), into "Corydon hear, hear Corydon's lark-like voice;" but when one reads as Virgil's,

"The evening star
His jewell'd journey of the night begins,"

he doubts his memory, and turns to the passage (Ecl. x. 77), to find *venit Hesperus*, — that is all. Think of Virgil's describing the setting of the evening star as "a jewell'd journey of the night"! "Through the lusk foliage fair" has but one word, *foliis* (G. i. 413), to sustain its meretricious ornamentation; "branches running wild and fancy free" is in Virgil *ramos fluentes* (G. ii. 370), etc., etc. These are but peccadilloes, however, to what Mr. Wilstach is capable of committing, and advertising in the notes besides. *Oscula libavit natæ* (Æn. i. 256), wrote Virgil, when Jove kisses his daughter Venus; but Mr. Wilstach translates,

"His daughter's lips
He touched, as would a God-appointed priest
Take on his lips the sacred wine. So he
The nectar of her kisses sipped."

Mr. Wilstach says that Anthon is feeble and senile. Virgil's compact,

"At pater Æneas casu concussus acerbo,"
(Æn. v. 700)

becomes, in this new and popularized version,

"Father Æneas, by the harsh ill-chance
And bitter change of Fortune's wayward ways,
As by a fall was thrown; in keen distress
As by a blow was stunned; and, frightened
sore," —

Mr. Wilstach says that Dryden was garrulous. Once he thinks it worth while to remark, "I content myself with translating literally from Virgil," and then shows that by "literally" he understands the use of a direct English derivative for the Latin original, whether it means the same or not. In connection with this topic, we should not be forgiven if we passed over entirely without mention the "new readings,"

or peculiarly original translations, of Mr. Wilstach. Several of them consist in giving a dramatic touch to the simple narrative, as thus: —

> "Sic fatus, amicum
> Ilionea petit dextra, lævaque Serestum;
> Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."
>
> (Æn. i. 610–12.)

> "He said. With his right hand his friend he grasped:
> 'Ilioneus!' while warm his left and voice
> Sought out 'Sergestus.' Then with warmth the rest.
> 'And Gyas valiant!' 'And Cloanthus brave!'"

Another of these interesting discoveries is that Acron's unfinished nuptials (Æn. x. 720) imply that he was "a brilliant kid, escaped in hot haste from the Vulcanic fires of a domestic Troy." On these new readings we do not dwell; let the curious reader turn to the "table" of them, where he will have them all, like the expurgated passages of Don Juan's Ovid, "at one fell swoop." For our own part, coming here upon the author's humorous remark, as he glories over the unfortunate Dryden, "him with his own sword I jugulate," and elsewhere upon his annotation on "*et cæsa jungebant fœdera porca*" (Æn. viii. 641), "and clinched the treaty with a slain porker," we consider it folly to seek further for the Virgilian qualities of dignity and grace in this first American translation of "the full works."

Mr. Wilstach might have written an admirable Joe Miller of the American bar. His wonderfully varied notes are highly seasoned with Western if not with Attic salt; many a little incident of the office, illustrative, not of Virgil to be sure, but of the rusticity of clients and the wit of lawyers, being related, and occasionally a well-worn joke of some Pope or Haytian emperor, or of Lincoln ("Whose boots do you black?"), being thrown in, lest the reader should weary of Dido's love and Camilla's charms. Any writer on American affairs might well consult these notes, in the absence of any less desultory authority. Here are descriptions of our hot-springs, oil-wells, and copper-mines; extracts from Colonel Kise's address at Lafayette, Ind.; Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; Judge Agnew's decision, 88 Penn.; Tecumseh's response to General Harrison. Now a reference is made to an unpublished joke of General Butler, accessible in the war archives; now Custer's battle with the Indians furnishes a comparison for Æneas' conflict with the Greeks (the comrades of Æneas are often called braves); or the phenomena that accompanied Garfield's mortal illness — the band of light on the eve of the assassination, the yellow atmosphere on the day of his journey, the charging squadrons in the heavens on the night after his death — are detailed, to parallel those of Cæsar's death. Other still more extraneous matters may be found: the "great good taste" of the "C. C. C. & I. R'y Co." in naming their road the Bee-Line (apropos of the fourth Georgic), the dyspeptic nature of angel cake — but we forbear: it is enough to say that almost everything is in these notes except scholarship to elucidate the text, or to illustrate it. The preface informed us that they would be adapted "in the more learned parts to the average culture of scholars:" it appears that, in the author's mind, average classical learning implies mainly the fact, repeated *ad nauseam*, that *æs* means copper, and, further, that Cerberus has its accent on the first syllable. To be frank, the annotations are valueless.

When the respect in which the classics are held is daily decreasing, such a pretentious work as this cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Whoever makes his first acquaintance with Virgil through its pages might well question the praises of the poet and the good sense of his eulogists. To read him would not seem to any sane man essential either to practical life or cultivated

taste. Just as widely as it is considered a translation of Virgil, so widely will Virgil be discredited. It would ill become a scholar, in such a case, to keep silence. There are several useful versions of these poems, which, while they are not equal to the original, are adequate to the needs of the English reader. In the much-abused Dryden's, there is a strain of the genuine heroic; in Morris's, although he has chosen to translate not into the *lingua franca* of poetry, but into the dialect, the cloying Provençal, of a school, there is fidelity, vigor, and beauty. Notwithstanding the wonderful skill with which Virgil blended the *gravitas* of the Roman spirit with the χάρις of the Greek, — seriousness with charm, dignity with grace, — our language is not so lacking in either of these qualities as to make translation of his poems impossible. Good taste and a certain degree of literary finish are all we required; and they are not rare now even in our journeyman work. Modesty, at least, is attainable. A sense of the respect due to the perfected work of genius, such as to overcome the self-intruding instinct of underbred natures, freedom from coarse humor and degrading allusions, — such qualifications are not too much to ask; and so long as they are held in honor, not the scholar only, but every refined man or woman, will condemn and regret such a travesty and corruption as is this translation of one of the most excellent possessions of the race.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE other night, while turning over some old papers, I chanced on a copy of The Anti-Slavery Advocate for January 2, 1858, containing a rhymed letter addressed by Lowell to James Miller M'Kim, of Philadelphia. The verses appear to have been written in 1848, and as they are not included in any edition of the author's poems they will be entirely fresh to the readers of the present generation, who can scarcely fail to take delight in the racy portraits which the writer gives of certain notable leaders of the anti-slavery crusade. These portraits are etched with a skill that never goes out of fashion. In the course of the epistle Lowell performs several feats of rhyme which perhaps he would not care to repeat, and several feats of wit which no one but he could. I wish that I were able to persuade the chairman of the Contributors' Club to print this delicious bit of *vers de* (abolition) *société* in full; but if its length render retrenchment necessary, I beg him to mark the excisions with a row of stars, to make up for the lost brilliancy.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

DEAR M. —

By way of saving time,
I 'll do this letter up in rhyme,
Whose slim stream through four pages flows,
Ere one is packed with tight-screwed prose,
Threading the tube of an epistle,
Smooth as a child's breath through a whistle.

The great attraction now of all
Is the 'Bazaar' at Faneuil Hall,
Where swarm the anti-slavery folks
As thick, dear Miller, as your jokes.
There 's GARRISON, his features very
Benign for an incendiary,
Beaming forth sunshine through his glasses,
On the surrounding lads and lasses,
(No bee could blither be, or brisker,)
A Pickwick somehow turned John Ziska;
His bump of firmness swelling up
Like a rye cupcake from its cup.

And there, too, was his English tea-set,
Which in his ear a kind of flea set, —
His Uncle Samuel, for its beauty,
Demanding sixty dollars duty!
('T was natural Sam should serve his trunk ill,

For G., you know, has cut his Uncle,)
Whereas, had he but once made tea in it,
His Uncle's ear had had the flea in it;
There being not a cent of duty
On any pot that ever drew tea.[1]

There was MARIA CHAPMAN, too,
With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,
The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,
Originating everywhere
The expansive force, without a sound,
That whirls a hundred wheels around;
Herself meanwhile as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæa's sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn;
Herself the Joan of our Arc,
For every shaft a shining mark.

* * * * * * *

There jokes our EDMUND, plainly son
Of him who bearded Jefferson;
A non-resistant by conviction,
But with a bump in contradiction,
So that, whene'er it gets a chance,
His pen delights to play the lance,
And — you may doubt it, or believe it —
Full at the head of Joshua Leavitt
The very calumet he 'd launch,
And scourge him with the olive branch.
A master with the foils of wit,
'T is natural he should love a hit:
A gentleman, withal, and scholar,
Only base things excite his choler.
And then his satire 's keen and thin
As the little blade of Saladin.

* * * * * * *

There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands PHILLIPS, buttoned in a sack,
Our Attic orator, our Chatham:
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves; to him 't is granted
Always to say the word that 's wanted,
So that he seems but speaking clearer
The tiptop thought of every hearer;
Each flash his brooding heart lets fall
Fires what 's combustible in all,
And sends the applauses bursting in,
Like an exploded magazine.
His eloquence no frothy show,
The gutter's street-polluted flow;
No Mississippi's yellow flood,
Whose shoalness can't be seen for mud;
So simply clear, serenely deep,
So silent, strong, its graceful sweep;
None measures its unrippling force
Who has not striven to stem its course.
How fare their barques who think to play
With smooth Niagara's mane of spray,
Let Austin's total shipwreck say![2]
He never spoke a word too much —
Except of Story or some such,
Whom, though condemned by ethics strict,
The heart refuses to convict.

* * * * * * *

Hard by, as calm as summer even,
Smiles the reviled and pelted STEPHEN,
The unappeasable Boanerges,
To all the churches and the clergies;
Who studied mineralogy,
Not with soft book upon the knee,
But learned the properties of stones
By contact sharp of flesh and bones,
And made the *experimentum crucis*
With his own body's vital juices.
A man with caoutchouc endurance,
A perfect gem for life insurance;
A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
To whom the harshest word comes aptest;
Who, struck by stone or brick ill-starred,
Hurls back an epithet as hard,
Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
Has a propensity to stick.
His oratory is like the scream
Of the iron-horse's frenzied steam,
Which warns the world to leave wide space
For the black engine's swerveless race.
Ye men with neckcloths white, I warn you,
Habet a whole haymow *in cornu*.

* * * * * * *

These last three (leaving in the lurch
Some other themes) assault the church,
Who therefore writes them in her lists
As Satan's limbs, and atheists;
For each sect has one argument
Whereby the rest to hell are sent,
Which serves them like the Graine's tooth,
Passed round in turn from mouth to mouth.

* * * * * * *

Well, if the world, with prudent fear,
Pays God a seventh of the year,
And as a farmer, who would pack
All his religion in one stack,
For this world works six days in seven,
And on the seventh works for heaven,
Expecting, for his Sunday's sowing,
In the next world to go a-mowing
The crop of all his meeting going;
If the poor church, by power enticed,
Finds none so infidel as Christ,
Quite backward reads his gospel meek,
(As 't were in Hebrew writ, not Greek,)
Fencing the gallows and the sword

[1] When Mr. Garrison visited Edinburgh in 1846, he was presented with a handsome silver tea-set by his friends in that city. On the arrival of this gift at the Boston custom-house it was charged with an enormous entrance duty, which would have been evaded if the articles had ever been *used*. It was supposed that if the owner had not been the leader of the unpopular abolitionists this heavy impost would not have been laid upon a friendly British acknowledgment to an eminent American.

[2] On the occasion of the murder of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of an anti-slavery newspaper at Alton, Illinois, an indignation meeting was held in Boston, at which Attorney-General Austin made a pro-slavery speech, which called forth a crushing reply from Wendell Phillips.

With conscripts drafted from his word,
And makes one gate of heaven so wide
That the rich orthodox might ride
Through on their camels, while the poor
Squeeze through the scant, unyielding door,
Which, of the gospel's straitest size,
Is narrower than bead-needles' eyes, —
What wonder World and Church should call
The true faith atheistical?

Yet, after all, 'twix you and me,
Dear Miller, I could never see
That Sin's and Error's ugly smirch
Stained the walls only of the church;
There are good priests, and men who take
Freedom's torn cloak for lucre's sake.
I can't believe the church so strong,
As some men do, for Right or Wrong.
But for this subject (long and vext),
I must refer you to my next,
As also for a list exact
Of goods with which the hall was packed.

— It is a standing surprise to at least one contributor that civilized people should have allowed the word *criticism* to lose so much of its noble meaning that it has come to signify to most persons simply fault-finding. Its definition still remains in my largest dictionary, "The art of judging with propriety of the beauties and faults of a literary performance, or of any production of the fine arts." But when it is said that some one has criticised a picture or a book, it never occurs to us that the critic has simply praised it; we are only too sure that he has blamed it, and presented to his audience a list of its defects.

It seems to be a fixed conclusion in some people's minds that they are superior to anything imperfect. If they are able to point out blemishes in a piece of work, it counts for so many proofs that they could employ a higher art, and that their standard is a better one than the artist's. They do not like to give a thing unqualified praise, lest some one should suspect them of being ignorant and easy to please.

Now, there is nothing perfect in this world; for, being of this world, each fraction or form of matter bears the world's stamp of imperfection. From our own natures downward through the scale of animate and inanimate things we can always discover the flaw that might be called a seal of Time. Perhaps it is this which has made us instinctively anticipate immortality and eternity, but at least we need not manifest surprise and dismay at each new proof of the general law of incompleteness. Why can we not, however desirous of making our works and ways as good as possible, have patience, and quietly accept the nearly right, since it is all we shall ever get until we ourselves are fit to dwell amid perfection? It would save us an immense amount of disappointment and self-discouragement and remorse. After a book is written, or a picture painted, or an hour has been spent delightfully with a friend, we always see or remember something that mars and spoils, something that keeps us from being satisfied, something that we worry about and wish otherwise. Yet we surely can tell ourselves, compassionately, that that is the flaw; that is the stamp of this order of things: let us be thankful if the rest goes well.

Not to follow the moral and personal aspects too far, there are times when one grows most indignant with one's neighbors, who go into studios, and talk wisely and indulgently, according to their lights, of what they see. An artist may have thought and dreamed for months about a picture, and at last puts his great plan on canvas as best he can, and looks at it longingly and lovingly, hoping that he has succeeded in expressing to other people something of his vision or his glimpse of beauty, the new truth of which he has learned some fragment. He has been reverent, fearful, and full of ambition. No one knows better than he how sadly he has been baffled in trying to repeat what he has been taught. Yet one person comes in after another, measuring the lengths of the little fingers of his goddess, and finding one a little too short; or blaming him for his too green grass, or the size

of his canvas, or the difference between his conception of a character or a sentiment and some other man's. No wonder that he sighs and feels misunderstood, and wishes that no one would speak. Complacent praise is as hard to bear as blame, when either comes from an observer who is really unfit to give any opinion at all. In the presence of a man who has studied his art carefully and faithfully, and who is a master of his business, I believe that we cannot be too reticent; and however little a piece of work may say to us, remember that it may be our fault only, and that we are listening to a foreign language, or to music beyond our comprehension. How often we are amazed, on reëxamining a picture or rereading a book which we had laughed at or found stupid a few years before, to find that added experience and growth of wisdom have made them speak to us clearly and nobly.

To bring the question down to art matters only, and to tell the story which has provoked me to this protest. An artist who has won for herself great admiration and repute told it to me, — an excellent example of the value of most persons' criticism. She had made a sketch of a boy's head, and a fond aunt came to see it in the studio. The visitor looked at it with an air of great pleasure, but of some responsibility, and said that the eyes seemed to her not quite good, and my friend promised to alter them. At the next visit great pleasure was expressed at the improvement, but some change about the nose was requested, which the artist, a little amused, agreed to make. On another day the hair was discovered to be a little too dark; but on the fourth visit this intelligent aunt and a party of friends thought the likeness quite perfect, and the artist was forced to evade an answer when asked if the changes had not been fortunate, for indeed she had never found time to touch the portrait.

All of which is intended to prove that critics are sometimes foolish and ignorant of the least details of the work which they discuss and condemn; that it is useless to look for perfection; consequently that we should do two things, — have the grace to be silent when we are not fit to give an opinion, and be patient with not only our undeveloped fellow-men, but also their uncompleted work.

— In a recent article the Atlantic Monthly reviewed three books in which is attempted what the reviewer styles the "annexation of heaven." Of Mrs. Oliphant's A Little Pilgrim it is said that, "apart from its very tender illustration of a profound theme, it may be viewed as a work of literary art." It is as such, I think, that many persons are interested by it who feel at the same time that such endeavors to picture the beyond are necessarily unsatisfactory, or that the theme is one on the whole best left to the private meditations of the Christian, especially when, as in this case, the literary treatment of it involves the introduction of the Divine Person on the scene. Mrs. Oliphant has, however, written another sketch, not so well known, I fancy, although equally worth notice as a piece of work. To my mind it is more successful than A Little Pilgrim, and for the reason that in it the author attempts only what is within the range of possibility to represent. The theme of A Beleaguered City is not religious, or not directly so; it is a mystical, imaginative little tale, in which are described the experiences of the inhabitants of a French rural town, who are strangely driven out from their homes by visitants from another world. The supernatural visitation is wonderfully well told, with a vividness that makes it convincingly real, yet with a delicate reserve of detail, a calculated vagueness, that becomes thrillingly impressive. The most striking passages are those in which the mayor first feels the presence of the intruders, when he visits the town gates,

and all of the short narrative of Paul Lecamus. The supernatural element is all-pervading, but without any undue insistence upon it. The matter-of-fact manner of the mayor's narrative lends reality to the extraordinary events he recounts, while Lecamus' relation of his special experience admirably completes the mayor's by the difference of the impression produced upon his finer sensibilities. The conclusion of the whole matter is highly artistic. It is almost distressingly lifelike, — the perversion of fact, the aftergrowth of legend, the weakening sense among the townsfolk of any deep spiritual significance in the awful experience they have passed through. It seems to me that Mrs. Oliphant shows unusual power in this kind of writing. Her machinery is delicately contrived, and works with smoothness to produce the strongest effect with the least apparent force.

— I think that Mr. White is nearer right than the contributor to the February Club concerning the use of "as" in place of "that" in New England. My experience, both in hearing and in the involuntary imitation of the speech of my country, teaches me that *as* is used when it is susceptible of being interpreted either *that* or *whether*, both used as conjunctions, but that it is not employed in place of the adjective pronoun *that*. Mr. White is therefore, I believe, right in pronouncing the dialect of Hannah Coffin incorrect, when she says, "There ain't no one here *as* knows," *as* being used for *who* or *that*. The examples which the contributor gives, and which immediately occurred to me when I read Mr. White's article, are familiar Yankee expressions, but *as* in them has a different meaning. "I don't know as I will," "I don't remember as I did," "I ain't sure as I did," all may be filled out correctly, either as "I don't know whether I will — or did." If *that*, and not *whether*, is supplied, it is simply a conjunction, bearing a more positive signification than *whether*, but the same part of speech, and in no sense whatever an equivalent for *that*, which is merely another form of *who* and *which*. In the phrase "I told him *as how*," *as how* is, again, only an inelegant substitute for the conjunction *that*, and is in no way related to the English use of *as* instead of a pronoun.

— There is one pageant which the Washington newspaper correspondents have neglected to report and describe. It is even possible that they have never witnessed it, though it is of daily occurrence, and requires neither fee, card, nor costume from those who attend. I may call it the processional and recessional of the crows, for it is a solemn coming and going, with a music peculiarly its own.

Every morning, about half an hour before sunrise, myriads of crows pass over the city in a northeasterly direction, on their way from their Virginia roosting-place, in the woods behind Arlington Heights, to their feeding-ground, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, past Capitol Hill and Kendall Green, and I know not how far beyond.

During the month of January I was frequently awakened shortly after six o'clock by their hoarse cawings, and from then until nearly eight they streamed steadily over; first a vanguard of two or three, then a bee-like swarm of a hundred in a group, then a dozen in a line, and so on, till the whole sky was as thickly sown with black spots as we ever see it at midnight with stars.

I often leave the upper half of my shutters open over night, that I may lie and watch them from my bed. It has a curious Japanese-screen-like effect, — the long succession of dusky birds, flying diagonally across the cold, gray square of sky, framed by my sash, one corner of the space hung with the bare stems and withered berries of last season's woodbine.

On a clear day the crows fly very

high — mere drifting specks of black, almost to be mistaken for charred bits blown from some chimney ; but on a foggy morning they descend so low as to look the size of pigeons, and when snow is falling they seem bewildered, flying hither and thither, with loud, scolding notes, coming down almost between the housetops, evidently out of their course, which in favorable weather is as straight as the flight of an arrow. Once when it was very clear and cold, I fancied that they were exhilarated by the keen air; for they soared and dived and circled, chasing each other in a dozen wild and graceful figures, — now high, now low. But this may have been only the friskiness of some of the juniors, incautiously left behind. They must number many thousands, for my every attempt to count, or even estimate them, ends in confusion and failure. There is a strange charm in watching their free, strong, tireless flight and apparently endless succession.

A little before sunset they begin to come swinging back, in the same scattering way, but with no frolicking and little sound, again covering over an hour in their transit. I especially remember one of those glorious, fervent sunsets in December, when the whole western sky was of the deepest orange, fading to pale blue overhead. As I came past the White House, the great silver shield of the full moon rose slowly behind New York Avenue Church. The broad street was thronged with saunterers, velvet and fur robed matrons, saucy-hatted girls, shrewd-faced politicians, and tattered but grinning Sambos; while far above all swept the black army of the crows, solemnly, silently, floating over the gay city, to the desolate woods beyond the yellow river.

— It seems such an easy thing for an author to give his autograph ! He must be a cross-grained, unaccommodating person, indeed, who refuses to scratch his name on a bit of cardboard or a slip of paper, when it would give somebody so much pleasure ! But the autograph-hunter has made it heavy work for the author who is unfortunate enough — he sometimes comes to regard it as a misfortune — to be popular. Every mail adds to his reproachful pile of unanswered letters. If he is not cautious, he will find himself in correspondence with so *exigeant* a crowd of persons that he will have no leisure left to attend to his proper profession.

When the autograph craze first began the disease was of a mild type. The collector was modestly content with a signature. That no longer satisfies. He wants a letter addressed to him personally — "on any subject you please," as a youthful fiend wrote to me the other day ! He wishes to flourish this letter in the faces of his hapless acquaintances, in order to prove that he is on familiar terms with the celebrated So-and-So. The devices he employs to achieve this end are ingenious and inexhaustible. For example, he drops you a line to inquire in what year you first printed your beautiful poem entitled A Psalm of Life. If you are a simple soul, you hasten to assure him that you are not the author of that poem, which he must have confused with your Rime of the Ancient Mariner — and there you are ! The insidious rogue knew very well that you did n't write the Psalm of Life. Another trick is to inquire of you if your father's middle name was not Hierophilus. Now, your father has probably been dead many years, and as perhaps he was not a distinguished man in his day, you are naturally touched that any one should have interest in him after this lapse of time. In the innocence of your heart you reply by the next mail that your father's middle name was not Hierophilus, but Epaminondas — and there you are again !

A still more offensive, because disillusioning stratagem, is that of the correspondent who informs you that he

is replenishing his library, and requests a detailed list of your works, with the respective dates of their publication, prices, etc. This has an air of business. The inference is that the correspondent, who writes in a brisk, commercial manner, wishes to fill out his collection of your books, or possibly to purchase a complete set in crushed Levant morocco. Lay not that flattering inference to thy soul, thou too unworldly dreamer! A year or so later this same person, having forgotten that he has already demanded a chronological list of your writings, sends you another application, couched in the selfsame words! The length of time it takes him to "replenish" his library (with your works) is something pathetic. This particular species of autograph-hunter probably does not care a copper for your autograph from a literary point of view. From a mercantile point of view he cares a great deal, and likes to get three or four copies a year; for he compiles small volumes of autographs, and sells them. It must be a poor trade, however. If the same amount of persistence and industry it demands of him were put into a corner-grocery, he would speedily make his fortune.

A very dangerous type of autograph-hunter is the "sweet girl graduate," whose scented missive takes wing from some suburban academy. If you put your name on that harmless-looking little card with the beveled gilt edges, you will bring the whole school down upon you within a month! I have a friend who received in the course of three weeks no fewer than forty-seven scented missives, dated at Mrs. ——'s Institution for Young Ladies.

There is no author who does not justly feel complimented when his autograph is desired by some intelligent person, who has read his writings with discrimination. It is altogether another thing when he is importuned to give his time and attention to a crowd of idle boys and girls who "collect" autographs as they would collect postage-stamps, with no knowledge or interest in the matter beyond the inane ambition to get as many names as possible.

The letters which these persons write are not always too respectful or grammatical. "As one of the leading authors of America, I would like to have your autograph," is a stereotyped phrase. The writers frequently put in the shape of a demand what could be granted to them only through politeness. This sort of letter used especially to exasperate a certain famous poet whom I knew years ago. One day I was in his study, when he chanced to receive a singularly peremptory request for his autograph. He seized a pen and wrote, "Sir, I consider your note impertinent, and I refuse to give you my autograph." He was about to sign the declaration, when he saw the fun of the thing, and let me sign it for him.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Government. An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Henry C. Lea, has passed to a second and enlarged edition. Mr. Lea has not been content with his first presentation of the subject, but has rebuilt his book, adding to the material and giving the results the benefit of his continued study. The severely historical method which he has followed has not prevented him from throwing the weight of his judgment into the conclusion, but there is no partisanship in the attitude which he takes. The work is a treasury of knowledge upon a subject which underlies the whole history of Christianity. — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a new and comely edition of Staley's works, of which his Lectures on the His-

tory of the Eastern Church has reached us. — Administrative Organization is the title of a short essay in consideration of the Principal Executive Departments of the United States Government in relation to administration. (William H. Morrison, Washington.) The author's name is not given, but he is apparently one who has studied the practical working of the administration, and sees an opportunity to redistribute the multitude of offices now grouped under an incongruous system. He finds no fault with the organization of the Departments of State, the Navy, and the Army, but rearranges the Interior and Treasury Departments. His criticisms appear sensible, and are supported by reasonable statements. The pamphlet is moderate in tone. A little more vigor would make it both readable and persuasive. — The Question of Ships, by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieut. U. S. N. (Scribners), discusses with force and intelligence the decay of our merchant marine, and the means to be taken for its restoration. The author finds this chiefly in a closer union of the navy and the merchant service, and he bases his conclusions upon a careful examination of English and Norwegian systems. His book is well worth attention. — The third volume of Schaff's History of the Christian Church covers Nicene and Post-Nicene Christianity, A. D. 311-600. (Scribners.) It closes thus the history of ancient Christianity. Dr. Schaff has taken advantage of this new edition to extend the bibliography of his work.

Biography. In the New Plutarch series (Putnams) the latest issue is Frederick the Great, by Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R. A. It is written with spirit and candor. — Luther, by J. A. Froude, is a reprint of an article in the Contemporary Review, violently one-sided, and apparently written in haste to order. (Scribners.) — Martin Luther, a Study of Reformation, by Edwin D. Mead (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), is less a biography than a piece of historical criticism and application to current thought. Mr. Mead writes earnestly and with an easy knowledge of his subject. — Joseph Addison, by W. J. Courthope, is the latest addition to the English Men of Letters series (Harpers), and the humanizing influence of this best bred among men of letters is well delineated. — In the Lives of American Worthies (Holt) place has been found for George Washington, by John Habberton, who slouches through his book, and relieves Washington of superfluous dignity with so much zeal that he gets rid of some of the real article, also. Too great anxiety to be unconventional leads the author into the other ditch.

Travel. Due West, or Round the World in Ten Months, by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the record of a journey taken by way of the Pacific, and occupied chiefly with the extreme east. Mr. Ballou followed the star of empire, and was brought up at once against the oldest part of the world, showing how far along America now is in its career. The book is a straightforward, unimaginative transcript of what the traveler saw, and commands respect for its absence of pretension. — Merv, a story of adventure and captivity, is Mr. Edmond O'Donovan's epitome of his own The Merv Oasis. (Funk & Wagnalls.) One wonders a little that the author did not perform this task for his original readers, instead of compelling them to accomplish the same by the art of skipping. — Dr. Schliemann has gathered into a handsome volume (Harpers), under the title of Troja, the results of the latest researches and discoveries on the site of Homer's Troy, and in the heroic tumuli and other sites. The work was done in 1881 and 1882, so that we have Homer at latest dates. A preface by A. H. Sayce adds to the value of the work, and one of the most interesting facts is the steady conquest by Dr. Schliemann of his position among archæologists. The day of sneering at him has gone by. The book is well furnished with wood-cuts, plans, and maps. — By-Ways of Nature and Life, by Clarence Deming (Putnams), is a collection of thirty-two papers of personal experience in travel and observation on both continents. The subjects are plainly expressive of the author's taste and interests, and include such diverse matters as Deep Fishing in Tropic Seas and a Yankee Coon-Hunt. The most interesting papers of this interesting volume are those which relate to life in the Southern States.

Poetry. Poems by Augustin L. Taveau (Putnams) begins with volume I., which contains the author's historical poem of Montezuma and lyrical poem of Anteros. Montezuma is based upon the earlier received story of the conquest of Mexico; Anteros is a series of songs, which are fortunately accompanied by an explanatory preface, else one would scarcely discover that they were aimed at the evils which lead to the great number of divorce cases. Mr. Taveau has followed good models — at a distance. — Lyrics and Satires, by Richard E. Day (John T. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.), is a thin volume of verse, in which the writer relieves himself of criticism upon Henry James, Irving, Salvini, and apparently some one who has criticised the poet himself. The satirical element prevails, but the knife has a saw edge. — Easter Flowers (White, Stokes & Allen) is the title of a small selection of spring-time lyrics, very tastefully arranged, and illustrated in colors by Susie B. Skelding. We protest, however, that fringes on book-covers are out of place.

Fiction. Mr. Lathrop's novel of Newport has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. — Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Roberts), is a buccaneer story, told with the swagger which a refined gentleman tries hard to make believe is the real article. — Only an Incident, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnams), is a novel depending largely on dialogue, which is bright, though sometimes strained. The incident of the story has rather a heavier burden to bear than the same in real life would have carried. — Mumu and The Diary of a Superfluous Man are translated from the Russian of Turgenieff by Henry Gersom. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The translator selected the two stories as illustrative, the one of Turgenieff's sympathy with the serf, the other of his contempt for the noble. — Old Lady Mary, a Story of the Seen and the Unseen (Roberts Bros.), is another of Mrs. Oliphant's essays in the supernatural. It is clear that she is fascinated by her ghosts, but it

is a little doubtful if her ethical lessons are best taught by such shadows. There is something nightmareish about this one. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest issues are Susan Drummond, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; One False, both Fair, or a Hard Knot, by John B. Harwood; and Little Loo, by W. Clark Russell. — Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek, by Richard Malcolm Johnston (Harpers), is the first novel, we think, by an author who has written some capital short tales. It is the story of life in Georgia forty or fifty years ago, and while much of the local characterization is clever the plot gets to be too much for the author. — A Latter Day Saint, being the Story of the Conversion of Ethel Jones (Holt), is mainly occupied with Ethel's descent into a somewhat shallow Avernus. Her ascent is not very difficult, and the virtue to which she attains not unreasonably high. It is not a specially useful nor very entertaining book, though it is tolerably true to an unimaginative realism. — Apples of Sodom is a story of Mormon life (William W. Williams, Cleveland), written out of an intense disgust of the whole business, but with no very skillful hand. — The Pagans by Arlo Bates (Holt), is a story of modern life, and deals chiefly with artistic folk. It is seldom that an author gives so much finish to his first work as Mr. Bates has given to The Pagans, the execution of which appears to us as better than the design.

Social Science. A Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders, by Roger S. Tracy, contains facts and suggestions about ventilation, drainage, care of contagious diseases, disinfection, food, and water. (Appleton.) Everything is compactly stated, and is likely to receive the approval of those who have no special need of the knowledge. — Health at Home, by A. H. Guernsey and J. P. Davis, in the series of Home Books (Appleton), is a more discursive treatment of the same subject, and is more likely to receive attention and aid in correcting abuses. — Coöperative Housekeeping, How not to Do it, and How to Do it, a study in sociology, by Melusina Fay Peirce (Osgood), deals with the organization of women in that department of labor which is theirs by inheritance and adaptation.

Medicine. The Field of Disease, a book of Preventive Medicine, by B. W. Richardson (H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Philadelphia), was written by the eminent author for the intelligent public, but the American publishers sagely think that it may be of use to physicians also. Much of the work will be read by physicians only, but the freshness and the common sense of the writer are easily communicable to the general reader.

Biblical Criticism and Theology. Quotations in the New Testament, by Crawford Howell Toy (Scribners), is the careful work of a scholar, who says admirably in his preface, "I believe that the ethical-religious power of the Bible will be increased by perfectly free, fair-minded dealing, and by a precise knowledge of what it does or does not say." The work takes up the quotations in the order of their appearance, and traces them with great precision to the original form and intent. — The latest volume of the International Revision Commentary on the New Testament (Scribners) is Professor Riddle's on The Epistle to the Romans. — The Words of Christ as Principles of Personal and Social Growth, by John Bascom (Putnams), is an attempt to make the spiritual personality of Christ as contained in his words a touchstone by which to try current phases of ethical thought. The book is the work of a vigorous, fearless thinker, and will be of service to many. Indeed, President Bascom is carried, we think, by his argument, farther into the fundamental question of the incarnation than his scheme at first intended. The book is none the worse for that. — Revealed Religion expounded by its Relations to the Moral Being of God, by Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh (Putnams), is a little volume which contains the Bedell Lectures for 1883, given at Kenyon College, Ohio. — In the series of Early Christian Literature Primers, edited by Professor Fisher (Appleton), the fourth volume is The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers, by Rev. Geo. A. Jackson. The largest space is naturally given to Augustine, but Hilary, Ambrose, Jerome, and minor lights are given in compact summary.

Text Books and Education. The School Board of Cincinnati issues a volume which contains the Fifty-Fourth Annual Report of the Board and a Hand-Book of the Schools. The superintendent, Mr. J. B. Peaslee, lays much stress on the measures taken by him to interest the children in literature through the now well-known Authors' Days. — Dr. G. Stanley Hall edits a Pedagogical Library (Ginn, Heath & Co.), of which the first volume is devoted to Methods of Teaching History, and is a compilation of special papers by Dr. Diesterweg and a half dozen American experts. The book is a substantial help to teachers, because it leads them to think, and does not supply them with ready-made ideas. — Cædmon's Exodus and Daniel, edited by Prof. Theodore W. Hunt, from Grein's edition, is the second volume in the neat Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — A Presentation of the Grammar of New English, beginning with the Age of Elizabeth, by George H. Webster (Herald Printing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.), is intended rather for teachers and scientific students of grammar than for beginners. It is apparently confusing through its very severity of treatment.

Literature. Siete Tratados por Juan Montalvo (José Jacquin, Besanzon) is a collection of miscellaneous essays in two handsome volumes. Señor Montalvo handles a great variety of subjects, philosophical, literary, social, and artistic, and brings to each a quick understanding and the fruits of wide reading in several languages besides his own. He is clearly a scholar and a man of pronounced ideas. It is to be wished that the proof-reader had been more careful here and there in his revision. To give two out of many instances of his inadequacy: in one place El Paraíso is rendered *The lose Paradise* (Paradise Lost), and in another the phrase "Times is money" is used to express the materialistic tendencies of Americans. We are really not so bad as that.

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A ROMAN SINGER.

XXI.

"LET us sit upon the step and talk," said Hedwig, gently disengaging herself from his arms.

"The hour is advancing, and it is damp here, my love. You will be cold," said Nino, protesting against delay as best he could.

"No; and I must talk to you." She sat down, but Nino pulled off his cloak and threw it round her. She motioned him to sit beside her, and raised the edge of the heavy mantle with her hand. "I think it is big enough," said she.

"I think so," returned Nino; and so the pair sat side by side and hand in hand, wrapped in the same garment, deep in the shadow of the rocky doorway. "You got my letter, dearest?" asked Nino, hoping to remind her of his proposal.

"Yes, it reached me safely. Tell me, Nino, have you thought of me in all this time?" she asked, in her turn; and there was the joy of the answer already in the question.

"As the earth longs for the sun, my love, through all the dark night. You have never been out of my thoughts. You know that I went away to find you in Paris, and I went to London, too; and everywhere I sang to you, hoping you might be somewhere in the great audiences. But you never went to Paris at all. When I got Professor Grandi's letter saying that he had discovered you, I had but one night more to sing, and then I flew to you."

"And now you have found me," said Hedwig, looking lovingly up to him through the shadow.

"Yes, dear one; and I have come but just in time. You are in great trouble now, and I am here to save you from it all. Tell me, what is it all about?"

"Ah, Nino dear, it is very terrible. My father declared I must marry Baron Benoni, or end my days here, in this dismal castle." Nino ground his teeth, and drew her even closer to him, so that her head rested on his shoulder.

"Infamous wretch!" he muttered.

"Hush, Nino," said Hedwig gently; "he is my father."

"Oh, I mean Benoni, of course," exclaimed Nino quickly.

"Yes, dear, of course you do," Hedwig responded. "But my father has changed his mind. He no longer wishes me to marry the Jew."

"Why is that, sweetheart?"

"Because Benoni was very rude to me to-day, and I told my father, who said he should leave the house at once."

"I hope he will kill the hound!" cried Nino, with rising anger. "And I am glad your father has still the decency to protect you from insult."

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"My father is very unkind, Nino mio, but he is an officer and a gentleman."

"Oh, I know what that means, — a gentleman! Fie on your gentlemen! Do you love me less, Hedwig, because I am of the people?"

For all answer Hedwig threw her arms round his neck, passionately.

"Tell me, love, would you think better of me if I were noble?"

"Ah, Nino, how most unkind! Oh, no: I love you, and for your sake I love the people, — the strong, brave people, whose man you are."

"God bless you, dear, for that," he answered tenderly. "But say, will your father take you back to Rome, now that he has sent away Benoni?"

"No, he will not. He swears that I shall stay here until I can forget you." The fair head rested again on his shoulder.

"It appears to me that your most high and noble father has amazingly done perjury in his oath," remarked Nino, resting his hand on her hair, from which the thick black veil that had muffled it had slipped back. "What do you think, love?"

"I do not know," replied Hedwig, in a low voice.

"Why, dear, you have only to close this door behind you, and you may laugh at your prison and your jailer!"

"Oh, I could not, Nino; and besides, I am weak, and cannot walk very far. And we should have to walk very far, you know."

"You, darling? Do you think I would not and could not bear you from here to Rome in these arms?" As he spoke he lifted her bodily from the step.

"Oh!" she cried, half frightened, half thrilled, "how strong you are, Nino!"

"Not I; it is my love. But I have beasts close by, waiting even now; good stout mules, that will think you are only a little silver butterfly that has flitted down from the moon for them to carry."

"Have you done that, dear?" she asked doubtfully, while her heart leaped at the thought. "But my father has horses," she added, on a sudden, in a very anxious voice.

"Never fear, my darling. No horse could scratch a foothold in the place where our mules are as safe as in a meadow. Come, dear heart, let us be going." But Hedwig hung her head, and did not stir. "What is it, Hedwig?" he asked, bending down to her and softly stroking her hair. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, — oh, no! Not of you, Nino, — never of you!" She pushed her face close against him, very lovingly.

"What then, dear? Everything is ready for us. Why should we wait?"

"Is it quite right, Nino?"

"Ah, yes, love, it is right, — the rightest right that ever was! How can such love as ours be wrong? Have I not to-day implored your father to relent and let us marry? I met him in the road" —

"He told me, dear. It was brave of you. And he frightened me by making me think he had killed you. Oh, I was so frightened, you do not know!"

"Cruel" — Nino checked the rising epithet. "He is your father, dear, and I must not speak my mind. But since he will not let you go, what will you do? Will you cease to love me, at his orders?"

"Oh, Nino, never, never, never!"

"But will you stay here, to die of solitude and slow torture?" He pleaded passionately.

"I — I suppose so, Nino," she said, in a choking sob.

"Now, by Heaven, you shall not!" He clasped her in his arms, raising her suddenly to her feet. Her head fell back upon his shoulder, and he could see her turn pale to the very lips, for his sight was softened to the gloom, and

her eyes shone like stars of fire at him from beneath the half-closed lids. But the faint glory of coming happiness was already on her face, and he knew that the last fight was fought for love's mastery.

"Shall we ever part again, love?" he whispered, close to her. She shook her head, her starry eyes still fastened on his.

"Then come, my own dear one, — come," and he gently drew her with him. He glanced, naturally enough, at the step where they had sat, and something dark caught his eye just above it. Holding her hand in one of his, as though fearful lest she should escape him, he stooped quickly and snatched the thing from the stair with the other. It was Hedwig's little bundle.

"What have you here?" he asked. "Oh, Hedwig, you said you would not come!" he added, half laughing, as he discovered what it was.

"I was not sure that I should like you, Nino," she said, as he again put his arm about her. Hedwig started violently. "What is that?" she exclaimed, in a terrified whisper.

"What, love?"

"The noise! Oh, Nino, there is some one on the staircase, coming down. Quick, — quick! Save me, for love's sake!"

But Nino had heard, too, the clumsy but rapid groping of heavy feet on the stairs above, far up in the winding stone steps, but momentarily coming nearer. Instantly he pushed Hedwig out to the street, tossing the bundle on the ground, withdrew the heavy key, shut the door, and double turned the lock from the outside, removing the key again at once. Nino is a man who acts suddenly and infallibly in great emergencies. He took Hedwig in his arms, and ran with her to where the mules were standing, twenty yards away.

The stout countryman from Subiaco, who had spent some years in breaking stones out of consideration for the government, as a general confession of the inaccuracy of his views regarding foreigners, was by no means astonished when he saw Nino appear with a woman in his arms. Together they seated her on one of the mules, and ran beside her, for there was no time for Nino to mount. They had to pass the door, and through all its oaken thickness they could hear the curses and imprecations of some one inside, and the wood and iron shook with repeated blows and kicks. The quick-witted muleteer saw the bundle lying where Nino had tossed it, and he picked it up as he ran.

Both Nino and Hedwig recognized Benoni's voice, but neither spoke as they hurried up the street into the bright moonlight, she riding and Nino running as he led the other beast at a sharp trot. In five minutes they were out of the little town, and Nino, looking back, could see that the broad white way behind them was clear of all pursuers. Then he himself mounted, and the countryman trotted by his side.

Nino brought his mule close to Hedwig's. She was an accomplished horsewoman, and had no difficulty in accommodating herself to the rough country saddle. Their hands met, and the mules, long accustomed to each other's company, moved so evenly that the gentle bond was not broken. But although Hedwig's fingers twined lovingly with his, and she often turned and looked at him from beneath her hanging veil, she was silent for a long time. Nino respected her mood, half guessing what she felt, and no sound was heard save an occasional grunt from the countryman as he urged the beasts, and the regular clatter of the hoofs on the stony road.

To tell the truth, Nino was overwhelmed with anxiety; for his quick wits had told him that Benoni, infuriated by the check he had received, would lose no time in remounting the stairs, sad-

dling a horse, and following them. If only they could reach the steeper part of the ravine, they could bid defiance to any horse that ever galloped, for Benoni must inevitably come to grief if he attempted a pursuit into the desolate Serra. He saw that Hedwig had not apprehended the danger, when once the baron was stopped by the door, conceiving in her heart the impression that he was a prisoner in his own trap. Nevertheless, they urged the beasts onward hotly, if one may use the word of the long, heavy trot of a mountain mule. The sturdy countryman never paused or gasped for breath, keeping pace in a steady, determined fashion.

But they need not have been disturbed, for Hedwig's guess was nearer the truth than Nino's reasoning. They knew it later, when Temistocle found them in Rome, and I may as well tell you how it happened. When he reached the head of the staircase, he took the key from the one side to the other, locked the door, as agreed, and sat down to wait for Hedwig's rap. He indeed suspected that it would never come, for he had only pretended not to see the mules; but the prospect of further bribes made him anxious not to lose sight of his mistress, and certainly not to disobey her, in case she really returned. The staircase opened into the foot of the tower, a broad stone chamber, with unglazed windows.

Temistocle sat himself down to wait on an old bench that had been put there, and the light of the full moon made the place as bright as day. Now the lock on the door was rusty, like the one below, and creaked loudly every time it was turned. But Temistocle fancied it would not be heard in the great building, and felt quite safe. Sitting there, he nodded and fell asleep, tired with the watching.

Benoni had probably passed a fiery half hour with the count. But I have no means of knowing what was said on either side; at all events, he was in the castle still, and, what is more, he was awake. When Hedwig opened the upper door and closed it behind her, the sound was distinctly audible to his quick ears, and he probably listened and speculated, and finally yielded to his curiosity.

However that may have been, he found Temistocle asleep in the tower basement, saw the key in the lock, guessed whence the noise had come, and turned it. The movement woke Temistocle, who started to his feet, and recognized the tall figure of the baron just entering the door. Too much confused for reflection, he called aloud, and the baron disappeared down the stairs. Temistocle listened at the top, heard distinctly the shutting and locking of the lower door, and a moment afterwards Benoni's voice, swearing in every language at once, came echoing up.

"They have escaped," said Temistocle to himself. "If I am not mistaken, I had better do the same." With that he locked the upper door, put the key in his pocket, and departed on tiptoe. Having his hat and his overcoat with him, and his money in his pocket, he determined to leave the baron shut up in the staircase. He softly left the castle by the front gate, of which he knew the tricks, and he was not heard of for several weeks afterwards. As for Benoni, he was completely caught, and probably spent the remainder of the night in trying to wake the inmates of the building. So you see that Nino need not have been so much disturbed, after all.

While these things were happening Nino and Hedwig got fairly away, and no one but a mountaineer of the district could possibly have overtaken them. Just as they reached the place where the valley suddenly narrows to a gorge, the countryman spoke. It was the first word that had been uttered by any of the party in an hour, so great had been their haste and anxiety.

"I see a man with a beast," he said, shortly.

"So do I," answered Nino. "I expect to meet a friend here." Then he turned to Hedwig. "Dear one," he said, "we are to have a companion now, who says he is a very proper person."

"A companion?" repeated Hedwig, anxiously.

"Yes. We are to have the society of no less a person than the Professor Cornelio Grandi, of the University of Rome. He will go with us, and be a witness."

"Yes," said Hedwig, expecting more, "a witness" —

"A witness of our marriage, dear lady; I trust to-morrow, — or to-day, since midnight is past." He leaned far over his saddle-bow, as the mules clambered up the rough place. Her hand went out to him, and he took it. They were so near that I could see them. He dropped the reins and bared his head, and so, riding, he bent himself still further, and pressed his lips upon her hand; and that was all the marriage contract that was sealed between them. But it was enough.

There I sat, upon a stone in the moonlight, just below the trees, waiting for them. And there I had been for two mortal hours and more, left to meditate upon the follies of professors in general and of myself in particular. I was beginning to wonder whether Nino would come at all, and I can tell you I was glad to see the little caravan. Ugh! it is an ugly place to be alone in!

They rode up, and I went forward to meet them.

"Nino mio," said I, "you have made me pass a terrible time here. Thank Heaven, you are come; and the contessina, too! Your most humble servant, signorina." I bowed low and Hedwig bent a little forward, but the moon was just behind her, and I could not see her face.

"I did not think we should meet so soon, Signor Grandi. But I am very glad." There was a sweet shyness in the little speech that touched me. I am sure she was afraid that it was not yet quite right, or at least that there should be some other lady in the party.

"Courage, Messer Cornelio," said Nino. "Mount your donkey, and let us be on our way."

"Is not the contessina tired?" I inquired. "You might surely rest a little here."

"Caro mio," answered Nino, "we must be safe at the top of the pass before we rest. We were so unfortunate as to wake his excellency the Baron Benoni out of some sweet dream or other, and perhaps he is not far behind us."

An encounter with the furious Jew was not precisely attractive to me, and I was on my donkey before you could count a score. I suggested to Nino that it would be wiser if the countryman led the way through the woods, and I followed him. Then the contessina would be behind me, and Nino would bring up the rear. It occurred to me that the mules might outstrip my donkey, if I went last, and so I might be left to face the attack, if any came; whereas, if I were in front, the others could not go any faster than I.

XXII.

The gorge rises steep and precipitous between the lofty mountains on both sides, and it is fortunate that we had some light from the moon, which was still high at two o'clock, being at the full.

It is a ghastly place enough. In the days of the Papal States the Serra di Sant' Antonio, as it is called, was the shortest passage to the kingdom of Naples, and the frontier line ran across its summit. To pass from one dominion to the other it would be necessary to go

out of the way some forty or fifty miles, perhaps, unless one took this route; and the natural consequence was that outlaws, smugglers, political fugitives, and all such manner of men found it a great convenience. Soldiers were stationed in Fillettino and on the other side, to check illicit traffic and brigandage, and many were the fights that were fought among these giant beeches.

The trees are of primeval dimensions, for no one has yet been enterprising enough to attempt to fell the timber. The gorge is so steep, and in many places so abruptly precipitous, that the logs could never be removed; and so they have grown undisturbed for hundreds of years, rotting and falling away as they stand. The beech is a lordly tree, with its great smooth trunk and its spreading branches, and though it never reaches the size of the chestnut, it is far more beautiful and long-lived.

Here and there, at every hundred yards or so, it seemed to me, the countryman would touch his hat and cross himself as he clambered up the rocky path, and then I did likewise; for there was always some rude cross or rough attempt at the inscription of a name at such spots, which marked where a man had met his untimely end. Sometimes the moonbeams struggled through the branches, still bare of leaves, and fell on a few bold initials and a date; and sometimes we came to a broad ledge where no trees were, but only a couple of black sticks tied at right angles for a cross. It was a dismal place, and the owls hooted at us.

Besides, it grew intensely cold towards morning, so that the countryman wanted to stop and make a fire to warm ourselves. Though it was the end of March, the ground was frozen as hard as any stone wherever it was free from rocks. But Nino dismounted, and insisted upon wrapping his cloak about Hedwig; and then he walked, for fear of catching cold, and the countryman mounted his mule and clambered away in front. In this way Hedwig and Nino lagged behind, conversing in low tones that sounded very soft; and when I looked round, I could see how he held his hand on her saddle and supported her in the rough places. Poor child, who would have thought she could bear such terrible work! But she had the blood of a soldierly old race in her veins, and would have struggled on silently till she died.

I think it would be useless to describe every stone on the desolate journey, but when the morning dawned we were at the top, and we found the descent much easier. The rosy streaks came first, quite suddenly, and in a few minutes the sun was up, and the eventful night was past. I was never so glad to get rid of a night in my life. It is fortunate that I am so thin and light, for I could never have reached the highroad alive had I been as fat as De Pretis is; and certainly the little donkey would have died by the way. He was quite as thin when I sold him again as when I bought him, a fortnight before, in spite of the bread I had given him.

Hedwig drew her veil close about her face as the daylight broke, for she would not let Nino see how pale and tired she was. But when at last we were in the broad, fertile valley which marks the beginning of the old kingdom of Naples, we reached a village where there was an inn, and Nino turned every one out of the best room with a high hand, and had a couch of some sort spread for Hedwig. He himself walked up and down outside the door for five whole hours, lest she should be disturbed in her sleep. As for me, I lay on a bench, rolled in my cloak, and slept as I have not slept since I was twenty.

Nino knew that the danger of pursuit was past now, and that the first thing necessary was to give Hedwig rest; for she was so tired that she could not eat, though there were very good eggs to be

had, of which I ate three, and drank some wine, which does not compare to that on the Roman side.

The sturdy man from Subiaco seemed like iron, for he ate sparingly and drank less, and went out into the village to secure a conveyance and to inquire the nearest way to Ceprano.

But when, as I have said, Nino had guarded Hedwig's door for five hours he woke me from my sleep, and by that time it was about two in the afternoon.

"Hi, Messer Cornelio! wake up!" he cried, pulling my arm. And I rubbed my eyes.

"What do you want, Nino?" I inquired.

"I want to be married immediately," he replied, still pulling at my elbow.

"Well, pumpkin-head," I said angrily, "marry, then, in Heaven's name, and let me sleep! I do not want to marry anybody."

"But I do," retorted Nino, sitting down on the bench and laying a hand on my shoulder. He could still see Hedwig's door from where he sat.

"In this place?" I asked. "Are you serious?"

"Perfectly. This is a town of some size, and there must be a mayor here who marries people when they take the fancy."

"Diavolo! I suppose so," I assented.

"A sindaco, — there must be one, surely."

"Very well, go and find him, good-for-nothing!" I exclaimed.

"But I cannot go away and leave that door until she wakes," he objected. "Dear Messer Cornelio, you have done so much for me, and are so kind, — will you not go out and find the sindaco, and bring him here to marry us?"

"Nino," I said, gravely, "the ass is a patient beast, and very intelligent, but there is a limit to his capabilities. So long as it is merely a question of doing things you cannot do, very well. But if it comes to this, that I must find not only the bride, but also the mayor and the priest, I say, with good Pius IX., — rest his soul, — non possumus." Nino laughed. He could afford to laugh now.

"Messer Cornelio, a child could tell you have been asleep. I never heard such a string of disconnected sentences in my life. Come, be kind, and get me a mayor that I may be married."

"I tell you I will not," I cried stubbornly. "Go yourself."

"But I cannot leave the door. If anything should happen to her" —

"Macchè! What should happen to her, pray? I will put my bench across the door, and sit there till you come back."

"I am not quite sure" — he began.

"Idiot!" I exclaimed.

"Well, let us see how it looks." And with that he ousted me from my bench, and carried it, walking on tiptoe, to the entrance of Hedwig's room. Then he placed it across the door. "Now sit down," he said authoritatively, but in a whisper; and I took my place in the middle of the long seat. He stood back and looked at me with an artistic squint.

"You look so proper," he said, "that I am sure nobody will think of trying the door while you sit there. Will you remain till I come back?"

"Like Saint Peter in his chair," I whispered, for I wanted to get rid of him.

"Well, then, I must risk whatever may happen, and leave you here." So he went away. Now I ask you if this was not a ridiculous position. But I had discovered, in the course of my fortnight's wanderings, that I was really something of a philosopher in practice, and I am proud to say that on this occasion I smoked in absolute indifference to the absurdity of the thing. People came and stood at a distance in the passage, and eyed me curiously. But they knew I belonged to the party of foreigners, and doubtless they supposed it

was the custom of my country to guard doors in that way.

An hour passed, and I heard Hedwig stirring in the room. After a time she came close to the door and put her hand on the lock, so that it began to rattle; but she hesitated, and went away again. I once more heard her moving about. Then I heard her open the window, and at last she came boldly and opened the door, which turned inward. I sat like a rock, not knowing whether Nino would like me to turn round and look.

"Signor Grandi!" she cried at last in laughing tones.

"Yes, signorina!" I replied respectfully, without moving. She hesitated.

"What are you doing in that strange position?" she asked.

"I am mounting guard," I answered. "I promised Nino that I would sit here till he came back." She fairly laughed now, and it was the most airy, silvery laugh in the world.

"But why do you not look at me?"

"I am not sure that Nino would let me," said I. "I promised not to move, and I will keep my promise."

"Will you let me out?" she asked, struggling with her merriment.

"By no means," I answered; "any more than I would let anybody in."

"Then we must make the best of it," said she. "But I will bring a chair and sit down, while you tell me the news."

"Will you assume all responsibility toward Nino, signorina, if I turn so that I can see you?" I asked, as she sat down.

"I will say that I positively ordered you to do so," she answered, gayly. "Now look, and tell me where Signor Cardegna is gone."

I looked indeed, and it was long before I looked away. The rest, the freedom, and the happiness had done their work quickly, in spite of all the dreadful anxiety and fatigue. The fresh, transparent color was in her cheeks, and her blue eyes were clear and bright. The statue had been through the fire, and was made a living thing, beautiful, and breathing, and real.

"Tell me," she said, the light dancing in her eyes, "where is he gone?"

"He is gone to find the mayor of this imposing capital," I replied. Hedwig suddenly blushed, and turned her glistening eyes away. She was beautiful so.

"Are you very tired, signorina? I ought not to ask the question, for you look as though you had never been tired in your life."

There is no saying what foolish speeches I might have made had not Nino returned. He was radiant, and I anticipated that he must have succeeded in his errand.

"Ha! Messer Cornelio, is this the way you keep watch?" he cried.

"I found him here," said Hedwig shyly, "and he would not even glance at me until I positively insisted upon it." Nino laughed, as he would have laughed at most things in that moment, for sheer superfluity of happiness.

"Signorina," he said, "would it be agreeable to you to walk for a few minutes after your sleep? The weather is wonderfully fine, and I am sure you owe it to the world to show the roses which rest has given you."

Hedwig blushed softly, and I rose and went away, conceiving that I had kept watch long enough. But Nino called after me, as he moved the bench from the door.

"Messer Cornelio, will you not come with us? Surely you need a walk very much, and we can ill spare your company. My lady, let me offer you my arm."

In this manner we left the inn, a wedding procession which could not have been much smaller, and the singing of an old woman, who sat with her distaff in front of her house, was the wedding march. Nino seemed in no great haste, I thought, and I let them walk as they

would, while I kept soberly in the middle of the road, a little way behind.

It was not far that we had to go, however, and soon we came to a large brick house, with an uncommonly small door, over which hung a wooden shield with the arms of Italy brightly painted in green and red and white.

Nino and Hedwig entered arm in arm, and I slunk guiltily in after them. Hedwig had drawn her veil, which was the only head-dress she had, close about her face.

In a quarter of an hour the little ceremony was over, and the registers were signed by us all. Nino also got a stamped certificate, which he put very carefully in his pocket-book. I never knew what it cost Nino to overcome the scruples of the sindaco about marrying a strange couple from Rome in that outlandish place, where the peasants stared at us as though we had been the most unnatural curiosities, and even the pigs in the street jogged sullenly out of our way, as though not recognizing that we were human.

At all events, the thing was done, and Hedwig von Lira became for the rest of her life Edvigia Cardegna. And I felt very guilty. The pair went down the steps of the house together in front of me, and stopped as they reached the street; forgetting my presence, I presume. They had not forgotten me so long as I was needed to be of use to them; but I must not complain.

"We can face the world together now, my dear lady," said Nino, as he drew her little hand through his arm. She looked up at him, and I could see her side face. I shall never forget the expression. There was in it something I really never saw before, which made me feel as though I were in church; and I knew then that there was no wrong in helping such love as that to its fulfillment.

By the activity of the man from Subiaco, a curious conveyance was ready for us, being something between a gig and a cart, and a couple of strong horses were hired for the long drive. The countryman, who had grown rich in the last three days, offered to buy the thin little ass which had carried me so far and so well. He observed that he was blind of one eye, which I had never found out, and I do not believe it was true. The way he showed it was by snapping his fingers close to the eye in question. The donkey winked, and the countryman said that if the eye were good the beast would see that the noise was made by the fingers, and would not be frightened, and would therefore not wink.

"You see," said he, "he thinks it is a whip cracking, and so he is afraid."

"Do donkeys always wink when they are frightened?" I inquired. "It is very interesting."

"Yes," said the countryman, "they mostly do." At all events, I was obliged to take the man's own price, which was little enough, — not a third of what I had given.

The roads were good, and the long and the short of the matter, without any more details, is that we reached Rome very early the next morning, having caught the night train from Naples. Hedwig slept most of the time in the carriage and all the time in the train, while Nino, who seemed never to tire or to need sleep, sat watching her with wide, happy eyes. But perhaps he slept a little, too, for I did, and I cannot answer for his wakefulness through every minute of the night.

Once I asked him what he intended to do in Rome.

"We will go to the hotel Costanzi," he answered, "which is a foreigners' resort. And if she is rested enough we will come down to you, and see what we can do about being married properly in church by the old curato."

"The marriage by the sindaco is perfectly legal," I remarked.

"It is a legal contract, but it is not a marriage that pleases me," he said gravely.

"But, caro mio, without offense, your bride is a Protestant, a Lutheran; not to mince matters, a heretic. They will make objections."

"She is an angel," said Nino, with great conviction.

"But the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage," I objected, arguing the point to pass the time.

"What do you make of it, then, Messer Cornelio?" he asked, with a smile.

"Why, as a heretic she ought to burn, and as an angel she ought not to marry."

"It is better to marry than to burn," retorted Nino triumphantly.

"Diavolo! Have you had Saint Paul for a tutor?" I asked, for I knew the quotation, being fond of Greek.

"I heard a preacher cite it once at the Gesù, and I thought it a good saying."

Early in the morning we rolled into the great station of Rome, and took an affectionate leave of each other, with the promise that Hedwig and Nino would visit me in the course of the day. I saw them into a carriage, with Nino's small portmanteau and Hedwig's bundle, and then mounted a modest omnibus that runs from the Termini to St. Peter's, and goes very near my house.

All the bells were ringing gladly, as if to welcome us, for it was Easter morning; and though it is not so kept as it used to be, it is nevertheless a great feast. Besides, the spring was at hand, and the acacia-trees in the great square were budding, though everything was still so backward in the hills. April was at hand, which the foreigners think is our best month; but I prefer June and July, when the weather is warm, and the music plays in the Piazza Colonna of an evening. For all that, April is a glad time, after the disagreeable winter.

There was with me much peace on that Easter day, for I felt that my dear boy was safe after all his troubles. At least, he was safe from anything that could be done to part him from Hedwig; for the civil laws are binding, and Hedwig was of the age when a young woman is legally free to marry whom she pleases. Of course old Lira might still make himself disagreeable, but I fancied him too much a man of the world to desire a scandal, when no good could follow. The one shadow in the future was the anger of Benoni, who would be certain to seek some kind of revenge for the repulse he had suffered. I was still ignorant of his whereabouts, not yet knowing what I knew long afterwards, and have told you, because otherwise you would have been as much in the dark as he was himself, when Temistocle cunningly turned the lock of the staircase door and left him to his curses and his meditations. I have had much secret joy in thinking what a wretched night he must have passed there, and how his long limbs must have ached with sitting about on the stones, and how hoarse he must have been from the dampness and the swearing.

I reached home, the dear old number twenty-seven in Santa Catarina dei Funari, by half past seven, or even earlier; and I was glad when I rang the bell on the landing, and called through the keyhole in my impatience.

"Mariuccia, Mariuccia, come quickly! It is I!" I cried.

"O Madonna mia!" I heard her exclaim, and there was a tremendous clatter, as she dropped the coffee-pot. She was doubtless brewing herself a quiet cup with my best Porto-Rico, which I do not allow her to use. She thought I was never coming back, the cunning old hag!

"Dio mio, Signor Professore! A good Easter to you!" she cried, as I heard the flat pattering of her old feet inside, running to the door. "I thought the wolves had eaten you, padrone mio!" And at last she let me in.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I.

If Shakespeare had but known what he was doing! Not the greatness of his work; which, even if he had suspected it, would not have pleased him much, and would have troubled him little. But had he been able to foresee the load of labor which he was laying upon the shoulders of many worthy men, poets, scholars, and critics, and of more who, not poets, are neither scholars nor critics; and could he, with all his imagination, have imagined the sort of literature and the quantity with which he would cause the world to be afflicted, in the one case his easy good nature when his interests were not at stake, and in the other his supreme and ever-present sense of humor, would have led him to leave his plays unwritten, — *if* he could have got the money that he wanted by any other writing or doing. The shadow never falls toward the light, and Shakespeare only knew that he was shining, — how brightly and how warmly he was as careless and as ignorant as the sun in the heavens, — and could not see what lay beyond those who rejoiced in the beams of his intellect.

More inflated nonsense, more pompous platitude, more misleading speculation, has been uttered upon Shakespeare and his plays than upon any other subject but music and religion. The occasion of which calamity is that of all subjects which are of general interest, these are the most remote from reason, the most incomprehensible. Wherefore it is that certain men wish to show the world that they are the high-priests of this mystery, and can prophesy of it, and utter fine sayings about it, apocalyptically, by way of revelation. And there be literary scribes and pharisees, whose function it is to stone prophets, and, by a sort of reverse action of nature, to build their tombs when they are dead and buried. Of which the result in this case is a mountain cairn of rubbish above the poet's remains, which tells little but of the multitude who have thrown their missiles there. Each, however, has written his name upon his stone; as who should say, Lo, it is I who have glorified the name and perpetuated the memory of this prophet.

Less than two hundred years ago it was that this began; and at first there was no threatening of what has come of it. Shakespeare, the favorite playwright of his day, but not regarded by the critics and the other playwrights as king among them by the grace of God ("Oh, no! A clever writer, who has done some remarkably good things, — one of us, you know; has a way of entertaining his audience that makes him popular; and a pleasant fellow enough, were it not for an overweening notion of his own superiority," — the cause of offense being not that he thought much of himself, but that he thought little of them), — this man grew year by year to be more and more the intellectual delight and comfort of thinking Englishmen. But some obscurity was found in his writings. Of which there were two causes manifest: first, the lapse of time (for a century was longer then than now; thicker, too, and not so easily seen through); next, the very inaccurate way in which his plays had been printed. Whereupon editors set themselves to work to explain the obsolete and obsolescent phrases and allusions, and to correct, here and there, an obvious typographical error. This done, there remained, however, not a few passages which still seemed dark and perplexing, although there was no odor of antiquity about them, nor any reason to suspect

corruption of the text. Then as this writer of plays began to tower above all other writers who had used the English tongue, and to overtop the classics and overshadow with a clear-obscure the whole field of English literature, little literators began to take their abode beneath his spreading branches, and to live little literary lives and make little literary reputations by being guides to others who came to worship and admire; and Shakespeareanism became a profession with all grades of function, from the higher literary criticism to pedantry and quidnuncery.

What was done for Shakespeare and his readers by scholarship, by painful investigation, by comparison of texts, by research into the social fashions and intellectual habits of the past, although it often degenerated into literary pettifoggery, was on the whole of real worth and no small service. For most of these critics sought only to discover what it was that Shakespeare had actually written, and what there was in the history and the literature of his time that would make his meaning clear; and although they had their little pride in their little excavations, they were truly modest, and sought to illustrate their subject rather than themselves. They seemed to work in a moleish fashion; but after all, moles have a way of getting at the roots of things. We can forgive much pedantry for the sake of what some pedants have done for us.

Besides these critics, and beside them, there arose enthusiasts who began to found a new literary religion, and to proclaim, Shakespeare is Shakespeare, and I am his prophet. Unlike the prophets of other religions, however, they did not accept and proclaim their divinity pure and simple, but set themselves to dissecting and anatomizing him, and telling the world what a marvelous mystery they had discovered this Shakespeare to be: how he saw more than eyes could see, and said more than words could mean; how wise he was, how great, how good; how grand in purpose, how absolute in execution; how perfect, how blemishless, because what would be blemish in others in him was beauty. Deliberately they gave themselves up to that most degrading manifestation of human capacity of smallness, hero-worship, and, unsatisfied with the manly homage of intelligent admiration, sought their own applause and that of others by the groveling antics of intellectual abasement before their idol. They would do for the sibylline Shakespeare the contortioning that he neglected. Their studies and their pleasure led them beyond the bounds of reason and of nature. Shakespeareanism became a cult, a religion, — in which becoming there is always death at heart and withering at root, — a cult and a religion, with priests and professional incense-burners, who lived, at least in literature, by his worship. And these shrine-makers have shouted forth continually the greatness of their god, and his veiled ineffability. Wherefore, although Shakespeare wrote to please a miscellaneous and uncultivated public, and succeeded, it has come to be believed, as they wished, that the reading of Shakespeare is an art, and the editing him a mystery.

They attained their end, and were able to do so the more readily because this Shakespeare *was* the most potent spirit that ever cast a spell upon the minds of men. Moreover, he *was* a miraculous manifestation of the power of the human mind. He did not work according to any known law; nor did he reveal the law of his action, or leave behind him the evidence by which that law could be discovered. In Shakespeare, nature produced as nearly as possible the supernatural. Springing from nearly the lowest social level, without education, without instruction, without discipline of any kind, with limited means of obtaining knowledge, at

twenty-two years of age a poverty-stricken vagabond, by the time he was forty years old he had done that which places him at the intellectual summit of the human race. This he had done with no strong impulse to literary art, no social aim, religious or political, no motive of intellectual ambition, but merely at first to earn his bread, and afterward in the furtherance of an almost sordid desire for money, and for the poor sort of consideration which is awarded to the possessors of money. In all he had his heart's desire. The outcast of the dirty little village returned to live in its largest and handsomest mansion; to have the profitable investment of his money in parish "securities" accepted, and even solicited, as if it were a favor; to take his place among the notables of the neighborhood, where the meagre annals of his life give us our last glimpse of him standing against the interests of the poor, and on the side of grasping privilege. The world's history has no record of a similar achievement.

Such a marvel is Shakespeare in reality, and so abnormal, that endeavors to find in him something that is not there, to attribute to him motives and purposes which he did not know, and which indeed it would seem that he never felt, even as hidden impulses, and to discover meanings of portent in words that dropped from him, many of them, almost without consciousness, and connected, some of them, only with a semblance of thought, are perhaps natural and pardonable, although they often lead to what is laughable. There is no road through literature that is strewn with more rubbish of shattered absurdity than Shakespeare avenue; which, once a narrow path through the brambles of confusion and the thickets of obscurity, has become a great highway, along which throngs a motley crowd, of all tongues and peoples, bearing gifts and babbling praises, wise or otherwise. The efforts to laud and magnify the name of Shakespeare have too often been of a sort to make both the deity and the worshiper ridiculous. Nor have these efforts always been those of the least mentally gifted of his critics. That witness of the meanest, saddest trait of human nature, the disposition — a constant moral force — to give, in Shakespeare's own phrase, the "sum of more to that which hath too much," has never been exhibited more flagrantly than in the eagerness of his professional admirers to decorate his solar splendor with their satellite praises, and to repay his careless bounty with their parasite acknowledgments.

The pedants, the poor idea-less scholars, the painful grubbers among musty parchments and mouldy books in black-letter, have done Shakespeare and his readers some good, and very little harm. It is from the philosophers (so called); from the men who pose as seers and sages; from the critics who, failing as professional beauties, set up as professional beauty-finders; from the psychological anatomists, from the makers of metaphysical systems, and from the very profound folk who are ever diving into mud in hope of finding hidden treasure; from the seekers of the "inner life," and generally from those who, according to the old proverb, would have finer bread than is made of wheat, that he and they who are content to delight in him untransfigured, and to love him with all his faults, have most sorely suffered. The vast expanse of the thin flood of addled adulation which these have poured out upon him is known only to those whose lot it is to labor in this field of literature; and fortunately they need not know it all.[1] A part of this proceeds from simple, honest self-delusion; a part from the feeling that in the treatment of such a subject it is be-

[1] Some notion of it may be obtained by an examination of the last three hundred pages of vol. ii. of Dr. Furness's marvelously complete variorum edition of Hamlet.

coming to say, or at least to endeavor to say, something worthy of it (the cause and motive of more literary folly than can well be estimated); and a part from an ambition to seem profound and subtle.

Now although this anatomizing and glorifying of William Shakespeare has been going on and increasing for more than a hundred years, and although men of mark in literature, not only of Shakespeare's own race, but Germans and Frenchmen, have presented themselves in crowds, scalpel in one hand and pen in other, before the great cadaver, it still remains to be said, in truth and soberness, that at the present day the higher Shakespearean criticism has not advanced one step beyond where it was during Shakespeare's life. It has spread, but it has neither mounted nor penetrated. It has proclaimed, but it has not revealed. The character of his genius; the source and secret of his wonderful, delightful, but not always admirable style; the unequaled charm and suggestiveness of his writing (when he was not writing literature), were as thoroughly understood and appreciated in the reign of Elizabeth as they are in the reign of Victoria. Beyond what was then known of him, and even beyond what was then said, we have little that is other than not very articulate cries of O wonderful Shakespeare! O mysterious! O divine! protracted sometimes through hundreds of pages, or philosophic systems of Shakespeare's art which are hardly more than formulated folly. Enough of this hereafter.

The tendency of deliberate eulogy of Shakespeare toward absurdity has striking exemplification in more than one passage of Emerson's essay on him as the representative poet. Of these, the following, of early occurrence, is typical: —

"I remember I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, the pride of the English stage; and all I then heard, and all I now remember, of the tragedian, was that in which the tragedian had no part, — simply, Hamlet's question to the Ghost: —

> "'What may this mean,
> That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?'

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in to the world's dimension, crowds it with agents in rank and order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the glimpses of the moon."

There could not be a more characteristic or impressive example of the preposterousness of much of the most pretentious Shakespearean criticism than is afforded by this passage. The writer, in his character of sage, philosopher, and friend of humanity, seemed to wish to say something subtle, and he simply said something which showed that in his endeavor to see through a millstone he failed to see the palpable peter before his eyes. In a phrase which, on examination, will be found almost nonsensical he brushes aside the poor tragedian, who doubtless understood what he was speaking better than one, at least, of his hearers did; and then tells us he has discovered that this wonderful Shakespeare was so very wonderful that he could regard the earth as something that existed merely as glimpses of the moon.

In the first place, the plural form "glimpses" (in which the rhythm shows there is no error) should have prevented such a misapprehension. With all his recklessness in the use of language (for which let us be daily on our knees with thankfulness), Shakespeare would never have called the earth "glimpses." But next, and finally, a consciousness of the scene, which possesses every reasonable reader, — to wit, Hamlet and his two companions of the watch, in a clear, cold night on the platform of the castle, passing to and fro from light to shadow, — makes it needless to say, for mere purposes of explanation, that the Prince

asks simply, although with picturesque beauty of phrase, why his father thus returns to sight under the glimpses of the moon, which in his life had glanced, and now glance again, upon his steel as well as upon theirs. Had Shakespeare's wonder-hunting critic continued Hamlet's speech but one phrase further, he would have shivered his own fantastic fancy by a single touch, —

> "Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
> *Making night hideous.*"

Hamlet asks the Ghost why it is that his horrid apparition mars the beauty of the moonlit night. The thought is not akin to that in Antony and Cleopatra, —

> "And there is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon," —

where by the word "visiting" the earth is presented as something to which the moon returns from time to time; but in Hamlet it is the light (that is, the glimpses) of the moon which is visited — by the Ghost.

Now this extravagant exposition follows directly upon an equally extravagant eulogy, which it is intended to justify and illustrate. The critic, speaking of the efforts of such men as "Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready" to put Shakespeare's work to the use for which it was intended, thus proclaims: —

"The genius knows them not. The recitation begins: one golden word leaps out from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes."

This passage has found admirers. It could not fail to do so; for it is rhetorically pretty, and it seems to mean more than it says. But all of it that is not commonplace is simply high-sounding nonsense. That Shakespeare's words are golden, and that they are immortal, we all know; we have been told it long ago. But when, looking into what is left of this judgment, we ask what it means, we find that it means nothing; that it is empty, pretentious rhetoric; fine language well ordered, but nothing more. For what is the painted pedantry out of which the word leaps? As to pedantry, the actor is merely reciting what Shakespeare wrote to be recited; and as to paint, the actor might be painted, and the scenery: but in what possible way or by what imaginable figure of speech can painting be connected with pedantry upon the stage? And what are the inaccessible homes of this word? Or how can a word or a man have more than one home? The criticism is intended as a eulogy of Shakespeare's inimitable felicity of phrase; but the effort to be fine has ended in the fact of extravagance. The homes of Shakespeare's words are never inaccessible: that is, the germ of the thought of which they are leaf and flower is never hidden out of sight, unless he perverted their meaning or his heedlessness has wrought confusion. It is quite in keeping that laudation like this should be illustrated and enforced by such a monstrous misapprehension as that of taking the phrase "the glimpses of the moon" to mean the earth.

This is a characteristic specimen of the extravagance in the wonder-seeking school of Shakespearean criticism. For an example of the trite in the same school, we have only to turn back a scene or two in the same tragedy to find (in Singer's beautiful and valuable Chiswick edition) the lines,

> "The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine," —

over which no person who should be allowed to read Shakespeare, or any other poet than Tupper, would pause an instant, unless in enjoyment, — illustrated with a note that takes up half a page, and gravely tells us that "extravagant" means wandering, and "erring", straying. To this it is added that "Mr. Douce has justly observed that the epithets *extravagant* and *erring* are highly poetical and appropriate, and seem to prove that Shakespeare was not alto-

gether ignorant of the Latin language." That learned and serviceable antiquary might have as "justly" and as pertinently remarked that when, in Love's Labour's Lost, Armado says that deuce-ace "doth amount to one more than two," and Moth rejoins "which the base vulgar do call three," the words *one*, *two*, and *three* are highly numerical, and seem to show that Shakespeare was not altogether ignorant of arithmetic.

Of the platitudinarian style of comment, this example (which I find, to my surprise, quoted in Mr. Rolfe's excellent edition of Antony and Cleopatra) is typical. Pompey says, —

> "Though I lose
> The praise of it by telling, you must know
> When Cæsar and your brother were at blows
> Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
> Her welcome friendly."

Upon which we have the following exhibition: —

"The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily, when she fled from Italy, is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment — declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it — is the dramatist's own exquisite addition. Shakespeare has more than once taken occasion to enforce this refinement in social morality; he has made that noble-minded, warm-natured, delicate-souled being, Antonio, the sea-captain in Twelfth Night (whom we can never help associating, in strange closeness of analogy, with Shakespeare himself in character and disposition) say, —

> "'Do not tempt my misery
> Lest that it make me so unsound a man
> As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
> That I have done for you.'"

And this feeling, which is one of the veriest commonplaces of the minor morals, and the expression of which in literature is as old as Homer, is set down to Shakespeare as "a touch of delicacy" and an "exquisite addition." It well becomes such a maundering critic to find in that kind-hearted fellow, Captain Antonio, a likeness to Shakespeare. Shakespeare and Antonio were, either of them, about as like Julius Cæsar as they were like one another. But of such exquisite drivel is not a little of the eulogistic comment on Shakespeare composed.

Editors and commentators, however, are not responsible for all the current misapprehensions and perversions of Shakespeare's meaning. The general reader has done his part. I shall not apologize for referring once more to a monstrous misapprehension and perversion of a passage in Troilus and Cressida, which is so common as to be universal, and so deeply rooted that it seems to defy eradication. Shakespeare, in one of the wisest and most thoughtful but most cynical and scornfully satirical passages in all his plays, makes Ulysses say to Achilles that there is one petty trait of human nature which shows that all men are akin, and that this trait is,

> "That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
> Though they are made and moulded of things past,
> And give to dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

He introduces this by saying, —

> "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," —

that touch being this petty trait. The meaning is so plain that no man who was capable of editing a spelling-book could mistake it; but some reader, incapable of Shakespeare, having seized upon this isolated line, and having misapprehended it as meaning that one natural touch will unite the whole world in the bonds of conscious kindred, it has gone with this meaning over the civilized earth, and is used by hundreds of thousands of people who never read a line of Shakespeare, by millions who never read a line of Troilus and Cressida, in a wholly different and almost opposite sense to that in which Shakespeare wrote it. This perversion has been pointed

out by others as well as by me; it was done years ago, — but in vain. The world prefers its *mumpsimus* to the authentic *sumpsimus*, and will have it that there is Shakespeare's authority for saying that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Nay, I do not doubt that the world rather resents the truth, and would fight against deprivation of the error, as a robbery of something precious. Just so it still clings to what it calls the aphorism, "The exception proves the rule" (which never was an authentic aphorism), although its absurdity has been clearly shown. But the world is sometimes its own Shakespeare; and in this line, having found a formula of words which expresses tersely a sentiment that it wishes to believe, it insists upon using it to serve its needs. If Shakespeare did not mean that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so much the worse for Shakespeare. In such a case as this, one blunderer is sure to be followed by all that are behind him. No man can see a flock of sheep follow one of their number over a fence or into a ditch without strong leaning to belief in the theory of evolution.

Sometimes the antiquaries, who have on occasion done good service, have blundered sadly in their attempts to glorify Shakespeare. In the first act of King Lear, the Fool, gibing his master for stripping himself of his royal authority, points at him, and says, "That 's a shelled peascod." Tollet, on the authority of the great antiquarian Camden, a contemporary of Shakespeare, pointed out, in illustration of this passage, that the effigy of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey "is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out;* perhaps an allusion to his once being in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to the empty title;" intimating that Shakespeare had found in this sad typical presentation of the dethroned Richard the thought which he had skillfully put into the mouth of the wisest of his Fools. Tollet's notion was adopted by many editors and solemnly set forth as their own. But alas for antiquarian lore and Shakespearean glorification! On examining the effigy, Aldis Wright, the principal editor of the Cambridge edition, who is conspicuous among Shakespeare's editors for his union of scholarship, poetic sense, and common sense, discovered that the peascods were no peascods at all, but the *planta genista*, the badge of the Plantagenets; and, moreover, that although the pods are open the seeds are indicated; and — "what becomes of all their supposes?"

To mention one in ten of all the noteworthy blunders and perversions and extravagances (omitting the uncountable multitude of the insignificant) into which editors and critics and other anatomists of Shakespeare have been led by the desire to see and set forth some hidden fact, or motive, or purpose, or wonderful manifestation of insight or wisdom on his part, would be to fill half this number of The Atlantic with their wise saws and modern instances. Let these suffice as typical examples in their various sorts; and let us now turn to broader and more general misapprehensions of our subject.

No trait of Shakespeare's mind has been more strongly insisted upon, or more frequently set forth as his great intellectual distinction, than that he is the most objective of writers. This has been so generally adopted that it has become one of the commonplaces of Shakespearean criticism. But it is not true. It is true, in fact, that in the writings on which his great fame rests, he is impersonal and objective, quite self-forgetful. This, however, is not at all to the purpose. For how could he, in those writings, have been otherwise than impersonal? They are dramas; he is the great dramatist. He was not speaking for himself; nor was he telling stories in which he could have introduced an expression of his personal thought and

feeling. His business was to give utterance to the thought and feeling of others, his personages. And as we shall see, those thoughts and feelings, or at least the controlling occasions of them, were in general already prescribed for him; set down before he took up his pen. There was nothing about William Shakespeare in the old stories that he dramatized and the old plays that he worked over. Other dramatists are, of necessity, just as impersonal and objective as he, — Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Jonson, and Corneille, and Molière, and Congreve, and Sheridan, and Bulwer, and Boucicault. When Shakespeare came to write his Sonnets, he so filled them with subjectivity, with his own personality, that they have been called his autobiographical poems, and that they torment us with a perplexing, fascinating problem of his personal experience and feeling, in the maze of which we delight to lose ourselves, as we strive in vain to reach his heart. In one of them he tells us plainly how he loathed his profession, acting, and how he scorned his occupation, play-writing. This commonplace of Shakespearean criticism is one of its absurdities.

Chief among these absurdities, however, is the discovery in his dramatic works of moral plan and purpose, of an intention to teach, of a systematic setting forth of a philosophy of life, — the discovery of a central informing thought in his dramas (at least in the greater of them), of a conscious or unconscious revelation of an inner life (whatever that may be); the regarding him as a great sage, prophet, *vates*, inspired and sent upon the world to teach the dwellers on it the solution of the sad mystery of life. The most reasonable defense of this theory is that, as all the processes of nature are unconscious, Shakespeare unconsciously worked in accordance with ethical laws, which it is the task of criticism and philosophy to discover. It can be shown by facts, and by the evidence of Shakespeare's way of working, that this supposition is impossible, this theory quite untenable. The course of the action of Shakespeare's dramas, and the motives of his personages, by which alone can ethical purpose and moral teaching work through the drama, were prescribed for him; and he very rarely varied from his instructions or went beyond his brief, and still more rarely did any change that he made affect the moral aspect or the ethical significance of the action. He was the first to introduce true character into modern fiction, and, as sometimes happens with a great inventor, he has never been surpassed in this highest department of literary art; never, indeed, approached except by Walter Scott, Robert Browning, and George Eliot.[1] But, with very few exceptions, the quality of the characters of his personages, involving all their distinctive moral traits, was marked out for him; and although this was done in a cold, rude, lifeless way, it nevertheless necessarily precludes the possibility that his character painting had in it any ethical purpose, even unconscious.

Of all Shakespeare's dramas, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, and Macbeth have been the occasion of the most extravagant and unreasonable comment, of the greatest straining for effect in the effort to say something fine, of the most agonizing violence of critical contortion, and the longest disappearances out of wholesome air and light into profundity, in search of Shakespeare's central thought and hidden purpose. The first of these, because of its entrancing charm as well as of its representative character in its history and construction, offers itself instructively for our examination.

We are told by one of the most distinguished of Shakespeare's commentators, who is also neither the least sensi-

[1] Possibly by Thackeray in Henry Esmond; compared with which Vanity Fair, with all its entertaining qualities, is flimsy surface work.

tive of beauty nor the least apprehensive of truth in his class, — himself a poet, — Thomas Campbell, that "the general, the VAGUELY general,[1] conception of two young persons having been desperately in love had undoubtedly been imparted to our poet by his informants; but who among them had conceived the finely depicted progress of Juliet's impassioned character?" etc., etc. Notwithstanding all that is known to those who have studied the origin of the tragedy and considered its construction, this is the general notion on the subject; and not only so; it is assumed as groundwork by the æsthetical critics and the profound philosophical critics who talk straight on, as if we owed to Shakespeare the design of the tragedy and the characters of its personages, with their experience, their passion, and their fate. We owe him nothing of the sort. The plot is certainly not his, either in its outline or its detail; and there is reason for believing that it is not even of his accepting, but that it was adopted by another playwright, with whom, or after whom, he worked. The characters, the distinguishing traits, of every one of the leading personages down to Mercutio, Friar Laurence, the Nurse, Tybalt, and old Capulet, and even Benvolio and the invisible Rosaline, were blocked out and sketched in with firm hand, although in dead, neutral tints, by his predecessors. Coleridge, who, amid much that is finely penetrative and soundly reasonable, has uttered more hysterical ecstasy about Shakespeare than any other writer of distinction, discovered and declared that "it affords strong instance of his [S.'s] insight into the nature of the passions that Romeo is introduced already love-bewildered. The necessity of loving," he continues, by way of exposition, "creates an object for itself in man and woman;" and he remarks upon Romeo's easy forgetting his Rosaline that she "had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination." A much later writer of the same school will have it that "in Romeo's love of Rosaline we find represented the dream-life as yet undisturbed, the abandonment to emotion for emotion's sake."

Now the truth is that this incident, quite needless and altogether without significance in relation to the dramatic action, but just as we find it in the tragedy, is in the old story as it was told before Shakespeare was born by half a dozen dull, prosing writers of *novelli* and so-called poems, whom no one ever suspected of insight into the nature of the passions, or insight into anything else. In the old story and the old play Shakespeare found Romeo in love with Rosaline, and he left him as he found him, — that is all. And so far is this love of Romeo's from being a yearning of youthful imagination, or an abandonment to emotion for emotion's sake, that the young Montague is simply enamored of Rosaline, without any pretense, even to himself, of a higher or tenderer feeling. She is merely a beauty who has stirred his passions, and whom he wishes to possess without marriage. He fails to get her, not because she is cold, but because she is chaste. Nay, this very Romeo, Shakespeare's Romeo, who, we are told, is abandoning himself to emotion for emotion's sake, complains in set terms that he cannot *buy* this beauty, who the great philosophical critic, and the little philosophical critics after him, must have it is "a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination." He plumps it straight out, this grief of his that she will not yield even "to saint-seducing gold;" these words being preceded in the tragedy by a very significant euphemistic phrase that Shakespeare uses elsewhere, and always with one meaning, — which indeed is a little plainer speaking than we find either in story or in poem. Shakespeare, at least,

[1] The strong typographical emphasis is Campbell's.

meant to have no misunderstanding: and yet with what profound and penetrative perversity he has been misunderstood!

Coleridge's error as to matter of fact has received passing remark heretofore; but his blind plunge into the bottomless blackness of empty space should be displayed here, because there could not be a more typical or significant example of the way in which the ecstatic and wonder-seeking school of philosophical criticism blunders into mare's-nests in its search for the birthplace of Shakespeare's Pegasus.

Schlegel, who, sweeter in his expression of a finer feeling for the tragedy, had also a more reasonable apprehension of it, recognizes the importance of the old story; which, however, he seems to regard as no more than a sculptor's straddling wire, upon which the poet moulded his clay into forms of beauty, endowed with the spirit of life. The much-read German critic says that "it was reserved for Shakespeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture;" and the subsequent passages of his pleasingly picturesque criticism imply that the quick, fierce advance of the loves of the young Italians, their storms of rapture and despair, and the mingling throughout the tragedy of "love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fullness of life and self-annihilation," is due to the power and the purpose of Shakespeare. The criticism means this, or else, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, it means nothing. But the truth is that the purity of heart, the sweetness and dignity of manners, the passionate violence, the tender embraces and the sepulchres, and so forth, and many etceteras, are all in full completeness in the old story; where, indeed, they are much more exactly and copiously set forth than in our tragedy.

Critics of this outcrying sort, feeling, doubtless, the necessity of saying something to palliate Juliet's unrestrained although natural and exquisitely expressed ardor, — these critics (among them a very distinguished and estimable actress) even laud her modesty; — the modesty of a young girl who not only accepts a kiss, not of compliment, from an enamored man on her first sight of him, but coquettishly provokes a second, — and he a young fellow whose very name she did not know! What folly to demure upon such a girl, or to affect to misunderstand the meaning of her soliloquy when she is expecting Romeo, in the third act! Juliet is perfectly chaste, — as chaste as that fair, calculating icicle Isabella; but as to modesty, she has less sexual reserve than any of Shakespeare's women out of the class of Cressida and Cleopatra. Indeed, as not unfrequently happens in such cases, the wanton Trojan has in this respect the advantage of the pure Veronese.

One other exhibition of the results of the effort to find some marvelous hidden purpose in Shakespeare's management of his personages in this tragedy must suffice us before we turn to more general considerations. Every reader regrets the extinction of Mercutio, that witty, rakish cavalier, keen, bright, and flexible as the blade of his ready rapier; and there has been much wonder at Shakespeare's sacrifice of such a splendid fellow in the middle of his drama. At last some wise-profound, bursting into brilliancy, declared that "Shakespeare was obliged to kill Mercutio, lest Mercutio should kill him;" which, although it was a clever antithetical way of saying that Shakespeare could keep up Mercutio's wit and gayety no longer, was not a very wise conclusion. But the fact is simply this: that Mercutio vanishes early in the old story, in which he appears only in connection with the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at Capulet's house; and as he was to disap-

pear, it was almost an obvious dramatic disposition of him to kill him in that fight between the Montagues and Capulets, which is the pivot upon which turns the whole action of the tragedy.

The facts about the origin of this tragedy (well known to all students of Elizabethan dramatic literature) are briefly these: Luigi da Porto told the story in or about 1530; Bandello retold it, with a variation of the catastrophe, in 1554; Boisteau translated Bandello's version into French in 1559; not long afterward, certainly before 1562, an English play written on the story had been performed; in 1562 Arthur Brooke published it in the form of verse; in 1567 Paynter gave an English prose version of it in his Palace of Pleasure. In 1574, as we learn from Barnaby Rich, the story was so widely known as to be the subject of the designs for tapestry hangings; in 1582 we find Juliet mentioned in the same line with Dido and Cleopatra; before 1597 yet another English play had been written upon it, of which our Shakespearean tragedy is a rewriting and a modification, containing, I think, without a doubt, as we have it, some of the work of Shakespeare's predecessor, which was not of very poor quality. The point of interest for us at present, however, is that in all these several versions by tale-tellers and verse-writers and playwrights there was no variation in the course of the story, or in its personages, or their characters, their motives, their actions, or their fate (although every one of the writers made some slight changes); and consequently there was in all the same moral and artistic purpose that, *in this regard*, there is in our Romeo and Juliet. That is, there was none at all; except, indeed, in the dullest and most prosaic of them, the so-called poem Romeus and Juliet, by Arthur Brooke, who does point his moral and adorn his tale with a revolting perversion of the spirit of the story, and a puritanical attack upon the Church of Rome in the person of Friar Laurence; which the author or authors of the play that Shakespeare worked over entirely disregarded, although both consulted Brooke's poem, as they also did Paynter's prose version, during the performance of their task. But our tragedy is not founded upon Brooke's version alone, I am sure; rather upon an older play, with the additional help given by Brooke's poem.

The probability of this is shown by one incident (amongst others, of which I must spare the mention here) that is of singular interest. Juliet's age has always been a puzzle to the commentators and the psychologists, and a stumbling-block to the actresses. That a mere child, even in Italy, should act and speak as she does is phenomenal, indeed monstrous; and all sorts of intellectual squirmings have been gone through to prove that it is the properest thing in the world for a chit like her to feel the passion, to think the thoughts, and to do the deeds of a fully developed woman. But I do not remember any remark upon a very striking fact in regard to this question. In Bandello's early version of the story, which was that which came into England, Juliet, although he told the story in Italy of an Italian girl, is in her *eighteenth* year; an age at which our Juliet's feeling and action would be quite proper to a somewhat precocious and highly imaginative girl. But in Brooke's version of this very story, written in England for cold-blooded English folk, Juliet's age is reduced two years: he says, "Scarce saw she yet full xvi yeares." In our tragedy, however, her age diminishes yet two years more: she is only thirteen, in her fourteenth year. This change, if we accept it as intentional, is certainly very remarkable, quite unaccountable, and indeed unreasonable; affronting nature and defying probability. No one who believes in Shakespeare's "exquisite judgment" (as I do) will also believe

that he exercised it in this case. The age of Juliet is given in a passage which appears in the earliest version of the play (1597), and which bears unmistakable marks of Shakespeare's hand. But this version is made up (as I showed in 1861) of the old play and the rewritten version of 1596. Now if it was Shakespeare who determined what should be Juliet's age, he showed not only an extraordinary lack of good sense, but a disregard of essential consistency of which he has never yet been suspected.

The facts are these: Juliet's mother says she is only thirteen years old: this the Nurse confirms with circumstance. Juliet was therefore one of the most precocious of children. But, on the contrary, the circumstances mentioned, and repeated by the Nurse, as establishing Juliet's age, show that she was among the most backward of children; that she was not weaned until she was three years old, and that at that age she could just stand alone and toddle. From these facts, the conclusion seems unavoidable that Shakespeare either adopted this childish age of his heroine from a play already upon the stage, and adapted his Nurse's talk to it, as an accepted fact of the story, or that he committed the very grave indiscretion of choosing a boldly loving, boldly thinking, boldly acting, and still more boldly speaking heroine of thirteen, and then with open defiance of consistency, very elaborately making her out to be of notably backward physical development. As to her acts and her speech, she acts and speaks boldly in the play simply because she does so in the old tale and poem. The play subtracts five years from her age; but Shakespeare did not give a trait to her character nor an impulse to her soul.

In connection with this important trait of Juliet's personality, it seems quite impossible to pass by one more striking manifestation of Coleridge's ability to see what was not to be seen. Upon Juliet's speech, Act IV. Sc. 3, ending,

> "O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
> Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
> Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
> Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!"

he remarks, "Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies. It would have been too bold a thing for a girl of fifteen; but she swallows the draught in a fit of fright." The speech is indeed one of its writer's most marvelous and admirable exhibitions of dramatic and poetic power. But when it is made the occasion of declaring that Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies, we can only smile at the critic's extravagant ingenuity of eulogy, and at his ignorance. In the first place, the girl who utters this tremendous explosion of frenzy is not fifteen years old, but, as we have seen, only thirteen; in which the psychological inconsistency amounts to monstrosity, impossibility. Nor was there the least provision for decency or for probability. Juliet's fright, and not only her fright but her speech (as we shall see), is taken right out of the stupid old poem, and transmuted into splendor: —

> "And whilst she in these thoughtes doth somewhat dwell too long
> The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so strong,
> That she surmysde she saw out of the hollow vault,
> (A griesly thing to look upon) the carkas of Tybalt.
> . . . . . .
> As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
> And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought."

Not the difference of an act or a thought, nor of the variation of an act or a thought, between the poem and the drama.

To see completely the real worth of the assertion as to the "vaguely general" conception of this story, its action, and its personages which Shakespeare received from others, let us briefly remark some only of the correspondences between the play and Brooke's poem,

published two years before Shakespeare was born. In this we find the cold Rosaline, and Romeo's warm love for her, and his consequent languishing; a sober, elder friend and confidant (Benvolio), who advises him to give up Rosaline; the feast at Capulet's house, to which guests were invited by having their names written down on a paper, and at which Romeo, masked, first sees Juliet; Mercutio, a courtier, a wit and a bold gallant; the sudden mutual love of Romeo and Juliet; Juliet questions her nurse about Romeo; he sees her wakeful at her chamber window on a moonlit night, "leaning hir head upon hir hand;" she reproaches him for exposing his life to his deadly foes, her kinsmen; she stipulates very precisely that she requires to be married, but says if his intentions are honorable she yields herself at once;[1] they plight faith; Romeo consults Friar Laurence, who is half botanist, half magician; the Friar hopes their marriage may appease the mutual wrath of the two households; Juliet sends her nurse to Romeo, who tells her that if Juliet will come to Friar Laurence's cell "she shall be shrived and married;"[2] the Nurse is a garrulous, foolish, but unprincipled and crafty old family servant; returning to Juliet, she praises Romeo highly, but is curtly interrupted by Juliet, who says she would rather know what she has to say about the marriage;[3] the lovers are married at Friar Laurence's cell, and Romeo visits his wife by means of a rope-ladder;[4] Tybalt, a strong, courageous, combative young Capulet, cousin of Juliet, is killed in a fray by Romeo, who is banished; Juliet bewails almost equally the death of her cousin and the banishment of her husband, whom she bitterly reproaches for taking her kinsman's life, and then censures herself severely for

[1] It is worth while to compare the very language of the poem and the play in this passage. Thus the poem: —

"But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desire hath found,
Obedience set aside, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrell eke that long ago betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and myne I will all wholl to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my father's house forsake.
But if by wanton love, and by unlawfull sute,
You thinke in ripest yeres to pluck my maydenhode's dainty frute,
You are begylde, and now your Juliet you beseekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."

The play, some twenty-nine years afterward: —

"If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[*Nurse calls.*] But if thou mean'st not well
I do beseech thee, [*Nurse calls*]
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief."

[2] "And there she shall at Friare Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married."
(Act II. Sc. 4.)

[3] In the poem thus: —

"Good newes for thee my gyrle, good tidings I thee bring,
Leave off thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast woone.
The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath half so good a grace:
So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise:
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what, quod she [Juliet]; this evermore I thought;
But of our mariage say at once what aunswer have you brought?"

In the play: —

"*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. — What, have you din'd at home?"

"*Juliet.* No, no; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?"

[4] See the corresponding passage in the tragedy: Act III. Sc. 2, lines 72–105, Riverside edition.

these reproaches;[1] old Capulet proposes the marriage of Juliet to the County Paris; Juliet resists; she consults the Friar, who gives her a sleeping potion to take before the day of her wedding to Paris, tells her that she will be entombed as dead, and that he will send to Mantua for Romeo to rescue and carry her off when she wakes; the Nurse counsels her to marry Paris, whom she praises highly;[2] Juliet takes the potion, but before doing so she is filled with horror at the thought of what she may encounter in the tomb, and in her excitement fancies she sees the ghost of Tybalt;[3] by the neglect of a friar, Romeo does not receive Laurence's message, but he does hear of Juliet's death and burial; he buys poison of a poverty-stricken apothecary, in whose shop the "boxes were but fewe," writes a letter to his father, telling his story and his intended suicide,[4] and sets out for Verona; he goes to the tomb with his servant, enters it, dies there; Friar Laurence comes in too late, and Juliet,

[1] It is worth the while to glance here at the germ of Juliet's famous soliloquy on the eve of this occasion. (Act III. Sc. 2.)

"How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
Let other judge, that woonted are like passions to assay:
For my parte, I do gesse each howre seemes twenty yere:
So that I deeme if they might have (as of Alcune we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of night and double darke should straight all over hyde."

Shakespeare did nothing but expand and decorate these thoughts and certain others of a very ardent nature which he found in the context.

[2] In the poem: —

"She setteth foorth at large the father's furious rage,
And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage;
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, than she by right had Romeus praised before.
Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne;
What shall it boot her life to languish still and mourne?
The pleasures past before she must account as gayne;
But if he do retorne, what then? — for one she shall have twayne."

In the play: —

"Faith here it is.
Romeo is banish'd: all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him."

[3] In the poem: —

"And what know I (quoth she) if serpents odious,
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found
Shall harme me yeay or nay, where I shall lye as ded,
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
Endure the lothsome stinke of such an heaped store
Of carkasses not yet consumde, and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,
Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindred's common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me (if I awake before ystifled in the tombe)?
And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to long,
The force of her ymagining anon did wax so strong,
That she surmysed she saw out of the hollow vaulte
(A griesly thing to looke upon) the carkas of Tybalt.
. . . . . .
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
And up she drank the mixture quite, withouten further thought."

The corresponding passage of the play (Act IV. Sc. 3, Riverside ed.), which is so admirable, is too long to be quoted here. It does not present or suggest a single thought, image, or sentiment which is not in the passage above.

[4] Even this altogether unnecessary incident Shakespeare did not forget or pass over. See the very last speeches of the drama: Act V. Sc. 3, lines 270–290.

waking to find Romeo dead, stabs herself with his dagger; Prince Escalus enters, and in their conclusion poem and play are essentially the same, even to the Friar's long confession of what readers and spectators know already.

It has seemed to me desirable to set forth with some approach to closeness of detail these salient incidents of the poem, which ought to be known to every critic who undertakes to comment upon the plan and purpose of this tragedy. Yet needs it be said that this recital and the considerations previously presented show that, contrary to the assumption of most of those critics, Shakespeare could have had no share in that plan and purpose (supposing any to exist), and that he is not responsible, as a creator, either for the dramatic motive or even for the very characters of the personages of this play, which he simply transferred from the old play and poem in the most perfunctory manner. None the less is it true that we owe to him in Romeo and Juliet the most entrancing and intoxicating picture in all literature of youthful love between the sexes; and a tragedy so sad, and yet so sweet and so beautiful in its sadness, that our hearts dreamily ache over it in a luxury of mingled woe and pleasure.

Of one conception of genius (a very low one, in my judgment) Shakespeare's work is totally destructive. Genius has been defined as the ability to take great pains. Genius is rather the ability to conceive and to do, with or without pains, that which is admirable and which is peculiar to the doer. The former definition seems as if it were contrived for the comfort and countenance of that large body of men who regard themselves as undeveloped, or at least possible, geniuses, — men who could have written King Lear "if they had a mind to do it," and who have been prevented from elaborating that tragedy, or one equal to it, by adverse circumstances. Nevertheless, it has been growing in favor, of late; probably because of the daily increasing importance of science, which proceeds by the careful collection and comparison of facts, and which demands that the most daring and imaginative theories shall be advanced by the slow and patient steps of toil and caution. However true this conception of genius may be in science, it is not true in art, in literature, the annals of which are studded with splendid lights, which have been spoken into existence by the creative will, if not by the creative word, of omnipotent genius, exercising its native powers almost unconsciously. Of Shakespeare, at least, it is to be said that great pains were no condition of the working of his wonders. On the contrary, the achievement of this genius was always in directly inverse ratio to the height of his aim and the greatness of his endeavor. When he toiled, when he wrought with deliberate effort, when he set up for himself a high standard of attainment, he was comparatively feeble and dull and insignificant, with no fire in his prophecy, no truth in his fable. It was when he was doing his journey work, with small trouble to himself, with the lowest purpose and the least possible labor either in planning or in finishing, that he was splendid and beautiful and strong, with a splendor, a beauty, and a strength that are beyond the conception of any other man who has left the mark of his hand upon the ages. When he set out to be a poet, to do something that would bear criticism and give him a place in literature, he produced Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece, which would have been utterly forgotten long ago had they not been his. When, with lower purpose, he undertook only to please "his private friends," he evolved the marvelous mystery of his fascinating Sonnets. But when, grinding in his daily mill, he blindly put out his hands, and took for grist almost any old play or old tale the story of which he thought

would interest a miscellaneous London audience, he turned out such job work as Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra. Nothing is made clearer by a study of his work than that at the times when he wrote those dramas it was in him to write them in the way in which they are written, and in no other. It was just as easy for him to turn them off as he did as it is for any minor journalist of nowadays to elaborate his little paragraph. They were mere "pot-boilers," the chief value of which in his eyes was that they boiled his pot to some purpose; and when his mess was cooked they were turned out as refuse upon the world, which finds in his leavings a store of splendid treasure.

Of all his dramas, that which shows the peculiar traits of his genius in their highest manifestation, their most unapproachable splendor and beauty and strength, is Antony and Cleopatra. It is not the greatest of his works in dramatic interest, although it is dramatically great; and although wise and profound, it is not the wisest of them nor the profoundest. But in mere dramatic interest Shakespeare has been approached, if not equaled, even in Othello; and in wisdom, in deep, strong, subtle thought, we can at least conceive him as approachable. In that utterance of thought and feeling, however, which blends, without a perceptible combining, imagination, fancy, wisdom, and passion, welding them at white heat into phrases that leap straight from his brain to the world's heart, — the trait of style which, in the conscious poverty of words to which it reduces us, we call Shakespearean, and which no other man has attempted, and no sane man would attempt, — Antony and Cleopatra is supreme among his dramas. So, too, in the portraying of character with a pen that seems dipped in the blood and guided by the brain of the personage he has created. Now the study of this supremest manifestation of the peculiar Shakespeare faculty in connection with the materials of which he built it shows him — nothing can be clearer — sitting down with his Plutarch before him, and taking a scrap here and a scrap there, with little care for continuity or connection, or even for consistency, and turning them with heedless ease into a dramatic form, so that the story could be told and its personages presented on his stage. Plutarch filtered drop by drop through Shakespeare's brain, and not only purging thus of prose and dross, but taking tint and quality and force and fire from the medium through which it passed, issued in that dazzling, flaming flood of gold and jewels.

To see this clearly it is only necessary for any student who is thoroughly well acquainted with the play to read those passages of North's Plutarch which it represents in action.[1] Do the Shakespeare anatomists tell us that in his Cleopatra we receive an impression of perpetual and irreconcilable contrast? True enough; but the same perpetual and irreconcilable contrast is found in Plutarch. Is Shakespeare's Cleopatra a compound of passion, and craft, and vanity, and love of power? So is Plutarch's. And when we are solemnly told that the best proof of the individual truth of the character is "the admission that Shakespeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra," what empty, pretentious platitude it is! The same effect is produced simply because the same thing produces it. Shakespeare sought nothing but a faithful representation in his dramatic blank verse of the Cleopatra whom he found in Plutarch. To that character *in its essence* he added

[1] This may be done to best advantage by using Mr. William J. Rolfe's edition of this play, in his admirable series of the single plays of Shakespeare. In the introduction to his discriminative notes will be found all of Plutarch that Shakespeare used.

nothing, not a single trait. Must we remark, as one anatomical demonstrator points out to us, waving the scalpel with rhetorical grace, that "the idea of this frail, timid, wayward woman dying with heroism from the mere force of passion and will takes us by surprise," and that "the Attic elegance of her mind, her poetical imagination," and so forth, "predominating to the last, and the sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments with which she surrounds herself in death, carry to its extreme height that effect of contrast which prevails through her life and character"? Well enough; but what mean all these words? We remark the same in Plutarch. Of the reality and the essence of all this Cleopatra owes nothing, we owe nothing, to Shakespeare. In Plutarch she dies with heroism from the mere force of passion; in Plutarch we see her assuming the same sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments of her death which Shakespeare shows us, following his original with what, had he not been Shakespeare, would have been rightly called plodding faithfulness, and sometimes hardly varying in phrase from Plutarch in his setting forth of the action of the scene. Just so it is, too, as to Antony: nothing of lordliness and littleness, of courage and conduct, and waywardness and passion, in Shakespeare which was not before in Plutarch. For illustration we have little space or time; but this one passage is typical. Read first what Plutarch, and then what Shakespeare, wrote.

PLUTARCH.

— "and moreover, sent Hircius and Pomsa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls together with Cæsar, who also had an army went against Antonius that beseiged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the Consuls were slaint there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once; but the chiefes want of all other, that pinched him most was famine. . . . And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots; and moreover it is reported that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

SHAKESPEARE.

When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on.

Thus it is all through the tragedy. Shakespeare followed his original so closely, and worked up the material before him so savingly, not because of any such profound judgment and feeling as his eulogistic anatomists discover, but simply because he did follow it, and wasted no labor in doing over what he found done to his hand well enough to serve his purpose. Even all the little incidents which give life and color and truth-seeming to the action are taken bodily right out of Plutarch. And in the first scene of the fifth act, not only is Dercetas's entrance with the bloody sword with which Antony has wounded but not slain himself an incident furnished by the great Greek biographer, but Cæsar's consequent lament over Antony — as "profound" in its indication of character as any passage of its kind in the tragedy — is a mere versification of Plutarch.

Perhaps, however, the purely perfunctory and almost mechanical way of Shakespeare's work (perfunctory and mechanical so far as his purpose was concerned) on this drama may be best appreciated by an examination of the third and fourth acts, and a comparison of them with Plutarch. In these acts the incidents are merely huddled upon the stage. There is no failure in constructive art; for there can be no failure where there is no attempt. Not the

slightest effort is made at grouping, at perspective, at dramatic movement, or even at dramatic effect. The story is told by little patches; patch being tacked to patch. Not only are there no changes of scene announced in the text (according to the general fashion of the day), but none are indicated, and the dramatic story runs right on, like that in the history; jumping (as Dr. Faustus's pupil jumped out of France into Spain) from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Athens, then to Rome again, then to Actium; and there we have our Romans, dying, Kirby-like, all over the plain, in different spots in scenes of a few lines (in one case only six). But when modern editors come, as they must, to divide these acts according to real changes of place and action, there are no less than thirteen clearly defined scenes in the former, and fifteen in the latter, of which one consists of but four lines; and some are of no dramatic or character-showing value whatever.

Shakespeare, as I have said before, plainly sat with his copy of North's Plutarch before him, and picked out here and there the incidents which he thought suitable to his purpose, — some because they told the story, some because they might be made effective by the actors, others because they appealed to his poetical and reflective powers; and then he worked them up piecemeal as he picked them out. In this, his most transcendent and his most characteristic production, he is even more closely adherent to his original, more parsimonious in the use of material, and less constructive and purpose-showing than in Romeo and Juliet.

If any other man, even any other man of his day, had done this, — Jonson, Beaumont, Chapman, or even Fletcher, — instead of the most splendid dramatic poem that exists, we should have had one that would now allure as few readers as Sejanus, or Philaster, or Cæsar and Pompey, or Evanthe and Demetrius do. It is not to Shakespeare's ability to take great pains, not even to a high art aim, not even to a purpose of any kind, that we owe the stupendous difference, but to his thought-teeming, beauty-blooming brain, to his intuitive perception of the semblances and affinities of things and acts, to his ability to think and feel as the best minds of the world and the best hearts would see that the personages that he presented would have thought and felt under the circumstances in which they were placed; and above all it was owing to his ability, unconscious, spontaneous, to express all this in words charged with meaning as no other man ever charged them, — words loaded down, sometimes, with wealth of thought to their destruction, — to his ability to do all this because he was reckless of rule and careless of criticism.

We have thus far considered Shakespeare's way of working chiefly in a general study of two of his most lauded and most laudable dramas: one produced at the farther and the other at the hither limit of what has been called his great period, — the ten years from 1596 to 1607, when he was between thirty-three and forty-three years old. We have found that his method of doing his best work did not change in those busy years. We shall see hereafter that this accepted teacher of the world, this beloved master of its heart, was of all writers of high distinction the most lacking in purpose of any kind, the most indifferent to truth and to right, the most heedless both in plan and in the use of language, the most careless of consistency in his own designs, the most flagrant violator of the rules which he himself laid down, the most disregardful of decency, — a writer who, having the finest moral perception that has yet been manifest in words, and being capable of intellectual life in the highest moral atmosphere, could do his daily work as if he, like his own Iago, lacked the moral sense.

Richard Grant White.

LINGUISTIC PALÆONTOLOGY.

NEARLY two centuries ago Leibnitz called attention to the "collation of languages" as the best method of conducting researches into the early history of mankind. But this seed-thought, like so many others which the erudite and encyclopædic German philosopher scattered lavishly by the wayside, fell upon barren soil, and remained inert, until the discovery and cultivation of Sanskrit opened a broad and fertile field, in which it could take root and bear fruit. As early as 1770, Sir William Jones pointed out the remarkable similarity between Persian and Greek and Latin. Here, too, he was anticipated by Leibnitz, who had already detected this affinity, and had expressed his sense of it by the rather extravagant assertion that "entire verses may be written in Persian, and yet be understood by a German."

The recognition of a radical connection between certain languages led to the assumption of blood-relationship of the peoples speaking them. It was taken for granted that the nations composing the so-called Aryan branch of the human race were all actually akin. They were constantly spoken of in terms implying consanguinity, and genealogical trees of the Indo-Germanic family in all its ramifications were drawn out from data furnished by linguistics. Sanskrit was at first supposed to be the mother of this numerous progeny; but her claim was soon set aside, and it was finally agreed that no extant Aryan language could be regarded as the parent stock. They were all declared to be daughters of a mother long since deceased, — a mother who left no literary or artistic remains and no historical record of herself, and concerning whom the tenacious memory of tradition has not preserved the slightest reminiscence. No suspicion that such a person had ever lived would have arisen even in the minds of her eldest children, had it not been for the existence of offspring who could not otherwise be accounted for.

Naturally enough, an intense curiosity was aroused as to the home and habits, the moral code and religious creed, the social status and intellectual character, of this mysterious, hypothetical ancestress. Where was her abode, and in what manner did she live? What were her theories of the universe, her ethical notions, the objects of her worship, her system of theology, and the nature and extent of her mental endowments? Were her stores of knowledge, her acquaintance with the arts and sciences, her domestic relations, and her observance of the amenities and comities of life such as to make her a worthy member of a civilized community, or to entitle her to a place among "cultured people"? No sooner was it satisfactorily settled that this venerable mother of all Aryans had actually existed, a thing of real flesh and blood, and not a merely supposititious creature, born of a philologist's heated imagination, than questions like these began to put themselves forward and press for an answer.

Assuming as a fundamental principle that what the children possess in common they must have inherited from the parent, it was only necessary to determine the exact extent of this heirloom in order to ascertain the nature and value of the original property. If, for example, all the daughters had radically the same word for "dog," it was deemed quite legitimate to infer that the mother had kept dogs. By this method of procedure a long list was formed of names of animals and plants and metals, industrial arts and implements, weapons of war and of chase; words expressing social customs and family ties, mental as

well as material objects, and a great variety of ideas and conceptions with which the primitive Aryans were presumed to have been familiar. An attempt was made to reconstruct preëthnic society out of the elements of language, and to paint with simple word-pigments vivid genre pictures of prehistoric times. Thus a new science was born, and christened Linguistic Palæontology.

But linguistic palæontology was rather unfortunate in its godfather. A quarter of a century has elapsed since Adolphe Pictet held this infant science at the font (baptismal and typographical), gave it its name, and thus made himself, in some sort, a surety for its proper discipline and development.[1] Unluckily, gossip Pictet proved to be a person quite devoid of the discernment and discretion essential to the fit exercise of the sponsorial office. He soon lost control of his precocious charge, indulged its wildest whims, admitted its most extravagant claims, nursed its budding vanity, mistook forwardness and frowardness for marks of genius, never questioned its assertions, and resented the slightest reprimand or suggestion of chastisement as an insult, until his pampered and over-petted godchild became the tyrant of the philological household and *l'enfant terrible* of the scientific world. In his foolish fondness and inordinate ambition, he was not content that the bantling should first creep, but wished that, like the dwarf Vishnu, it should suddenly swell into gigantic proportions, and step at once into full possession of heaven and earth. No wonder that many a lean and hungry-eyed ethnologist, as he peeped about under the huge legs of this upstart colossus, so presumptuously bestriding the world he had hitherto called his own, should indignantly exclaim, —

> "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
> That he is grown so great?"

[1] Les Origines Indo-Européennes, ou les Aryas Primitifs. Essai de Paléontologie Linguistique. Par Adolphe Pictet. 2 vols. Paris. 1859–1863.

Why, my dear Cassius, he is a vegetarian of the most radical type, and subsists on roots of speech, which he gathers indiscriminately from every quarter, and usually eats crude, but does not scruple to cook them, whenever he finds them too tough for mastication.

By a skillful manipulation of piquant sauces a French cook can make a palatable and plausible dish out of the most meagre materials. Monsieur Pictet, although a Genevan by nationality, was a Frenchman by blood, and endowed with his full share of the culinary genius of the race. It is the cleverness of the *chef de cuisine* applied to literary production that puts into French books, whether belletristic or scientific, a savory and appetizing quality independent of their substantial merits, and composes an elegant and relishable ragout out of ingredients which, in the hands of a German, would at once betray their poverty, and produce only a vile and vapid hotchpotch.

Monsieur Pictet sets out with the intention of placing the primitive Aryans on the highest possible pinnacle of culture, and persistently ignores or brusquely pushes aside whatever interferes with this design. In order to prove, for example, that they "already possessed most of the useful plants which form the basis of our agriculture," he brings together a number of heterogeneous words, some arbitrarily compounded and others absolutely created, but scarcely one affording the slightest support to the proposition he wishes to maintain. No matter whether a Sanskrit word is found in the Vedas or in the later epic and dramatic poems, every watercourse is welcome that feeds his flume and grinds his grist. He introduces into philology the system of questioning by torture, long since banished from courts of law. Young and innocent words, which refuse to incriminate themselves, or to testify concerning events which occurred thousands of years before they were born, are put to

the rack, and stretched or lopped to fit a Procrustean theory. The same process of reasoning by which it is shown that the ancient Aryans cultivated nearly all our cereals and were familiar with our principal metals would also prove, beyond a peradventure, that the punch-bowl cheered their hearts and homes. The word "punch" is common to all European languages, and is found in Sanskrit and Hindustânî. It means a drink composed of five (*pancha*) ingredients, arrack, sugar, tea, water, and lemons, each of which must have been known to the primitive punch-makers. Whether the name of this beverage came into Europe with the first Indo-Germanic migrations, or was introduced by Englishmen from India within the memory of men still living, is a matter of minor importance. It suffices that we have the word, and that Sanskrit explains it.

Again, Monsieur Pictet imagines some old Aryan exclaiming, *Kabhara! quel aliment!* Hence the old German *habaro* and the modern German *hafer*, oats. That this utterance expressed, not disgust, but admiration, is inferred from Pliny's account of the fondness of the Germans for oatmeal gruel. It is pleasant to think of our remote ancestors as not "men of squeamish taste to entertain," but rather as sturdy, omnivorous feeders, who never vexed their good housewives by dainty appetites. If one went into interjectional ecstasies over oat-pap, another, as he sat down to his millet, cried out, also *dans le sens laudatif, Karasa! quelle nourriture!* hence the German *hirsi*, *hirse*, and the English *hyrse*. The same exclamation gave us the word for cherry: *Karasa! quel suc!* — κέρασος, *cerasus*, and *cerise*. It is to be regretted that the ingenious discoverer of this new and fruitful etymological principle did not apply it to a fuller extent. Who can doubt that the aboriginal Aryan waterman, as he paddled his dugout on the Oxus or the Yaxartes, exclaimed in delight, *Kanu!* what a boat, *canoe!* What is more natural than that some mighty hunter of that day, as he saw a strange beast bounding through the primeval forest, should have shouted *Kâñgaruha!* what a body springing up, *kangaroo!* Would it be possible to find a more expressive term for the itinerant menagerie or *caravan* which pitched its tent on the Bactrian plains than *karavana* (what roaring)? Perhaps, too, we owe the word *cimeter* to a warrior who, as he wiped the blood from his sword, condensed his Berserker exultation in the emphatic phrase, *kim atere*, how it went through them!

Having thus provided the primitive Aryans with cherries, Monsieur Pictet would fain comfort them with apples. The Kelts had their *ubhall*, the Anglo-Saxons their *æppel*, the old Germans their *aphul*, the Lithuanians their *óbůlas;* but there is no corresponding word in Sanskrit. Many a wary and timorous scholar would have turned back from the brink of such a chasm, and concluded that his quest of this fruit must be confined to certain European branches of the Aryan stock. Not so, however, a bold, creative genius. "No word? Go to, let us make one. *Phâla* means fruit, and with the prefix *â* or a prosthenic *a* we have *âphâla* or *aphâla: le voilà!*" To account for the absence of such a word in Sanskrit, it is suggested that the Indo-Aryans may have lost it in crossing the Himâlaya, and passing into the zone of tropical fruits. Historiographers and botanists, from Quintus Curtius Rufus to Alphonse de Candolle, uniformly describe Bactria as a fruit-growing region. Our Aryan ancestors lived in Bactria; therefore they had fruit and ate apples. Thus a doubtful hypothesis is introduced as the minor premise of a syllogism, and made the basis of a still more questionable conclusion. In lack of linguistic data, this kind of reasoning is frequently employed, and by dint of it several important beasts,

such as the camel, the lion, and the tiger, are added to the primitive Aryan fauna.

Although Pictet's methods of conducting his researches were severely criticised by some of the more sober and circumspect philologists, and the results seriously called in question, they were, nevertheless, accepted by many others, who hastened to erect upon the newly won and rather queachy foundations prehistoric edifices, excessively florid in style and most fantastic in construction. French scholars, like Lenormant and De Rougemont, put implicit confidence in Pictet's deductions, and took them as the starting-point for further investigations into the origin and growth of Semitic culture and civilization. Even the Germans, so keen and cautious and skeptical in matters of historical evidence, so strong against documental proof, were ready to receive the slightest suggestion and most equivocal testimony of words with eager and uncritical credulity. An essay published by Ferdinand Justi in Raumer's Taschenbuch for 1862 depicts "the primeval period of the Indo-Germanic race" in the brightest and most attractive colors. It is a painting of scenes from Utopia, in which the German sets his palette to the key, and preserves the tone of the Genevan limner; a picture of the golden age, which might have borrowed its tints from Zuccheri's Belli Anni d'Oro, and taken its models from Milton's vision of Adam and Eve in Eden. Not only did men and women in this Aryan paradise dwell together in the most harmonious and delightful relations, but they were also exempt from the ills that flesh is heir to in our corrupt and degenerate age. Disease, with its dark and melancholy train of woes, found no admission there. Wounds received in battle and the natural decay which follows maturity in the development of the mental and physical powers were the only forms, we are told, in which death visited this happy people.

A prehistoric sketch of this kind is like an impressionist's landscape. Seen from a distance, it stands out in distinct outlines and well-blended colors; but on closer inspection the forms grow dim and disappear, and the whole scene dissolves into a mass of blurs and blotches, with here and there only faint traces of a vague and vaporous shape, —

> "If shape it may be called that shape has none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb."

In either case, the result is not a reproduction or representation of any reality in nature, but merely the elaboration of a theory, the embodiment of a preconceived idea.

On the shore of Lake Leman, opposite Clarens, is a figure formed of the rocks and trees which cover the lower slope of the Savoyan Alps, and known as the "lady of the lake." It is so clearly defined against the mountain side that it can hardly escape the notice of even a Cook's tourist on his perfunctory pilgrimage to Chillon. But whoever should attempt to approach this majestic dame of the olden time with hoopskirt and coal-scuttle bonnet would find that she had suddenly vanished into a jumble of rugged cliffs and tangled thickets. Such would be the fate of the traveler who, were a journey of this kind possible, should visit the old Aryan homestead with Justi's essay as a guide-book, and Pictet's two stout volumes as a work of reference. How many illusions of etymology would the autopsy dissipate! What disenchantments, as the rude contact with actualities should break the spell woven of words, and the philological phantasm fade into a wild and savage waste!

The comparatively high culture which the linguistic palæontologist claims for primitive Aryan society is wholly inconsistent with the state of barbarism in which the descendants of the original stock are known to have lived at a period long after their supposed dispersion. It is incredible that a people

which had already made some progress in the mechanic arts and acquired considerable skill in metallurgy, had learned to fabricate weapons and tools out of iron, copper, and bronze, and to make ornaments of gold and silver, should lose all this knowledge, and revert to the use of rude implements of stone, and to a condition of life scarcely superior to that of the cave-dweller and contemporary of the mammoth. The demoralizing and barbarizing tendencies of emigration are utterly inadequate to account for such retrogression. Besides, all the deductions of linguistic palæontology are based on the assumption that the emigrants took with them whatever acquisitions had been made in the arts and sciences, in domestic manners, in social organization and civil polity. If this assumption be false, then the science itself has no ground to rest upon, but is the baseless fabric of a vision, — a mere *fata morgana*, produced by the heated atmosphere of an enthusiast's brain.

The Sanskrit *kshura* and the Greek ξυρόν led Benfey to infer that the primitive Aryans were familiar with the use of the razor; although it seems strange that they should shave, and yet have no common word for beard. Furthermore, the excavations of Alba Longa brought no razors to light, so that it is quite certain that the forefathers of the ancient Latins did not possess such instruments. This objection Benfey parries by suggesting that the ancestors of the Prisci Latini, during their long wanderings from the Aryan homestead, and in consequence of the privations they endured, "lost the desire and the art of taking off the beard, and also the instruments for doing it." *Kshura* is from *kshur*, to cut or to scratch, and is applied to the hoof of a beast, the claw of a bird, and the barb of an arrow. It is extremely doubtful whether it ever means razor even in the Rig-Veda, where the barber (*vaptri*) is alluded to, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that it had acquired this signification "previous to the Aryan separation."

This mistake of putting new wine into old bottles and vending it as a mature and mellow vintage is one to which the linguistic palæontologist is specially liable. An excellent illustration of the fallacy of such reasoning is furnished by the word *write*, which is common to all Germanic languages, and therefore implies that the primitive and as yet undivided Germans were acquainted with the art of writing. But the original meaning of the word was to prick or to mar with a pointed instrument, to tattoo. Indeed, the Polynesian *tatu*, which signified at first making indelible marks upon the body by pricking colors into the skin, afterwards, as civilization advanced among the Pacific Islanders, became a general term for drawing, painting, writing, reading, and counting. The Dinka negroes were also accustomed to scratch outlines of men and beasts with a thorn on gourds, and called the practice *gor*. The first time they saw a European writing they exclaimed, *Jen a gor!* — he makes gor; and in the Dinka language of the future this word will doubtless be used to denote the act of recording ideas by means of alphabetical characters, or other visible signs. Centuries hence, some Dinka philologist, finding that the word gor is common to all the Dinka tongues, may infer that his ancestors, previous to the Dinka separation, knew how to write, and had attained a considerable degree of culture.

In view of the radical affinity of *dama*, δόμος, *domus*, *dom*, etc., Max Müller affirms, "We are fully justified in concluding that before any of these languages had assumed a separate existence, a thousand years at least before Agamemnon and before Manu, the ancestors of the Aryan races were no longer dwellers in tents, but builders of permanent houses." The ground of this inference seems to be the supposed connection of *dama* with the Gothic *timryan*,

to timber or to build; whereas the real connection is with the Gothic *tamyan*, to tame, and its cognate *timan*, *ziemen*, to befit. The word conveys no information whatever concerning the kind of dwellings inhabited by the primitive Aryans, and consequently throws no ray of light upon their social state or domestic life. So far as the signification of the root aids us in arriving at any conclusion as to the nature of the edifice, *dama* was originally a pen for unruly cattle, rather than a place of abode for man. The idea of restraint upon forces from within is far more prominent than that of protection against foes from without. Most probably it was a space inclosed by a hurdle, or by a fence made of logs and brushwood, in which the herdsman and his herd dwelt together; primarily a cote for kine, and secondarily a habitation for man. The conception of structure is wholly lost sight of in that of subjugation. *Damya* is a bullock to be tamed or broken; *damana* is a beast-tamer, a hero; even Nala's spouse, the beautiful *Damayantî*, is so called because she is a "subduer of men." Indeed, *dama*, in the sense of house, is peculiar to the Vedas, where it is used for the dwelling-place of the gods, especially for the fire-chamber of Agni and the storm-cloud of Indra; but here the idea of waxing strong and breaking out of the *dama*, as a wild bull bursts through a barrier, is uniformly associated with it. In its application to human relations, *dama* signifies authority, jurisdiction, dominion; in no case, however, does it furnish the slightest clue to the kind of houses in which men lived. A similar process of investigation applied to the religious beliefs of savage tribes enabled M. De Lamennais to prove to his entire satisfaction "*que la croyance du vrai Dieu est universelle en Afrique.*"

It was Jacob Grimm who first suggested "milkmaid" as the literal meaning of *duhitri*, the Sanskrit word for daughter. To the imagination of Max Müller this etymology disclosed new and charming features in the pastoral life of the primitive Aryans, and revealed idyllic scenes in which the father, with peculiar tenderness and playful humor, calls his little girl his milkmaid. How gentle must have been the life of such a parent! How beautiful and affectionate must have been the relations of a family in which a pet name, so expressive of the father's fondness and the daughter's function, could have sprung up and taken enduring root! Unless the Aryans, as a highly favored and exceptional race, came into the world in a civilized state, they must have lived a long time and begotten many generations of sons and daughters before they possessed milch cows. But if daughter means milkmaid, it presupposes milch cow; yet there is every reason to believe that it is the oldest word for female offspring in the Aryan languages, and not a mere epithet superseding an earlier appellation. Thus we are brought by this etymology to the absurd but inevitable conclusion that the Aryans had milch cows before they had daughters. It is utterly impossible that any primitive term should be derived from an industrial occupation which implies a somewhat advanced social condition. An unmarried woman was formerly called a spinster, because she made herself useful chiefly by spinning. But this was nothing more than a title, and could not be a primitive designation, since maidens existed and grew up unwooed and unwedded long before the art of spinning was known. *Duh* means not only to milk, but to yield milk; *duhitri* would then signify milk-giver. The daughter was simply the future nurse of men children; indeed, among primitive peoples and barbaric tribes this is the sole function for which she is prized, the only reason for which she is even permitted to live. All we know of Zarathushtra's mother is that she was called Dughdâ; that is, the

suckler of the Iranian prophet. The definition which Monier Williams gives of *duhitri*, "drawing milk from the mother," is equally untenable, not as an anachronism, but as an incongruity, since male as well as female infants draw milk from the mother.

Again, we are informed that the mother of the primitive Aryan household was called *mâtri*, because she measured out and distributed the things needful for the family. Justi speaks of her as "*die schaffende, ornenende Hausfrau*," the precursor and prototype of the modern German housewife, bustling about with a big bunch of keys at her belt, assigning to the servants their several tasks, and apportioning with economic care their allowances of food. The exercise of such an office implies an organization of domestic life, which, under the most favorable circumstances, must have been the result of generations and perhaps centuries of development. But the mother began to exist with the birth of the first child, and it was from this event that she received her name as the *mâtri*, *μήτηρ*, *mater*, *matrix*, and *maker* of the new-born babe. Indeed, all primitive designations of members of the family, so far as they are not mere products of infantine onomatopœia, like *papa* and *mama*, refer to the preservation and propagation of the race. In early times this was the chief end of man, and even in the Vedic age the boons for which the singer is constantly entreating the gods are much cattle and many vigorous sons. Such sentimental etymologies as those which make sister (*svasri*) mean "one who pleases or consoles," and represent the brother-in-law (*devri*) as the playmate or *l'ami badin* of the wife, and the daughter-in-law (*snushâ*) as a person who lives in a state of emotional dissolution, always "*melting* with fear and respect in the presence of her father-in-law," are really too childish to merit serious consideration. Words denoting relationship by marriage often assume a humorous or satirical signification, originating in circumstances of which we are now ignorant. Thus the Indo-Aryans called a wife's brother a burglar (*kumbhila*), and a sister's husband a village buffoon (*grâmahâsaka*); and the Germans recognize a brother-in-law in a stage-driver (*schwager*), and characterize a mother-in-law as a marplot or disturber of the peace (*störenfried*), in justification of which they might safely appeal to the general opinion of mankind.

From a comparison of *śvan*, *śpâ*, *κύων*, *canis*, and *hund*, Weber infers that among the primitive Aryans "the dog protected the herd." This may have been the case, inasmuch as the dog is one of the oldest of domesticated animals; but language furnishes no proof of it. So far as any information conveyed by these words is concerned, the dog may have been known at that early period only in a wild state, as a wolfish beast of prey, against which it was necessary to protect the herd. It is also strange that in the Rig-Veda, where cattle are frequently mentioned as constituting the chief wealth of the country, the dog is referred to only half a dozen times, and never as a companion of the herdsman and a protector of the herd. In the Avesta, on the contrary, dogs are often spoken of, and categorized with women, children, flocks, and fire as essential to a prosperous and perfect life. Allusions to Indra's bitch Saramâ and her four-eyed brindled whelps, the watchdogs of Yama, or to other canine monsters which guard the portals and the treasures of the lower world, do not warrant the conclusion that at the time when those myths arose dogs had been trained to perform similar services for man. In mythologies the same office is assigned to dragons, and yet no one would infer from this fact that dragons had ever been domesticated and taught to protect human habitations and human property. The same is true of the horse, *aśva* or *âśu*,

aśpa, ἵππος, *equus*, the root of which (*as* or *ak*) denotes speed, but does not imply domestication. The great diversity in words for drawing and riding would indicate that the *fleet* animal had not yet been used for either of these purposes. The equestrian art was unknown both to the Indo-Aryans of the Rig-Veda and to the Greeks of Homer. The Irano-Aryans of the Avesta were horsemen; but they acquired this knowledge from their Tatar neighbors.

Benfey says of the primitive Aryans, "They had weapons, especially arrows; they painted and composed poems, especially hymns." On all these points the evidence of language is extremely vague and illusive. Clubs, stone missiles, and spears seem to have been the earliest weapons. Arrows are of later origin, and imply a bow; but in these terms the correspondence is very slight and limitary. The word "bow," for example, meant originally elbow (Sanskrit *bâhu*) and the bough of a tree; and the fact that it is common to all the Germanic languages would not afford the least proof that our Germanic ancestors, previous to their separation, were skilled in archery. To speak of the primitive Aryans as having painted and poetized is simply an abuse of terms which are now used to express some degree of artistic and literary culture. The rudest savage who stains his body with wood might describe this operation by the word *piñj*, and yet no one would call such a man a painter. Whatever poetry the old Aryans may have possessed appears to have consisted of magic spells and exorcisms. Primitive peoples and barbaric tribes, the world over, feel a superstitious reverence for spoken words, and ascribe a peculiar virtue to rhyme, alliteration, and all kinds of assonance and rhythmic utterance. Hence these crystallized forms of speech served at a very early period for purposes of sorcery. They are found among the most ancient records of the human race, and the decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions is surprised to come upon conjuring formulæ which might be recited, without apparent anachronism, at a sabbat of modern witches. The word "charm" (Latin *carmen*, Sanskrit *sâsmen*) means a song, and is often used in this sense by Spenser and other old English poets; even Milton speaks of the "charm of earliest birds." An incantation is a chant for conciliating heavenly or infernal powers and for producing enchantment, and still survives in the liturgical intonation. The Brâhmans called this mystical potency *chhandasâm rasa*, the sap of the metres, and the whole aim of the priestly ceremonial was to develop and direct to its proper object this sap or essence of the sacred texts. Indeed, the phrase "the charm's wound up," with which the witches of the Scotch heath conclude their conjuration, is a survival of the Brâhmanical conception of the sacrifice as a coil of thread capable of generating supernatural force (*brahma*), as a galvanic battery generates electricity, and which could be wound up and discharged (*vitan* is the technical term) by the proper performance of the prescribed rites.

A Vedic verse was called *sûktam*, that is, something *well said;* not because it was thought to be beautiful from a poetical point of view, but because it was thought to be potent from a magical point of view. Doubtless the two conceptions were usually combined, inasmuch as man would naturally make his own taste an absolute and universal standard, and assume that what pleased him would also be pleasing to the gods. Nevertheless, the idea of beauty æsthetically considered was wholly subordinate to that of ritual efficiency. The same notion lies embedded in the word *hymn*, ὕμνος, Avestan *humna*, Sanskrit *sumna* (*su-mna*); that is, well thought. The Vedic poet compares himself to a wainwright, and fashions a hymn as a cunning workman fabricates a chariot.

This figurative expression indicates the real function of the hymn, not as a vehicle of poetic sentiment, but as a means of conveying to the gods the objects of their desire, and bringing down in exchange such things as promote human happiness and welfare. The song originated not in any love of melody, or merely æsthetic pleasure of singing, but in the incantatory power supposed to inhere in this metrical form of utterance. Such was clearly the character of primitive Aryan poetry, if we may apply this term to the rude magic spells, which the Eskimos call *serrats*, and which it would be absurd to cite as indications of an advanced state of civilization. Pictet connects the Latin *pulcher* with the Sanskrit *pulaka* (from *pul*, to rise up or stand erect), and endows the old Aryans with an intensity of æsthetic appreciation that made their hair stand on end in the presence of the beautiful. These transports of delight, he tells us, were produced especially by beautiful poesy. Horripilation is the effect of any strong emotion, and with the Hindûs expresses sensations of pleasure as well as of terror. The rhapsodist Sûta was surnamed Lomaharshana (hair erector), on account of his thrilling recitals of the Mahâbhârata, which caused the Rishis' hair to bristle on their heads. All deductions of this nature are pure illusions, which may please the fancy, but have no scientific value. Instead of inferring that the old Aryans were peculiarly susceptible to æsthetic impressions, it would be as logical, and more reasonable, to conclude that they had only the barbaric sense of the beautiful, which identifies it with the horrible.

Nothing is easier than to reconstruct ancient society out of such elements. Indeed, this sort of historiography requires so little research and is so rich in results that one can hardly help wishing that alphabetical characters had never been invented, or that the chronicles of the human race might be lost, so that the whole history of mankind could be composed in this manner, with no written or printed records to put a check upon the philologist's imagination. An assayer of ores can readily detect the exact amount of metal they contain, and determine their intrinsic value, even to

> "the division of the twentieth part
> Of one poor scruple."

But the analyzer of words sets to a task of far greater difficulty, and often finds that, after all his labor, he has been smelting counters instead of coin; toiling and achieving nothing, like the fairy of the mine. Words have unquestionably a real historical kernel; but they grow also by conventional and purely accidental accretions, and it is not easy to separate the essential from the accessory. Whether they are descended collaterally from the same original stock, or have passed, at a later period, from one branch to another through commercial intercourse, is a question which it is very important, and yet very difficult, to decide. Peoples differ greatly in this respect, owing chiefly to difference in intellectual endowment. The indebtedness of the Finns to the Germans and Slavs betrays itself at once in the words used to designate these foreign acquisitions. The Greeks, on the contrary, while they borrowed many of their conceptions and elements of their culture from the East, created Greek names for them. Whatever they appropriated they Hellenized, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish between native and imported products.

It is due to factors like these that so great uncertainty prevails in the whole province of linguistic palæontology. Widely different conclusions are drawn from the same facts of speech, not only by different philologists, but also by the same philologist at different times. Everything depends upon the values assigned to the variable quantities which play such an important part in the solution of the problem. Thus the question

whether the primitive Aryans were acquainted with the use of iron receives an affirmative or negative answer according to the special signification assigned to *ayas*. Pictet is quite sure that they employed this metal, but finds no indication that they had learned to manufacture steel; Fick and Justi indorse this view; Max Müller proves conclusively that iron could not have been known to them, and then declares that it undoubtedly was, and that they fully appreciated its worth in offensive and defensive weapons. Benfey thinks *ayas* meant bronze; afterwards he extends the definition so as to include iron, and finally accepts the affirmative opinion as probably correct.

But notwithstanding the vagueness and vacillation, the constant alternation of pros and cons, which characterize these researches, the linguistic palæontologist can lend efficient aid and contribute valuable material to the reconstruction of ancient civilization. Only let his investigations be conducted with soberness and circumspection, and his conclusions controlled and rectified by the anthropologist and the archæologist. The somewhat flighty and flawy testimony of words must be supplemented, confirmed, and corrected by less equivocal witnesses, — kitchen-middens, remains of pile-dwellings and tumuli, psychology, sociology, and ethnology, — before its authority can be admitted as incontestable, and its attestations recorded as science.

E. P. Evans.

THE ARBUTUS.

Looks so shy and innocent,
  Blushes like a startled thing:
Who would think it knew the whole
  Of the secrets of the spring?

Keeps its rosy ear laid low,
  Harking, harking, at the ground,
Never missed a syllable
  Of the slightest stir or sound.

Chuckled often in its leaves,
  Thinking how the world would wait;
Searching vainly for a flower,
  Wondering why the spring was late.

Other secrets, too, it knows, —
  Secrets whispered o'er its head;
Underneath its snowy veil
  Oft these secrets turn it red.

Whisper on, glad girls and boys!
  Sealed the fragrant rosy wells;
You and spring are safe alike, —
  Never the arbutus tells!

H. H.

EN PROVINCE.

VIII.

FROM MACON TO DIJON.

I.

I HAVE been trying to remember whether I fasted all the way to Macon, which I reached at an advanced hour of the evening, and think I must have done so except for the purchase of a box of *nougat* at Montélimart (the place is famous for the manufacture of this confection, which, at the station, is hawked at the windows of the train) and for a *bouillon*, very much later, at Lyons. The journey beside the Rhone — past Valence, past Tournon, past Vienne — would have been charming, on that luminous Sunday, but for two disagreeable accidents. The express from Marseilles, which I took at Orange, was full to overflowing, and the only refuge I could find was an inside angle in a carriage laden with Germans, who had command of the windows, which they occupied as strongly as they have been known to occupy other strategical positions. I scarcely know, however, why I linger on this particular discomfort, for it was but a single item in a considerable list of grievances — grievances dispersed through six weeks of constant railway travel in France. I have not touched upon them at an earlier stage of this chronicle, but my reserve is not owing to any sweetness of association. This form of locomotion, in the country of the amenities, is attended with a dozen discomforts; almost all the conditions of the business are detestable. They force the sentimental tourist again and again to ask himself whether, in consideration of such mortal annoyances, the game is worth the candle. Fortunately, a railway journey is a good deal like a sea voyage: its miseries fade from the mind as soon as you arrive. That is why I completed, to my great satisfaction, my little tour in France. Let this small effusion of ill-nature be my first and last tribute to the whole despotic *gare:* the deadly *salle d'attente*, the insufferable delays over one's luggage, the porterless platform, the overcrowded and illiberal train. How many a time did I permit myself the secret reflection that it is in perfidious Albion that they order this matter best! How many a time did the eager British mercenary, clad in velveteen and clinging to the door of the carriage as it glides into the station, revisit my invidious dreams! The paternal porter and the ready hansom are among the best gifts of the English genius to the world. I hasten to add, faithful to my habit (so insufferable to some of my friends) of ever and again readjusting the balance after I have given it an honest tip, that the bouillon at Lyons, which I spoke of above, was, though by no means an ideal bouillon, much better than any I could have obtained at an English railway station. After I had imbibed it, I sat in the train (which waited a long time at Lyons) and, by the light of one of the big lamps on the platform, read all sorts of disagreeable things in certain radical newspapers which I had bought at the book-stall. I gathered from these sheets that Lyons was in extreme commotion. The Rhone and the Saone, which form a girdle for the splendid town, were almost in the streets, as I could easily believe from what I had seen of the country after leaving Orange. The Rhone, all the way to Lyons, had been in all sorts of places where it had no business to be, and matters were naturally not improved by its confluence with the charming and copious stream which, at Macon, is said once to

have given such a happy opportunity to the egotism of the capital. A visitor from Paris (the anecdote is very old), being asked on the quay of that city whether he did n't admire the Saone, replied good naturedly that it was very pretty, but that in Paris they spelled it with the *ei*. This moment of general alarm, at Lyons, had been chosen by certain ingenious persons (I credit them, perhaps, with too sure a prevision of the rise of the rivers) for practicing further upon the apprehensions of the public. A bombshell filled with dynamite had been thrown into a café, and various votaries of the comparatively innocuous *petit verre* had been wounded (I am not sure whether any one had been killed) by the irruption. Of course there had been arrests and incarcerations, and the Intransigeant and the Rappel were filled with the echoes of the explosion. The tone of these organs is rarely edifying, and it had never been less so than on this occasion. I wondered, as I looked through them, whether I was losing all my radicalism; and then I wondered whether, after all, I had any to lose. Even in so long a wait as that tiresome delay at Lyons I failed to settle the question, any more than I made up my mind as to the probable future of the militant democracy, or the ultimate form of a civilization which should repose on projectiles. A few days later, the waters went down at Lyons; but the democracy has not gone down.

I remember vividly the remainder of that evening, which I spent at Macon — remember it with a chattering of the teeth. I know not what had got into the place; the temperature, for the last day of October, was eccentric and incredible. These epithets may also be applied to the hotel itself, — an extraordinary structure, all façade, which exposes an uncovered rear to the gaze of nature. There is a demonstrative, voluble landlady, who is of course part of the façade; but everything behind her is a trap for the winds, with chambers, corridors, staircases, all exhibited to the sky, as if the outer wall of the house had been lifted off. It would have been delightful for Florida, but it did n't do for Burgundy, even on the eve of November 1st, so that I suffered absurdly from the rigor of a season that had not yet begun. There was something in the air; I felt it the next day, even on the sunny quay of the Saone, where in spite of a fine southerly exposure I extracted little warmth from the reflection that Alphonse de Lamartine has often trodden the flags. Macon struck me, somehow, as suffering from a chronic numbness, and there was nothing exceptionally cheerful in the remarkable extension of the river. It was no longer a river — it had become a lake; and from my window, in the bright façade of the inn, I saw that the opposite bank had been moved back, as it were, indefinitely. Unfortunately, the various objects with which it was furnished had not been moved as well, the consequence of which was an extraordinary confusion in the relations of things. There were always poplars to be seen, but the poplar had become an aquatic plant. Such phenomena, however, at Macon attract but little attention, as the Saone, at certain seasons of the year, is nothing if not expansive. The people are as used to it as they appeared to be to the bronze statue of Lamartine, which is the principal monument of the *place*, and which, representing the poet in a frogged overcoat and top-boots, improvising in a high wind, struck me as even less casual in its attitude than monumental sculpture usually succeeds in being. It is true that in its present position I thought better of this work of art, which is from the hand of M. Falquière, than when I had seen it through the factitious medium of the Salon of 1876. I walked up the hill, where the older part of Macon lies, in search of the natal house of the *amant d'Elvira*,

the Petrarch whose Vaucluse was the bosom of the public. The Guide-Joanne quotes from Les Confidences a description of the birthplace of the poet, whose treatment of the locality is indeed poetical. It tallies strangely little with the reality, either as regards position or other features; and it may be said to be, not an aid, but a direct obstacle, to a discovery of the house. A very humble edifice, in a small back street, is designated by a municipal tablet, set into its face, as the scene of Lamartine's advent into the world. He himself speaks of a vast and lofty structure, at the angle of a *place*, adorned with iron clamps, with a *porte haute et large* and many other peculiarities. The house with the tablet has two meagre stories above the basement and (at present, at least) an air of extreme shabbiness; the *place*, moreover, never can have been vast. Lamartine was accused of writing history incorrectly, and apparently he started wrong at first: it had never become clear to him where he was born. Or is the tablet wrong? If the house is small, the tablet is very big.

II.

The foregoing reflections occur, in a cruder form, as it were, in my notebook, where I find this remark appended to them: "Don't take leave of Lamartine on that contemptuous note; it will be easy to think of something more sympathetic!" Those friends of mine, mentioned a little while since, who accuse me of always tipping back the balance, could not desire a paragraph more characteristic; but I wish to give no further evidence of such infirmities, and will therefore hurry away from the subject — hurry away in the train which, very early on a crisp, bright morning, conveyed me, by way of an excursion, to the ancient city of Bourg-en-Bresse. Shining in the early light, the Saone was spread, like a smooth, white tablecloth, over a considerable part of the flat country that I traversed. There is no provision made in this image for the long, transparent screens of thin-twigged trees which rose at intervals out of the watery plain; but as, under the circumstances, there seemed to be no provision for them, in fact, I will let my metaphor go for what it is worth. My journey was (as I remember it) of about an hour and a half; but I passed no object of interest, as the phrase is, whatever. The phrase hardly applies even to Bourg itself, which is simply a town *quelconque*, as Zola would say. Small, peaceful, rustic, it stands in the midst of the great dairy-feeding plains of Bresse, of which fat county, sometime property of the house of Savoy, it was the modest capital. The blue masses of the Jura give it a creditable horizon, but the only nearer feature it can point to is its famous sepulchral church. This edifice lies at a fortunate distance from the town, which, though innocent, is too common to consort with such a treasure. All I ever knew of the church of Brou I had gathered, years ago, from Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, which bears its name. I remember thinking, in those years, that it was impossible verses could be more touching than these; and as I stood before the object of my pilgrimage, in the gay French light (though the place was so dull), I recalled the spot where I had first read them, and where I read them again and yet again, wondering whether it would ever be my fortune to visit the church of Brou. The spot in question was an armchair in a window which looked out on some cows in a field; and whenever I glanced at the cows it came over me — I scarcely know why — that I should probably never behold the structure reared by the Duchess Margaret. Some of our visions never come to pass; but we must be just — others do. "So sleep, forever sleep, O princely pair!" I remembered that line of Matthew Ar-

nold's, and the stanza about the Duchess Margaret coming to watch the builders on her palfrey white. Then there came to me something in regard to the moon shining on winter nights through the cold clere-story. The tone of the place at that hour was not at all lunar; it was cold and bright, but with the chill of an autumn morning; yet this, even with the fact of the unexpected remoteness of the church from the Jura added to it, did not prevent me from feeling that I looked at a monument, in the production of which — or at least in the effect of which on the tourist mind of to-day — Matthew Arnold had been much concerned. By a pardonable license he has placed it a few miles nearer to the forests of the Jura than it stands at present. It is very true that, though the mountains in the sixteenth century can hardly have been in a different position, the plain which separates the church from them may have been bedecked with woods. The visitor to-day cannot help wondering why the beautiful building, with its splendid monuments, is dropped down in that particular spot, which looks so accidental and arbitrary. But there are reasons for most things, and there were reasons why the church of Brou should be at Brou, which is a vague little suburb of a vague little town.

The responsibility rests, at any rate, upon the Duchess Margaret — Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and his wife Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold. This lady has a high name in history, having been regent of the Netherlands in behalf of her nephew, the Emperor Charles V., of whose early education she had had the care. She married in 1501 Philibert the Handsome, Duke of Savoy, to whom the province of Bresse belonged, and who died two years later. She had been betrothed, as a child, to Charles VIII. of France, and was kept for some time at the French court — that of her prospective father-in-law, Louis XI.; but she was eventually repudiated, in order that her *fiancé* might marry Anne of Brittany — an alliance so magnificently political that we almost condone the offense to a sensitive princess. Margaret did not want for husbands, however, inasmuch as before her marriage to Philibert she had been united to John of Castile, son of Ferdinand V., king of Aragon — an episode terminated, by the death of the Spanish prince, within a year. She was twenty-two years regent of the Netherlands, and died at fifty-one, in 1530. She might have been, had she chosen, the wife of Henry VII. of England. She was one of the signers of the League of Cambray, against the Venetian republic, and was a most politic, accomplished, and judicious princess. She undertook to build the church of Brou as a mausoleum for her second husband and herself, in fulfillment of a vow made by Margaret of Bourbon, mother of Philibert, who died before she could redeem her pledge, and who bequeathed the duty to her son. He died shortly afterwards, and his widow assumed the pious task. According to Murray, she entrusted the erection of the church to "Maistre Loys von Berghem," and the sculpture to "Maistre Conrad." The author of a superstitious but carefully prepared little Notice, which I bought at Bourg, calls the architect and sculptor (at once) Jehan de Paris, author (*sic*) of the tomb of Francis II. of Brittany, to which we gave some attention at Nantes, and which the writer of my pamphlet ascribes only subordinately to Michel Colomb. The church, which is not of great size, is in the last and most flamboyant phase of Gothic, and in admirable preservation; the west front, before which a quaint old sun-dial is laid out on the ground — a circle of numbers marked in stone, like those on a clock face, let into the earth — is covered with delicate ornament. The great feature, however (the

nave is perfectly bare and wonderfully new looking, though the warden, a stolid yet sharp old peasant, in a blouse, who looked more as if his line were chaffering over turnips than showing off works of art, told me that it has never been touched, and that its freshness is simply the quality of the stone) — the great feature is the admirable choir, in the midst of which the three monuments have bloomed under the chisel, like the parterres of a garden. I saw the place to small advantage, for the stained glass of the windows, which are fine, was under repair, and much of it was masked with planks.

In the centre lies Philibert-le-Bel, a figure of white marble on a great slab of black, in his robes and his armor, with two boy-angels holding a tablet at his head, and two more at his feet. On either side of him is another cherub: one guarding his helmet, the other his stiff gauntlets. The attitudes of these charming children, whose faces are all bent upon him in pity, have the prettiest tenderness and respect. The table on which he lies is supported by elaborate columns, adorned with niches containing little images, and with every other imaginable elegance; and beneath it he is represented in that other form, so common in the tombs of the Renaissance, — a man naked and dying, with none of the state and splendor of the image above. One of these figures embodies the duke, the other simply the mortal; and there is something very strange and striking in the effect of the latter, seen dimly and with difficulty, through the intervals of the rich supports of the upper slab. The monument of Margaret herself is on the left, all in white marble, tormented into a multitude of exquisite patterns, the last extravagance of a Gothic which had gone so far that nothing was left it but to return upon itself. Unlike her husband, who has only the high roof of the church above him, she lies under a canopy supported and covered by a wilderness of embroidery — flowers, devices, initials, arabesques, statuettes. Watched over by cherubs, she is also in her robes and ermine, with a greyhound sleeping at her feet (her husband, at his, has a waking lion); and the artist has not, it is to be presumed, represented her as more beautiful than she was. She looks, indeed, like the regent of a turbulent realm. Beneath her couch is stretched another figure — a less brilliant Margaret, wrapped in her shroud, with her long hair over her shoulders. Round the tomb is the battered iron railing placed there originally, with the mysterious motto of the duchess worked into the top — *fortune infortune fort une*. The other two monuments are protected by barriers of the same pattern. That of Margaret of Bourbon, Philibert's mother, stands on the right of the choir; and I suppose its greatest distinction is that it should have been erected to a mother-in-law. It is but little less florid and sumptuous than the others; it has, however, no second recumbent figure. On the other hand, the statuettes that surround the base of the tomb are of even more exquisite workmanship: they represent weeping women, in long mantles and hoods, which latter hang forward over the small face of the figure, giving the artist a chance to carve the features within this hollow of drapery — an extraordinary play of skill. There is a high, white marble shrine of the Virgin, as extraordinary as all the rest (a series of compartments, representing the various scenes of her life, with the Assumption in the middle); and there is a magnificent series of stalls, which are simply the intricate chiseling of the tombs translated into polished oak. All these things are splendid, ingenious, elaborate, precious; it is goldsmith's work on a monumental scale, and the general effect is none the less beautiful and solemn because it is so rich. But the monuments of the church of Brou are not the noblest that

one may see; the great tombs of Verona are finer, and various other early Italian work. These things are not insincere, as Ruskin would say; but they are pretentious, and they are not positively *naïfs*. I should mention that the walls of the choir are embroidered in places with Margaret's tantalizing device, which — partly, perhaps, because it is tantalizing — is so very decorative, as they say in London. I know not whether she was acquainted with this epithet; but she had anticipated one of the fashions most characteristic of our age.

One asks one's self how all this decoration, this luxury of fair and chiseled marble, survived the French Revolution. An hour of liberty in the choir of Brou would have been a carnival for the image-breakers. The well-fed Bressois are surely a good-natured people. I call them well fed both on general and on particular grounds. Their province has the most savory aroma, and I found an opportunity to test its reputation. I walked back into the town from the church (there was really nothing to be seen by the way), and as the hour of the midday breakfast had struck, directed my steps to the inn. The table d'hôte was going on, and a gracious, bustling, talkative landlady welcomed me. I had an excellent repast, — the best repast possible, — which consisted simply of boiled eggs and bread and butter. It was the quality of these simple ingredients that made the occasion memorable. The eggs were so good that I am ashamed to say how many of them I consumed. "La plus belle fille du monde," as the French proverb says, "ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a;" and it might seem that an egg which has succeeded in being fresh has done all that can reasonably be expected of it. But there was a freshness, a bloom, so to speak, about these eggs of Bourg, as if it had been the intention of the very hens themselves that they should be promptly served. "Nous sommes en Bresse, et le beurre n'est pas mauvais," the landlady said, with a sort of dry coquetry, as she placed this article before me. It was the poetry of butter, and I ate a pound or two of it; after which I came away with a strange mixture of impressions of late Gothic sculpture and dairy produce. I came away through the town, where, on a little green promenade, facing the hotel, is a bronze statue of Bichat, the physiologist, who was a Bressois. I mention it, not on account of its merit (though, as statues go, I don't remember that it is bad), but because I learned from it — my ignorance, doubtless, did me little honor — that Bichat had died at thirty years of age, and this revelation was almost agitating. To have done so much in so short a life was to be truly great. This reflection, which looks deplorably trite as I write it here, had the effect of eloquence as I uttered it, for my own benefit, on the bare little mall at Bourg.

III.

On my return to Macon I found myself fairly face to face with the fact that my little tour was near its end. Dijon had been marked by fate as its farthest limit, and Dijon was close at hand. After that I was to drop the tourist, and reënter Paris as much as possible like a Parisian. Out of Paris the Parisian never loiters, and therefore it would be impossible for me to stop between Dijon and the capital. But I might be a tourist a few hours longer by stopping somewhere between Macon and Dijon. The question was where I should spend these hours. Where better, I asked myself (for reasons not now entirely clear to me) than at Beaune? On my way to this town I passed the stretch of the Côte d'Or, which, covered with a mellow autumn haze, with the sunshine shimmering through, looked indeed like a golden slope. One regards with a kind of awe the region in which the famous

crûs of Burgundy (Vougeot, Chambertin, Nuits, Beaune) are, I was going to say, manufactured. Adieu, paniers; vendanges sont faites! The vintage was over; the shrunken russet fibres alone clung to their ugly stick. The horizon on the left of the road had a charm, however; there is something picturesque in the big, comfortable shoulders of the Côte. That delicate critic, M. Emile Montigut, in a charming record of travel through this region, published some years ago, praises Shakespeare for having talked (in Lear) of "waterish Burgundy." Vinous Burgundy would surely be more to the point. I stopped at Beaune in pursuit of the picturesque, but I might almost have seen the little I discovered without stopping. It is a drowsy little Burgundian town, very old and ripe, with crooked streets, vistas always oblique, and steep, moss-covered roofs. The principal lion is the Hôpital-Saint-Esprit, or the Hôtel-Dieu, simply, as they call it there, founded in 1443 by Nicholas Rollin, chancellor of Burgundy. It is administered by the sisterhood of the Holy Ghost, and is one of the most venerable and stately of hospitals. The face it presents to the street is simple, but striking — a plain, windowless wall, surmounted by a vast slate roof, of almost mountainous steepness. Astride this roof sits a tall, slate-covered spire, from which, as I arrived, the prettiest chimes I ever heard (worse luck to them, as I will presently explain), were ringing. Over the door is a high, quaint canopy, without supports, with its vault painted blue and covered with gilded stars. (This, and indeed the whole building, have lately been restored, and its antiquity is quite of the spick-and-span order. But it is very delightful.) The treasure of the place is a precious picture — a Last Judgment, attributed equally to John van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden — given to the hospital in the fifteenth century by Nicholas Rollin aforesaid. I learned, however, to my dismay, from a sympathizing but inexorable concierge, that what remained to me of the time I had to spend at Beaune, between trains — I had rashly wasted half an hour of it in breakfasting at the station — was the one hour of the day (that of the dinner of the nuns; the picture is in their refectory) during which the treasure could not be shown. The purpose of the musical chimes to which I had so artlessly listened was to usher in this fruitless interval. The regulation was absolute, and my disappointment relative, as I have been happy to reflect since I "looked up" the picture. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign it without hesitation to Roger van der Weyden, and give a weak little drawing of it in their Flemish Painters. I learn from them also, what I was ignorant of, that Nicholas Rollin, chancellor of Burgundy and founder of the establishment at Beaune, was the original of the worthy kneeling before the Virgin, in the magnificent John van Eyck of the Salon Carré. All I could see was the court of the hospital and two or three rooms. The court, with its tall roofs, its pointed gables and spires, its wooden galleries, its ancient well, with an elaborate superstructure of wrought iron, is one of those places into which a sketcher ought to be let loose. It looked Flemish or English rather than French, and a splendid tidiness pervaded it. The porter took me into two rooms on the ground-floor, into which the sketcher should also be allowed to penetrate; for they made irresistible pictures. One of them, of great proportions, painted in elaborate "subjects," like a ball-room of the seventeenth century, was filled with the beds of patients, all draped in curtains of dark red cloth, the traditional uniform of these eleemosynary couches. Among them the sisters moved about, in their robes of white flannel, with big white linen hoods. The other room was a strange, immense apartment, lately

restored with much splendor. It was of great length and height, had a painted and gilded barrel-roof, and one end of it — the one I was introduced to — appeared to serve as a chapel, as two white-robed sisters were on their knees before an altar. This was divided by red curtains from the larger part; but the porter lifted one of the curtains, and showed me that the rest of it, a long, imposing vista, served as a ward, lined with little red-draped beds. "C'est l'heure de la lecture," remarked my guide; and a group of convalescents — all the patients I saw were women — were gathered in the centre around a nun, the points of whose white hood nodded a little above them, and whose gentle voice came to us faintly, with a little echo, down the high perspective. I know not what the good sister was reading — a dull book, I am afraid — but there was so much color and such a fine, rich air of tradition about the whole place that it seemed to me I would have risked listening to her. I turned away, however, with that sense of defeat which is always irritating to the appreciative tourist, and pottered about Beaune rather vaguely for the rest of my hour: looked at the statue of Gaspard Monge, the mathematician, in the little *place* (there is no *place* in France too little to contain an effigy to a glorious son); at the fine old porch — completely despoiled at the Revolution — of the principal church; and even at the meagre treasures of a courageous but melancholy little museum, which has been arranged — part of it being the gift of a local collector — in a small *hôtel de ville*. I carried away from Beaune the impression of something mildly autumnal — something rusty yet kindly, like the taste of a sweet russet pear.

IV.

It was very well that my little tour was to terminate at Dijon, for I found, rather to my chagrin, that there was not a great deal, from the pictorial point of view, to be done with Dijon. It was no great matter, for I held my proposition to have been by this time abundantly demonstrated — the proposition with which I started: that if Paris is France, France is by no means Paris. If Dijon was a good deal of a disappointment, I felt, therefore, that I could afford it. It was time for me to reflect, also, that for my disappointments, as a general thing, I had only myself to thank. They had too often been the consequence of arbitrary preconceptions, produced by influences of which I had lost the trace. At any rate, I will say plumply that the ancient capital of Burgundy is wanting in character; it is not up to the mark. It is old and narrow and crooked, and it has been left pretty well to itself: but it is not high and overhanging; it is not, to the eye, what the Burgundian capital should be. It has some tortuous vistas, some mossy roofs, some bulging fronts, some gray-faced hôtels, which look as if in former centuries — in the last, for instance, during the time of that delightful Président de Brosses, whose Letters from Italy throw an interesting side-light on Dijon — they had witnessed a considerable amount of good living. But there is nothing else. I speak as a man who, for some reason which he does n't remember now, did n't pay a visit to the celebrated Puits de Moïse, an ancient cistern, embellished with a sculptured figure of the Hebrew lawgiver.

The ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, long since converted into an hôtel de ville, presents to a wide, clean court, paved with washed-looking stones, and to a small semicircular *place*, opposite, which looks as if it had tried to be symmetrical and had failed, a façade and two wings, characterized by the stiffness, but not by the grand air, of the early part of the eighteenth century. It contains, however, a large and rich museum — a museum really worthy of

a capital. The gem of this exhibition is the great banqueting hall of the old palace, one of the few features of the place that has not been essentially altered. Of great height, roofed with the old beams and cornices, it contains, filling one end, a colossal Gothic chimney-piece, with a fireplace large enough to roast, not an ox, but a herd of oxen. In the middle of this striking hall, the walls of which are covered with objects more or less precious, have been placed the tombs of Philippe-le-Hardi and Jean-sans-Peur. These monuments, very splendid in their general effect, have a limited interest. The limitation comes from the fact that we see them to-day in a transplanted and mutilated condition. Placed originally in a church which has disappeared from the face of the earth, demolished and dispersed at the Revolution, they have been reconstructed and restored out of fragments recovered and pieced together. The piecing has been beautifully done; it is covered with gilt and with brilliant paint; the whole result is most artistic. But the spell of the old mortuary figures is broken, and it will never work again. Meanwhile the monuments are immensely decorative.

I think the thing that pleased me best at Dijon was the little old Parc, a charming public garden, about a mile from the town, to which I walked by a long, straight autumnal avenue. It is a *jardin français* of the last century, a dear old place, with little blue-green perspectives and alleys and *rond-points*, in which everything balances. I went there late in the afternoon, without meeting a creature, though I had hoped I should meet the Président de Brosses. At the end of it was a little river that looked like a canal, and on the further bank was an old-fashioned villa, close to the water, with a little French garden of its own. On the hither side was a bench, on which I seated myself, lingering a good while; for this was just the sort of place I like. It was the furthermost point of my little tour. I thought that over, as I sat there, on the eve of taking the express to Paris; and as the light faded in the Parc the vision of some of the things I had seen became more distinct.

Henry James.

AT BENT'S HOTEL.

It was just before the dawn of a day in June that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Nancy Bent. The moon was shining in the pale sky, glorifying the distorted pine-tree in front of Bent's Hotel, — so ran the legend above the door, — and rendering darkness visible in the swamp beyond the road, where the sullen waters of an intensely muddy creek murmured hoarsely. Dew lay heavy upon the ground, and miasma hung heavy in the air; yet Mrs. Nancy Bent stood forth in *déshabillé*, reckless of exposure, as though she bore a charmed life. I afterwards learned that she possessed a specific against chills, which enabled her, so she affirmed, to defy the perils of that deadly marsh. Her faith in the unsavory brew she was wont to concoct at sunrise, and dispense, gratis, to all who would partake thereof, must have been strong indeed, since she did not scruple to come out at that hour of the summer morning in any better protection than was afforded by a white cotton sack and a skirt worn over a bouncing hoop of obsolete rotundity, a ragged green veil wrapped about her head, and a pair of unmanageable carpet slippers upon her stockingless feet.

Mrs. Nancy Bent was the landlady of a little wayside hotel in the State of Mississippi, where the chances of travel compelled me to stop for a few hours' shelter. The train that had brought me to this forlorn spot went thundering on its northward way, leaving me with a desolate feeling of having arrived at the limit of the world, — a feeling not a little intensified by the dismal hooting of owls and the melancholy croaking of the frogs in the neighboring swamp land; nor was my sense of desolation at all cheered by the unwelcome tidings that the train which was to bear me away from this Ultima Thule had not yet run down from the little town whither I was faring, the terminus of the branch road, about twenty miles distant.

There was no help for it: from four A. M. until noon that summer day, I was at the mercy of the "garrulously given" mistress of Bent's Hotel. There was a Mr. Bent, "the peaceablest, onquarrelsomest man alive," according to his wife's verdict, — no doubt a just one, for he was "of his porte as meke as is a mayde;" but the ruling spirit, the presiding genius, of this traveler's rest was Mrs. Nancy. Her husband apparently served no other purpose in the economy of the establishment to which by name he belonged than to conduct the hapless wayfarer to that cramped and cheerless shelter, framed of upright cracks, with scattering planks between; plainly showing that but small consideration of wintry weather had entered into the architect's plans.

Happily, however, it was near midsummer when I arrived at Bent's. Mr. Bent, a giant with a beguiling smile, walked out of the small station house, as the train in which I came moved away, and meekly offered to conduct me and the one other traveler — a young woman carrying a baby in her arms — to the "hotel," which we saw dimly outlined, just across the road, the planks being destitute of paint or whitewash. It was that hour of the twenty-four when, according to physiologists, vitality is at its lowest ebb, and we two women followed the man up the little slope to his door in despondent silence, — a silence that did not long remain unbroken, however; for Mrs. Bent, audible before she was visible, raised her voice in shrill expostulation from the dim interior of her dwelling-place: —

"I say, Bent! this here won't do fur me. It 's too onchristian-like, — roustin' a bone-tired woman outen bed sich a time as this, nuther night nor day. Bound ef I was a man, and one on the powers that be over this here road, I 'd not allow no trains stoppin' at way-stations sich a onhallowed time, an' people callin' for rooms, an' nary room to spare 'em. They ought to build a bigger hotel here. How do they 'spect me, with the house full o' visitin' kin, to s'ply beds at sich like onhandy notice? There 's my own bed I 'm just this moment out of, and that 's 'bout 's much as anybody can count on from anybody else."

By the time this tirade was delivered Mrs. Bent stood forth to view: a wiry, scantily-clothed little body, with disheveled hair, sallow face, and an odd serenity of countenance that contrasted ludicrously with the querulousness of her words and the penetrating harshness of her voice.

Porch there was none; so Mrs. Bent, when she came out to meet us, stood shivering upon the dew-drenched grass, while she paused deliberately to inspect the two victims and a half, counting the baby, which her husband had brought her.

The woman carrying the baby yawned, and said, with a sleepy amiability, that it made no difference to her whose bed she took; but I, more considerate or less amiable, turning to Mr. Bent, who stood by, wordless, with an imbecile smile upon his broad face, expressed my entire willingness to occupy one of those

comfortless inventions of the enemy of rest, a split-bottomed chair.

"Shoo! Shoo!" quoth Mrs. Bent, ushering us indoors with a wildly swinging motion of both her hands, as if she were driving chickens to roost. "It 's small use to talk to Bent; he 's as *deef* as a pine-tree with the wind a-roarin' in its top. *I* don't waste no time talking to him, I can tell you."

As we crossed the threshold, a lame goat hobbled painfully out of a corner of the dim passage, and drew familiarly near. This *bizarre* pet Mrs. Bent addressed as "Pups," with her a term of endearment, as I discovered later, which she applied indiscriminately to goats, dogs, cats, cows, chickens, and children. "Hey, Pups!" she cried, kindly, but in a voice so loud as to suggest that the goat might be as deaf as Mr. Bent. "So, so, now; git back, you po' crittur, — *git* back. It 's too early yit for *yo'* corn-bread."

This affectionate little speech, far from repelling the lame goat, instantly called forth an earless dog, a tailless cat, and a blind turkey with a broken wing, which motley crew, hurrying helter-skelter from their common den under the tumble-down staircase, crowded around their mistress, and nearly upset her.

"Shoo, shoo, Pups!" cried Mrs. Bent, with shrill good-nature, kicking aimlessly right and left, and sending one of her big slippers flying out of sight into the dark hole whence these creatures came.

Whether this feat was accomplished intentionally or not, it had the effect of creating a diversion: goat, turkey, dog, and cat immediately made speed after the slipper, and Mr. Bent having departed for some nook unknown, we two women — I with my satchel, and the other with her baby — followed Mrs. Bent into the room sacred to her broken slumbers.

A poor place it was, with a rough floor, a narrow window, and a door on one side, opening upon a weedy garden. Opposite this were two other doors leading, on either side, to rooms beyond, and indicating plainly enough that Mrs. Bent's chamber was too much of a thoroughfare to permit its inmates any great amount of privacy or repose. There were two beds in the room: one, a narrow couch, was occupied by a pair of sallow-faced, sandy-haired twins, eight or nine years of age; the other Mrs. Bent hospitably pointed out as "a snug enough place for a snooze before break o' day."

My fellow-traveler was not critical; perhaps she was too tired and sleepy; at any rate, she stayed for neither thanks nor apology, but lay down with her child, and speedily went to sleep.

"You *ain't* a-goin' to tumble in, eh?" said Mrs. Bent to me, incredulously.

"Why, no, thank you," I replied; "it is hardly worth while. I shall do very well sitting up."

With a look like that of Abou Ben Adhem's angel, "made of all sweet accord," Mrs. Bent said, "To be sho'. Then I 'll take t' other cheer myself, an' sit here, handy-like to the winder, so 's I can talk; for 't ain't often I git a chance. Bent, he 's deef as a stone, an' ef I did n't talk to the pups around I might forgit how."

Then Mrs. Bent, making a dive into a little cranny in the wall, drew thence a dwarfish black bottle, the contents of which were unmistakably betrayed by the slender stick protruding from its wide mouth; which small magic wand was no sooner transferred to Mrs. Bent's mouth than she opened upon me the volleys of her insatiate tongue. Not brandy, nor gin, but the pungent *rappee* was the source whence Mrs. Bent drew her inspiration.

"I can allers tell the folks as *don't* dip," said Mrs. Bent, accompanying her words with a glance of compassion that gave them a personal application: "they

are a limp-like lookin' kind, with no spring to their backbone, that sits down 's if they had n't no mind to move agin in a hurry. But as fur *me*, give me a bottle o' good strong snuff, a sof' red-gum bresh, — not too lember, mind, — an' a winder handy, an' I don't ask nobody no odds.

"Some folks says it 's ruination to the liver, but that don't scare me wuth a cent," she continued, defiantly. "Let each one jedge for theirselves, *I* say; an' I know when my bottle 's out I ain't wuth a dab; but gi' me my reg'lar dips, an' I kin run this hotel.

"I ain't one o' the onres'less kind, myself. Set *some* folks down here, an' they 'd pine an' pine, like a cotton-stalk with the rust; but I 'm bound to make things spry wheresomedever I go! Fust thing I done here was to hunt out a spring. Up to my time, I 'm plagued if they did n't drink that muddy stuff outen that creek over yonder. Lord! I don't know any greater hendrance to the temp'rance cause than muddy water; it allers takes seasoning to make it go down.

"Folks said to Bent, when we 'greed to take charge here, — there 's allermost allers people to disadvise you, you know, — folks said to Bent, 'You can't stan' it; you can't never stan' it. Folks has tried it, an' quit, disgustid. The water is bad, an' the air is bad, an' the lonesomeness is intollable.' 'Well,' I says to Bent, 'we kin try it.' I allers had a kind o' notion I could keep hotel. Some folks, I s'pose, *might* call it lonesome, but that 's 'cordin' to how you look at it. A train up an' a train down, every day, or leastwise at night, on the main road, and the same on the branch road, not to say nothin' o' freights, is enough to keep a place lively, to *my* thinkin'; leastwise, I know it gives *me* stir in plenty. There 's passengers comin' an' goin', so 's I git the fashions handy," eying my dress critically. "To be sho', there ain't much Christmas nor Fo'th July; but I git a free peep at every circus an' show as travels these two roads, bein' as they 're obliged to put up here; an' though Sunday-go-to-meetin' is scarcer 'n hen's teeth, there comes along a preacher, now and then, an' holds prayers as would fair make your hair stand on eend with repentance. Moreover an' besides," continued Mrs. Bent, with eager pride, "things kin happen here same 's in towns. Why, you b'lieve me, now, there 's Framer, as is engineer on the branch road, an' Pining, the operator [of the telegraph] here, you know, has been in a row goin' on *weeks*. I look out fur blazes reg'lar, every time Framer's train comes in. Bent, he says to me, says he, 'You mind, Nan, or you 'll git hurt, sho', nosin' round in men's quarrels.' Framer, he 's got a pistol, you see," Mrs. Bent kindly explained, "an' Bent, he 's the peaceablest, onquarrelsomest man alive. I don't say so 'kase he 's my husband, — I say so 'kase he *is*; you jest ask anybody. 'That 'll do for you, Bent,' says I. 'You 're so deef you can't hear thunder; but as fur me, my ears is cocked fur all that 's goin' on. You better b'lieve I 'll look out for number one, and take care o' this hotel into the bargain.'

"Now I ain't *in* this here Framer an' Pining quarrel, un'stan'; but I do like to see a fair fight, ef fightin' 's obliged to be, an' so I take my stan' to see Pining don't git put upon. Not as I upholds Pining; he 's the meddlesomest man a-goin', an' that 's jest what gets him into his troubles, as I ain't slow to tell him. Pining knows I ain't got so much cause to uphold him, a meddlesome, undermining rat. 'T ain't so long sence he sot up to interfere with Bent; an' ef Bent had n't a had *me* to back him, *I* don't know but that wood corntract might a-busted. 'T was me put Bent up to that spec. He 's too deef to keep hotel, Bent is, an' I could n't stan' the looks of him hangin' round, loose-like;

so I told him to go for a railroad wood-pile, when all of a suddin' Pining took a fool notion to grab that wood corntract fur hisself!" ("He would n't a-half tended to it, — not *he!*" Mrs. Bent added, in a scornful parenthesis.) "Howsomedever, Pining, he set his wire a-goin' to telegraph a pack o' stuff 'bout Bent, his deefness bein' a drawback to the business, — as if a man needed ears to see how to stack up wood! Says I, 'Bent, do you take a fool's advice,' — an' Bent, he knows I lack a power uv bein' a fool, — 'an' do you pop aslide the fust train down, be she passenger or be she freight, and interview the powers that be yo'self; *an' don't you come back thouten that corntract.*' An' Bent, he knowed better 'n to come back with his finger in his mouth, an' *me* a watchin' fur him.

"Pining was powerful upsot — an' I don't blame him nuther, for there 's money in that wood-pile — when he found out as Bent had beat him; but he knowed Bent had me to back him, an' he jest had to chaw on his wrath like a piece o' whit-leather. But, law sakes, I did n't bear him no grudge. Says I, 'Pining, you mind yo' own business, next time, and I 'm yo' friend;' an' sho' enough, so he found me, when Framer come a-cuttin' an' a-tearin' down here, with his pistol an' his knife sot fur vengeance, an' Pining come a-runnin' to me, like a skeered rabbit. Lord!" — and here Mrs. Bent took her brush out of her mouth to indulge in a passing laugh — "how his long legs did fetch him, and Framer after him!

"Says I, 'Git behine me, Pups, and Framer's bullet shall riddle me afore it tetches you,' which Pining did.

"Framer was mighty mad, I tell you. When he come in to breakfast he said some onperlite things about women's meddlesomeness; an' he said 'em loud, so 's Bent might hear 'em."

"'Why, Framer,' says I, 'ain't you ashame o' yo'self! Bent ain't in this fuss, an' you can't bring him in it. He 's the peaceablest, onquarrelsomest man alive. I don't say so 'kase he 's my husband, — I say so 'kase he *is*. An' I don't care what man, woman, or child wants my purtection, they 're welcome; ef anybody wants to git behine me, they kin git. I ain't a-goin' to have no shootin', an' no cuttin', an' no Ku-Klux, nor nothin' disreputable 'bout Bent's Hotel, you better b'lieve.'

"But law, Framer war n't to blame; *fur* you see, Pining was at his old tricks, a-lyin' by wire. What must the fool do — you b'lieve me? — but telegraph down to the powers in office that Framer was a-runnin' his engine at the rate of forty mile an hour, which he was forbidden to run more 'n twenty. But, Lord! as I told Framer, a fool an' a half could a-seed *that* was a lie," said Mrs. Bent, waxing intensely emphatic with the irresistible force of her argument; "for this here branch road ain't *more 'n* twenty miles long, an' WHERE is Framer to *git* his forty miles to run, thouten he goes down on to the main road, where he don't b'long? *I* did n't think 't was reasonable-like Pining ought to be shot fur sich a fool lie as that."

A pause followed this climax. The moonlight had given place to daylight, and a faint stir in the adjoining rooms announced the awakening of the inmates.

"Well," said Mrs. Bent, with an audible yawn, as she wrapped her black bottle carefully in a rag, and bestowed it in its cranny, "I see it 's plum' daylight, an' I must go mix."

What she might mean by this mysterious announcement I had not time to inquire, for her movements were so brisk that almost as she spoke the words she was out of the door.

Some moments passed before she reappeared. Meantime through an opposite door entered a pale, youngish woman, dressed in a calico intensely pink which was bedecked with ribbons of an

intense green. She was followed by an elderly woman with weak eyes, and two sickly children; then came an untidy, half-grown girl, who proceeded to pull the sallow twins out of their bed, and to dress them in a lazy, loitering way, against which neither the twins themselves nor any one else seemed disposed to remonstrate. The youngish woman in the pink calico and the elderly woman with the weak eyes sat down, and began an animated discussion on the ills that flesh is heir to.

By this time Mrs. Bent returned. She had put on her stockings and her own proper shoes, and the white cotton skirt and sack had given place to a smart yellow gingham with many ruffles. In her hand she carried a very dingy tin pint-cup, with an iron spoon, and I knew intuitively that this dread cup contained the "mix."

"Laws, cousin 'Mandy Jane," said she to the dead-and-alive woman in the pink calico, "I must say you do improve every day you stay. Folks need n't tell *me* this is sich an onhealthy spot. An' ef you put yo' daily dependence in this here mix, nobody need n't never have a chill. Have a dose, cousin 'Mandy Jane?"

Cousin 'Mandy Jane obediently swallowed the proffered spoonful, and sank back upon her chair with the proud consciousness of having done her duty to herself, leaving Mrs. Bent to administer a dose in succession to each child. This occupied some little time, for the children made a brave but ineffectual resistance.

When at last helpless infancy had succumbed to the determined dispenser of this elixir, I perceived that my hour had struck. The fell enchantress with the fatal bowl approached. She filled the spoon, and extended it towards me with confident benevolence painted on her countenance; but I, summoning all my strength of character, politely declined.

"*What!*" exclaimed Mrs. Bent, with mingled surprise and chagrin. "You surely don't mean to refuse this here physic? It ain't none o' them *easy* doses that don't signify; it has got a strength and a flavor that stands by you long after it 's swallowed. Better try it."

Again I thanked Mrs. Bent, but shook my head. I was not ill, I said.

The would-be Samaritan turned away mournfully, and offered a dose first to the elderly woman, and then to the untidy girl, each of whom, more complaisant than myself, swallowed the contents of the spoon promptly, and with wry faces that amply testified to the strength and flavor of the compound.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bent, encouragingly, "it 's a sho' sign that physic is good for something when it riles the stomach that way."

If this was true, she must have felt gratified at the effect the "mix" had upon the twins. The sputtering and lamenting they made awoke the woman with the baby.

"What is that you are all taking?" she asked, with that reverent interest in dosing characteristic of women with babies.

"A mixture 'ginst chills," answered Mrs. Bent, promptly, and holding out the iron spoon brimful. "Better take some. Ef you ain't got 'em a'ready, you 're as likely as the next one to git 'em some time."

"It 's the squarest thing a-goin'," chimed in the elderly woman, wiping her lips with approbation. "Fur givin' one a backbone of a mornin', it beats all."

Cousin 'Mandy Jane corroborated this testimony with a solemnly emphatic shake of the head; and the untidy girl declared, with a shudder, that it was "the 'bominablest stuff, to be sho!" — an expression evidently intended as the loudest praise, and accepted as such.

"In course it is!" assented Mrs. Bent, complacently. "'T would n't be good fur nothin', ef it was n't."

The woman with the baby, having paused to hear all this in staring, open-mouthed, credulous silence, now took the spoon, and bravely swallowed its contents; this done, she immediately administered a dose to her infant.

"That 's what I call sensible, now," said Mrs. Bent, with glowing approval.

"Sensible? I should *say* sensible," chimed in cousin 'Mandy Jane and the elderly woman; and then everybody looked at me.

"Give me," cried Mrs. Bent, enthusiastically, — "give me my bottle o' snuff, a spring o' clear water, an' this here mix, an' *I* don't care where you set me down!"

"Declare to man, cousin Nancy," said cousin 'Mandy Jane, "you must tell me what you make it outen!"

"To be sho!" responded Mrs. Bent, with generous warmth. "I takes a little gin, an' a little assafœtidy, an' a little senny, to begin with, an' I adds snakeroot, an' boneset, an' dogwood, an' willer-bark, an' sweet-gum balls, an' red pepper an' sage in plenty, an' simmers 'm to a stew-like, an' then I fling in a little long sweetenin'" (molasses).

"Every one o' them things is *good*," remarked the elderly woman, with an air of authority and a withering look directed at me.

"To be sho!" said Mrs. Bent, loudly. "An' when they 're put in a mix they 're a *Power*."

"Law!" cried cousin 'Mandy Jane, "I wonder, now, ef 't ain't good fur rheumatiz an' asthmy!"

"*In course it is!*" assented Mrs. Bent, pugnaciously. "It 's good fur a'most anything. It 's good to cure, an' it 's better still to prevent. Stands to reason them that 's well ought n't to refuse it, no more 'n them that 's ill. Have some?" said she to me again, with a sort of aggressive appeal in voice and look.

Again I had the hardihood to decline; after the conversation I had just heard I was less disposed than ever to taste her panacea.

"*Better* try it," she urged, with undaunted benevolence. "The chills is a gainin' ground, an' you look mighty peaked-like."

But even this *argumentum ad fœminam* failed to conquer my obduracy, and Mrs. Bent, with an aggrieved sigh, walked away. The look she gave me as she went might have moved a stone to the act of deglutition. I confess that it brought a blush to my impenitent cheeks, it said so plainly, "Turn, sinner, turn; why will ye die?"

"I 've known folks to refuse this before," Mrs. Bent remarked, in a loud aside to cousin 'Mandy Jane, "but they allers lived to see their foolishness."

Thereupon cousin 'Mandy Jane and the elderly woman began, each one, to describe her own peculiar ailments: the former suffered from a "goneness," and the latter was troubled with a "flustering-like;" but both agreed loudly that cousin Nancy Bent's infallible "mix" had "helped them a power."

In the midst of this conversation a cracked bell rang clamorously, and forthwith up jumped the elderly woman, cousin 'Mandy Jane, the untidy girl, the twins, and the woman with the baby in her arms. The blind, unquestioning faith with which that young mother obeyed every impulse brought to bear upon her at Bent's Hotel aroused my envy. *She* could lie down to sweetest slumbers upon that untidy bed; *she* could swallow in serene security that nauseous antidote to miasmatic poison; and, most admirable, most enviable, of all, *she* could eat *with confidence* that woeful fried breakfast, concocted in the revolting little kitchen facing the outer door. *I* was sorely weary of my split-bottomed chair, yet I did not move. I had expected to arrive at my destination long before that hour, and so had traveled unprovided with luncheon; yet those leaden biscuit reeking with lard

and saleratus, that weak and muddy drink misnamed coffee, that gross fried bacon, had not the power to beguile the sense of "goneness" that I am sure cousin 'Mandy Jane never suffered from more than I did at that moment.

"That 'ar bell is fur *breakfast*," said Mrs. Bent, turning back at the door. "Better come eat. Yo' train don't come down till nine o'clock, 'long of change of schedule; and it don't go back till twelve. You'll be as empty as a pea-pod in the dry drought before you git where you're goin'."

I thanked the good soul, but excused myself upon the plea that I had no appetite so early in the morning.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bent, nodding her head sagaciously at her kinswoman in the pink calico, "jest like you was, cousin 'Mandy Jane, — a *goneness;*" then to me, "You'd better a-took that mix; 't would a-*made* you hongry, leastwise, ef only to take the taste outen yo' mouth."

To this I replied that if I could have some water to bathe my face I should do very well.

Mrs. Bent withdrew. I saw her and cousin 'Mandy Jane shaking their heads in grave disapproval, and I heard Mrs. Bent say, in a voice that might have proclaimed my doom from the house-top, "No food, an' no physic; sich is not long fur this world."

Whether Mrs. Bent ate with imprudent rapidity, or whether she postponed her breakfast to a more convenient season, I know not; but presently she returned to me, bringing a tin basin full of water that was none of the clearest, and a towel upon the appearance of which I forbear to comment.

"There!" said she, as she deposited basin and towel upon the pine chest under the window. "The spring is fur to tote from, an' so I don't waste that water on face-washin'; creek water 's plenty good fur that."

I had just taken off my linen duster, a garment of a peculiar cut, with cape and sleeves combined; and Mrs. Bent's hands being free of the basin and towel, she immediately seized upon the wrap, and, without asking permission, put it on, turning herself about to see the effect, and talking volubly all the time.

"What in the name o' wonder do they call this thing?" she questioned. "I 've been a-watchin' it ever sence daylight, an' I 'lowed to cousin 'Mandy Jane I 'd have a try at it, ef I had to invite you to take it off. I allers tries on passengers' clo'es, so 's to git at the fashions. I 've got a new pupple caliker, now, to make — but this is *the* outbeatenest concern; blamed ef I kin make head nor tail on it. 'T ain't no basque, I kin see fur myself. It 's more like to a polonay. But I 'll 'low ef you had cows to milk you 'd find sich a cut powerful ill-convenient."

I explained that the garment was a great convenience in traveling, as it protected my dress from dust.

Upon this the observant Mrs. Bent eyed me critically, and *not* approvingly, from head to foot. "Well, live an' larn!" she exclaimed. "All this waste of bran' new material to spare that dress o' yourn from dust, *which* it is none of the newest. But 't ain't everybody, as I often say, what has the gift of management," she added indulgently, as she laid aside the disapproved cloak. "An' now, ef you 're done with that 'ar tin basin, I 'm ready to milk my cows. Ef they was n't the kindliest pups in the world, I could n't milk 'em in a hurry, as I do. For a body must skip 'roun' an' be spry, to git things done here of a mornin'; an' specially to-day, sence the branch train comes in all out o' sorts, so to speak, with change of schedule; an' Framer, he 's a whistlin' this minute up to Raney's Station."

Mrs. Bent, having emptied the wash-basin, forthwith began to skip through the weedy garden — literally to *skip*, for the weeds were high — to the small

patch of woods where her starveling cows were tamely waiting.

I felt, as I watched this agile little body clearing the weeds with the wash-basin tucked under her arm, that I had done wisely to decline food and physic; nevertheless, the pangs of unappeased hunger made me faint, and I looked with impatience for the coming of the train that was to bear me away. When at last the belligerent Framer, engineer on the branch road, blew his defiant whistle, everybody (except, perhaps, the craven Pining) rushed to the front to witness that never-palling spectacle of a train arriving. I confess to the weakness of following the mob. My short experience in Mrs. Bent's company had taught me that when one is in Rome it is well to do as Romans do — so far as one can. My unconquerable prejudices had forced me to decline the matutinal dose and the indigestible breakfast; but it was plain that I could gain nothing by remaining in that unsavory little room while all the world at Bent's, even the cats, the dogs, the turkey with the broken wing, and the miserable hobbling goat, were standing under the free heaven, in the morning breeze, to watch the train sweep round the curve.

Mrs. Bent was in glory. "Hooray!" she cried, hilariously, as the engine came to a standstill. "Shoot who, Framer, with yo' belt an' yo' pistols? Ef you had n't a-held up steam so tight, man, as you come around, you 'd a shot down the main-road fur your forty miles an hour, sho 's a gun!"

This sally was loudly rewarded by a laugh; but Mrs. Bent, unmoved by the prosperity of her jest, immediately turned her attention to a matter of graver import.

"Call *this* lonesome?" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Jest you look there, cousin 'Mandy Jane! One, two, three, four, five, *six!* Yes, *six* ladies, young an' old, tall an' short, an' every last one on 'em rigged in the fashion! Nary one on 'em can't git away from yere, leastwise afore ten o'clock to-night, an' 'twixt 'em all I'm certain sho to pick up a style fur my new pupple caliker."

Among these six ladies was one whom I knew; and most fortunately for me, she wisely traveled with a well-provided lunch-basket and a contrivance for making her own coffee. I dare say that my "peaked" look and my general air of "goneness" appealed to this good lady's compassion, for she immediately offered me breakfast, — a kindness that I was not slow to accept.

While we were boiling the coffee with great care and diligence, having to battle with a breeze that Mrs. Bent would have called "ill-convenient," in walked that bustling little woman, probably with a view of studying the cut of my friend's polonaise. The intrusion, under the circumstances, was most embarrassing: not that I objected to sharing with her the invigorating cup whose tempting aroma now filled the room; but I would fain have escaped her detection while breakfasting thus surreptitiously, as it were, on better fare than she could give me.

Mrs. Bent, however, manifested no displeasure. "I 'lowed you 'd not hold out to go empty to yo' journey's end," said she, with open satisfaction. "Why don't you keep that do' shot to, to fend off the win'? But, sakes! it 's small use fightin' the win' behine a do', with cracks all round you. I 'd a-knowed that was coffee you 're a-makin' by the smell; strong 's lye, which is a waste o' material. I 've seen them pocket tricks afore this. We 'd a nexpress agent on this road, oncst, what kep' one, an' biled his own coffee. Some folks *is* cu'rous an' onsettled-like 'bout their eatin', you know, an' this chap was allers doctorin' his cookin', as I usened to say, 'stead o' doctorin' hisself. I never *could* git that po' crittur to swallow a drap o' mix, and the consequence was he *never* had the

stomach to sit down to table 's long 's he stopped here."

"Will you not take a cup of coffee with me, Mrs. Bent?" I asked, my cheeks burning with guilty blushes, which I trusted she would attribute to the flame of the alcohol-lamp.

"No; I 'm 'bliged to you," said she, with a compassionate air. "I allers thinks there 's something or 'nother out o' jint with stomachs what craves things so fussy. I kin drink my coffee natural-like, myself, I 'm thankful to say; but I makes 'lowance fur them what can't."

And with this parting thrust my voluble hostess left me. Poor woman! Before I traveled that way again, she was dead; a victim, I fear, to the combined effects of miasma, the "mix," and the baleful contents of that black junk-bottle which she kept in the cranny beneath the window.

E. W. Bellamy.

DEW OF PARNASSUS.

How shall we know when he comes for whom are these garlands of bay?
How single him forth from the many that pass and repass on their way?

Easily may ye discern him, and beckon him forth from the throng;
Ye surely shall know him by this, — he hath slept on the Mountain of Song.

Many are they that go thither, many the guests of the day;
Few till the cool of the eve, till the kindling of Hesperus, stay.

But he, all night on the sward, lay couched by a murmuring spring;
Sleeping he lay, yet he heard from the covert the nightingale sing, —

Heard the faint rustle of leaves astir in the breath of the South,
Felt the soft lips of the dryad laid on his eyelids and mouth:

So slept till the stars were all folded; till, bright on the dim mountain lawn,
The Muses came singing to wake him, pouring the wine of the dawn!

For him are these garlands of bay; yet show us more clearly the sign:
How shall we know, beyond doubt, he hath slept on the mountain divine?

Know by the dew on his raiment, his forehead and clustering hair;
Dew of the night on Parnassus he for a token shall wear.

Look, how the diamond is caught in the fringe of the meadow unshorn!
Look, how the rose has its rubies, the lily its pearls from the morn!

Such is the song of the poet, — a blossom bred up in the dew;
Mobile the drop at its heart, creating all beauty anew!

Edith M. Thomas.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.

Mr. Arnold's life has been so quiet and so exclusively literary that his history, so far as it concerns the world, is almost comprised in the history of his works. He was born December 24, 1822, at Laleham, in Middlesex, where his father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, afterwards of Rugby, was then receiving private pupils. Matthew was the eldest child. Thomas, the father's namesake, was also born at Laleham, a little more than a year later. The two boys are almost always mentioned together, whenever intense preoccupation with public affairs allows them to be mentioned at all, in the exceedingly interesting correspondence of their father, collected by the late Dean of Westminster, himself one of Dr. Arnold's most illustrious pupils. That correspondence ceased, as the world knows, to its long regret, during the first year of the residence of the brothers at Oxford, when they were eighteen and nineteen years of age. They were therefore four and five when Dr. Arnold left Laleham to be head master of Rugby, and began that brief, brilliant, aggressive, but wholly self-devoted career, which left so deep an impression on his own and the rising generation.

In estimating the influences which have gone to the shaping of Matthew Arnold's peculiar genius, no critic has ever yet seemed to us to lay sufficient stress upon the fact that he was the son of Dr. Arnold. One finds his poetry entirely penetrated by the special pantheism of Spinoza. Another can see only the impress of Wordsworth, which is obvious enough, indeed, and loyally confessed; inevitable, also, from the early personal familiarity of the younger with the elder poet, and with that landscape of the Lake country which is Wordsworth's own. A third detects the subtler and less direct influence of Keats. For ourselves, such fitful attempts at analyzing the poems as we have now and then made, during the years in which we have loved and conned them, have almost always issued in a maze of speculation on the mysteries of heredity. It does not very often happen that so distinguished a father has a distinguished son. Amid the many uncertainties which beset this matter of mental inheritance, nothing seems more nearly certain than this: that, while a general excellence of quality often descends in the direct line, the special powers which have flourished with exceptional energy in one generation will be languid or dormant in the next; while faculties of which the germs have been plainly discernible, but which have been hampered, neglected, or in any way stunted, in the progenitor absorb whatever of energy there may be in the nature, and spring to a profuse blossoming in the offspring. The elder Arnold smothered and extinguished with an unshrinking hand an early tendency of his own toward religious doubt and speculative inquiry, — a tendency so serious and unaffected that even the devout Keble could say of it, "It is better to have Arnold's doubts than another man's certainties." Always reverent in spirit, he became a man of the most intense and definite convictions, — convictions so entirely final to his own mind that he would fain have imposed them upon all the world, and did, in fact, impart them to hundreds whose connection with him was merely external and temporary; convictions for which he was at all times ready to do valiant and, until the shadow of death itself fell suddenly upon him, even joyous battle. A man above all things *practical;* who had no time to toy with thought, so instantly he translated it into deed. It was on this

side, apparently, that the Roman character touched, and the history of Rome in the great days of the republic so strongly attracted him. On the other hand, scattered all through the pages of that prolific correspondence of Dr. Arnold, in which the pulse of life throbs always with the over-full energy which presages early exhaustion, there are traces of gentler and finer possibilities postponed; of more ideal faculties pining for indulgence; of a yearning after stillness, seclusion, and the permitted rest of old age, extremely pathetic to the reader who foreknows its vanity. There is that thirst for the perpetual solace of natural beauty around human life, barely slaked for the time being by his flying visits to Fox-How, his vacation house in the Lake country, and finding vent in vivaciously expressed disgust with the tameness of "leafy Warwickshire." "It is no wonder," he writes, "that we do not like looking eastward from Rugby. There is nothing fine between us and the Ural Mountains, Holland, the north of Germany, the centre of Russia!"

We are lingering too long, perhaps, over the preface to our subject; but is it not plain that in thus roughly indicating the strength and weakness of the father's nature we have at the same time indicated the correlative weakness and strength of the son's? It remains to push one step farther our inquiry into the shaping influences of Matthew Arnold's youth, before we can lay firm hold of the clue to whatever may appear dreary, disheartening, and prematurely disillusioned in the spirit of his early work, and by so doing render all the more intelligent and ample homage to its patient concentration, regulated imagination, and reflective calm, and to the studied but almost perfect beauty of its form. The year 1842, in which Matthew and Thomas Arnold began their residence at Oxford, in which their father delivered his first and last course of lectures as Regius Professor of History there, and in which he died, memorable as it must ever remain in the Arnold family, was hardly less so in the annals of the university itself. It marks the culmination of what has ever since been known as the Oxford movement, whose definite defeat as an attempt to revive in the Church of England the claims of primitive Christianity, and bind her to its traditions, was signalized by the secession to Rome of Newman and many of his more devoted adherents, a year or two later. The very appointment to a Regius professorship of Dr. Arnold, the antagonist *acharné* of those whom he disrespectfully but not incorrectly called the "Newmanites," showed that the mind of Oxford was firmly made up on the question which had divided and agitated her so long. Deeply as the university had been moved, men had hardly realized as yet the full significance of that question, the fundamental character of the choice then made between the two warring principles of the age. Years were to pass before all this became plainly apparent. Meanwhile, to young, untried, and impressible spirits, caught, as it were, between the rush of those two opposing tendencies, the spiritual peril was as great as the bodily peril of the man between two railway tracks, who is passed by lightning trains going in opposite directions, and is felled and perhaps killed by the mere displacement of the air, without having been touched by either. From the effects of that double shock not one of the young *âmes d'élite* who sustained it ever fully recovered. Clough struggled with his hurt manfully for a few years, and died with his life-task hardly begun. Froude, older and, as one may say, tougher, brought away from that experience the intemperate spirit and the wrongheadedness which have often vitiated his judgments and injured his brilliant work. Of the two Arnolds, moved by so sad and sacred a

compulsion to follow in their father's footsteps, moved equally in the contrary direction by the very rebound within them of some of his own repressed instincts, the younger survived, to a course of sorrowful vacillation; the elder, with a soul of finer temper, powers of a more unusual order, and a greater tenacity of spiritual life than his comrades, though doomed to a lasting division of sympathies and balance of opinion, became, in fine, the consummate artist whom we know, and also, to a degree, because of his transparent sincerity, and because, although cheated of hope, he was incapable of fear, "the helper," as he himself has lately said of Emerson, — "the helper of those who would live in the spirit," and so live without hope of personal reward.

He won the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1843, and delivered in the Sheldonian theatre at Oxford a poem, in proper heroic couplets, upon Cromwell. The occasion of the *encomia* was not then as peaceful and decorous as it has now become, and nobody heard a word of the poem, by reason of the antics of the undergraduates in the gallery It was forty years ago last June, but Cromwell will bear reading still. Mr. Arnold's versification was already singularly beautiful, polished and yet free; and how prophetic of the thoughtful, neutral temper of the poet in his maturity, and his half-mystical devotion to natural beauty, were the lines in which he laments his hero's inaccessibility to the loftier influences of landscape! —

"No wonders nursed thy childhood, not for thee
Did the waves chant their song of liberty;
Thine was no mountain-home, where Freedom's form
Abides enthroned amid the mist and storm,
Or whispers to the listening waves that swell
With solemn cadence round her citadel:
These had no charm for thee, that cold, calm, eye
Lit with no rapture as the storm passed by,
To mark, with shivered crest, the reeling wave
Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave,
Or hear, 'mid circling crags, the impatient cry
Of the pent winds that scream in agony."

There is, indeed, something almost humorous in the bare conception of Oliver Cromwell as concerned with what the wild waves are saying, and in what now seems to us the exceedingly antipathetic character of Mr. Arnold's first subject. Five years later, in 1848, being at that time private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, he published anonymously The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems. The leading piece in this modest little volume reveals Mr. Arnold's definite preoccupation with Greek ideals, both of spirit and form. As a continuous vision of the heroic age, the "wild-thronging train," "the bright procession of eddying forms" that sweep through the brain of the mountain youth who has drunk of Circe's cup, have a clearness, a vivid beauty of realization, which is beyond praise. What surely drawn and exquisitely tinted pictures are these! —

"When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir-planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley-head,
Came breaking, Goddess!
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn-skin;
Passing out, through the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut-door,
I snatch'd up my vine-crown, my fir-staff,
All drench'd in dew —
Came swift to join
The rout early gather'd,
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.
. . . . . .
(The gods) "see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With steaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind."

Apropos of Centaurs, the short, unrhymed iambics and anapests of The Strayed Reveller constitute a measure sufficiently foreign to the genius of the English language, Hiawatha and the Kalavala to the contrary notwithstanding. They were, however, sedulously

cultivated by Mr. Arnold from this time on, and forced into genuine pathos of expression in the elegy on his father, written ten years later. They have a certain music of their own; but it is by no means the music of Endymion, — of which, in its spirit, The Reveller inevitably reminds us, — nor indeed the music of poetry at all, but of elevated and picturesque prose. There is no need here to repeat the experiment, long since made by a keen but not unfriendly critic of Mr. Arnold's poetry,[1] of printing these short lines in a continuous paragraph. Prose they are, when thus printed, and not specially rhythmic prose either, although retaining all their imaginative charm. There comes out in them, however, when so written and read, a truly extraordinary likeness to the Centaur of Maurice de Guérin. Now we all know how enthusiastic an estimate Mr. Arnold formed, in his later critical days, of the genius of the delicate young Frenchman. He even compared him with Keats. Mr. Swinburne, — the most generous of all poets to his fellow-poets, — in the course of his eloquent essay on Matthew Arnold's poetry, takes leave to repel with the utmost vivacity any such high association of De Guérin's name. "In Keats," he truly says, "there was something of the *anima mundi* made flesh once more in the body of a divine interpreter; in De Guérin only the '*animula, blandula vagula*' of a tentative, sensitive, impressionable nature." He quotes, as illustrating Mr. Arnold's estimate of De Guérin, the pungent remark of a French critic, "Il y a quelque-chose de louche et de suspect dans les louanges que rend aux poëtes manqués un poëte réussi." He says that the gentle pupil of Lamennais appears to have been to his own partial compatriot "what the lesser celandine was to Wordsworth," and so on, through a number of pages fairly sparkling with antitheses. For ourselves, we are specially grateful to Mr. Swinburne for having brought simultaneously before us these three names, — Keats, Arnold, Guérin. There is something suggestive and instructive in their association. What the earlier and greater genius was, unconsciously, by a divine intuition, the two others, so congenial to one another and to him, would have given their souls to be. Toward the serene pagan kingdom of his inheritance and his brief rule they looked, with homesick longing, from the devastated battle-fields of the stormy present; they made excursions into it, and gathered its flowers and sketched its scenery, but they might not abide there. The one returned to die, the other to a sterner life. De Guérin and Arnold, in their young days (and the former, as we know, had no other), were as Greek as they could possibly make themselves, but Keats was conceived a Greek. With a great price obtained they the freedom of the antique world, but he was free born.

In the chief poem of Mr. Arnold's next volume, Empedocles upon Etna and Other Poems, 1852, also issued anonymously, or rather with the simple signature *A*, we seem to have our attention purposely directed to the strife between the two voices of his muse, — the false antique and the true modern, — and to hear the sweeter borne down and finally silenced by the stronger. The scenery is of course all classic still, but the voice of Empedocles upon Etna is a voice of to-day. The heavy-hearted old philosopher, spent by the spiritual conflict in which he has been so long and so vainly engaged, quietly resolves to contend no longer, and steals away into the volcanic wilderness of the lonely mountain top to die. As he goes he chants his own death song, — a stern, lofty, unimpassioned strain, — in which he reviews his life of empty thought and relinquishes it, flinging it back as with a sigh of relief into the general reservoir of being.

[1] James Anthony Froude, Westminster Review, 1854.

"Like us, the lightning-fires
Love to have scope and play;
The stream, like us, desires
An unimpeded way;
Like us, the Libyan wind delights to roam at large.

"Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room;
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's barge.

. . . . . .

"We pause; we hush our heart,
And thus address the gods:
'The world hath fail'd to impart
The joy our youth forebodes,
Fail'd to fill up the void which in our breasts we bear.

"'Changeful till now, we still
Looked on to something new;
Let us, with changeless will,
Henceforth look on to you,
To find with you the joy we here in vain require.'

"Fools! that so often here
Happiness mock'd our prayer,
I think might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us not fly to dreams, but moderate desire."

The majestic bass of this remarkable chant is interrupted from time to time by an exquisitely contrasted measure, — the warbling, far down amid the leafy glens of the lower mountain, of Callicles, a bright young harp-player, whose strains in previous days have sometimes soothed the heart of Empedocles as the harp of David charmed the madness of Saul. The songs of Callicles are a great advance on those of The Reveller. Their lyrical form is faultless; their music such as haunts the memory by its sweetness. He sings, to the slender accompaniment of his harp-strings, of Cadmus and Harmonia, those two "bright and aged snakes," who

"Bask in the glens, or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet after all their ills;
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived amid the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more."

He sings of Apollo and Marsyas; and once again, after the fatal plunge has actually been taken, and the tragedy of the dreary mountain top is over, the voice of the unconscious minstrel becomes audible in a hymn to Apollo, whose cadence is like that of some slender cascade, leaping with a single flash from the summit to the plain: —

"What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime? —

"'T is Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine;
— The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

"They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on the mountain
This glorified train? —

"They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by the road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

"— Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told? —
What will be forever;
What was from of old.

"First hymn they the Father
Of all things; — and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

"The day in its hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."

"Calm:" in this one word is already embodied Mr. Arnold's most earnest aspiration. The last note struck by Callicles is the keynote of the majority of these the least youthful, surely, of all young poems. It is struck again and again, and always most distinctly in the most impressive of the short poems, collected along with the sonnets and the narrative pieces — of which more anon — in the first volume of the complete poetical works.[1] In the first sonnet of all, Quiet Work, he prays that he may learn of external nature the lesson "of toil unsevered from tranquillity." In the second, in reply to the friend who

[1] Macmillan & Co. 1883.

inquires on what authors he most relies for comfort and support, in the "bad days" through which they are passing, he replies that more even than to Homer and to Epictetus he owes to him

"whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

We find him equally enamored of repose in the tender lament entitled Requiescat; and in its heart-sick but still composed and quiet pendant, Youth and Calm, in which he seems to lie, as he himself says elsewhere, "passive at the nadir of dismay," the same sentiment finds more austere expression in the nobly stoical strain of In Utrumque Paratus, while it is milder, and almost pious, after a certain pantheistic fashion, in the Lines Written in Kensington Gardens:

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

So, too, in Resignation, in whose limpid lines the landscape of the English Lake country lies reflected as in a flawless mirror: —

"The poet, to whose mighty heart
Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart,
Subdues that energy to scan
Not his own course, but that of man.
. . . . . .
He sees the gentle stir of birth
When morning purifies the earth;
He leans upon a gate and sees
The pastures and the quiet trees.
Low, woody hill, with gracious bound,
Folds the still valley almost round;
The cuckoo, loud on some high lawn,
Is answered from the depth of dawn;
In the hedge straggling to the stream,
Pale, dew-drench'd, half-shut roses gleam;
But, where the farther side slopes down,
He sees the drowsy new-waked clown
In his white quaint-embroidered frock
Make, whistling, toward his mist-wreathed flock —
Slowly, behind his heavy tread,
The wet, flowered grass heaves up its head.
Leaned on his gate, he gazes — tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.
Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole —
That general life, which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy, but peace;
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
If birth proceeds, if things subsist:
The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
The life he craves — if not in vain
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul."

Notice, also, in this and the preceding extract, the curious felicity of diction, the perfect truth of tone and balance of rhythm, and the absolute simplicity withal; for these are the things which constitute Mr. Arnold's proper and inalienable charm, in which he is virtually unsurpassable. The phrase "lucidity of soul," indeed, recalls one of the watchwords — the invidious call them catchwords — of the poet's later days; but let us never forget, while Mr. Punch makes mirth for us over these, how much Mr. Arnold has himself done, by his delicate precision, toward making his mother tongue a clearer medium for the bright quality of thought which he admires. There is something of Wordsworth's best in Resignation, and Mr. Swinburne's whimsicality as a critic is nowhere more conspicuous than in calling the author of these crystalline verses, "the last of those whom Wordsworth is likely to *mislead*."

Nevertheless, all this grave introspection, this premature quietism and would-be pantheism, interesting as they are in themselves, and characteristic, indicate the direction in which Mr. Arnold's genius is weak. He cannot detach his people from himself, and make them act independently; he cannot be truly dramatic. Empedocles upon Etna is classed as a dramatic piece, and a portion of it is in dialogue; and it is noble poetry, but it is anything rather than a drama. Empedocles voices Mr. Arnold's most fundamental doubts, and Mycerinus his mood of desperation and defiance, and

Stagirius his reactions toward faith. Very few, we fancy, of those who treasure Mr. Arnold's lines most lovingly in memory will even recognize Stagirius under its name, — that of a youthful monk beloved of St. Chrysostom. It is the solemn and affecting prayer beginning, "Thou who dost dwell alone;" and we ourselves first made acquaintance with it many years ago, in an American newspaper, as Matthew Arnold's Litany, — a queer title, yet rather more appropriate than Stagirius. But how distinct, how objective, how living, an image would Mr. Browning have given us, whether of the Eastern monk or the Egyptian king.[1] The same quality of irresistible self-infusion is conspicuous — one might say, but for the extreme dignity and pathos of the strain, almost amusingly conspicuous — in the Lines to a Gypsy Child on the Seashore: —

"What mood wears like complexion to thy woe?
His, who in mountain-glens, at noon of day,
Sits rapt, and hears the battle break below?
— Ah! thine was not the shelter, but the fray.

"Some exile's, mindful how the past was glad?
Some angel's, in an alien planet born?
— No exile's dream was ever half so sad,
Nor any angel's sorrow so forlorn."

Exquisite verses! But how is it possible to think, without a smile, of applying them to any little living vagrant, however dark her eyes? — even though she were, as it would seem she must have been, first cousin to the melodious Boy of Windermere.

Nay, at the risk of being hushed as flippant, we will even go a step farther, and confess that a trace of the same sense of disproportion, between the slightness of the theme and the solemnity of its treatment, affects us in the series of poems to Marguerite. They contain some of Mr. Arnold's most penetrating and musical lines; they are set, as with a series of precious medallions, with the loveliest vignettes of Alpine scenery; but as the record of an experience they leave us unsympathetic and half incredulous. How can we fully believe in Marguerite, when the poet tells us so plainly that his own judgment disapproved her all along? How can we forget, for her sake, the lover who never forgets himself, — who is so languid in his desire, so *distrait* in his regret? The gracious, but melancholy little idyl closes with a singularly fine passage on isolation: —

"Thou hast been, shalt be, art alone.
Or, if not quite alone, yet they
Which touch thee are unmating things: —
Ocean and clouds and night and day;
Lorn autumns and triumphant springs;
And life, and others' joy and pain,
And love, if love, of happier men."

And the same thought is repeated and more fully developed in the frequently quoted lines beginning, "Yes, in the sea of life en-isled," where we read with emotion, and very likely appropriate and never forget, but feel, none the less, that the strain has become quite impersonal; that it has soared into highly rarefied regions, and is completely severed from its first occasion. Indeed, we think it must be conceded that there is a certain austerity inherent in Mr. Arnold's nature. His statuesque conceptions are but faintly colored by that "love which is blood within the veins of time," and his treatment of a fierce, typical tale of passion and sin, like that of Tristram and Iseult, is curiously inadequate. Fancy those two quietly admitting to each other, in

[1] Mr. Arnold seems not to believe in himself as a dramatist, and he is, in fact, as might be expected from the temper of mind revealed in all his work, an unsparing censor of himself. Empedocles was not included in the first collection of his poems, and was restored to its place only at the earnest entreaty of its many admirers. Merope, a tragedy modeled upon the Greek, and published in 1858, a year after its author's appointment to the Chair of Poetry in Oxford, was never reprinted at all. As an exact and scholarly imitation of classical forms, and especially for the epigrammatic conciseness of its dialogue, it is admirable. The action only is at fault. It does not properly culminate. Merope was prefaced by a discussion of the Greek dramatic forms, and by a history of the previous versions of the story, including those of Alfieri and Voltaire, which remains one of Mr. Arnold's most ingenious and interesting pieces of criticism.

their tragical last interview, that "both have passed a youth *constrained and sad*"!

On the other hand, the picture of the widowed Iseult, the spotless "Ysolt-as-blanches-mains," living her breathless winter life of solitude and prayer among her children, on the Breton seacoast, is perfect. So is always Mr. Arnold's narrative poetry, provided only he have a congenial theme, and can set his tale in a landscape sufficiently *low* in color. All these conditions are fulfilled in the Forsaken Merman, in Sohrab and Rustum, and in Balder Dead; and it is difficult, indeed, to choose between these three, for each is a masterpiece. The Merman is the general favorite. The weird pathos of the legend, its innocent, wistful paganism and the extreme sweetness of the versification have helped to render it more nearly *popular* than any other production of Mr. Arnold's fastidious muse, but for us Sohrab and Rustum bears off the palm. It is every whit as classical in conception and treatment as the erudite Merope. Its charm is distinctively Virgilian. The compulsion of mysterious fate under which the father unwittingly slays the son, the exceeding beauty of the boy-warrior's portrait, the stately yet carefully subordinated imagery, the few unerring lines which bring so clearly before the reader's mind the broad and simple scenery of the Oxus banks, the slight tremor of unshed tears in the melodious yet manly verse, — all these are in Virgil's very manner, while there is an obvious reminiscence of the dead Pallas in the last scene of Sohrab's brief history. He has told his distressed and remorseful father that the latter will yet have peace: —

> "'Only not now,
> Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
> When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship, —
> Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
> Returning home over the salt blue sea,
> From laying thy dear master in his grave.'
> And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said: —
> 'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
> Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure.'
> He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
> The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
> His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
> Came welling from the open gash, and life
> Flowed with the stream; — all down his cold white side
> The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
> Like the soiled tissue of white violets,
> Left freshly gathered, on their native bank,
> By children whom their nurses call with haste
> Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
> His limbs grew stark; motionless, white, he lay —
> White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
> Deep heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
> Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
> And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
> Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
> Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
> Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
> And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world."

And yet, beautiful as Mr. Arnold's versified narrative is, it is not even in this line that we are to look for his highest poetical achievement. In the latest edition of his poems, there will be found collected under the head of Elegiacs nearly all of those pieces in which he has appealed most powerfully to the sensibilities of his time, — The Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis, Rugby Chapel, the Stanzas from Carnac and the Grande Chartreuse, the two Obermanns. It has become almost a commonplace of criticism to remark that the English language has now produced three consummate elegies, Lycidas, Adonais, and Thyrsis; while those are not wanting — and we think their number will increase, as the years go by — who find the threnody of Arthur Hugh Clough the most satisfying, because the most truly tender, informed by the deepest human sentiment of the three. It is the lament of a loyal soul over one who had shared his own deep intimacy with nature, in the dearest of all the quiet places of England to a scholarly mind; of a baffled inquirer bereft of the partner of his researches; of a steadfast soldier over the comrade who has fallen by his side in a doubtful

battle; of a man over his heart's friend. No wonder it appeals to many minds in many ways. Yet sincere as are the tones of personal sorrow in Thyrsis, and exquisitely modulated, they merge in that cry of the sufferer from the *mal du siècle*, which is the true theme of the other elegies as well: —

"Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

"It irked him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here, with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men, unblest,
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

Into Mr. Arnold's mission as prophet of the century's eclipse of faith it is not, however, our purpose to enter more fully here: partly because it is on this side that he is best known, and has been most frequently and fully illustrated; partly because we have already indicated those outward circumstances of his life and hour of advent which seem to us to have rendered inevitable his peculiar attitude toward the more agitating questions of the day. Offspring and voice of his age he certainly has been, yet never the quite unquestioning disciple of her most radical and iconoclastic teaching. Nay, it is rather by virtue of his instinctive resistance to the more withering formulas of materialism, of his impulsive *retours* toward the faith of other days, along with his almost impassioned acceptance of the most difficult moral ideals, that he is most impressive, after all, and will perhaps be longest remembered. It is just here that what Goethe used to call the "demonic" element enters oftenest into his words, — that which is haunting, incalculable, immeasurable, and divine. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," — some of us have lately heard his living voice persuasively urging the preoccupation of the mind with "these things," and have felt that the habit of his own life justified and enforced his exhortation.

He sings the dirge of Christianity in verses of unexampled pathos, but a pulse is felt in every line that throbs responsive to

"the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave."

He mourns the failing of the living spring at which his father drank; then sees, as in a sudden vision, the progress of that confident and intrepid spirit

"On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the city of God."

He raises a stately hymn to Obermann, as the "master of his wandering youth," and they who are sent by Arnold to Obermann, as many must have been, and will still continue to be, perceive, at a glance, the deep constitutional sympathy between the elder and the younger mind, and the essential harmony of their leading views. But they will eventually find, if their experience is like our own, the interpretation stronger than the text; the pupil broader and manlier than the master. When Senancour writes, touchingly, "Je n'aime que ce qu'ont aimé les meilleurs des hommes; je ne cherche rien aux dépens d'aucun d'eux; je cherche ce que chacun peut avoir, ce qui est nécessaire au besoin de tous, ce qui finirait leurs misères, ce qui rapproche, unit, console; je ne veux que la vie des peuples bons, — *ma paix dans la paix de tous*," — we feel how wholly this is in Mr. Arnold's vein, so far as it goes; but we know that with him the matter did

not rest here, and that, in the silence of his meditation upon the sources of peace, he must at least have heard, like the faint vibration of a far-away bell, a voice out of the dawning hour of the fourteenth century: —

"E la sua volontade è nostra pace."

On the other hand, Mr. Arnold is fairly outdone in despair — although he has a talent in that way, too — by the melancholy clairvoyance of a passage like the following: "Quand toutes les mers seront sondées, quand on aura mesuré les antennes et compté les étamines; quand on aura observé le thermomètre sur les mers australes, près du pôle, au solstice de Juin; quand on aura bâti des temples au milieu du Sahara, que serons-nous alors? Ce que nous sommes — ce que nous étions. Les pauvres mortels naitront dans les pleurs, ils vivront dans l'anxieté, ils mourront dans l'amertume." If Mr. Arnold had dealt exclusively with negations he could have had no conspicuous influence even over his own denying generation; nay, he would then have been no poet at all, and could have laid no claim to his now assured place in the innermost circle of those who surround the very greatest. It may be that faith is utterly to perish, but poetry, as Senancour himself prophesied, will be involved in the same ruin, and the "voice of the harper will be heard no more at all" in the desolated city of this world.

We are conscious of having done but imperfect justice even to the most prominent of the excellences of Mr. Arnold's poetical work: its temperance, clarity, and precision of diction; its high finish, and other of those secondary qualities which make or mar irrevocably the force of the inspired word, and which depend first of all upon the possession of a fine literary conscience and a strict obedience to its dictates, and afterwards and always upon unwearying pains. Mr. Swinburne, in the very striking essay upon Mr. Arnold's poetry already quoted, says truly that "criticism of the rapid and limited kind possible to contemporaries can be no more than the sincere exposition of the critic's own belief;" and another modern essayist, both nice and wise,[1] has aptly compared the critic's labor to that of the coral insect. The utmost he can hope, he says in substance, is to add a few undistinguished grains to the slowly growing mass of information concerning those whom it behooves us to know; to solve a lurking puzzle or offer a pregnant suggestion. If we shall seem to some to have done so much in the case of Matthew Arnold, we shall be more than content.

Perhaps, when all is said, it remains the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Arnold's poetical work that that work was never immature. And yet the poems were all, in some sort, early poems. Before their author had fully come to middle life he had virtually abandoned metrical expression. But the earliest among them, those distinctly marked as such, have none of the special faults of youth. There is no passion in them, as we have seen, — or next to none, — no hurry, no excess. They are grave, concise, philosophical, unsparingly pruned from the beginning, and untiringly polished. Such precocity is usually thought to foretell an early decline of mental vigor. It is all the more wonderful, therefore, as measuring Mr. Arnold's vitality and versatility, that he should deliberately have unstrung his lyre only to enter with unsuspected energy into a new career, and win equal if not greater distinction as a writer of critical and didatic prose.

[1] Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the preface to his Seventeenth Century Studies.

Harriet Waters Preston.

IN WAR TIME.

IX.

THEN came the mild days of the Indian summer, and to the surprise of every one Colonel Morton continued to improve, and was at last sitting up and riding out, to the great triumph of his doctor and the endless happiness of Ann Wendell. The doctor was also prospering otherwise, and seemed on the tide which leads to fortune those who know how to take it.

With her husband's gain in health there came back to Mrs. Morton her old habits of outside activity. To him she was always compliant, quietly yielding, remembering his wants and ways; in fact, quite too much prone to forget herself, and to exact from all others of her household a like self-effacement, where he was concerned. Years before, she had fought her battle for such individual freedom of thought and action as should belong to every woman, and had lost it, — lost it, with the repeatedly acquired conviction that there was for herself and all who were dear to her less sacrifice in losing than in winning. Perhaps she was right; more probably, as Alice Westerley thought, she was altogether wrong. The widow detested but endured Colonel Morton, and it was quite characteristic of her that, despite her almost indomitable tendency to jest with and at everything in life, neither with him, nor with any one whom she did not like, did she ever exhibit herself in her true character.

At New Year's time the doctor was pleased to find with the check for his account a second and much larger one from Mrs. Morton, with a note which made the little household more than happy; but at the same time he began to see clearly that he was to lose, for a season at least, his very profitable patient. The colonel had reached a certain stage in recovery, but did not get beyond it; and Dr. Lagrange and a far higher authority had decided that he must leave home, and avoid the ill-humored weather of the later winter and the spring. He hated the idea; but although he knew well enough that compliance was wise, it was not in the man to yield without an unreasoning struggle.

"And I am to be carried about the world in search of health, Helen!" he exclaimed, when this decree of his advisers was made clear to him. "And where the mischief am I to go to?"

"Dr. Lagrange says the West Indies or Europe," replied Mrs. Morton.

"I don't see why I cannot be let alone!"

"You could, my dear, but it would n't be wise. Dr. Lagrange and Dr. Wendell both agree about your going away."

"Confound the doctors! I believe I should have done much better without them."

"Oh, John!"

"And who 's to arrange it all? And how the deuce is that poor devil of a broken-down Ned to wander all over Europe?"

"We won't wander, John; and I was thinking that perhaps — perhaps Edward might be willing to stay with Dr. Wendell. I have talked to him about it, and I think it might be managed."

"Oh, I suppose so," said her husband. He detested this easy mode of removing the obstacles he was placing in the way. "A pretty time Ned will have, Helen, with that Puritan old maid and her self-sufficient brother!"

"He has served you well, John. You owe him much."

"Oh, of course, of course! That's his business. I hate all this fuss about doctors. It is so thoroughly feminine."

"Well, John, you shall have it your own way. What would you suggest?"

"Suggest? I have nothing to suggest. It seems to me that I am always the last person to be considered, in this household!"

"Well, then, suppose Ned should go to Alice. She would be very glad to have him, I am sure. How would that answer?"

"What, live with that woman! Take care; you shook my knee, Helen."

Then Mrs. Morton said, her eyes filling, despite long years of self-control and her knowledge that a large part of all this evil-mindedness was the effect of illness, "Well, my dear husband, we shall try to make it easy for you; only don't worry me any more."

"Have I worried you?" he asked.

"Yes, you have worried me."

"Arrange it your own way, then; but don't make me discuss these endless questions."

"No, dear."

After this, Mrs. Morton said very little to her husband, and went on, as was her way, with sometimes a rather needless amount of energy, to make her preparations for a long absence from home. There were many talks with Mrs. Westerley and much counsel with Mr. Wilmington, on whose shrewd, quiet good sense Helen Morton greatly depended. Then, as I have said, her broken habits of a life of active thinking and doing for others had again become possible, and as usual, whenever her husband grew better, she began to concern herself anew in the plans and lives of those about her. This had always been her way. To what school her farmer's children went, whether they knew their catechism, what the local sanitary commission had been about in her long absence, and whether this or that dependent wore warm enough underclothing or not, were by no means unimportant matters to Helen Morton. There was a strong flavor of kindliness in all her forth-putting life, but its constant vigilance was sometimes an infliction on the victims of her good offices. She liked her own way, and generally had it, save only as regarded Morton, and, as Alice Westerley said, "She takes her revenge on the rest of us in a system of despotic philanthropy." In fact, nothing but obstinate resistance ever conquered her combination of sweet-tempered interference and gentle good manners. There was one other rebel of her household, beside her husband: Edward did and said what he liked, his independence being largely due to her own intense and admiring affection, now made yet more patient and tender by his delicate health. She had consulted, in his case, a dozen doctors, and, mother-like, was pleased with none, because none could be found to promise the impossible; so that at last she had given up all further effort, — a conclusion rare enough for her.

"You will kill yourself, Helen, before you leave home," Alice Westerley said to her, one morning. The widow sat in front of a roaring wood fire in Mrs. Morton's sitting-room. Her feet rested on the brass fender, and as she spoke she looked at them, and approved of them. They were pretty feet, and were beautifully shod, and she very well knew that she had not been alone in her appreciation. Mrs. Morton sat at a Chippendale table, covered with papers and account-books.

"No, I like the work," she replied. "It enables me to forget a good deal, which, as I have well learned, dear, it is quite wise to forget. Don't you think it is one of our great miseries that we have no exacting work which we must do, in the way a man's work has to be done?"

"I don't think you need complain of that, Helen! It seems to me that you have quite enough. If you had, or imagined you had, any more, you could not manage at all. For my part, I hate

work! I don't like even to sew, or do fancy work."

"I do not see how you stand it, Alice!"

"We are pretty much alike as to that. It tires me to look at you. You are never still. I dare say I think as much. In fact, everything in life interests me, but I do not bother myself about other folks' lives, as you do."

"I can't help it."

"I really suppose you can't. How cold it is! The thermometer was at thirty degrees, this morning. I wish I liked cold weather."

"For me it is the best of all tonics. But, good gracious, Alice, why do you wear such thin stockings?"

"To look the nicer, my dear."

"Some day you will die of consumption, if you are not more careful," observed Mrs. Morton, who was given to grim anticipations as to the future of those who despised her counsels. "You never would take advice! Now if you really would consider it, I should like to give you, dear, a very serious piece of advice. You would n't take it, I am sure, or you would laugh at it, which is worse; but that you do at everything."

"Ah, my dear Helen," said Alice, "when one has so soft a heart as I have, some kind of armor is needful for defense, and mirth is mine. I find it very useful. And as to advice, dear, do you ever think that you sometimes may, in your real goodness of heart, give an over-dose of that valuable drug? I am a little like Arty about that. If you advised me, Helen, as much as you do that sweet boy, I — I don't know what I should do. Do you never hate a clock for so persistently telling you what time it is, — I mean exactly what time it is?"

"How absurd you are, Alice!"

"Perhaps so," assented the widow, who was a little uneasy as to the possible nature of the threatened advice. "But here comes Hester Gray, across the lawn," she added, with a sense of relief.

"Yes; I asked the doctor to let her spend the day with us. How glad the boys will be! I think I never saw a young girl I liked so much. But what a pity it is that she should grow up with that very definite old maid!"

"I rather like Miss Wendell," Mrs. Westerley replied.

"You like anybody a week at a time," returned her friend, laughing, — "anybody!"

"And some, longer, dear."

"Yes; I, at least, have no cause of complaint, Alice," and she patted her affectionately on the knee. "But, Alice, this child troubles me. I think I shall write to her people in the South, and get Mr. Stanton to send the letter through the lines; and yet I cannot expect any answer. She is an orphan. She says that she has no uncles or aunts, and, so far as I can see, is going to be left on the hands of the doctor. I was rather surprised, last week, when Morton asked me what had become of her. He does n't interest himself much in such waifs, as a rule. I was thinking I might send her to some good school."

"I don't see why you should not. But how on earth are you to attend to it?"

"I thought I might break it to the Wendells, and" —

"Break it!" exclaimed her friend. "What is there to break?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Morton, "except that Hester really must go to school. I fancy the doctor has grown fond of the child; and as for Miss Wendell, she has a genius for opposition."

Alice Westerley smiled a little. "That is n't rare as a talent, but it does n't often reach to the level of genius! However, if they agree to it, I will arrange the practical part of it after you leave us. I ought to have thought of it myself, I am sure. You see I do not always reject advice. Does Colonel Mor-

ton have any feeling still, or did he ever have any, about that poor fellow's charge that he shot him? I was thinking about it yesterday."

"I don't know. John is rather reticent, and it is so hard to be sure what men do think! I should have no reason to suspect that he ever felt it at all except for what I just spoke of, — his interest in the girl. It is unusual for John."

"Has he ever seen her?"

"Two or three times only, I believe, since he has been up and about."

"It would be a droll thing for a man like your husband to entertain any such morbid idea."

"Yes, I think so. But here is Hester;" and so saying, Mrs. Morton raised the long window sash, and the young girl, glowing with the rough buffets of a northwester, came in, and with her a gust of cold, frosty air.

"Oh, Mrs. Morton, it was so hard to walk against the wind! It did blow so!"

Then both ladies kissed the girl, while her bonnet was taken off, and the shapely little head showed, with its coil of yellow hair, fast darkening year by year, above eyes of deep blue, whose size, as yet too great for the face, gave them a look of unnatural attentiveness.

"How you grow, child!" said Mrs. Westerley.

Hester, like most children, had heard this remark before. "Yes," she said; "but Dr. Wendell says that I ought soon to grow sideways, too, and Miss Ann thinks I must have longer gowns. Do you think they are too short, Mrs. Morton? They are awfully in my way now, when I climb trees or coast."

"They are not one bit too short," remarked the widow, cheerfully, wishing she too could go coasting.

"And I think," said Mrs. Morton, "that Miss Ann is quite right. I will speak to her about it."

"Oh, there is Edward!" cried the child, — "and Arthur!"

"I think I should say 'Mr. Edward,'" returned Mrs. Morton. "Don't you remember our talk last week?"

Mrs. Westerley smiled, though she made no comment. The girl replied, "But he said I must call him 'Edward.'"

"You must n't mind what young men say, my dear, and — What do you want, boys?"

"Oh," cried Arthur, "we want Hester to coast! The hills are grand."

"It is very cold."

"Oh, let her come, mother!" exclaimed Edward; and not waiting a reply, he said, "Come along, Hester. I can't coast, but I can look on."

"Well, if you wish it, Ned," said his mother. "Get my fur cloak, and wrap her up well;" and with this the younger pair sped away, Edward slowly and gravely walking after them, a faint sadness in his eyes as he watched their fleet movements. Presently they stopped, and coming back the girl asked Edward, "Don't you think if you put a hand on my shoulder you might go easier? It is very slippery."

The young man smiled, and, doing as she desired, said, "I am like an old man-of-war with two little eager tugs. Did you ever see a picture of the old Téméraire? I feel like the old Téméraire. I will show it to you, Pussy." Then he went on in silence, while the girl's tender eyes turned up to his at times with gentle, womanly consciousness of her helpful strength.

Wendell had builded his opinions about Hester better than he knew, and was right for wrong reasons. He believed, and truly, that the protection and advice of Mrs. Morton were good for Hester. He was learning that the friendliness of the lads and Colonel Morton's interest were of use to her. Ann Wendell found it hard, as yet impossible, to do more than care for the child's health and lessons. Love, and even liking, grew slowly with her. A few, a finely

moulded few, among middle-aged unwedded women have the ready hospitality of affection which comes to many married women as a natural acquisition. Most of all is this true of single women who live much alone, as did Ann Wendell, who felt now, while she accepted her new care, — and a care it was — that she should at least be left to control it as her conscience advised. Her sense of the child's probable future was definite, as Ann's views usually were, and inclined her to train the girl by endurance for a life of self-sustaining labor. Nor could she see that social sunshine and young companions were necessary to the growth of a nature which had a ready pleasure in all the pleasant things of life, and which would best get from the summer of joy the strength to battle with such wintry storms as life might bring.

The young people went slowly down the garden walks, halting a moment at the sun-dial, which for a century had kept noiseless note of time among the tall, clipped box rows.

"Yes, I should like to see the picture," rejoined Hester, "and I will remind you, — and what is that, Mr. Edward?"

"A sun-dial, Miss Gray. Why on earth should I be 'Edward' and 'Ned' yesterday, and 'Mr. Edward' to-day?"

"Mrs. Morton says I must n't call you 'Edward.'"

"Nonsense! No, I don't mean that. I will speak to mamma about it. I suppose Arty is not promoted."

"What? I don't understand."

"I mean, he is still to be Arty? I can tell you I won't stand that!"

"And did you never see a sun-dial?" exclaimed Arthur.

"No, never; but I have heard of them."

"My grandfather set it here when he came home after the war, and I dare say Washington has seen it, and old mad Anthony Wayne."

"It tells what o'clock it is," said Hester.

"Yes. See! it is twelve now."

"But when the sun is hid, it can't tell then!" cried the girl, triumphantly.

"No," coincided Arthur. "It goes to sleep, just as you do."

"How nice!" returned Hester, musingly. "I think I like a sun-dial."

"*Non numero horas*, etc.," said Edward.

"Like Mrs. Westerley," laughed Arthur. "Come along, Hester; that's Latin, and you have no business with it. I hope you never will."

"Tell her your lines about the dial, Arty."

"No, sir."

"Please do, Arty."

"No! A-coasting we go; and when I go a-coasting, I go a-coasting. But, Hester," he said aside, "some time I will." The ready little woman smiled, well pleased, and presently the two sleds were speeding down the long coasting-hill, where by and by Mrs. Westerley came, and to the lads' immense delight was persuaded to try it once with Arthur, and was soon the youngest of the party, until, as she toiled up the hill, glowing and joyous, she chanced to notice the elder lad painfully shifting his station as he leaned against a tall tulip poplar, and looked with a certain gravity at the wild career of the gliding cutters.

"Not tired?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I 'm an old woman, you know."

"I wish I felt myself as young a man," he replied, smiling, as he glanced with admiration at her straight, active figure and frank face.

"Oh, we shall get you well," she said. "Don't think about it, Ned."

"Yes, I know, of course. I try not to think of it, and sometimes life is so strong in me that I believe I shall yet be as other men; but I never shall be, — never! And last night, Mrs. Wester-

ley, I dreamed — You don't mind my telling you? Father says it is bad manners to tell your dreams."

"Oh, my dear Ned, what an old-fashioned notion! Go on. What was it?"

"I dreamed I was riding into the thick of a great fight behind Colonel Fox, — what that dear old Kingsley calls a melley, — and shots were flying, and I was riding, riding like mad, for a rebel flag; and then I had it, and the thought came over me, as I broke through the lines, 'Oh, what will mother say now!' And then I woke and — my God, I cried!"

"And you have made me cry, too, Ned. I wish I could help you! But perhaps God has other work for you in life than this; who knows, Ned?"

"Who, indeed?" he said. Then she grasped his hand, dropped it, and was silent. She was a woman who thought less about her words than her actions, and in whose life the undercurrents of tenderness and reverent feeling were strong, and the purer for the rarity with which they came to the surface.

Not the wisest sermon could have helped him like her few words, and the man-like grip, which filled him with a wholesome sense of being understood by a nature as noble as his own.

At last he mastered himself. He had been afraid to speak. "Thank you," he said. "How you help a fellow! Arty, my poet, says that you are just like the sun: you can never see the shadows."

"Oh, did he say that? I shall kiss him some time for that! How well he looks! I mean," she added, quickly correcting herself, "how handsome! They make a charming couple."

"I don't think him handsome," Edward returned, "but he has a strong face; and as to that child, — she is just the sweetest little person I ever saw. Don't you know, Mrs. Westerley, how sometimes, on bleak days, you wander into the sun, and suddenly feel just comfortable, and you hardly think why for a time? That is the way I feel when that child is about."

Mrs. Westerley reflected a little. "There could hardly be a nicer girl," she returned; "but she does need a little forming."

"Now that 's mother, Mrs. Westerley; that 's mother all over."

"Oh, I think so, too! I do, indeed."

"Bother the forming!" said Edward. "Let 's go in to lunch. Now come along, steam-tugs, — one to starboard, one to port!" And laughing and chaffing one another, they went into the house.

X.

"And so," said Colonel Morton to his younger son, "I understand that you have kindly consented to go to Europe with us, for six months, and that then you propose not to go to Harvard. How old are you, please?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"And you intend, I am told, in six months, to take command of the Potomac army."

"I want to enter as a private."

"Bless me, you are modest!"

The boy flushed. He and his father were never altogether in accord. The lad had his father's resolute will, and far more than his intelligence.

"I thought," he said, "until quite lately, that you would like it, sir. We have had somebody in every war, and I would n't like to grow up and feel that neither Ned nor I had had a share in this one; and Ned can't go, you know."

"Yes, I know. He has got that confounded Irving constitution, — no stuff in it! What the deuce do you want to go into the army for?"

"Excuse me, father, but why did you?"

"Upon my word, I don't know! I rather think I was bored, in this enchantingly wide-awake town."

"And you won't say I must not go, father?"

"No, you young stupid. Your mother will have a horrible time over it; but really, I suppose it is a matter of breed, and I might as well tell my pointer Joe not to stand at a pheasant. The next thing you would go, whether I liked it or not."

"No, I would not."

"Then you would n't be your father's son. Why do you always contradict me?"

"But I don't."

"Yes, you do. What else are you doing now? If this war lasts, I will write to Stanton, or the governor, and get you a commission; but remember, sir, no nonsense about going into the ranks. There, your mother wants you to drive her over to the doctor's. Take Bessie, and don't lame her, and see that she is roughed."

"Yes, sir, and thank you."

"Oh, you need n't thank me!" And the boy left him, feeling half satisfied, and, as was usual after a talk with his father, a good deal hurt.

"He is worth all the rest of the lot," soliloquized the colonel. "I felt as if I were looking into a mirror."

Mrs. Westerley would have said, and with reason, that the colonel flattered himself. Colonel Morton had, in fact, made up his mind, before the boy spoke of it, that he should have his way; and that it would be a sore trial to the lad's mother was, he also felt, perfectly natural, but practically a matter to be disregarded. If he had been asked why his son should enter on a perilous career at eighteen, he probably would have said and thought that people of a certain position were pledged thereby to do certain things, one of these being to fight.

Meanwhile, the object of his parental reflections was driving Bessie, in a neat sleigh, at a rate to which the father would certainly have demurred, and at which the portly mother, coiled up in furs beside him, was more or less disturbed. By and by he pulled up a little, and found time to talk over his plans.

"Father says that you won't like my going into the army, mother; but you won't say I must not? You know I would have to stay, then, and I ought to go. Jack Wilmington is only a year older than I am."

"But he has no mother."

"Worse luck for him. I have one who knows where a man's duty lies, in these days."

Mrs. Morton felt this to be a little artful, but, nevertheless, she liked it, and six months made up a long time. Europe was far away, and it is one thing to say yes for to-morrow, and quite another to say yes for six months off. She glanced at the boy's side face, and, noting its stern and powerful outline and its look of intense earnestness, said with some gravity, "It is — it will be hard, Arthur; but I never disagree with your father, though it seems a great sacrifice."

"But I don't mean to be a sacrifice," returned her son; "not to the Johnny Rebs, anyhow. Thank you, mother," and, leaning over, he kissed her.

"You foolish boy! you have put my bonnet all awry."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lad, well pleased.

Then they flew along the main street, and Bessie was pulled up at the doctor's door.

"Send Hester out, mother. Please don't forget!" So presently Hester came forth, laughing, in a gray fur hood of Miss Ann's, and was whisked along up lanes and by-roads at a rate which took her breath away; and was told the sun-dial verses and many others, and about the war, which concerned her more.

"And you might be killed!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, "I might, but I won't. We have had all our ill luck al-

ready, and I may come back a general. No, I don't mean that, but perhaps a colonel."

"I won't be satisfied unless you are a colonel. I like colonels. I saw Colonel Fox, and I like him."

"But I won't have you liking any colonel but me, — and here we are at home, again. Stay with me till mother comes out."

"But I ought to go in."

"Don't go! I will tell you stories;" and the lad, whose fertile brain was full of Arthur and his knights, and Roland and what not, held the little lady tranced in the pleasant country of Romance, while within their elders discussed her future life.

It so happened that while Mrs. Morton drove over from her own home, Ann Wendell had been sitting upstairs, with her sewing in her lap, thinking a good deal, as was her wont, about her brother and his affairs; and a good deal, too, of the orphan, who seemed now to have been left to her care, with little or no chance that any relatives in the South would come forward to claim her as their own by superior right of kindred. With characteristic sense of duty, and of late with a vague feeling of jealousy at her brother's sudden attachment to the child, and yet with a kindly desire to please him in this, as in all else, Ann had set herself sedulously to see that she did not fail in the face of her novel obligation. At any moment she would gladly have been relieved of her task, but it had been put upon her by a Providence, which for her overruled all things, and she felt distinctly that she must answer the call, and so leave nothing undone.

When she was a teacher she had always taken a certain pride in the idea that she had some insight into the characters of her pupils, and now she had framed rather in haste a conception as to what Hester was and what she needed. The child's accuracy and exactness in her tasks, as well as her notable conscientiousness, caused Ann to think that she in some ways resembled herself, as in fact she did, in these especial particulars; but Ann had in her own being no clue to the tangle we call character, and utterly lacked capacity to unravel into distinctiveness of appreciation its changing web and woof. The intelligence of each year of growth is commonly underrated by those who are called on familiarly to observe it, and very few apprehend the zones of change through which a clever girl, approaching womanhood, is apt to pass, or understand that temporary displays of capriciousness, or melancholy, or irritability are only expressions of physiological changes consistent with general healthy growth. Indeed, Ann looked aghast when, on complaining to her brother that Hester had been unmanageable for the last month or so, he said to her, "My dear Ann, children have moral measles sometimes. Only let them alone, and they will get well of themselves. There is a wise herb in the gardens, Ann, and it is called Thyme."

Ann felt that she had not received any very great assistance. In fact, Wendell saw one side of the girl's character, and his sister another, and a small one; for this bright little crystal had many facets.

Mrs. Morton was marveling, like Alice Westerley when she had paid her last visit, over the odd literature on the table. It had changed a little, for Wendell often haunted the cloistral alcoves of the old Franklin library on Fifth Street, and found a pleasure in books which a generation or two had left unread since James Logan had placed them upon its shelves.

Ann Wendell, coming down from her room, received her guest quietly. She did not like her overmuch, and was a little in awe of a woman who, without quite knowing that she did it, patronized her with such supreme gentleness, and

yet with so much sense of never asking anything but what must be right.

"Won't you put off your cloak?" said Ann.

"No, thank you; I have only a moment to stay. But — excuse me — who does read all these books, and are you a Swedenborgian?"

"No, I am not," replied Ann, severely.

"Oh, it must be your brother, then?"

"He reads all sorts of things," said Ann diplomatically; and then, taking herself to task for lack of exact truth, added, "My brother does not go to the church of those people."

"Oh," said Mrs. Morton, with the feeling that she had made a false step, "I suppose not, of course. It is such an absurd mysticism. I thought I should like, before I go away, to talk to you a little about Hester Gray. You won't mind it, will you? You know we are all so very fond of her."

"Of course not; why should I?" said Miss Wendell.

"I have thought that I would write to her people in the South, if you liked. We have ways of getting letters through the lines, and if you think well of it I can write to the cousin, Henry Gray, of whom she speaks."

"I believe my brother has already done so," said Ann; "at least, he said that he would. He has n't much time now, and he forgets. I ought to have asked him about it again."

"But even if he has written, it will be as well that I also write."

"If you please; but I don't think we shall hear, and I begin to believe that the little girl will be with us until the war is over."

"No doubt you must feel it somewhat of a burden."

"It was the Lord's doing," returned Ann, "and I try to see that it is my duty to take care of her." She would not say that it was not a burden.

"But still it must be a care. I think that the whole weight ought not to fall on you, and that, if it be agreeable to you and to the doctor, I might send her to Miss Pearson's school, on Long Island."

"You are very kind," replied Ann, "but I teach her myself; and if I let her go away I should feel as if I had thrust aside what God had sent me. I should n't consider it to be quite right. At least, I don't think I should."

"But you can't teach her French, or drawing, and she has a good deal of talent that way."

"I don't see that French is needful," returned Ann. "I have never found any use for it."

"And yet she might," said Mrs. Morton. "And then — you will pardon me," she added, with sublime indiscretion — "but don't you think that as she has been brought up an Episcopalian she ought to go to the Episcopal church? Now, at Miss Pearson's" —

Ann flushed a little, and sat up a trifle in her chair. "No," she exclaimed, interrupting her visitor, "what God gave, I am responsible for to Him. I trust that in the essential matters of religion she will not be found wanting. You are very kind, but I cannot see it in your way. However," she added, conscious that she was addressing not only a very kind woman, but a valuable patient, "I will talk it over with Ezra."

And then Mrs. Morton, put to rout, but by no means defeated, resolved that she too would talk to Ezra Wendell, and so went her way to the sleigh, out of which the laughing Hester slipped as she came.

Mrs. Morton's campaigns were usually brief, and in one way or another decisive. She sent her sleigh to the doctor's in the afternoon of the same day, with a note to him, and desired her servant to await a reply. Dr. Wendell chanced to be at home when this message came. The note was only to the effect that Mrs. Morton wanted to see

him about the colonel, and in a post-script there was added, Would he be sure to bring Hester, as Mrs. Morton had a present for her, — a fur jacket, — and she wished to have it tried on, to see if it fitted.

Wendell knew that he must again, for the hundredth time, summon the girl from Ann's schooling.

"Ann," he called at the foot of the stairs, — "Ann, come down a moment!"

"What is it, brother?" she cried, tripping lightly down the staircase, and looking, as Wendell noticed, very bright and well.

"Why, Ann, you come down as if you were fifteen," he exclaimed; "and how good-looking you grow!"

"It's the good honest Yankee winter we have had, Ezra. But what is it? The child is at her lessons. I must go back to her. She does them so well that it is getting to be quite a pleasure to me. What is it?"

"I have a note from Mrs. Morton. There, read it, dear; and I am really sorry, Ann. I did mean to respect your hours, but I suppose this time she must go."

Ann's face rarely betrayed emotion. Her stern orthodox New England training had taught her such restraint of emotion as saved the features habitually from telling her secret thoughts. Whatever was, be it small or great, was to be endured. If there was little laughter in her life, there were also few tears. But now, if ever, she was very angry. She saw defeat in the distance, and knew that she must yield, and somehow be made to show a semblance of being grateful; and she also felt that Mrs. Morton's note was deceitful, and for herself there was no big or little in this matter of truthfulness. These thoughts went swiftly through her mind, and she hesitated a moment.

"I should like," she said, "to talk to you before you go. Mrs. Morton was here to-day, and"—

"But, sister," he returned, "I have to meet Dr. James in an hour, and I must go to Mrs. Morton's first, and her horses are waiting in the cold. We can talk to-night."

Ann felt that to-night would be too late.

"Very well," she replied, rather shortly for her, "I will send her down to you;" and she went upstairs, feeling that life was being made quite too hard.

Wendell and Hester found Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Westerley in the drawing-room, enjoying the cup of tea which Mrs. Morton well knew the doctor liked. After a few words in regard to the colonel and his coming voyage, they drew together about the fire. Then the boys were heard calling Hester; but Mrs. Morton said, "No, I want Hester myself, Edward. Come back in half an hour."

"And what's up now?" asked Arthur.

"Better ask," observed Edward.

"Not I, Ned;" and they went away from the door.

"I have been having a chat with Miss Ann to-day," said Mrs. Morton; "a talk about my friend Hester, here." The girl looked up, suddenly curious, and feeling a new importance. "We did not quite agree, but I think we shall. I am anxious that Hester should go to Miss Pearson's school on Long Island. I know Miss Pearson well, and the school is all we could desire. Colonel Morton also wishes it, and we both desire to have the pleasure of helping you and Miss Ann in this way."

Wendell's heart sunk within him. He was growing to love the small person at his side with a deep and strange tenderness, the strength of which discovered itself to him now abruptly, as he heard of the possibility of her being taken out of his life. He looked down at the child, and up at Mrs. Morton.

"Do you think it is really necessary?"

"I do. There are many reasons for

it, — many. She did not state them all, nor did she choose to do so. "However well able Miss Ann may be to teach her, there are things which she cannot teach. You of course know what I mean. Then, Miss Ann was not well last fall; and even if she is better now, the burden of Hester's lessons will be felt some time, and then we shall be away, and it will be past remedy. So you see how desirable it is. Colonel Morton wished me to say to you that he felt that, having in a measure promised her father to see after the girl, he thought a share of the responsibility of her care lay with us, and that as we can well afford it we should have some part in providing for her."

Wendell was perplexed. It did not sound much like the colonel.

"What do you think, Mrs. Westerley?" he inquired. "You will pardon me, Mrs. Morton, if I ask."

The doctor was learning socially a good deal, and was a very different person from the Ezra Wendell we first knew.

"Miss Pearson was my own schoolmistress, and is my friend," said Mrs. Westerley. "She is a gentle, high-minded woman. If I were Hester, I should like it well. Don't you think you will, Hester?"

Hester had a good deal of the caution of clever girlhood, the outcome of intelligence and inexperience.

"I don't know," she replied. "I like it at home. Every one is so kind to me — and — and — you all, and Arty, and Mr. Edward."

"Well, go upstairs," said Mrs. Morton, "and ask my maid for a present I have for you, and put it on, and then go and ask Arty how it looks."

"A present?" exclaimed Hester. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Morton!" and left the room.

"We were thinking," continued Mrs. Morton, "that if this girl has no relatives who will help her, and has no fortune, as seems to be the case, a simple education, however sound, will be of little use to her; while if she can become an accomplished woman, she may be able to help herself, come what may. Does n't that appear reasonable to you?"

He had to confess that it did.

"She draws cleverly now, and reads French well. It does seem to me, doctor, that a year at Miss Pearson's, with what she could get afterwards here, would be of lifelong value."

Wendell felt that his cause was lost.

"But my sister," he rejoined.

"I was thinking," returned Mrs. Westerley, "that I would see her. Mrs. Morton is very busy."

"If you would," he said. "I certainly shall do all I can to help the girl in whatever way seems the best, but Ann has her own ideas, as you will find."

Mrs. Morton was well aware of this, but she thought that she saw her way now, and was beginning to feel that more obstacles than there was need for were put in the way of her kind intentions.

"I dare say that we shall make her come over to our side, and Mrs. Westerley will see her. Few people resist her."

This was very much Wendell's own opinion; so he thanked Mrs. Morton, finished his tea, and rose to go, as Hester came in with the young men, looking rosy and pretty in the little seal-skin jacket, which admirably set off her delicate complexion, in which the color came and went so ceaselessly.

"And you have n't thanked me, Hester."

Hester kissed her. "The boys think I look so nice," she said, and she turned herself around for inspection. She was at that formless age of girlhood when the face anticipates in development the changes which yet are lacking in the frame; and now the heavy cloak hid what was as yet ungraceful, so that both of the elder women exchanged quiet glances of admiration at the girl's appearance.

Then Hester and Wendell, after a little laughing chat, went away.

"I would like to take that girl to Newport, in two or three years," said Mrs. Westerley. "But do you ever think of what a tempting little personage she is going to be, Helen? Those boys of yours!"

"Nonsense, Alice. Ned is out of the question, and Arthur will possibly be away for years. I should as soon think of their falling in love with you."

"But they both have," affirmed her friend, laughing. "However, remember that I have warned you."

"If Dr. Wendell were a little more of a man of the world, I should think you ran rather more risk from him, Alice, than from my boys," returned Mrs. Morton, smiling, but regarding Alice attentively.

"I have seen enough of men of the world.'

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"Stuff, Helen! You always misunderstand me;" but she had a queer sense of a suddenly widened horizon of the possible. What had she said or done to justify such a suspicion? "I must go," she said. "Please order my ponies."

"I am afraid I have vexed you, Alice."

"Yes, you have vexed me."

"I did n't mean to."

"No, I dare say."

"And you will come over to-morrow? If you don't, I shall think you are angry."

"Yes, I 'll come. We have made too much of it, and I will see that rosy-faced, impassive Ann Wendell. Your account of her was immensely amusing. How can one live with such a conscience? I think they begin in childhood, in New England, with girls' consciences as the Chinese do with their children's feet, until when they grow up they can't stir, morally speaking, without discomfort. I have no patience with them!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

GOVERNOR THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

A FEW years ago, upon the crown of Milton Hill, seven miles south of Boston, there stood — and still stands, though reconstructed — a sightly mansion, upon which those who knew its history and associations have gazed for more than a century with interest. In the latter part of that period of time, it is safe to say that the memories and thoughts of many who have looked on it were mingled with sad and regretful feelings, as if from a reproaching reminder. The edifice, with its substantial and numerous outbuildings, had much of the aspect of an English manor-house. Though not ornate, it was comely, and had an air of comfort and dignity. The site of it and the outlook from it mark it as unsurpassed in loveliness, and many charms, by any other of the beautiful suburban attractions of the environs of Boston. The ancient trees, with fair openings between them, the rich lawns, and, above all, the superb and far-reaching views over the not distant harbor and bay, with the numerous fair islands, give to the spot a combination of charms, of which, by night or day, by sunlight or moonlight, the eye does not weary.

A hundred acres of that site were purchased in 1743, and the mansion was erected by Thomas Hutchinson, the last of the civic chief magistrates of this province commissioned by the British crown. Descended from a family of

the earliest Puritan stock in this colony, serviceable and honored in all its generations, he was born in Boston, September 9, 1711, graduated at Harvard College in 1727, and, having for a while pursued general studies, he devoted himself to mercantile interests. He inherited wealth, to which he largely added. All his relations and associations identified him with the traditional spirit of his birthplace and home. He was received as a member of one of the Congregational churches of Boston in 1735. The pastor had married his sister. He had fine natural abilities, graceful and attractive manners, scholarly tastes, oratorical powers, and great business capacities. He became the idol of the people, who bestowed upon him successively all the honors within their gift. He was chosen one of the selectmen of Boston in 1737; was sent in 1741 as an agent of the province on important business to London, managing it successfully; was ten years a representative of the town, — during three of them the speaker, — doing most valuable service in the settlement of the province debt in 1749; he was a member of the royal council from 1750 to 1766; in 1752 he succeeded his uncle as judge of probate; he was commissioned lieutenant-governor in 1758, and chief justice in 1760. Thus he was at the same time the incumbent of the offices of judge of probate and chief justice, of councillor and lieutenant-governor. Strong objection was made to his retaining the place of councillor when commissioned lieutenant-governor, but we remind ourselves that the same arrangement is provided for in our state constitution.

We have, however, just passed from mentioning the honors for which Hutchinson was indebted to his own people, as tokens of their regard, to the first of those which made him a servant of the king. Before we proceed further in this direction, we must return for a moment to Milton Hill. This was for many years the residence of Hutchinson only in the summer. He had a sumptuous house at the northern end of Boston, then the centre of the aristocracy. In the turbulent and disgraceful outbursts of popular mob spirit preceding the Revolution, this fine dwelling was sacked and gutted, August 26, 1765, though it is a relief to add that full compensation was afterwards made for the loss. Hutchinson, during his remaining years in the province, lived mostly at Milton. His house, furnished with all the appliances of comfort and luxury, was the scene of a generous and lavish hospitality. Here the owner, with his family, relatives, and congenial guests, tried to find intervals of quiet and solace during the troublous times of popular discontent and brooding rebellion. He was a florist and a farmer, and loved to employ himself among his laborers.

After his accession to the chief magistracy, under circumstances soon to be noted, the anxieties and vexations of his office led him, June 26, 1773, to ask permission of his sovereign — which was granted — for absence for a few months on a visit to England, that he might confer with the government on the state of affairs. Leaving his charming home and its contents in the care of his eldest son, Thomas, judge of probate, he sailed from Boston on June 1, 1774, the day on which the ire of the ministry closed and shut up the port, as a retribution for the destruction of the tea in the previous December. The governor had not conceived that his removal was to be a final one. During the six remaining years of his life he was an exile in England. The image of his delightful home was ever before his eyes, and the longing for it was in his heart, through those sad years. It is speaking but the simple truth to say that when Hutchinson sailed away from Boston, and for the years ensuing, during and immediately after the Revolutionary War, there

was not a man in the province more bitterly hated, more heavily laden with reproach, contempt, and every form of slander and vituperation, than himself. He was charged with having devised and prompted the oppressive measures of the ministry while he was in office here; and as the severest of the so-called tyrannical acts of the British government followed swiftly upon Hutchinson's presence in England, he was of course accused — how unjustly we shall soon see — of having instigated them. These burdens of abuse and infamy have attached to him in most of our current histories. The very excess of this severity and contumely would of itself suggest to the fair-minded a possible injustice and a probable exaggeration. And in the calmer years of retrospect, and of the keener study of the men and events of our troublous times, there have not been wanting those of intelligent and impartial spirit who have been thoroughly assured that Hutchinson has been misrepresented and grossly calumniated. Never was there born here a man who loved his native country with a fuller, warmer affection than did he, nor one who, in various spheres of activity and place and occupation, had done it better service. The crisis in his career is marked by his transition from receiving all possible trusts and honors from his own people to having new ones imposed upon him from the king. These, we now know, he did not seek: he accepted them with reluctance; he sought to be relieved of them. But, as we have said, his acceptance of a royal trust marked a crisis in his career. It presented to him, under circumstances soon to be noted, the sharp alternative, either to be faithless to his official oath, or to incur the exasperated odium of his fellow citizens, or at least that portion of them called "the people." He chose to be faithful to his king, and in his heart he believed that in so doing he could best serve his fellow-citizens. Had he conformed to the will and temper of our patriots, he would have been to his king what Arnold proved to our Congress. Any rightful condemnation of him would need to rest on charging and proving that he was blinded by some lure of ambition or meaner passion, in his decision, when the alternative was before him. The way is open, however, to show that he made mistakes; that he was not always on fair and clear terms with himself. But that he ever merited the hate, vituperation, and obloquy heaped upon him, and on the strength of the grounds assigned for it, is a falsity the exposure of which all just men will rejoice to welcome.

The revising and rewriting of history and biography find their best if not their sole reason in a prompting to substitute truth for erroneous judgments, impressions, and false traditions, and to relieve those who wrongfully stand under reproach of all that is unfair and unjust. To go beyond this, by any artifice or special pleading, is only to work new mischief. It is not, as it is often said to be, a mere fond relenting of weak sentiment that prompts an attempt to rectify a false historical judgment against a man who was sorely tried by position and office. It is but a generous concession to strict justice. If Hutchinson is now, in his turn, to be the subject of a truthful and impartial revision of judgment, the occasion for it is most opportune, as new materials, of prime interest and importance and of full authenticity, are now before us for use. The first requisite for this, which ought to be a grateful task, is to have from the man himself, who is brought back for our study, a clear and frank disclosure of his position, aim, and sense of obligation, apart from any cloudings of his own inclination and interest. Governor Hutchinson took with him to England, and had sent after him, many important papers necessary to present his case to the British government. He was most industrious with his pen during his mel-

ancholy exile; writing unnumbered letters, of which he kept copies, preserving those which he received, and also keeping a very detailed journal of events, conversations, and reflections. The first efforts made by historical students in this country to obtain some of those papers were unsuccessful, his descendants and kinsfolk being still influenced by their natural resentment at the indignities which had here been visited upon the governor. Through the solicitation of James Savage, Judge Davis, President Kirkland, and Governor Gore, the Rev. John Hutchinson, of Trentham, Staffordshire, a grandson of the governor, consented to edit for publication, in England and in this country, a manuscript volume written by the governor in England. This volume contains a rehearsal of his own administration and of that of his predecessor, Governor Bernard. It is a manly, dignified, and thoroughly truthful record, though the harassments and vexations of spirit, the jealousies and provocations and sometimes petty insults, all too faithfully exposed in it, as marking the governor's struggle against acute and embittered opponents, make the volume anything but enjoyable in the perusal. Of this something by and by. But more engaging matter, of rich and varied interest, and of such a sort as will go far to relieve and rectify the aspersions burdening the character and career of Governor Hutchinson, is now within the reach of many who will be sure to welcome it. A great-grandson of the governor, Peter Orlando Hutchinson, residing in England, has assumed the editorship, with careful and elaborate annotations, of letters, journals, and other papers, which cover the whole period of the governor's residence abroad.[1]

Before dealing with these valuable materials we must briefly rehearse the governor's experience and discomfiture in office here.

The sagacious judgment of consenting minds, as uttered on both sides of the water during the last two score of years, is that at the period of our revolutionary strife the fitting time had *nearly* come for the colonies to drop away from the mother country by a natural, unaided, unimpeded ripening, as mature fruit drops from the tree. Some idealists have ventured to assert that this process of severance might have been peaceful and propitious. We have emphasized the adverb *nearly*, which in its place is significant. For the question left now is whether the process, a little premature, was violently hurried by one party, by pounding and shaking the tree, to anticipate the fruit before it was ripe; or whether the process was blindly and perversely, and also violently, resisted by the other party, in an obstinate refusal to allow the natural and the inevitable. He must be quite an opinionative person who, after balancing this alternative, ventures to assign the burden of blame to either party. That the patriot party did throw stones at the tree to anticipate and hurry the severance of the fruit would seem proved by several of the incidental accompaniments of our rupture with the mother country. There were acts of utter lawlessness, of iniquitous outrage, of tolerated havoc by mobs, and of wanton destruction of property which caused a reign of terror in this province, and in the prostration of all legal authority rendered redress impossible. There were artifices resorted to in debate and legislation which could hardly consist with sincerity and candor, when taken in connection with professions of loyalty that accompanied them. Large numbers of intelligent and excellent persons, who dearly loved their country, were subjected to scorn

[1] *The Diary and Letters of his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., etc.* Compiled from the Original Documents still remaining in the possession of his Descendants. By PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON, one of his great-grandsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

and insult, and to the most vengeful and cruel treatment, because they halted hesitatingly about taking the first steps in rebellion.[1] The inconstancy, inconsistency, and seeming duplicity in our congresses, in their most solemn protestations, disclaiming all thoughts of independency of the mother country, as uttered up to the last moment before declaring it, were not as easily explained in those days as they are in our own. Franklin, John Adams, and Washington were fairly quoted in England, by those in the opposition to the British ministry who sympathized with our cause, as still loyal to the crown, and these sympathizers were confounded when the Declaration went abroad. It was not known in England at the time that that Declaration — when perhaps fifty members were in Congress, representing twelve colonies — passed simply by a majority of *one*, though an agreement had previously been made that whichever side carried the vote it should be declared to have been unanimous. And when our sympathizers in England learned that we had renounced our parentage and entered into alliance with France, the hereditary enemy of England, many of them shrank from giving us any further countenance. The English were sure not to lack full information of the backwardness of our enlistments, the powerlessness of Congress in its requisitions, the poverty of our armies, and the worthlessness of our currency. In December, 1780, there were eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-four loyal "provincials" in the British forces in America, being more than twice the number that had been in Washington's army. Taking these and other facts into view, it is not strange that our patriots were thought to have hurried our riddance of England before we were quite ripened for the process.

And when we, from our side, look across the water to judge if the king and his ministry were not stupidly and obstinately setting themselves to retard and baffle the natural dropping off of the colonies that had come to full age, we seem to see evidences of extreme obstinacy and folly in their course. Only England was not able to see them. She well knew that it would not have been wise for her or safe for us that we should have been weaned from her at any earlier date, while France still held her actual sway, and was seeking for conquest on this continent. Indeed, when it became known in England that the colonies were bent upon a severance from the mother country, a reasonable fear was expressed by our friends and enemies alike that we might be pounced upon by France, or Spain, or the Dutch. We can now see clearly that all the measures and schemes of the ministry and of Parliament were bewildered, tentative, and inconstant: instituting and then reversing a policy; imposing burdens, with conditional offers of release from them; and inflicting acts of spiteful severity, followed by wily solicitations that the colonies should seek relief from them by avowals of penitence. England mistook a teasing, fretting interference and a threatening announcement of her reserved indignation for a sagacious policy, dictated by a consciousness of being right and a willingness to be lenient and just. While the conflict was midway in its progress, her peace commissioners, and her humiliating proffers to concede the utmost which the colonies had ever demanded, if they would but stand

[1] John Adams, with his wonted energy of expression, has left for us his opinion of the "Tories." In a letter written by him in Amsterdam, December 15, 1780, which was intercepted, and published next year in the Annual Register, he says that he thinks the king would have given up the contest had he not been reinforced by recusant Americans in England and their sympathizers at the court. He adds that the Tories, as he had recommended at first, should have been fined, imprisoned, and hung. "I would have hanged my own brother had he taken a part with our enemy in the contest."

by "the integrity of the empire," gave full proof that she had been pursuing a course of blind experimenting in resistance to a result which time and circumstance had well-nigh matured. The pages now before us, among their many other most significant revelations, disclose the haltings, confusion, indecision, with which that resisting policy of England was devised and pursued. Our space will permit us only briefly and concisely to state the condition and circumstances of the time and the situation when Hutchinson came into his arduous trust, to exchange the admiring regard and the unqualified confidence of his fellow citizens for alienation, hate, and obloquy.

Governor Bernard, after his harassed and stormy administration, though still retaining his office, left Boston August 2, 1769, to report himself in London. The lieutenant-governor, Hutchinson, acting in his absence, well says that he "entered upon his office under circumstances peculiarly difficult and discouraging. He was bound by a solemn oath, as well as by the nature of his office, to support an authority to which the body of the people refused to submit, and he had no aid from any of the executive powers of government under him." The house and the council were alike strongly in the opposition, and Boston was the chief seat of disaffection.

And here, though it may seem to be in defiant reversal of the contemporary and the historically renewed and popularly accepted judgment passed upon Hutchinson, the writer will plainly and frankly express the opinion which a careful and candid study of the subject has led him to adopt. Having accepted his office, and bound himself by his official oath to his sovereign, no charge of faithlessness, self-seeking, inconstancy, duplicity, or intentional wrong of any kind can be sustained against him. He neither said nor did, proposed nor advised, adopted nor pursued, anything beyond or inconsistent with the purpose and the duty of a thoroughly upright, well-intentioned, and kindly hearted man. For the most part, he controlled his temper and guarded his utterance under exasperating provocations. He tried to follow the rule of moderation. He took time for thought to calm excitement. He was ready to accept advice and to be influenced by it when he had good assurance that the source of it was sincere and wise. Still, we have a word, and a very emphatic one, to speak in abatement of a full approval of the course of Governor Hutchinson. We hold him censurable — that is not too strong a word — even for consenting to accept, and still more if ambition led him to crave, an office in which he knew he must be in sharp antagonism with and draw on himself the odium of those who had heaped upon him honors and trusts, and who would necessarily regard him henceforward as an instrument for oppressing them. Better than any other man then living Hutchinson knew the inheritance and temper of the Puritan lineage of Massachusetts. He knew that civil as well as religious independence of the mother country germinated in the first field-planting of the colony, and had been bearing and resowing its own crops, strengthening on their stalks through the generations. He knew that there was entailed here a jealousy of all oversight, interposition, and interference by the mother country, which had even become an antipathy. We say this very positively, because Hutchinson was so thoroughly read in the history of Massachusetts. Its original records and illustrative papers had all been in his hands, faithfully studied by him, and admirably digested by his own pen in those volumes of his for which we are so greatly indebted to him. Whether he, as have many of us of later generations, took in the humor and the sly impertinence, the effrontery and the cajoling hypocrisy,

of some of those addresses, compliments, and professions offered to the monarchs of England in our early records, while their advice and injunctions were utterly evaded and defied, it might be difficult to decide, for Hutchinson was a grave and serious man. But his own historical volumes, written before his time of trial came, afford abundant evidence that he had well apprehended not only the latent but the frankly avowed conviction of the colonists here, and of their children, that they had set up for themselves, had formed a constitution of their own, and a parliament too, with a civil and military chest, which they had filled from their own resources, and from which they would draw only for such expenditures and such paid officials as suited their good pleasure. Here are some sentences from Hutchinson's historical pen. Speaking of the plans of the first intending colonists, he says they seem to have had "very strange apprehensions of the relation they should stand in to Great Britain, after their removal to America." "That they thought themselves at full liberty, without any charter from the crown, to establish such sort of government as they thought proper, and to form a new state as fully, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been in a state of nature and were making their first entrance into civil society," — "this will in a great measure excuse the same mistake, which will appear to have been made by our first settlers, in many instances in the course of our history." "Such a scheme would have consisted very well with their notions of civil subjection, as we shall see in many instances. I do not say their notions were just. Allegiance in an English-born subject is said to be perpetual, and to accompany him wherever he goes." The excellent historian was entitled to his opinion on this subject; only those of whom he was writing came to hold another opinion of their own.[1] "However pleasing these principles were in speculation, or whatever foundation they may have in nature, yet they could not continue to practice upon them, nor would they bear the test when adopted by English subjects."[2] Writing of "the ecclesiastical constitution of Massachusetts," the historian says,[3] "It was one great design of the first planters of the colony to obtain for themselves and their posterity the liberty of worshiping God in such manner as appeared to them to be most agreeable to the sacred Scriptures. Upon their removal, they supposed their relation both to the civil and ecclesiastical government, except so far as a special reserve was made by their charter, was at an end, and that they had right to form such new model of both as best pleased them."[4]

If the first comers here started with such principles, it was hardly likely that their descendants, steadily enjoying self-government in the free air of the wilderness, would do otherwise than grow up in the confirmation and practice of them. Evidence that they did so is presented by the historian in his successive pages. He faithfully recognizes the not always latent spirit working through all the religious, civil, military, and commercial energies of the colony and the province as indicating an intent and habit of managing all their own affairs and serving their own interests as assuredly as if they were simply guided by a law of nature. The less, then, should he have been surprised by any self-asserting or truculent manifestation, in his own day, of this familiar

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. i. chap. i.

[2] Chap. ii.

[3] Chap. iv.

[4] In the sharp conflict between Hutchinson and the representatives, some of his own historical statements about the non-acquiescence of the colony in the authority of Parliament were quoted. He replied that the instances he had alleged were the effect, and about the time, of the anarchy in England.

willfulness of spirit. One is almost tempted to suspect him of disingenuousness when he speaks of some single exhibition of disaffection as if it were not in the line of everything that had gone before it. His predecessor, Governor Pownall, had wisely interpreted the temper of this people, and had frankly given Parliament a warning from it. Hutchinson well knew that his official duty would require him to dam a current that had already become dangerously swollen. For we must take note of the significant fact that the period and circumstances of his accession to the highest office were precisely those in which parliamentary and ministerial authority were asserted for the first time, in most obnoxious ways, over this province. A novel policy, involving measures most offensive and most hostile to the traditional and wonted usages, principles, and, if we must in candor admit the term, the assumptions of its inhabitants, had just been inaugurated. Its novelty as well as its coerciveness roused antagonism to it. The extinction of French empire on this continent, after a severe seven years' war, fought by the united British and provincial forces, has been recognized as marking the year 1763 as a period of more cordial relations between Massachusetts and the mother country than had ever existed previously. The province had received a large sum from the British exchequer, in partial reimbursement of its expenses in the war.[1] But the same date marked the device of oppressive and alienating measures by the mother country. She had become jealous of the increasing wealth and power of her colonies, which she sought to repress, or to turn to her own account. The ministry planned for establishing here a standing army, to be supported by, but independent of, the colonies; to forbid all manufactures here, so that all cloths, hats, implements and tools of every kind, should come only from Britain; to prohibit commerce in goods of all countries except through British ports, or submitting such commerce to exacting duties; and this condition was enjoined in all traffic between one colony and another. All moneys thus raised were to go into the English exchequer, to be at the disposal of Parliament. This was the first attempt to raise a revenue from the colonies. It came to be called an *internal* tax, as distinguished from the *external* duties, which had been willingly paid — bating a vast amount of smuggling — as rightfully required in the regulation of the commerce of the whole empire. The colonies refused to pay an internal tax in any form in which it could be defined. They had come to regard their local legislatures as organic constitutions, as in fact Parliaments of their own, where they were represented in all their domestic affairs, in raising and spending all colonial revenues at their own pleasure, as they had done before the French war, and as is now done in the Canadian provinces. Then began among us, in our legislatures and our congresses, the ingenuity and subtilty of trying to distinguish between owning "allegiance to the crown" and denying any "subjection to Parliament." Hence came the Stamp Act, with the mobs, resistance, and protests which made it null. When Parliament, though mortified and provoked, repealed it, it accompanied the concession with a Declaratory Act that "Parliament had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever." This assertion of power utterly annulled the right, heretofore maintained and exercised by the colonies, of exemption from all taxes not self-imposed. Pitt, in the House of Commons, defined the distinction between an *external* tax for regulating commerce, which he said was right, and an *internal* tax, extorted for revenue, which he condemned. When

[1] It is asserted that Britain, in defense of her colonies, had spent more than the gross value of all the property in them, real and personal.

Franklin was asked, at the bar of the Commons, how the colonies would regard this general, sweeping "Declaratory Act," he shrewdly answered, "The resolutions will give them very little concern, *if they are never attempted to be carried into practice.*" So Fox, in the debate on the Remonstrance, said, "The right simply is not regarded; it is the exercise of it that is the object of opposition." An attempt was made to exercise the right, and the consequence was that the British customs officers in Boston were left to collect from the fishes in the harbor the duties on nearly four hundred chests of tea, valued at about one hundred thousand dollars. Such was the crisis in the dispute when there came upon Hutchinson the responsibility attaching by his oath as the viceroy in this province. About three fourths of the representatives of the people opposed the prerogative. Their nominations for the council were subject to the governor's veto. But he would have had no council at all, or not one for business, if he had rejected all objectionable nominations. So he had no executive reinforcement. Magistrates and juries would not bring legal processes to bear on mobs and rioters. The single stay for confidence or authority which the royal magistrate had was the stoutly reiterated avowal of all the disaffected parties that they cherished a loyal allegiance to the king, and disclaimed all purpose of independence. Could Hutchinson, as a wise observer, have thought these professions thoroughly sincere, seeing that no practical method was proposed for proving allegiance, and that resistance to every scheme and measure which assumed allegiance seemed to proceed upon a certified independence?

As an opinion of our own, we have held Hutchinson wholly blameless in the discharge of his office, but as censurable for having accepted it, and more so if he had sought it. Did he seek it? We have his own plain assertions that he had serious misgivings as to accepting it, and that he first declined and afterwards sought to resign it. That he did not at once relieve himself of a position which it was utterly impossible for him to hold without incurring the opposition, scorn, and hate of those who had highly honored him shows at least his weakness in some element of character. He could have retired into private life — as he afterwards so earnestly wished he had done — with dignity and respect. He would then have been just the man and in just the position to serve any uses of mediation, if that were possible. If then the people had visited upon him insult, confiscation, and banishment, the act would have been one of dastardly meanness. We turn now to some of his own avowals as to his office. We have already quoted his words on his entrance, as lieutenant-governor, upon the duties of the chair, during the supposed temporary absence of Bernard. He says that he "stood absolutely alone," knowing well the vexations and animosities encountered by his predecessor, and seeing that the opposition to government was steadily strengthening. He wrote within the year to the royal secretary, asking to be excused from his office, and also from that of lieutenant-governor. His wish was again to become the chief justice, as in that high trust he had enjoyed universal approbation for ten years. Before his letter seeking relief from all further share in the administration reached the secretary, commissions were in preparation constituting him governor, and Andrew Oliver, who had been secretary of the province, lieutenant-governor.[1] Instead of send-

[1] There were two lieutenant-governors named Oliver, nearly contemporaneous, but not of kin. Secretary Andrew Oliver, brother-in-law of Hutchinson, succeeded him in the second office, and on his death Thomas Oliver was, in 1774, commissioned as lieutenant-governor, but was not allowed by the people to occupy the place.

ing the commission, the secretary wrote to him that opportunity should be left to him for further consideration, no other person being appointed in the mean while. The promise of support by his friends and a temporary lull of the turbulent spirit led him, unfortunately, to accept this commission, which arrived in March, 1771.

We have spoken above of the matter, tone, and temper of the volume written in England by Hutchinson, covering his own administration. On perusing it now, most readers will be likely to marvel at the self-control and the constancy of the writer, under the provocations, the hectorings and badgerings, and what he calls the "disingenuity and low craft" which were brought to bear against him in such variety of form and aggravation. So, at least, did all the ingenious and potent devices and methods of his opponents appear to him. But these devices and methods appeared quite otherwise to those who plied them, as they have appeared to the common popular judgment in the review of them ever since. They are regarded as the watchful, adroit, acute, perhaps occasionally subtle, efforts and resolves of a few of the ablest of the patriot party, who had sternly purposed to stand for the popular cause against all the ingenuities and wiles of tyranny. The measures and workings alike of the "prerogative" and of the "patriot" party seemed to each other insidious, artful, disguising treachery by false professions. To the last day of Hutchinson's presence here the patriots protested against any wish or purpose of severance from the mother country, while they resisted every injunction that carried with it authority in king, ministry, or Parliament. The grievances against Hutchinson were such as these: that he called the General Court to assemble at Cambridge to keep it clear from the "pestiferous influence of Boston;" that he prorogued or dissolved it when its debates or resolves were "insufferable;" that he received "instructions" from the king which he did not always communicate, some of them leaving him to exercise his own judgment in an alternative; that he tried to break up legal town meetings when turned to "illegal" uses; that he received a salary from the king instead of trusting the people for due compensation, etc.

On the other hand, Hutchinson observed the steady advances of a disloyal, defiant, and independent spirit. The dissolution of the General Court did not arrest mischief, for this was kept alive by the ingenious device of committees of correspondence between towns and colonies, facilitating agreements for non-importation, etc. The representatives had come to speak of themselves as "his majesty's commons;" of their debates as "parliamentary debates," distinct from those of the "*British* Parliament;" of the old court or town house as their "state house;" and of the province charter as a "contract," they being the one party and the king the other. The controversial papers, arguments, and manifestoes of the patriot party were prepared with consummate skill by master minds and pens, gifted with an adroit ingenuity and power of adaptation to popular effect. Of these Samuel Adams was easily the chief.

There was an episode in this embittered fence between one man and a people that must have place here. One of the most grievous imputations upon Hutchinson's honor and patriotism was that he had misrepresented and slandered the province to the ministry, and had suggested the oppressive and humiliating measures against it. How wide of the truth this charge is his private journals, now in print, make fully to appear. He had wholly disapproved of the Stamp Act, and had written a remonstrance against it. But any evidence, however shadowy, of his alleged hostility to his country would be made the most of.

Few, if any, fair-minded persons of this day can read without wincing, as from a twinge of mortification, the calm and dignified statement given by Hutchinson, now illustrated and confirmed by other authorities, concerning the means by which some of his private letters were obtained, and the use made of them to blacken his character and official course. He had been to Hartford, in 1773, with commissioners, to settle a long-existing controversy between Massachusetts and New York about western boundary lines. His knowledge and ability in the case had accrued vastly to the advantage of this province, and he received a just recognition of his services. He returned to Boston to meet the development of a plot, "managed with great art," as he well says, and which was turned to his sore abuse. He had written some half dozen letters to his friend, Thomas Whatley, Esq., London, who, so far from being in the government, was in the opposition to the policy pursued towards America. Lieutenant-Governor Oliver and two other persons had written as many more letters to the same correspondent. In some secret way, never explained, — perhaps it may as well remain in the dark,[1] — Dr. Franklin, then in London, had got possession of these letters, and had sent them to the speaker of our Assembly, Mr. Cushing, with injunctions that they should be shown to only five other persons, should not be copied, and should be returned. These restrictions were enjoined that, as the doctor wrote, "as distant objects seen only through a mist appear larger, the same may happen from the mystery in this case." When Franklin's agency in this matter was disclosed it cost him his place in the post-office, drew on him the scathing reproach of Wedderburne before the privy council, and put him under the ban of society and of the philosophers while he remained in England. The letters were kept in secrecy for six or eight months, when permission was obtained to show them to a few more persons. The awful mystery was well worked up to excite intense curiosity, through oracular utterances, vague disclosures of some dreadful covert treacheries, and then most alarming rumors that proofs and revelations had come to town of a long-working and an abominable conspiracy concocted here "for enslaving America." After these mutterings and dark revealings had wrought to the highest pitch the expectancy of the people, the letters were read, with scenic accompaniments, in a secret session of assembly, and a committee, chosen for the the purpose, reported on them as "designed to overthrow the constitution of the province, and to introduce arbitrary power." Then, by a further device, which Hutchinson describes as "a pitiful expedient" and a "puerility," a member of the house announced "that a person in the street had put into his hands a number of papers, which appeared to him to be copies," etc. He suggested that they be compared with the originals. As the secret had thus become public, the letters were of course ordered to be printed and put in circulation. A certain "Tewksbury" pamphlet, under gubernatorial auspices, was recently the occasion of a strong excitement in this State, but that excitement was feeble compared with the clamor and indignation caused by the publication of the mysterious letters. A copy of the time-stained pamphlet is before me as I write, and the perfect harmlessness of its contents raises a sort of ludicrous wonder, relieving other soberer feelings which it might stir up. Phrases and sentences in the letters are *italicized* to give them an ominous significance, which otherwise they would not suggest. The whole affair is a marvelously strong illustration of the most vehement pos-

[1] Mr. Bancroft has exercised his ingenuity, largely aided by his imagination, in conjecture on this mystery. See Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society for February, 1878.

sible cry, with the slightest possible amount of wool. There is not a sentiment, suggestion, or avowal in the letters which Hutchinson had not publicly uttered here in speech and message. Indeed, there is even much of a friendly and interceding tone in them. The attorney-general, Sewall, in a series of papers, exposed the utter folly and artfulness of the excitement. Nevertheless, the purpose of the scheme had been effected, and it was made the ground of an appeal to the king for the removal of the governor and the lieutenant-governor. But Hutchinson had the start in this matter. He was delayed for some months in availing himself of a permission which he had received for a temporary visit to England, by the illness and the death of the lieutenant-governor, as he hesitated to leave the administration in the hands of a distracted council.

General Gage, commissioned as both governor of the province and commander of the king's forces, arrived in Boston May 13, 1774, to serve during Hutchinson's absence. He had four days' conference with Hutchinson at Castle William. The governor says he did not receive, as he could not have expected, any marks of respect, on his departure, from the house, the council, or the people. He did, however, receive addresses of respect, confidence, and approval from some merchants, barristers, three Episcopal clergymen, and other gentlemen. For this, however, such of the signers as did not afterwards recant and apologize paid dearly, in proscription, banishment, and the confiscation of their property.

Before following Hutchinson to England we may mention here what is further to be said of his family and his possessions in Massachusetts. On May 16, 1734, in his twenty-third year, he had married a daughter of a Rhode Island minister. After nineteen years of a peculiarly happy domestic life, she died, March 12, 1753, leaving five children. He remained a widower. His eldest son, Thomas, Jr., judge of probate, with his family, abode here for a while after the father, as did also his daughter Sarah, wife of Dr. Peter Oliver. His son Elisha — leaving his wife, then unable to accompany him, with her family at Plymouth — and his daughter Peggy sailed with Hutchinson. His son William, called Billy, had gone abroad in 1772, and soon joined his family on their arrival. Elisha's wife, after three years of forced separation, during which she met with many troubles, went to her husband. Thomas, Jr., keeping himself close, remained at Milton while the country around was in a state of confusion and lawlessness. Leaving everything in the Milton house, plate, furniture, etc., as if he might afterwards pass to and fro freely, he made a visit to Boston with his wife and two young children, as did also his sister Oliver and her husband and his father, the chief justice. The British troops made the town a "city of refuge." Confined here eighteen months, through the whole period of the dreary, pinching siege, the woe-begone group sailed off on the Evacuation, March, 1776. Thomas' wife gave birth, in the harbor, to a son, on board a small vessel crowded with sailors and passengers. This son, Andrew, was the father of Peter Orlando Hutchinson, whose editorial work we have so greatly enjoyed. All the family were cast upon the care of the governor, — five children, and the wives and children of three of them. His household at one time numbered twenty-five. His daughter Peggy died September 21, 1777. She was buried in Croydon Church, Surrey, as was also his son William, who died February 20, 1780. The father had died on June 3d of that year, at Brompton, near London; falling in apoplexy into the arms of his servant, as he was about getting into his carriage. He was committed to the tomb where his children rest.

Before Thomas, Jr., left Boston his father had been writing to him of his intention to return, now in the summer, now in the autumn, when he expected all the strife would be ended, and sweet peace would settle over the land. He sent gooseberry cuttings and flowering shrubs, and suggested improvements for the endeared home for which he was longing. In a very touching letter he gave his son directions for building a tomb in the burial ground at Milton, to which were to be quietly transferred in the night, by a friendly sexton, the remains of his wife, which had rested for twenty-one years in his tomb on Copps' Hill.[1] A place was also to be reserved for himself beside her. So strong was his yearning for the Milton home; so unconscious was he of the length and issue of the strife. On January 11, 1775, he wrote, "I had rather die in a little country farmhouse in New England than in the best nobleman's seat in Old England, and have therefore given no ear to any proposal of settling here. I think the controversy must be settled this summer." The governor was desirous that his friends here should know that he had not been slighted, and that none of his reasonable expectations had been disappointed in England. He had declined the proffer of a baronetcy and a place in Parliament. His heart was here. He sent over kind gifts to the library and museum of Harvard College.

While the father was thus writing to the son shut up in Boston, the son had learned that the Milton home had been turned into barracks for troops, and that it had been ransacked and plundered. The governor writes in his journal, November 14, 1776, "My property which was at Milton sold at vendue. Washington, it is said, rides in my coach at Cambridge." This coach had been imported by the governor at a cost of £105, just before his departure. The provincial congress at Watertown took orders to secure some of his plundered effects, and purchased a large collection of his papers, supposed to be treasonable, which are now in our state house. The historian Gordon, to whose care the papers were committed, says that one letter "was suppressed, for the public good, as it had not a favorable aspect upon the staunch patriotism of Mr. Hancock." A portrait of Hutchinson, pierced by bayonets in his house, repaired as well as possible, is now in the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In May, 1776, the provincial congress, on a petition from the inhabitants of the town of Hutchinson, in Worcester County, that it might "no longer bear the disgraceful name of one who had acted the part of a traitor and a parricide," substituted the name of Barre, our champion in the commons. Pearl was substituted for Hutchinson, as the name of a street in Boston.

While all this execration was visited here upon the exile, what was his course in England? We have to remind ourselves that the series of arbitrary and exasperating royal measures which effected the final separation of the colonies was initiated as Hutchinson was leaving here, and followed on his arrival abroad. The shutting up the port of Boston, which he had neither advised nor approved, was the most mischievous possible measure, as it united the colonies in sympathy and resolve of action against foreign oppression. All sorts of substantial aid poured into the town from all parts of the continent, laying the grounds for that appeal for the return of favors by which Boston is first called upon for contributions when fire, flood, or pestilence ravage any section of the country. The port remained closed

[1] The Hutchinson family tomb, with all the other property, among which were twelve houses and valuable wharves in Boston, passed, by confiscation, into the hands of strangers. Beneath the fine escutcheon on the tomb, another name takes the place of Hutchinson.

till Washington opened it from the inside. Two months after Hutchinson left Boston a futile attempt was made to enforce here a royal mandate, which, however it may have been provoked, was none the less arbitrary and tyrannical, and utterly subversive of the charter constitution of the province. The impossibility of obtaining a council of members, nominated by the house and subject to the governor's veto, had compelled him either to accept for that body men who would not sustain the prerogative, or wholly to dispense with a council. An act of Parliament, to take effect here August 1, 1774, authorized the king, by mandamus, to commission thirty-six men, nominated by him as supposed to be in sympathy with the government, as councillors. Less than half of the nominees dared to brave the popular temper by taking the oath, and the whole device proved null. Still other arbitrary acts empowered the governor in office to commission and remove all judicial officers, to forbid all town meetings unless the proposed business should be subjected to his previous approval, to send to England for trial all arrant political intermeddlers, and to provide for the quartering of foreign troops in Boston. The revelations now made to us from Hutchinson's private papers in England prove that, so far from prompting or encouraging these violent encroachments and vengeful measures, he disapproved of all of them. We must also remind ourselves that the first general congress was not convened till three months after his departure, and that that congress and its successors for nearly two years pursued the fast and loose policy of professing hearty loyalty, and denying all purpose of separation. And when at last "the birth of a new nation was screamed into the world by the declamatory rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence," Hutchinson, with many other persons on both sides of the water, might well have been astounded. We must allow distinctly for two limiting conditions as guiding the opinions, the conduct, and the advice and influence of Hutchinson in England. First, he stood firmly and fondly for maintaining the unity and the integrity of the empire. The bond between the colonies and the mother country need not be a galling one; he would have it soft and easy as possible, provided only it were strong. It should secure mutual interests, and be relieved of all strictures and restraints not actually essential. But separation was not to be thought of or allowed. Second, he knew and affirmed that England, ignorantly or with ill-advice, had entered upon some oppressive or vengeful measures of which she had become ashamed, which she would have to retrace, and which indeed she was even wishing and ready to nullify. But he desired that a conciliating spirit might manifest itself in a way consistent with the honor and self-respect of England, and not as compelled by bluster and defiance.

Allowing for these two conditions, — and they certainly do not imply either malevolence or obstinacy, — the reader of the diary and letters of Hutchinson, now generously put into our hands, will find full proof that all his advice and influence with king and ministry, officials and social friends, indicate a man of high integrity, of good judgment, and of noble magnanimity. Not one word or utterance of an embittered or resentful feeling comes from his pen. When he is brooding over the scrutiny to which his private correspondence for eight years of contention would be subjected by his heated enemies, he cheers himself with the thought that they would find nothing there untruthful, dishonorable, or malicious. London soon became crowded by a most forlorn company of refugees from America, — poor, melancholy, distressed about their future; besetting the treasury for doles and pensions for their losses and sacrifices for

their loyalty; forming a club, with headquarters, for comparing their grievances; and catching sadly or hopefully at every rumor of what was transpiring at home, or the measures which the government was to take for vengeance or peace. It would have been natural for these dismal exiles to have sought Hutchinson as their representative and patron. He was never inconsiderate of any of them. With some of them he was in cordial intimacy. But he did not identify himself with the class. Happily, he had other associates. His interview with the king, on his arrival, with the conversation reported very minutely, presents him to us with dignity and as a peacemaker. He was intimate alike with the ministers, the friends, and the opponents of government. Proposed bills and measures were often submitted to him for suggestion and amendment. Invariably and earnestly did he show himself as in heart and purpose a true friend of what he believed to be safest and best for his native country. Well might Hutchinson write, "I hear one and another of the king's ministers say, There is no receding. And yet to think of going on makes me shudder." We have other revelations in this volume, disclosing, in fuller detail of forms and instances, evidence of what in substance we knew before of the ignorance, the indecision, the haltings and vacillations, of the British ministry in their bewildered and inconstant policy. There runs through it all a smarting consciousness that they had gone on a wrong course too far to retract, and that what they did further was to escape humiliation and to save honor, rather than to enforce the right. Hence came the desperate resolve for vindictive measures, — to treat the colonists as they would enemies in France and Spain. Hence, too, the recourse to the petty principalities of the Continent for hiring men like cattle to fight against British subjects; failing of willing recruits in the realm of England, and being baffled in an appeal for mercenaries from Russia and Holland. Was this a more honorable course for England than was that of her colonies in seeking a French alliance?

The contents of this volume close with the year 1775. It discloses to us the contempt uttered in England over our first general congress, and the alternations of feeling, quickened by the rumors and the full accounts from Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. The siege of Boston was midway in its course, a "mob of peasants" organizing into an army. The governor was suffering a distressing anxiety about his children, shut up there, he feared in a state of starvation. His lot was indeed a hard one. His honors had cost him dear. He had proved that the office of royal governor of Massachusetts, which, in time and circumstance, was an impracticable one for an alien, was an intolerable and an impossible one for a native of the province.

We should utter a word of grateful recognition of the industry and zeal given by the editor to the preparation of this volume. A kindly, considerate, and impartial spirit is manifested in his own comments, which have often the charm of the old-time moralizing and sentiment. Loyal as was his great-grandfather to the noble realm of Britain, the editor exhibits some fine inherited traits of his good old Massachusetts and Boston lineage.

George E. Ellis.

THE SILVER DANGER.

In a populous town there was once placed a cage of wild beasts, and in the very beginning the frailty of the bars gave timid people considerable alarm; but the mere fact that the creatures did not get out convinced passers-by, in the course of years, that there was really no danger, after all, and men hurried past the animals, hearing the sounds of their baffled ferocity, but gave them no great attention. Therefore, when, on an uncomfortable day in late winter, an attendant of the beasts casually remarked that the bars of the cage were almost gnawed through (he was sorry he could not help it), and asked the bystanders what they thought of it, it is not to be wondered at that a sudden paroxysm of alarm seized even sensible men, and that there ensued a general attempt to put a barrier between them and possible harm.

When, in 1878, the owners of silver, supported by the class who in former years had been in favor of dishonest repudiation and depreciated paper money, induced Congress to pass an act by which an amount of silver purchasable for about eighty-six cents was to receive the familiar name of dollar, and the government was to give it out as an equivalent for one hundred cents in gold, so that the treasury should thereby gain fourteen cents on every dollar it issued, it looked very much as if the state had descended to help the silver owners in a questionable attempt to raise the market value of their commodity, and in return to receive a profit of fourteen cents on each dollar coined.[1] It was one method of increasing the revenues of the state, to be sure; but a very stupid way, of course, when the Secretary of the Treasury, knowing all about government movements, might have taken the idle balances lying in the vaults, speculated in stocks on Wall Street, "bulling" and "bearing" the market in a way to make the oldest operator green with envy, and "made the fortune" of the United States! The difficulty with this unholy partnership between the state and the "bulls" of the silver market[2] was that when the bill passed the House and reached the Senate the friends of business prosperity and a sound currency in that body struck out the "free-coinage" clause of the act. By this provision any private person could have brought eighty-six cents' worth of silver to the United States mint, and had it changed (at no expense for seignorage) into a coin which should be of legal value with one hundred cents in gold, and have equal power in paying off debts. This would have been a boon indeed to bankrupts and dishonest debtors, for it would have reduced their debts by fourteen per cent., and cheated their creditors of that amount of their loans. This is the reason why the bill was supported by those who had formerly advocated a depreciated paper dollar as an easier means of paying off existing indebtedness. It was an attractive thing to men of a weak conscience. Imagine the nice satisfaction of the rogues who had broken-down wagons worth eighty-six dollars, on being told by Congress that they had been too often overlooked by legislation, and that if any of them owed another man one hundred dollars he might take one of his depreciated wagons, settle the whole debt, and let his creditor lose the other fourteen dollars! That is what, in effect, Congress would have said to owners of silver, had

[1] From July 1, 1878, to June 30, 1883, the profits of silver coinage were $16,860,310 (including subsidiary coins).

[2] A "bull" is one who tries by speculative purchases to raise the price of a commodity or stock, in order to sell it for more than he gave.

not the "free-coinage" clause been stricken out. The Senate, however, permitted itself to consent to what was nothing less than class legislation, by saying, "We will stand by you silver owners, but only to the extent of taking $2,000,000 of your commodity a month; and if no one will give us one hundred cents in exchange for the eighty-six cents of silver (which shall be a legal tender to any amount), we will store it away, draw that amount from the market, and help you to that extent in raising the value of your depreciated article." So the treasury long enjoyed that miser's pleasure of seeing bright new dollars filling up its own vaults without getting into circulation; nor did this legislation raise the value of silver. So far the situation resembled the cage of wild animals placed in the busy streets of our quondam city. They were shut in now, but the conviction that the slender bars would not always keep them in rendered cautious people apprehensive. What if the silver dollars got out?

To the present time silver dollars have given no trouble to the general public, and it is now six years since the passage of the Bland Bill. Why, then, has not the evil been felt long ago? In answer to this, it is clear that, while the government was the only purchaser of silver who could, under the act, have it coined into dollars, so long as the Secretary was able and willing to make his payments in gold, and did not pay out these false dollars (not receivable by foreign countries) in disbursements for appropriations, or for interest and principal of the public debt, silver would not get into general circulation. In a paroxysm of brotherly kindness for the silver owners the government was storing away silver in its vaults, paid for every month by $2,000,000 taken in taxes from the people of the whole country. But, in spite of this, it is not well understood how successful the treasury has been in passing out silver; for they offer it at the sub-treasuries to any one willing to take it. By October 1, 1883, there had been coined by the United States $154,370,899 of the short dollars, of which $114,587,372 were in the treasury, and $39,783,527 in the banks and general circulation; but $78,921,961 of the dollars held by the government had been deposited, and silver certificates to that amount issued upon them, so that $118,705,488 in silver and certificates were virtually in circulation. Although each piece contains less pure silver than the depreciated trade dollar,[1] the "short dollars" would be received in limited amounts for two reasons: (1.) Silver dollars serve as change equally with small bills, and a considerable number can be absorbed in this way without depreciation. Yet, some may say, if worth only eighty-six cents, why should they be received? Of those it would be asked, Why do we take subsidiary silver coinage (halves, quarters, and dimes) at full value, when a dollar of it contains less pure silver than the Bland dollar? So long as silver dollars circulate in quantities sufficient only for "change" (instead of small bills), they will pass for full face value on the same principle as the lesser silver coins. (2.) It is to be remembered also that silver certificates are given for silver dollars deposited at the treasury in denominations as low as ten dollars, which are "receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues." (§ 3, Act February 28, 1878.) Just such an amount, then, as could be used by merchants in paying duties and taxes would be able to remain in circulation without depreciating; but while gold alone is desirable for foreign payments, men will keep back the gold, and pay silver into the treasury. This acts to

[1] The trade dollar contains 378 grains of pure silver; the Bland dollar, 371.25 grains of pure silver; a dollar of subsidiary silver, 345.6 grains of pure silver. That is, two half dollars are worth more than six per cent. less than a Bland dollar piece.

fill the treasury with the silver it may have just issued, and to that extent cuts off the only means of obtaining gold for ordinary purposes. It is authoritatively stated at the present time (March, 1884) that twenty-five per cent. of the customs collected are paid into the United States in silver, while, as we know, the treasury, in its payments through the New York Clearing House, constantly disburses gold in full. Of course it is the policy of the government to pay out silver dollars, for this reason, whenever persons will accept them; and that it has been very successful in getting them out is to be seen by the subjoined table.[1] The United States owns no more silver dollars now than it did a year ago: that is, by last year's experience, the dollars get out in the form of certificates practically as fast as they are coined. At present writing the treasury owns only 36.9 millions of silver.

It is scarcely realized that it is only in the form of certificates that silver passes out more readily, since the cumbrous coin is not handled. The certificates, by being received for customs and public dues (although not legal tender), undergo practically a process of redemption as long as there is a use for them at par; and, still more, they have increased so much that they are in quite general circulation, and by custom have been taken in common with bank-notes. Bank-notes are redeemable in legal tenders (at present equal to gold); while silver certificates are based only upon silver dollars. November 1, 1881, outstanding silver certificates were $66. mills.; November 1, 1882, outstanding silver certificates were $65.5 mills.; November 1, 1883, outstanding silver certificates were $85.3 mills.

From this it will be seen that for the year ending November 1, 1882, all the dollars coined were heaped up in the United States treasury, and the general impression is that this is the present movement also. But in fact, during the last year (to November 1, 1883), almost all the coinage is represented by an issue of silver certificates. People scarcely realize how near the pushing flood of silver is coming. Yet other events are bringing the possibility still nearer us.

So far the Secretary has offered, not forced, silver payments; for six years he has postponed the obligatory issue of silver, and has adhered to the gold basis on which we resumed specie payments in 1879. To a late date, then, the wild beasts — to go back to our illustration — have been so kept that alarm had quite subsided. But on the 21st of February, 1884, one of the sub-keepers carelessly sauntered in front of the cage, and began to discuss the probability of opening the doors. The expression of seriousness under the assumed carelessness of the sub-keeper's manner seemed to imply that he was acting under directions from his superior, and that it meant something. The alarm spread at once. The sub-keeper of the fable

[1] The condition of the United States Treasury during the last year is seen by the following figures, which show the amount of silver dollars and of gold coin and bullion less the outstanding certificates. [00,000 omitted.]

Date.	Gold Coin and Bullion, less Certificates.	Silver Dollars and Bullion, less Certificates.	Silver Certificates outstanding.	Silver Dollars in general circulation.
1883.				
March 31	$142.2	$36.5	$70.6	–
May 1	139.4	37.7	72.0	–
June 1	133.6	41.5	71.6	–
June 30	136.7	43.8	72.4	35.3
August 1	141.7	43.6	73.8	–
September 2	149.7	43.6	75.4	–
September 29	150.4	40.7	78.3	39.8
November 1	157.1	35.7	85.3	40.3
November 30	158.8	34.6	34.6	–
1884.				
January 1	155.7	27.0	96.7	–
January 31	145.2	30.9	97.0	–
February 28	143.8	35.1	96.5	–
March 13	145.0	36.4	96.1	–
March 21	143.2	36.9	96.1	–

was, in fact, Mr. Acton, the sub-treasurer in New York city, who addressed the manager of the Clearing House Association on the probable effect of his paying government balances at the Clearing House in silver. The Clearing House is only the chief paying counter of the United States. And it may be well to state that when the treasury joined the association it agreed to give thirty days' notice of any change in its method of payment.

Some months after the passage of the Bland Bill, the Clearing House Association (November 15, 1878) decided not to receive silver dollars for balances, — a decision which was met by counter legislation in 1882,[1] aiming to prevent the national banks from observing the rule; and inasmuch as national banks formed almost the entire Clearing House Association, they repealed their prohibition July 14, 1882. The same was probably done in other cities; so that if the treasury now orders it, nothing exists to prevent payments in silver.

The situation, however, is an interesting one to every student of finance. It seems probable that the Secretary has no intention of paying entirely in silver at the present time; but the fright given by Mr. Acton brings us face to face with what must inevitably come, if not to-day, at least in the near future. We are, if the silver coinage is continued, about to see before our very eyes the great commercial nation of the United States change its standard of payments, and unwillingly adopt the medium of semi-civilized countries. It is a dangerous experiment. Of course, every one knows that if silver coined at the obsolete ratio of 1 to 15.98 (the one adopted for conditions existing in 1834, while the market ratio is now about 1 to 17 or 18) were put into general circulation gold would be driven out. This is not a matter of discussion between bimetallists and monometallists, since both admit that this is what will happen. The interest centres now in the practical effects on business, as the process advances. If the Secretary orders silver payments, what will be the effect on gold? It is asserted by some that the present amount of gold, greenbacks, national bank-notes, and silver certificates, making up our total circulation, is all needed by trade to-day; for, if not, gold would go abroad, and reduce the quantity. This theory denies that there can be a premium on gold until silver has gone into circulation sufficient to drive out the whole of our 600 million dollars of gold. It must certainly be admitted that the recent rumors of a premium on gold arose probably from attempts of stock-jobbers to lower prices. It is quite possible, however, that individual cases have occurred where exporters, looking forward to meeting gold payments in the near future, have feared that they might be shut off from getting gold at the sub-treasuries, and so paid something for the right to "call" gold during the next year.[2] In short, our immediate danger is chiefly concerned with our exports, with the demand for bills of exchange, and with the shipment of gold abroad. For some time the price paid for a claim to a pound sterling in London ($4.90) has been so much above par ($4.8666) that it is more profitable to send gold than to

[1] Act July 12, 1882, § 12. . . . "Such [gold] certificates, as also silver certificates, when held by any national banking association, shall be counted as part of its lawful reserve; and no national banking association shall be a member of any clearing house in which *such certificates* shall not be receivable in the settlement of clearing-house balances." It will be noticed that in this act the banks are forbidden to join clearing-houses in which "such certificates" are not received. "Such certificates," however, may be used to refer specifically to gold certificates, described at length in the previous part of the section. A question, consequently, has been already raised whether this prohibition can be strictly held to include silver certificates.

[2] A transaction is reported of a payment of one fourth of one per cent. for the privilege of calling gold at 101 during the year.

buy claims to gold (that is, bills of exchange). Naturally, the gold has been withdrawn from the sub-treasuries. If our exports were to fall off, bills of exchange would remain high, and all persons having remittances to make would be obliged to secure themselves against possible difficulties in getting gold when they might want it.[1] Such difficulties will arise the moment that silver alone (and not gold) can be got from the government vaults. For then the only accessible stock of gold will be in the reserves of the banks. At present, it is true, the reserves are protected by an unusually large excess above the legal requirement; but every banker knows what the effect would be of a great pressure on the reserves, caused by large shipments of gold abroad. Gold is now the basis of banking credit and of all business operations. Suppose silver coinage to be persisted in; silver alone to be paid by the Secretary for redemption of greenbacks, for appropriations, or for interest and principal of the debt; and then a default in our cotton and cereal products, a European war, or any movement which would cause a drain of gold to Europe. This would deplete the gold reserves of the banks, reduce the ratio of gold to cash liabilities, shake credit, and oblige them to suspend gold payments; and there would be no cause for it whatever but the insane silver policy. Then still another influence would begin to operate. The effect upon our national credit of paying interest and principal in a dollar fourteen per cent. less in value than that now used will put the United States treasury in company with the repudiators of Virginia and Tennessee. The very possibility will work to send our bonds home from Europe, multiply the demand for bills, and increase the tendency to ship gold. For home-coming bonds require additional remittances in gold to be made in payment for them, and so add momentum to forces already in action, which will strip us of gold.

Moreover, as soon as silver certificates, and dollars also, become much more plentiful than they now are, and if a general belief should arise that they must eventually depreciate, cautious people will hesitate to keep them on hand; and of course banks will not receive them on long deposits. This feeling, if it were suddenly to assume the character of a general panic, might discredit all certificates and dollars now out and bring them below par at once. Good sense will doubtless prevent this; but even if gold is not at a premium, silver will then be below par, which amounts to the same thing. This might contract our currency, and vitally affect credit. If it be remembered that a contraction of national bank-notes has been gradually going on through a calling in of bonds on which their circulation is based, it certainly does not seem to be a safe time for Congress to permit a change in our standard of payments while trade is in its present critical condition. A serious responsibility rests upon our national legislature to save the business community from any further complications by an instant repeal of the Coinage Act of 1878. Every member of Congress who does not move in this matter to save the business interests of the country ought to be defeated at the next election.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

[1] One method of protection is interesting, in the theory of exchanges. As is known, long bills sell for less than sight bills. A, who wishes to anticipate danger, buys a long bill now, and remits the bill to his correspondent in Europe to lie to his credit. The banker who sold the bill to A draws gold, and sends it abroad to meet the coming demand on the maturity of the bill. When it has matured it is worth as much as a sight bill, and can be sold at an advance on the price paid about equal to the Bank of England rate of discount for that time. By this means A hoarded gold against the coming emergency, and at the same time saved himself from loss of interest. During the flurry about March 1, 1884, a movement toward the buying of long bills for this reason was distinctly visible, and aided the impulse towards gold shipments.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GREAT social and political movements which end either in peaceful or in violent revolution develop two wholly distinct sets of leaders. First come the agitators and fanatics, crying in the wilderness, and cursing alike the oppressors and the Gallios, who "care for none of those things." By their appeals and their invective, by their sufferings and their martyrdom, these early pioneers, if their cause be just, sooner or later arouse the slumbering conscience of the world about them; and when this is thoroughly accomplished their work is really done. The great task then passes to other hands; for although the true fanatic may be able to call the people from their tents, he cannot organize them. He is, as a rule, incapable of leadership, or, in other words, of dealing with his fellow-men. He would not be what he is if this were not so; for men of that type must be, in the nature of things, different from the mass of their fellow-beings. They must have the solitary temperament in some form or other, for they are obliged to endure mental or moral, if not social, isolation; they must be imbued with the spirit of the mediæval ascetic, utterly given over to one idea, emotional and unreasonable. Such men have played great parts at all epochs, and are no doubt essential to the progress of the human race. In modern times, however, all great reforms are carried by organization and combination; and this is precisely what extreme and violent agitators, who appear as the precursors of great moral movements, are unable to compass. Yet though the forces are marshaled and the battle is won by others, the extremists who first raised their voices against vested abuses frequently have a compensation in the fact that if they live for some years after the triumph of their cause they are often regarded not only as the champions of a once despised but now successful principle, but as the men who bore that principle to victory. Mankind love the striking and picturesque, and when they see among them some individual who in earlier days sustained a great cause in the midst of persecution and obloquy, and who now rests from his labors with all the world on his side, they are dazzled by the contrast; and not content with awarding him the praise which is rightfully his due, they give him credit for much that he did not do, and for achievements wholly alien to men of that type. Time, which sets all things even, remedies this injustice. In history the agitator finds his proper place; and while he obtains the high commendation which he really deserves, he is no longer burdened with praise which injures because it is misplaced and inappropriate.

In our anti-slavery struggle, leaders of the two very different classes to which I have alluded were of course developed, and I have been led to make the preceding remarks because there has of late been a disposition to treat the original and extreme abolitionists as if they were the men who not only began the great movement, but who finally carried the conflict for freedom to a successful termination, and as if they were in fact the chief, if not the only, persons concerned. The radical abolitionists deserve, and will always receive, great honor for their sacrifices, their courage, and their success in awakening the sleeping conscience of the country. This they did, and they are entitled to the whole credit of the great work. No one would think of denying their heroism in support of a grand and noble principle, or the value of their services to the cause of humanity. At the same time, they

are not, except in this indirect way, as the original and exciting cause, the men who actually stopped the extension of slavery, saved the Union, and destroyed human bondage in the United States. To meet and overcome the slave power it was necessary to form a great political organization, or, in other words, to obtain the concerted action of large bodies of men. This the abolitionists could not do as a party. They did not even have coherence among themselves. Some of them acted politically; others refused even to vote. Some of them wished to push the cause of women's rights; others thought one issue at a time enough. Some favored a choice between the two great parties; others would vote for no candidates except their own. They were continually extending and strengthening the anti-slavery sentiment, but they could not add to their own numbers; for the avowal by many of them of secession principles shocked thousands who deeply sympathized with their objects, and they were unable to formulate a practicable platform which was capable of obtaining substantial support. There were of course all shades of opinion among the abolitionists, and no general description can possibly be just to each individual. There can be no doubt, however, that as a body they powerfully affected public opinion, but were unable to convert their principles into effective political questions, and thence into legislative acts.

In one division, the political abolitionists, we find the germs of a party which, after various modifications and transformations, developed into the Free-Soil party, which was constitutional, practical, and therefore possible; but which, in becoming so, separated from the uncompromising abolitionists of the most extreme and well-marked type. The work of the new party was to point out and define a ground to which anti-slavery men who had clung to the Whig and Democratic parties could come, and where they could unite for concerted action. This the Free Soilers accomplished; and so well did they succeed that when the crash came and political bonds were loosened a place was provided where all anti-slavery men could gather. From less than two hundred thousand votes in 1852 the constitutional anti-slavery party rose to over a million in 1856. This quick and mighty increase could not have come by purely natural processes of growth during four years. In reality, it was due chiefly to the sudden concentration of all the opponents of slavery. Public opinion, aroused and formed by the abolition propaganda, was, it is true, terribly stimulated in those four years by the aggressions of the slave power, but the main elements had been developing for a much longer period. When the inevitable operation of the slave question had shattered the Whigs and divided the Democrats, great bodies of men who had been for years in real sympathy, but who had been working with different methods and in different directions, were at last set free. They needed only a rallying point, and that the Free Soilers offered them in the policy of resistance to the extension of slavery in the Territories. When they came together and polled their votes, they were themselves startled at the magnitude of the powerful organization which almost seemed to have sprung into existence in the night. Now for the first time were the enemies of slavery united. They came from all sides, — Abolitionists, Free Soilers, Democrats, and Whigs. The waiting had been long, but they at length met under one roof and on one platform, the only anti-slavery men who held aloof being the little band of non-political abolitionists. In this way the Republican party was formed, and the largest addition to its strength was composed of Whigs, who came under the leadership of the distinguished statesman whose name stands at the head of this article.

The advent of Seward marked the period when resistance to slavery ceased to be mere agitation or the object of isolated efforts, and became a political question, capable of solution by ordinary and constitutional methods, and the watchword of a compact and organized party. Seward represented fully the second class of leaders, who, taking up a great reform, are able by their wisdom, moderation, firmness, and above all by their capacity for combination, to secure a large popular following, and thus carry their principles to victory. These new leaders were men of great ability and vigorous character. Some came, like Hale and Julian, from the old liberty party; others, like Adams, Sumner, and Wilson, had been engaged in the Free-Soil movement; but most of them were fresh from their affiliations with the Whig and Democratic parties, which they now left forever. Coming from every political quarter and from every part of the free North, the Republican chiefs were all imbued with a common purpose. They had taken upon themselves a heavy burden, and if they had known that in addition to the conflict with slavery they were soon to be brought face to face with civil war, and charged with the salvation of the Union, their courage might not have been so cheerful as it was when they faced the country with Fremont and Dayton as their candidates.

To the younger generations in the United States no period is so vague and unfamiliar as that which extends from the compromises of 1850 to the first election of Grant. It is neither contemporary nor historical, and those who cannot remember it have as yet but meagre opportunities of understanding the course of events during those momentous years. The time has come, however, when it is most important that just ideas should prevail in regard to the men who confronted the slave power in its last desperate struggle for supremacy, first at the ballot box, and then on the battlefield. There ought to be no misapprehension in regard to these men. Their characters, abilities, and services ought to be fully and thoroughly understood, and for this reason the appearance of Seward's works [1] in a new and handsome edition, now extended to five volumes, and covering the years of the war, ought to be generally welcomed and widely read. Nowhere else can we obtain an equally just idea of the purposes and principles of the men who put the anti-slavery movement into such a shape as to assure practical success, and then performed the far greater work of saving the Union and carrying the civil war to a triumphant conclusion. This could not be said of the writings of many party leaders; but Seward was so temperate, so reasonable, so lucid, and at the same time held such a commanding position before the country from 1850 to 1861, that his speeches must be regarded as the best authority for the wishes and intentions of the masses of the Republican party at that period. Any one ought to be well satisfied to let the case of the North and of freedom go to the tribunal of history on Seward's presentation; and there is nothing which shows more clearly the absolute criminality of the slave-ridden South in plunging the country into war than the fair, vigorous, and courteous exposition of anti-slavery principles and purposes which was made by the New York Senator.

By a fortunate coincidence the life of Thurlow Weed, Seward's closest friend, also comes to the public at this time.[2] I intend, therefore, with the aid of this new material and of other authorities as well, to discuss briefly the career and character of the man who led the anti-

[1] *The Works of William H. Seward.* Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. In five volumes. New edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

[2] *Memoir of Thurlow Weed.* By his grandson, THURLOW WEED BARNES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

slavery movement from 1850 to 1860, and who afterwards held the seals of state during the direst perils which have ever beset us as a people.

William Henry Seward was born in Orange County, New York, in May, 1801. His father was a man of education, and apparently not without ability. Bred a physician, he not only practiced his profession, but was a farmer, storekeeper, politician, and local magistrate. He was a true Jack-of-all-trades, but was sufficiently master of them to thrive in his various undertakings and amass a considerable fortune, a large part of which he devoted to founding an academy. He was evidently an eccentric man, and very unwise in his mode of bringing up his children. On one occasion he made his son William, when a very little boy, recite a poetical address before some of his neighbors. At the conclusion one of the bystanders asked the child which of his father's somewhat numerous professions he should follow. The boy innocently answered that he intended to be a justice of the peace. Thereupon his father took him severely to task for speaking of an office in the gift of others as if it were the proper subject of a "usurping ambition;" and this unreasoning severity apparently continued and was habitual.

Seward's evident precocity, joined with early delicacy of health, led to his selection as the member of the family who should receive the highest education then attainable. After the usual school preparation, therefore, he entered Union College, where he was successful in his studies, and popular with both professors and students. Although he was far from being a spendthrift, his father's ill-judged parsimony finally induced the young collegian to run away, and seek his fortune in the South. In Georgia he at once obtained a position as instructor in a newly established academy; but before he could enter on his duties he was discovered, and summoned home by his parents. In this excursion he caught his first glimpse of slavery, to which he conceived a strong and instinctive aversion, little dreaming then that under his hand and seal would one day issue the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

On his return he went back to college, graduated in due course, and received his degree. His father's treatment was evidently not forgotten, and it is obvious that there was a marked coolness between them for many years. Seward's affection in boyhood and youth was given to his mother, by whose influence he was brought back from the South, and whom he loved, cherished, and mourned with an exhibition of feeling quite unusual to his calm nature. Through his mother he received a tinge of Irish blood, to which we may attribute his easy temper, sanguine disposition, and constant sympathy with the people of that race.

On leaving college Seward studied law in the city of New York, and thence moved to the little village of Auburn, where he established himself, married well and most happily, and began the diligent practice of his profession. With untiring industry and a remarkable capacity for hard work, he soon gathered clients, and his fortunes rose with those of the little town in which he had made his home. The country lawyer was an important man in those days, and Seward was soon drawn into the current of politics, for which he had a strong natural aptitude. He was deeply patriotic, and had already delivered one or two addresses which show much thought and power for so young a man. He had been bred a Republican, as the Democrats were then called, and had been taught to believe that all Federalists were traitors and aristocrats. Yet, as he himself remarks, when he came to choose his side in politics, he allied himself with the opponents of the Democracy, and voted against that party ever

after. The fact is that by instinct Seward was one of the men who became the political heirs of the Federalists, and no amount of education or artificial prejudice could alter his nature. In theory he was one of the "regular" Democrats, or, in the slang of that day, the "Bucktails;" but as soon as he entered active politics he went into open opposition to his supposed party. Western New York was deeply interested in canals, and the policy of building these great water-ways strongly appealed to Seward's far-seeing mind. This feeling, strengthened by the friendship then formed with Thurlow Weed, led him into the opposition, which then was composed of a portion of the Democrats and of those who had once been Federalists. In this way the would-be Democrat found himself speaking, writing, and voting for DeWitt Clinton, the champion of internal improvements, whom he had always distrusted, for Governor, and for John Quincy Adams, the opponent of the Virginian dynasty, for President. The action was characteristic of the man. He chose his side deliberately, and on broad, public grounds, at an age when prejudice and impulse are far more apt to rule than a cool consideration of general principles.

Once engaged, however, he never let go his hold, although there were intervals subsequently when he persuaded himself that his public career was over. It was of course impossible that this should be the case, for he could not have lived without political action. Natural genius and capacity are the strongest agents in shaping a man's destiny, and this was especially true of Seward. In 1833 he writes, "Enthusiasm for the right and ambition for personal distinction are passions of which I cannot divest myself; and while every day's experience is teaching me that the former is the very agent which must defeat the latter, I am far from believing that I should be more happy were I to withdraw altogether from political action." This correct bit of introspection was true when it was written, and equally true of all periods of Seward's life, from the beginning to the end.

When he had once fairly started he moved forward rapidly, for ability, pleasant manners, ingenuity, and facility stamped him as a leader. His first political success came to him in a curious way, through that oddest of all political movements, anti-masonry. Even when they were old men, writing their autobiographies, after the close of most active careers, both Seward and Weed were unable to rid themselves of the idea that there was real meaning and force in the anti-masonic agitation. Beginning as a local excitement, induced by the folly and violence of a few headstrong and determined men, anti-masonry developed into a political crusade against secret societies. So far as we can judge now, the only peculiar principle of the anti-masons was to exclude masons from office. In other respects, their creed was that of the National Republicans, or Whigs. They succeeded sufficiently to carry one State in a presidential election, and cast a considerable vote at various times in other States. They crippled the Whigs, then in their infancy, they enlisted the support of such men as John Quincy Adams and William Wirt, and they elected here and there a number of local candidates. It is a matter of profound surprise that they should have accomplished even as much as this, or that they should have contrived to exist even for several years. One cannot help suspecting that Weed saw in the violent local feeling about Morgan's abduction an opportunity for a movement which should break the dominant party in the State, and that almost any issue, if once fairly started, would spread and flourish, in the absence of broader questions. There is no evidence that prior to the Morgan case the masons, as such, took part in politics; and

it is inconceivable that intelligent men and shrewd politicians should have supposed that any party could really endure, when it had no principle except opposition to secret societies, which were perfectly legal and proper, beneficial to their members, and wholly harmless to every one else. In Western New York, the scene of Morgan's abduction, the anti-masonic feeling was of course most intense, and there, at least, the anti-masons effected one excellent result by taking up Seward, who had thrown himself into the movement with great vigor, and sending him to the state senate for two successive terms, placing him in this way in the line of political advancement.

In the condition of politics at that time, when everything was in a state of solution, it mattered comparatively little whether the anti-masons were a sound party or not, provided that they opened the way for young and energetic men to enter politics. Seward owed them much for giving him his opportunity, which is all any man can demand of fate, and he certainly made the most of his, for he had this great quality of success strongly developed.

It is amusing to read his own account of his first speech at Albany, which he delivered in a condition of blind confusion, and to reflect that this embarrassed orator was the man who, in the Senate of the United States, faced for ten years a desperate and fierce majority of slave-holders, and argued with unsurpassed clearness and courage the cause of freedom. After the ice was once broken, Seward moved on easily enough. He had a fine gift of speech, and was fortunate also in being, during these first four years, one of a hopeless minority, — the best training which a young man can have for a political and parliamentary career. The senate of New York was then a highly important body, for, in addition to its legislative functions, it sat as a court of last appeal, after the fashion of the House of Lords. Seward thus had an opportunity to establish his legal as well as his parliamentary reputation. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that his skillful and bold resistance to the measures of the all-powerful Jacksonian Democracy and his ability in dealing with all local questions made him at the close of his second term, and when he was only thirty-three years old, the acknowledged leader of the opposition in the State. This was so universally admitted that in 1834 he was put forward as the candidate of the young Whig party for governor, and, although defeated, made a fine run and polled a large vote.

Thus thrown out of the race, Seward returned to the law, avowing that his political career was ended, and resolved on professional success. His business rapidly revived, but the abstention from politics, which was to have been absolute, was in reality so purely imaginary that in 1838 he was again nominated for governor by the Whigs, then just on the eve of their first great success. This time he was triumphantly elected, and on the 1st of January, 1839, before he had attained his thirty-ninth year, was duly inaugurated at Albany.

Space forbids that I should trace in detail the busy years of Seward's governorship, except in so far as he was concerned with the great question to which his life was to be devoted. He made an admirable governor, and in regard to all issues of the day, on internal improvements, education, prison reform, and other less important matters, he exhibited the breadth of view, the foresight, and the courage of opinion which were his most conspicuous qualities as a statesman. Seward was naturally prudent and cautious; he was always regarded as a keen and wary politician, and in his later career his enemies charged that he was given to cunning and time-serving. Yet if any one now dispassionately studies his course as governor, the most marked characteristics

of the man, and those which, if we take the pains to understand him, were never, either then or afterwards, lost or impaired, were his entire courage and complete superiority to clamor and prejudice. This was shown by his fearless independence of party and popular feeling on many state questions, and especially by his liberality toward Roman Catholics. His course on various matters, deliberately adopted in opposition to the views of his more careful friends, caused him to fall several thousand votes behind the ticket when he was reëlected; but he neither heeded warnings when they were uttered, nor grieved over their subsequent fulfillment, because he was satisfied that he was right. In nothing was his independence better shown than in the constantly recurring questions of pardons. The rich, prosperous, strong, and well educated, who had fallen into crime, and came with powerful and influential support in search of mercy, were sent to prison or to the gallows, to meet their merited punishment. The poor, unfortunate, and neglected were those who received executive clemency, which was exercised with kindly wisdom, and at the same time with a moderation which is in strong contrast to the indiscriminate abuse of the pardoning power now so unfortunately common.

There was one question, however, then just beginning to cast its ominous shadow over the land, which dwarfed all others, and brought to a crucial test the mental and moral strength of the young governor of New York. It was, in fact, at this time that Seward was first brought into actual conflict with the slave power. Before the election the New York abolitionists addressed a series of questions to both the Whig and the Democratic candidates for governor and lieutenant-governor. The latter, avowed pro-slavery men, treated these inquiries with silent contempt; the former returned respectful answers. Seward's response shows a touch of the adroitness which was popularly attributed to him. He contrived to manifest his entire sympathy with the opposition to slavery, but he declined, properly enough, to make ante-election pledges, and left his position to be guessed at rather than known. It was the only utterance of his life on that great question which any one could think of calling evasive, and his acts quickly showed that his prudence had no touch of timidity. Very soon after his election he was called upon by the governor of Virginia to surrender three negro sailors, accused of helping a slave, who had been since recaptured, to escape from servitude. Seward declared that the evidence on which the demand was based was wholly insufficient, and not content with this took up the broad ground that New York did not recognize assistance to a fugitive slave to be a crime, and therefore he could not comply with the requisition. He said to the governor of Virginia, "I need not inform you, sir, that there is no law of this State which recognizes slavery,—no statute which admits that one man can be the property of another, or that one man can be stolen from another. On the other hand, our constitution and laws interdict slavery in every form. Nor is it necessary to inform you that the common law does not recognize slavery, nor make the act of which the parties are accused in this case felonious or criminal. The offense charged in the affidavit, and specified in the requisition, is not a felony nor a crime within the meaning of the constitution, and, waiving all the defects in the affidavit, I cannot surrender the supposed fugitives, to be carried to Virginia for trial, under the statute of that State." These were bold words, and we can hardly realize the shock they produced in that day, when Northern office-holders were wont to hasten, with bated breath, to do the bidding of the South. Such language people expected from abolition fanatics;

but coming from a man who held a high and responsible office, it had a startling effect. The enemies of slavery took heart, and it was evident to all who looked beyond the immediate present that a new leader had appeared in American politics.

Through the long controversy which ensued Seward never abated by one tittle the high, firm, and yet courteous tone which he had adopted at the outset. He remained unmoved by the retaliatory measures of Virginia, which threatened to prevent the surrender of ordinary criminals escaping from New York. He also defended the New York law, then a subject of much irritation at the South, which gave to fugitive slaves the right of trial by jury. He refused to comply with a requisition from South Carolina, similar to that made by Virginia; and when, in his second term, a Democratic assembly undertook to disapprove his action, he declined to transmit their resolutions to the Virginian authorities. At the close of his second term he voluntarily retired from office, and renewed the practice of his profession; but his conduct in regard to fugitive slaves had sunk deep into the public mind. He probably did not realize it himself, but the calm, high courage which, as governor, he had displayed on this question had marked him out as the future leader of the anti-slavery movement. It was now inevitable that when the time came men would turn to him, and put him at their head as the chosen captain in the warfare which was to check the extension of slavery through the virgin Territories and free States of the North.

When Seward left Albany in January, 1843, the first period of his life closed, and he himself felt that his career as a public man was at an end. He had received the highest honor within the gift of the people of his State, and was content. But the real work of his life was still to be done, and the time was to come when he would be called forth by that imperious public necessity which at the appointed hour surely brings the man. Before that hour came, there was a long interval of six years, which he devoted to his profession, and when he made his fame as a lawyer. Seward possessed legal abilities of a very high order, and his time was constantly occupied with arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States and the highest state tribunals. The most extensive and lucrative part of his profession was in patent cases, an intricate branch which he took up comparatively late in life, and in which he speedily became proficient by his quick, clear perceptions, his versatility of mind, and his unfailing industry.

It was as a jury lawyer, however, that Seward touched his highest point professionally, and achieved a reputation which very few advocates have equaled. Some of the cases, notably the defense of Greeley in Cooper's libel suit, and of the Michigan rioters, made a great stir in their day, although they are now well-nigh forgotten. His arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States in two famous fugitive-slave cases, although not addresses to a jury, had some of the popular qualities belonging to the latter, and by their fearless ability attracted widespread attention. There is one case, however, in which Seward was engaged at this period that cannot be passed over with a mere allusion; for there is scarcely any event in his life which displays his highest and strongest qualities in a better light.

In 1846 Seward had voluntarily acted as counsel for a convict named Wyatt, who had murdered one of his keepers, and he had rested the defense on the ground of insanity. There was a good deal of feeling about the case, and when the jury disagreed Seward came in for much animadversion. Before Wyatt could be brought again to trial a whole

family, respectable and prosperous people, were butchered at Auburn by a negro named Freeman, recently discharged from the state prison. The popular excitement was intense. Freeman narrowly escaped lynching, and the universal rage at his atrocious crime reached even to the bench. So strong, indeed, was the feeling that it was generally believed that no one could be found who would dare to undertake to act as counsel for the murderer. Seward was satisfied of what was unquestionably the truth, — that the wretched criminal was not only demented, but so hopelessly idiotic as to be little removed from the brutes. A jury was summoned to pass upon Freeman's sanity, and when the court asked who appeared for the prisoner Seward rose, and undertook the defense. The jury decided in substance that Freeman was sane enough to be hanged, and he was at once put on trial. The miserable wretch, deaf and idiotic, could not even plead guilty or not guilty, and when asked who was his counsel replied that he did not know. Then Seward rose again, pale with excitement, but cool and determined, and announced that he would act as counsel. Hoarse murmurs of indignation ran through the crowded court-room. Friends and neighbors turned their backs on the daring lawyer, and there was hardly anybody who would speak to him. With perfect courage, however, Seward conducted the case to the end, using every fair means of defense; but wholly in vain, for Freeman was in reality condemned before he was tried. After the sentence Seward appealed to the governor, but pardon was refused. He then moved the Supreme Court for a new trial, which was granted; but before it came on Freeman died in jail, and the post-mortem examination revealed a brain diseased to the last point.

Seward's action in taking this case shows not only humanity and generosity of the finest type, but courage of an uncommon quality. It was no light matter to face, alone and unsupported, the fierce prejudice and intense excitement of the community in which he lived, in behalf of a low, brutalized criminal, belonging to a despised and hated race. There was no hope or prospect of reward of any kind. There was nothing to tempt any man in such a revolting task. Seward took up the ungracious work with nothing before him at the moment as a result but universal hatred and condemnation; and he made this sacrifice solely from devotion to the principles of law and justice in which he had been bred. Not content, moreover, with doing his simple duty as counsel, he appealed to the jury in a speech of impassioned fervor and consummate ability. I am aware of very few jury speeches which can be ranked above it, and that this statement is not an exaggeration is proved by the opinion of the greatest of modern English orators. Mr. Gladstone said to Mr. Sumner, "Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman case is the greatest forensic effort in the English language." An English gentleman who was present said, "The greatest? Mr. Gladstone, you forget Erskine." "No," replied Mr. Gladstone, "I do not forget Erskine; Mr. Seward's argument is the greatest forensic effort in the language." With such praise from such a man I am content to leave the question of Seward's powers as a jury lawyer and forensic orator.

Although Seward, during these years of devotion to the law, believed that he had permanently withdrawn to private and professional life, he found it impossible, after having held the office of governor and having been an acknowledged leader of public opinion, to keep entirely aloof from politics. His aid and direction were constantly sought, and he could not, consistently with his views of public duty, refuse to give them. He supported Clay in 1844, Taylor in 1848, and Scott in 1852.

During this time his hostility to slavery strengthened and deepened from day to day, and he became more and more outspoken on that burning question. His well-known views on slavery, indeed, led to the unfounded charge that his support of Clay was insincere and half-hearted. No accusation was ever more untrue, but it arose from Seward's public, explicit, and repeated expressions of regret that the brilliant Whig candidate should be a slave-holder. With even greater heartiness, but still with the same reservation, he supported Taylor; and again, after his return to public life, advocated the election of Scott, despite the approval given to the pro-slavery compromises by the Whig platform. If Seward had been a timid shuffler, such a course would not have been surprising; but since he was so pronounced and hardy an opponent of slavery that he even received the encomium of Wendell Phillips, it seems at first sight somewhat inexplicable. We can in fact understand his action only by a perfect comprehension of his views in regard to parties, and as to the most advantageous manner in which any man could aid the progress of the principles he had most at heart. The subject is well worth study, especially by those who seek to promote some important reform; because in this way can be learned the philosophy of a man who by well-judged action did as much for the advancement of a great cause as any man of equal talent who has ever lived among us, and who, wasting nothing, made himself count to the uttermost.

When a very young man, Seward says, he came to the conclusion that, "whatever might be a man's personal convictions, and however earnestly he might desire to promote the public welfare, he could only do it by associating himself with one of the many religious sects which divided the community, and one of the two political parties which contended for the administration of the government. A choice between sects and parties once made, whether wisely or unwisely, it was easy to see, must be practically irrevocable. . . . But though I thus chose my religious denomination and political party, I did so with a reservation of a right to dissent and protest, or even separate, if ever a conscientious sense of duty or a paramount regard to the general safety or welfare should require." In 1844 a young friend, of strong abolition principles, consulted him about leaving his church and party because of their weakness in respect to slavery. Seward said, "If you had the power, would you regard it as wise to abstract from the Presbyterian church of this country all its anti-slavery element, or would you desire to add to it all the anti-slavery reinforcement you could command? How much better off would that church be with all you anti-slavery men out of it? How much better off, to do any good, would you be if all withdrew? Would you thereby gain any more personal influence than you now have? Look at the Whig party of to-day. Everybody knows that I am an anti-slavery man. Whenever I write a political letter, or make a political speech, my words are reproduced in every Whig paper in the country, and reach the eyes and ears of everybody in the land. But it is because I remain in the party, and consequently enjoy their confidence. They will hear me and consider what I say. But should I leave the Whig party, and join the radical anti-slavery party, although my speeches and writings would doubtless be read by that class who do not need my influence, they would not reach the much larger class who do need to know the truth. No; I think I can do more good where I am. . . . Stick to the ship, and work away. In a few years you will see that we anti-slavery men in the Whig party will not have labored in vain. Do you be as faithful in your church as I will try to be in the Whig party, and you

will see that, if you would do your fellow-men any good at all, you must not withdraw yourself from their association because you think you know more or are better than they are." In 1848, he spoke at Cleveland, where there was great danger of a serious defection of anti-slavery Whigs. In the course of his speech, which was most eloquent and effective, he said, "You expect to establish a new and better party, that will carry our common principles to more speedy and universal triumph. You will not succeed in any degree, neither now nor hereafter, because it is impossible. Society is divided, classified, already. It is classified into two great, all-pervading national parties or associations. These parties are founded on the principles, interests, and affections of the people. Society cannot admit, nor will it surrender either of the existing parties to make room for, a third. The interests, the sentiments, and the habits of society forbid: —

"'The stars in their courses war against Sisera.' It is in the power of a seceding portion of one party, or of seceding portions of both, to do just this, and no more, to wit: to give success, long or short, to one of the existing parties. Those who do this, whatever be their objects or motives, are responsible for the consequences. Theirs is the merit if the consequences are beneficent, and theirs is the blame if the result is calamitous." Seven years later a new party was founded, and Seward made one of his greatest political speeches at Albany on The Advent of the Republican Party. A few brief extracts show his line of thought: "You, old, tried, familiar friends, ask my counsel whether to cling yet longer to traditional controversies and to dissolving parties, or to rise at once to nobler aims, with new and more energetic associations. I do not wonder at your suspense, nor do I censure caution or even timidity. Fickleness in political associations is a weakness, and precipitancy in public action is a crime. Considered by itself, it is unfortunate to be obliged to separate from an old party and to institute a new one." Then, in discussing the question whether the time for a new party had arisen, he made that famous exposition of the "privileged classes," or slave power, which rang from one end of the country to the other; and when he came to the end of his description he asked, "What, then, is wanted? Organization! Organization! Nothing but organization! Shall we organize? Why not? Can we maintain the revolution so auspiciously begun without organization? Certainly not. . . . *How* shall we organize? The evil is a national one. The power and the influence and the organization of the privileged class pervade all parts of the Union. Our organization, therefore, must be a national one." After depicting the character of the organization required, he says, "It is best to take an existing organization that answers to these conditions, if we can find one; if we cannot find one such, we must create one. Let us try existing parties by this text. . . . Shall we report ourselves to the Whig party? Where is it? Gentle shepherd, tell me where! . . . The privileged class, who had debauched it, abandoned it because they knew that it could not vie with its rival in the humiliating service it proffered them; and now there is neither Whig party nor Whig south of the Potomac. How is it in the unprivileged States? Out of New York the lovers of freedom, disgusted with its prostitution, forsook it, and marched into any and every other organization. We have maintained it here, and in its purity, until the aiders and abettors of the privileged class, in retaliation, have wounded it on all sides, and it is now manifestly no longer able to maintain and carry forward, alone and unaided, the great revolution that it inaugurated. He is unfit for a statesman, although he may be a

patriot, who will cling even to an honored and faithful association when it is reduced so low in strength and numbers as to be entirely ineffectual, amid the contests of great parties by which republics are saved. Any party, when reduced so low, must ultimately dwindle and dwarf into a mere faction. Let, then, the Whig party pass."

It must not be forgotten, in considering Seward's utterances on these matters, that he was as far removed as possible from being a thick-and-thin partisan. I doubt if any man of modern times has left a collection of political speeches, delivered for the most part at a period of intense excitement, which are so absolutely free from partisanship; for Seward rarely discussed men, but confined himself to measures and principles, and he never appealed to party allegiance for votes. He was not a partisan, but he was a strong believer in parties, because he thought that only through parties any practical and beneficent result could be achieved. History and experience taught him that in representative governments there could be at once only two great parties having any effective life. A third party, while the two leading parties held their strength, was simply a faction, and the multiplication of parties was the multiplication of factions, with all the evils incident to political anarchy. His primary test of a party was its capacity for efficient work, and this was to be largely determined by its numbers and the vigor of its organization. He also well understood that a third party could have but one result, — the defeat of the organization to which it was most nearly allied in character and purpose. For this reason he opposed third-party movements, and he maintained his party standing because he deemed it the most efficient weapon he possessed for the successful advancement of a cause which he placed above party. From such motives he refused to leave the Whigs, although he held quite as radical views about slavery as the Free Soilers in 1848 and 1852. Thanks to his sanguine temperament, he continued to hope that the Whigs could be made the party of freedom; but when that party perished, not in the least through the third-party action, but by the operation of the slavery question and by its own inherent vices, no one recognized its dissolution more quickly than Seward. In 1855 the time had come for him to move, and then was seen the force of his position. He marched not alone, but with thousands at his back, and wielding greater influence than ever to join the ranks of the Republicans, who sprang at once to the front, not as a third or fourth faction, but as one of the two great political divisions of the country. In this way the overthrow of slavery was made certain, and in no other manner could it have been brought about.

Seward's course teaches the wholesome lesson that men may work in thorough sincerity for the same end, although in very different ways; and that attacks on parties, under our system, simply because they are organizations, is idle nonsense. There is no necessary or peculiar virtue in remaining outside of parties, or in belonging to third parties or small factions, although they may be important and useful factors in solving political problems. There is no greater mistake or more illiberal habit than to assail men for belonging to parties; and no greater injury can be done to any cause than by belittling a leader who, earnestly favoring it, has at the same time party standing and influence, or by persuading such a man to cast away that which increases his value and effect enormously, and to come out of his organization while it is still powerful, and reduce himself to mere isolated action. Seward would have been a leader, and a great one, whatever position he might have chosen to occupy; but by his wise course he counted a hundred-fold more

for the cause of human freedom than he could have done in any other way.

The wave of Whig success which carried Taylor to the White House made Seward Senator from New York, and the great period of his life began. His influence opened Taylor's eyes to the plain fact that the South was the real aggressor, and that her outcries against Northern interference were merely intended to mislead. When his mind was once made up the old soldier did not hesitate. Although unversed in the ways of politics, he saw clearly that the duty of the hour was to admit California; and he gave it to be clearly understood that if Congress would perform its part he would do his, and would see to it that the republic was not injured or the Union impaired. This policy Seward advocated with great force in the Senate; but neither he nor the President could hold his own party. The Whigs gave way in all directions, and their fate was sealed. Seward had hoped, and he continued to hope, that the Whigs might become the party of freedom; and if they had followed his lead and Taylor's in 1850, they might have done the work and reaped the glories and the reward of the Republicans. They failed at the supreme moment, and thus went down into the dust; for great issues are inexorable, and when they are not obeyed they crush.

From the great Whig chiefs themselves came the policy of compromise — or, in other words, of concession — to slavery. Webster fell on the 7th of March, and Seward, with unflinching courage, stepped into the vacant place, and grasped the standard of the free North as it dropped from the hands of the great Senator from Massachusetts. He stoutly contested the compromises, but all in vain. That policy succeeded, and its brief victory cost the Whig party its life. There were a few years of seeming peace, and then the strife broke out again. The South tore the compromises of 1850 asunder; they seized Kansas by the throat, and kept her in anarchy and misery because she would not accept slavery, and thus made it clear that only slave States were to be admitted to the Union. Goaded on by the inherent weakness of their cause, they destroyed next the Missouri Compromise, and in so doing bent even the Supreme Court to their purposes. At last everything was theirs. They had thrown open the Territories to slaves; they would admit no States but slave States; and the next step would have been to force slavery upon the free States, and make them, if not slave-holders, slave-catchers. But in winning these Pyrrhic victories they sealed their own ruin, and it fell to Seward to lead the new party, which Southern madness did so much to build up.

The years preceding the war are so murky with the tempests of passion and hate which raged through them that it is even now difficult to see them clearly. On that dark background a few figures stand out luminous and distinct, — men with clear and definite views and perfect courage, and conspicuous among them is Seward. In his speeches in the Senate we can trace all the phases of the struggle. We see him beaten on one question after another, and then the tide turns, and he moves forward to success. It is on that period and on the debates of that time that Seward's reputation as a parliamentary orator must rest. There is a very even excellence in these speeches. The Kansas-Nebraska speech of 1854 is very noble and fine, and the careful and cutting attack on Pierce in 1856 is extremely effective; but selection is difficult and unfair, for the whole series deserves high rank. Seward was not eloquent after the manner of Webster and Clay. He lacked the grandeur as well as the dramatic force and sweep of the former, and the impassioned fervor so marked in the latter. His speeches, however, have

outlived those of Clay, and will always be read with pleasure and interest both for their subject and their style. Their most striking trait is the blending of grace and strength, which is a very rare combination. Graceful speakers as a rule have little force, and are the most ephemeral of orators. But Seward, despite his smoothness and graee, had the real stuff in him, and all he said went home with telling effect. In his earlier days he had a tendency, which was very common at that time, to indulge in rhetorical outbursts. He did not become turgid at such moments, but he occasionally was guilty of commonplace fine writing. As he grew older his taste improved, and by the time he reached the Senate of the United States he had freed himself entirely from this fault, and his style, although not particularly simple, was pure and clear. He had, too, a remarkable power of strong, lucid, and ingenious statement and great variety in presentation. He was never dull, and yet at the same time he had a reason and moderation in expression which rendered all he said convincing, and made him especially valuable to an unpopular cause which needed converts. His speeches did more than anything else to formulate a creed by which all the anti-slavery elements in the country could live and work unitedly. Seward had also considerable felicity of quotation; for although not a scholar, he read widely and well, and remembered much. He was gifted likewise with a fine humor, dry and quizzical, but very attractive and singularly effective in debate. This quality comes out strongly in many passages of his autobiography, which is very charming, and has by no means the reputation that it deserves. He employed humor discreetly and with much effect in his speeches. In 1853, in a speech on Continental rights and relations, he said, "Secondly, the Senator from Michigan invokes our attention to what Lord George Bentinck has said in the British Parliament. Well, sir, that is important, — what an English lord has said, and said in Parliament, too; that must be looked into. Well, what did Lord George Bentinck say? Sir, he said very angry things, very furious things; indeed, very ferocious things. Prepare yourself to hear them, sir. Lord George Bentinck did say, in so many words, — and in Parliament, too! — what I am going to repeat. His lordship did say that — 'he quite agreed with Captain Polkington.'"

The whole passage runs on at a length too great for quotation, but in the same vein; and the Senator from Michigan must have devoutly wished, at the conclusion, that he had never alluded to Lord George Bentinck. Further extracts might be made if space would permit, but those who desire to use fun and irony in debate, without degenerating into buffoonery, cannot do better than study these speeches. They are good models in that way as well as in many others.

After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise there was a short period when even Seward's constitutional cheerfulness gave way; but he made no sign at the time, and hope soon returned. We can detect the tone of rising confidence in everything he says, as he became convinced that Kansas could not be conquered, and that the spirit of the North was at last aroused.

When 1860 came Thurlow Weed felt that the time had arrived for Seward's candidacy for the presidency, and this feeling was shared by the mass of the party in the strong Republican States, and by the ablest leaders everywhere; for Seward was their acknowledged chief and their most conspicuous statesman. When the Republican delegates assembled at Chicago there was no man in the country who had such claims and such a reputation, or who was such an exponent of their principles, as the New York Senator. But Seward was now to

reap the reward of years of eminence and conflict. There was a strong movement made against him on the ground of availability, and instigated by personal hostility, which was at first laughed at, but which steadily assumed more formidable proportions. The attack was headed by Horace Greeley, and Greeley and those who thought with him prevailed. The convention became convinced that Seward was not available, and Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. When the Republicans made this choice they builded far better than they knew; for they took by chance the one man who had all the elements of greatness, and all the qualities which fitted him beyond any one else in the country to stand at the head of a great nation in the agonies of civil war. By their selection they also made it possible to unite Lincoln and Seward in the cabinet, — each in the place for which he was best adapted. But all this the Republicans at Chicago could not know at the moment, and their action carried dismay and bitter regret not merely to Seward's immediate friends, but to the masses of the party in the Eastern States. Seward himself showed no sign of the disappointment he must have felt. With perfect and hearty cheerfulness he gave his adhesion to the ticket, and, feeling that he was still the responsible leader of the campaign, he put himself in the forefront of the battle. The entire magnanimity of Seward's course shows that with him devotion to his cause was far stronger than any personal ambition.

The speeches which Seward made during this campaign must be taken in conjunction with those which he delivered during the campaign of 1856, and together they form a complete presentation of the case of the anti-slavery party. At the outset he portrayed the manner in which the slave-holding aristocracy had gained entire possession of every department of the government. He then delineated the "irrepressible conflict" of freedom and slavery, and brought home to the North the conviction that one or the other must perish; that even the North American continent did not afford verge enough for their joint existence. He defined the Republican position so that it was plain to all men that it was constitutional and lawful, and that, while his party proposed to stop the extension of slavery, it would not interfere with the guaranteed rights of the States. Finally, in the Senate he demonstrated the truth of Sumner's proposition, that "freedom was national, and slavery sectional," by inviting the Southern senators to come to the North and argue their cause before the people, who there would give them fair hearing and free speech, while in the South a man who dared to speak in public against slavery was hunted to death, or driven from the State. A cause which thus stifled free speech was in its nature irredeemably vicious and sectional, and nothing was more effective than the manner in which Seward drove this fact home.

To Seward's speeches at this time men will always look for the official announcement of Republican principles prior to 1861, and by them it is proved, if proof is needed, that the cry that the election of Lincoln meant the destruction of Southern rights and Southern property was the meanest excuse ever put forward to cover a great political crime.

According to Seward's argument, the election of Lincoln meant the stoppage of slave extension, and that the South would have no choice but to submit to the popular will, or to go into open revolution. To his sanguine mind and loyal temperament the latter alternative seemed incredible; but when he returned to Washington, after the election, he found civil war actually at the gates. Seward believed, and believed correctly, that the fact of the election of Lincoln

really settled the question of slavery; because when the people said to slavery, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, the end had come, inasmuch as without extension slavery must sooner or later perish utterly. With this belief Seward saw the far greater question of national existence open before him. The Union was in danger, and if the Union were to dissolve it mattered little what became of the slave question, with two confederacies, — one wholly free, and the other wholly slave-holding. He therefore pushed the slavery question aside, and threw his whole energies into the work of saving the Union. He advocated the cause of conciliation and peace in a great speech; and while he did not abate one jot of the true result of the election, the stoppage of slave extension, he set it aside for the time being as inferior to the work of maintaining the Union. From heated partisans, and from radical men generally, there went up a cry that Seward had lost heart, and was about to betray the cause of freedom; and from this time dates the notion, assiduously cultivated in hours of great excitement, that he was a timid time-server. Nothing could be more unjust. Seward felt that his first duty, and that of every loyal citizen, was to save the Union; and that the danger from slavery, except as a means of destroying the Union, had passed. He also saw clearly that the government must be held together in some way until the new administration came in. Largely through his efforts treason in Buchanan's cabinet was checked, and together with Stanton and Dix he then labored to keep the peace and strengthen the Federal power. Lincoln, with intuitive wisdom, had selected Seward to abide at his right hand, in the trial that was upon them; and when they at last took the helm they agreed wholly about the course which they ought to steer. Lincoln perceived, without any instruction, that the first thing was to preserve our national existence. So he and his secretary strove to keep the States together by peaceful means, and failed. They struggled next to narrow the limits of the rebellion by holding the border States; but as is always the case when revolution is afoot, the extreme men were at the front on both sides, the strong tide of passion was sweeping all before it, and they failed again. They made one further great effort. They resolved to make the war wholly and distinctly a war for the Union, and not allow it to be placed on any other ground. In this they succeeded, and by so doing they stopped disintegration in the North, broke down party lines, and brought a thoroughly united people to their side, entirely imbued with the determination to maintain the nation. This task of uniting the loyal people of the country was the first and essential step toward victory, and it was peculiarly the work of Lincoln and Seward.

If we study the war purely as history, the most striking fact is the inevitable character of the result, although at the time it appeared as if the result hung in grave doubt down to the very end. There was only one moment, if we thus survey that period, when it seems as if the outcome might have lost its inevitable character, and that was at the time of the Trent affair. If Lincoln and Seward had wavered and yielded to the popular clamor, and we had rushed into war with England and France, it is doubtful if we could have crushed the South with one hand, and beaten off the two greatest powers of the civilized world with the other. Lincoln, as the head of the administration, was responsible for the action of the government, and with all his good nature and easy ways he was too great a man to be other than master in his cabinet. Still, there can be no doubt that he leaned on Seward in this question. Seward of course wrote the letter, which was en-

tirely right both in law and policy, and it was a production which bore all the characteristics of its author. At the time, fierce passions were aroused; the people were justly incensed at the attitude of England; and the young men of the country, with arms in their hands, were eager to fight all comers. On Seward fell the responsibility of the action, and history will record it as one of the wisest and greatest acts of his and the President's life. But at the moment it caused an increase of the feeling that Seward was adroit and timid, and this mere prejudice became so strong that it is only now that Seward is beginning to receive the place which belongs to him and the praise which he merits.

The diplomatic diary and correspondence, contained in the new fifth volume of the works, are extremely interesting, and enable us to form a just estimate of their author's great services during the war. Mr. Lincoln allowed him in large measure to select his ministers to foreign courts, and this momentous work was performed with great skill. The volume throws light only on the general course of the war and on our relations with foreign nations; but nowhere else do we obtain such striking evidence of the inevitable character of the result of our struggle, to which I have already alluded. This arises from the fact that Seward took a comprehensive and a sweeping view of the whole situation. Behind the operation of armies, which he surveyed on a large scale, he saw the other aspects of the conflict. He perceived and understood the inherent feebleness of the insurgent States, which was lost to others in the din of arms and the smoke of battle. He detected and rightly valued the innate weaknesses of the Confederacy, arising from the nature of their cause, the existence of human slavery among them, their lack of resources, the ruin caused by the blockade, and their financial unsoundness. It was well for the Union that Seward was a man able at once to see, appreciate, and express all these things. Our representatives abroad, depressed by the hostile influences about them, by the seeming slowness of our military progress, and by the constant disappointment of their hopes, often lost heart. All their gloomy forebodings were poured out upon the Secretary of State, to whom they confided also all their troubles and anxieties. Nothing, of course, was more essential than that the United States should have a confident and calm demeanor before Europe, and it rested with Seward to see that our ministers did not forget this all-important fact. Fortunately for us, no man could have been chosen who was better prepared, by temperament and by training, for this most trying and difficult task. By nature extremely sanguine, Seward had also a profound confidence in his country and in the American people. His dispatches have a clear ring in them, which must have aroused even the most faint-hearted. Gloom and despair might settle elsewhere, but at no time were they permitted to rest upon the department of state. Seward never boasted unduly, he never sought to disguise defeat, but he always reviewed the whole situation so reasonably, so vigorously, and in such a masterly way that his correspondents caught his spirit, and believed with him that the end could be nothing but victory. No one can question that Seward himself had his dark hours, but his self-control was never lost, and to the European world, looking and longing with scarcely disguised eagerness for the destruction of the republic, he bore himself with a proud and assured confidence, which was of infinite value in that time of stress and doubt.

There is the same tone in all that relates to the perilous and difficult complications with foreign powers produced by the war. At home the disposition was to consider Seward over-cautious.

Abroad, the reverse was the case. In reality Seward's policy was both bold and aggressive, and yet was so tempered by prudence that it never degenerated into rashness. He convinced foreign powers of our readiness to fight, which was of inestimable value, and which enabled us better than anything else to keep clear of actual hostilities. This comes out very strongly in the treatment of the Mexican question, and in the determination and tenacity with which the Alabama claims were pressed. There is a great debt of gratitude due to Seward for his wisdom and courage as minister of foreign affairs at the most trying period of our history.

When the war closed Seward sympathized fully with the generous and magnanimous policy which Lincoln marked out in his second inaugural. The death of the President threw the country into the hands of Johnson, and confusion followed. Seward believed that Johnson's intentions were honest, and that he meant to follow the policy of Lincoln; but he also saw plainly the hopeless errors of the President's manner and methods. He thought that Congress, too, made mistakes, and yet purposed well. In short, he perceived that there was good in both the contending parties, but he could not allay the strife. So he contented himself with pushing forward various negotiations which he had much at heart, and referred in a speech at Auburn to the conflict between the President and Congress with the dry humor which had been a good deal eclipsed during the days of battle. The truth was that partisanship had become impossible to Seward. It died within him when, standing by the side of Lincoln, he had looked down into the seething gulf of civil war and faced the awful thought of a divided empire. The saying of Douglas, "Henceforth there can be only two parties, the party of patriots and the party of traitors," had entered deep into his soul. Like Andrew, "he had stood as a high priest between the horns of the altar, and poured out upon it the best blood of the country;" and he could not be a partisan after that.

His work, in truth, was done. At the close of Johnson's administration he withdrew to private life, and gratified his love of roaming by a trip to Alaska, another to Mexico, and by a journey round the world. Everywhere he was received with the honor which was his due; and when his travels were over he returned to Auburn, and devoted himself to writing an account of his wanderings and the first chapters of his autobiography. In these employments a few months were passed, and then he died, quietly and peacefully, having just entered his seventy-second year.

No fit life of Seward has yet appeared, and perhaps it is still too early to write his biography. Any brief sketch of his career must of necessity be utterly inadequate, because he played such a great part during years crowded with momentous events. It is not too soon, however, to begin to study him and the work which he did, and even an imperfect estimate of such a man is better than none.

Seward was a favorite of fortune. He was fortunate in his gifts, his surroundings, his successes, his career, his temperament, his friendships. He was peculiarly blessed in the last respect by having as a lifelong friend Thurlow Weed, one of the most astute and powerful politicians we have ever produced, who relieved Seward of many of the burdens of politics, and left him free to work out the principles they both had at heart. It was a rare chance which gave Seward such a friend, and he made the most of it, as he did of all his opportunities, after the fashion of successful people. Very few men have made themselves count for more than Seward, in proportion to their ability. This arose from his wonderful capacity for dealing with his fellow-men, from his robust

common sense, and from his cautious firmness. The qualities, however, which made him great were his wisdom and his courage, and on these his place in history will rest. Apart from the military leaders, the great figure of the civil war is that of Abraham Lincoln. He will always stand preëminent, not only by his wisdom and his moral greatness, but by his hold upon the popular affection. He appealed to the hearts of the people both in his life and in his death. They loved him, because in him they saw a true and profoundly sympathetic representative of all that was best in themselves, and because he personified as no other man did the infinite pathos of the war. But among the statesmen who followed and sustained Lincoln Seward will occupy the foremost place. The memory of the adroit politician may perish, but that of the broad-minded statesman will endure. The subtleties of his arguments will fade, but his presentation of great principles will ever grow brighter. The champion of anti-masonry will be forgotten, but the man who first appealed to the "higher law" and who first described the "irrepressible conflict" will always be honored and remembered. We may read the epitaph which Seward chose for himself in the simple inscription on the tomb at Auburn, "He was faithful;" and with this praise he was content. But history will also record and give high place to the calm wisdom, the loyal courage, and the undaunted spirit with which he defended the cause of freedom in a slave-holding Senate, and stood by the side of Lincoln through all the trials and perils of four years of civil war.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

MARÉCHAL NIEL.

Before those counterscarps of lace,
  Which offer such undreamed resistance,
I have so fallen into disgrace,
  O Marshal, that I crave assistance.

In vain I send my Jacqueminot
  Each day to speak her fair and tender;
With scornful lip the lovely foe
  Each day refuses to surrender.

I cry you help, O flower of knights,
  Upon my bended knee I sue it;
If any man can scale those heights,
  You, Marshal, you 're the man can do it!

To plant above that heart of steel
  (In front of which I bend despairing)
Your golden ensign — Marshal Niel,
  It were a venture worth your daring!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONALISM.

"I AM still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric," wrote Alexander Hamilton to Gouverneur Morris, in 1802, a little more than two years before his death. He had done his utmost, in the convention of 1787, to secure for his country a strong constitution, and had been defeated. Persuaded, nevertheless, that the Constitution which that convention had framed was a vast improvement upon the old Articles of Confederation, he bent his energies in favor of its adoption; and by means of his force and perseverance the adhesion of New York to the charter was, tardily it is true, obtained. After five years of service at the head of the most important department of the executive branch of the government, to which, more than did any other man, he gave form, direction, and impulse, followed by seven years of close and interested observation, as a private citizen, of the working of the government in the hands of others, he passed upon the Constitution the judgment above quoted, — that it was "a frail and worthless fabric."

It was not the fault of his political opponents that the judgment was not a true one. There is no fact of our early political history more obvious than that the people of the United States were opposed to a strong central government. They accepted the Constitution with a half-suspicious reliance upon the assurances of the leading Federalists that the new government would not be what they dreaded, and rejected the advice of the anti-Federalists with a strong apprehension that the forebodings of that party might be justified. But the existing condition of things was intolerable, and they were forced to take the risk.

Their dislike of "consolidated" government, however, remained, and was deep and all-pervading. "I own," wrote Jefferson to Madison, from Paris, in December, 1787, "I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive." Not only from a fear that an energetic government might be oppressive, but because they were fearful that their state governments, to which they were attached, might be extinguished or reduced to insignificance by the central authority, did the people agree with Jefferson. As soon as they decently could, they placed him at the head of affairs. Jefferson was the man for them. He believed, as a large majority of them did, in a strict limitation of the national authority, and in the inviolability of state rights. The theory that the Constitution gave any other rights to the general government than those which were expressly conferred, that there were any "implied" powers, was utterly abhorrent to him. He and his school, which is even now not quite extinct, set themselves sternly against the exercise of any power for which no express warrant could be found in the Constitution. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were all in favor of using the public money to build roads and canals, — to make internal improvements. But they could not deduce the right from the Constitution; and so they vetoed bills appropriating money for such objects, while warmly advising Congress, in the same breath, to propose an amendment to the Constitution authorizing such appropriations.

But even Jefferson was too late with his resistance to the tendency to find more in the Constitution than was in its words. The master-mind of Chief Justice Marshall had already laid the foundation of a school of constitutional interpretation which is now completely in the ascendant. There is no longer a vestige of pure Jeffersonianism in our

politics. When the exercise of any new power by the general government is proposed, the objection that that power is not expressly conferred by the Constitution is never heard. One party is very prone to deny that such new power is *implied* by any other grant of power; but all the great principles for which the old party of "strict construction" battled have been, one by one, abandoned. This statement requires not a single exception to be made.

How this great change has been wrought it must be left for the political historian to relate. It is the combined result of political consistency and of inconsistency, — of men preaching nationalism from a conviction of its truth and wisdom, and of men driven by temporary party necessity to take the national view; of foreign and domestic war; of the acquisition of new territory; of the growth of a railroad system; and of a series of legal decisions. The fact that the change has come about is sufficient for our purposes. But it is essential to appreciate the extent of it. Let the student of political history read the dreary dissertations contained in the messages of early Presidents upon the strict division of powers between state and nation, and the narrow limitations of "federal" authority; let him, if he can, read through to the end Monroe's diffuse and hair-splitting memorandum of 1822 on internal improvements; let him analyze the doctrine of nullification, which originated with Jefferson and was first embodied in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and which survived long after the time of Jackson; let him recall the official sanction given to the principle that, though a State might not secede from the Union, the power did not reside in Congress to coerce a sovereign State; let him review the old controversies over the Bank, over the national control of the militia, — in the war of 1812, over the public-land fund, over slavery, — and then let him consider what are the undisputed powers of the national government to-day.

"The power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution, we are irresistibly impelled," say all the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, — excepting only Mr. Justice Field, — speaking by Mr. Justice Gray, "to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in payment of private debts is an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of undoubted powers of Congress." . . .

The question of the constitutionality of the legal-tender issue, and the further question as to the effect of the recent decision upon the future of our currency, are matters by themselves. It is not proposed here to touch upon them even remotely. The significance of the decision, for present purposes, lies wholly in the assertion of a new source of power to the general government.

For let it be observed that Mr. Justice Gray, at the beginning of the paragraph from which the above quotation is taken, refers to Congress "as the legislature of a sovereign nation; . . . being clearly authorized, as incidental to" certain enumerated powers, "to emit bills of credit, to charter national banks, and to provide a national currency for the whole people in the form of coin, treasury notes, and national bank-bills," etc. The emission of bills of credit, the charter of national banks, and the provision of a national currency are all implied or derived powers. Not one of them is found expressed in the Constitution. And now we have the new doctrine that any power possessed by other sovereign nations, not expressly withheld from Congress, which is adapted to the exercise of an implied power, may

be constitutionally exercised by Congress.

It is needless to say that this decision thus takes us a longer step toward nationalism than did the great decision of Chief Justice Marshall in the Bank case, — longer than has any other former decision, — and that it bears us to a point much further from the position in which the fathers of the government stood than we have ever yet occupied.

Heretofore it has been held in a vague way, even by those who were most willing to discover implied and derived powers, that the government of the United States was a distinct creation. It gained authority, not as monarchical governments have gained it, by the rule of the strongest, sometimes the sovereign and sometimes the subject, evolving mutual rights and obligations as the result of successive contests, conquests, and compromises; nor yet as those republics have gained it which have arisen on the ruins of overthrown monarchies, wherein all the rights previously possessed by the sovereign have been transferred to the people and their representatives. In our case a number of sovereignties, self-styled, first banded themselves by a league, and then deliberately surrendered certain of their powers to a new general government which embraced them all. There was never a national government created out of nothing in a truer sense than ours was; and heretofore it has invariably been held that the national authority is derived wholly, either in a direct or in an implied form, from the Constitution, — no power whatever resulting from the fact that it is "a sovereign nation," or from the fact that this or that power "belongs to sovereignty in other civilized nations."

Furthermore, and as a sort of consequence of this now-exploded doctrine, it has been supposed that there were certain things which other sovereign nations assumed and exercised the right to do which no government could do in the United States. There were powers not conferred upon Congress, nor yet reserved to the States, but reserved "to the people;" that is, they did not exist as governmental powers at all. No exact list of these rights could be made. Some of them are enumerated in state bills of rights; a few of them are named in the first nine amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and others, it might be reasonably contended, are "implied" in those amendments.

This idea of rights usually exercised by sovereign governments, and yet not possessed by any government in our own country, has not been much discussed, for the simple reason that the converse proposition that all legal powers in this land had their origin in a formal grant from the people was the broader theory, and covered this. But that it has existed every American knows. How often have we congratulated ourselves that in our favored country individuals had rights which were lightly treated by certain governments of the Old World, but which no authority, state or national, among us could legally take away!

In the decision of the Supreme Court upon the legal-tender case, Mr. Justice Gray remarks, "If, upon a just and fair interpretation of the whole Constitution, a particular power or authority appears to be vested in Congress, it is no constitutional objection to its existence, or to its exercise, that the property or the contracts of individuals may be incidentally affected." This is a guarded way of asserting the right of Congress to pass a "law impairing the obligations of contracts," which the States are expressly prohibited from doing.

But why should the right be affirmed in guarded language? Since it is "one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution," why should not the court be "irresistibly impelled" to hold that

a measure *directly*, and not merely "incidentally," impairing the obligations of contracts is legal and constitutional? For example, should Congress deem it necessary, in order to make the legal-tender clauses effective, and to defeat every attempt to evade them, to enact that all contracts calling for the payment of a specified number of dollars, even if it were a part of the contract that such payment should be made in gold coin of the United States of the present standard, might be legally discharged with treasury notes, — in such a case there would be a direct impairment of the obligations of contracts. Whoever agrees to receive "dollars," without specifying the kind of dollars, takes the risk of congressional interference with the monetary standard. If he specifies the metal and the weight of dollars, he endeavors to secure himself against such interference.

Certainly, Mr. Justice Gray and his associates upon the bench who concurred in his opinion and reasoning were not required, by the necessity of the case before them, to declare whether or not they believe Congress can pass a valid law which directly and necessarily impairs the obligations of contracts, as well as one which incidentally *may* do so. But neither was there any necessity for qualifying the assertion, as Mr. Justice Gray did, unless there was a doubt in his own mind, or in that of some of his associates, as to the constitutionality of such a law. If, as may be inferred without much risk, the court entertains such a doubt, that merely shows what we are just now endeavoring to prove: that some of the justices, if not the learned author of the legal-tender decision, have still lurking in their minds the old idea that there are certain attributes of sovereignty, not prohibited to Congress by the Constitution, that might conceivably be essential to the effective exercise even of undoubted powers, which Congress may not lawfully assume. What becomes of the relics of this notion, after Judge Gray's decision, will be presently considered.

But let us here notice two important points. The first, while it most affects the particular matter which was before the court, has a bearing upon the general subject. It is this: Control over the money standard which extends so as to cover the right to debase the coinage and to change the terms of contracts is one of the highest, that is to say one of the most absolute, privileges of sovereignty. Congress has heretofore exercised this privilege without judicial rebuke, but never without at least a plausible excuse and a show of fairness. When the weight of the gold dollar was reduced, in 1834, — an act to which reference is made in this decision, — the country was without a gold currency. The old rating of gold and silver, established in accordance with Hamilton's mint report, was fifteen to one, and the result was that silver, being overvalued, stayed in the country, and the gold, what little there was of it, went out. When, therefore, Congress diminished the intrinsic value of the gold dollar it impaired the obligations of few, if any, contracts, since at that time no debts were accustomed to be paid in gold; and it had a distinct and very commendable object in view, namely, to supply the country with gold currency, which would stay at home, from the then newly opened Carolina mines. The excuse in the other case, the resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar, is well known, as the affair is quite recent. It was asserted that silver was demonetized by a "trick," and remonetization was demanded as an act of justice to silver — as though a senseless metal could be wronged — and to the people, although there was not a contract in existence which would not have been more easily satisfied with gold than with silver, at the time the silver dollar was demonetized. Silly as the argument was, it had

force with people who did not, perhaps could not, comprehend the excellent reasons why the coinage of the old silver dollar was discontinued. The only other interference with the money standard was made when the legal-tender act was passed. For that act there was the excuse of war. But, in the words of Mr. Sumner, it was "the medicine of the Constitution," which the court now virtually says may be legally made "its daily food."

These cases are referred to, with the excuse for each, in order to show that Congress has never claimed the right to debase the coinage for such reasons as have impelled European sovereigns repeatedly to take that step. That Congress possesses the power to do so, at least so far as coined money is concerned, is as little doubtful as that it may declare war and conclude peace. But it is matter of history that this right can be and has been used by tyrants for the oppression of the people, and to rob private citizens of their property without due compensation, more effectively than almost any other weapon of despotism. While no limitation of the power is expressed in the Constitution, Congress has evidently felt under a moral obligation to exercise it so that no citizen would be oppressed, his property or income diminished, or his contracts impaired in value. Only under the stress of war for the nation's life has this rule been disregarded.

The other point is that it makes no difference, in the exercise of such sovereign rights as involve loss to the individual, that the sovereign is the whole people rather than an absolute monarch. The good of all may require the sacrifice of one man, or of many men. But our government has been understood to differ from others in its implied and even expressed doctrine that each man has "unalienable rights;" and some of these are enumerated in the Constitution and its amendments, including certain exemptions which no other power upon earth admits to their fullest extent.

We have, then, reached this point: Congress, under the recent decision of the Supreme Court, has a right, in its own discretion, and without regard to the incidental results of its act upon the property of individual citizens, to adopt a measure which is more capable than almost any other exercise of sovereign power of being used as a means of oppression, in the use of a right which is only implied in and derived from the Constitution. This is a second full step away from the letter of the Constitution. The first was taken when implied powers were discovered. Now it is pronounced competent to do what, not being prohibited, other sovereign nations might do, — to carry out the secondary and derived powers.

As has been said already, the discussion of this decision upon the future of the currency is no part of the purpose of this article. It is pertinent, however, to point out that its reasoning covers, with the protection of the Constitution, every form of tampering with the currency that is possible. If it should seem advisable to Congress to confer the legal-tender quality upon the notes of national banks, the court must logically sustain the act. Should it be deemed necessary to emit notes bearing the legend, "This is legal tender for one dollar," the court cannot pronounce the issue illegal. For the right to provide a national currency for the whole country being "undoubted," and the further right to attach the legal-tender quality to any money which the government may provide being a sovereign power not prohibited to Congress, the exercise of these rights in any form which it may please Congress to adopt will be permitted under the reasoning of the court.

What has been said thus far has been by no means written in a spirit of adverse criticism upon this very important decision, although such a purpose may

have been inferred from the form of the argument. The method adopted has been chosen in order to show how far the Supreme Court has carried us on the road which leads to nationalism.

We had nearly or quite reached the limit of national power, under the broadest interpretation of the Constitution which has at any time been given to it by any school of statesmen, and some close students of the operation of our institutions have feared that governmental progress would be soon impeded, if not altogether stopped, by the practical unchangeableness of a Constitution which apparently did not warrant the adoption of certain measures which are, or soon may be, necessary. But just as this point is reached we have this legal-tender decision, which broadens and lengthens the field of legitimate congressional action immensely. As the doctrine of derived powers was employed to give wider scope to a government which its founders intended to confine within narrow limits, so this new theory of powers, constitutional because they are not prohibited, provided they are designed to aid in the effective exercise of enumerated or derived powers, will be appealed to and relied upon, for the extension of national legislative functions.

The application of this new principle is for the future. But one or two conceivable examples of its usefulness may be given here, merely to show what a field of constitutional controversy and development has been opened.

It has heretofore been maintained, almost as a constitutional axiom, that all elections, state as well as national, must be held under the supervision and control of the States. No doubt, with regard to the choice of presidential electors and of Senators, such elections are a state concern, although it would not be difficult to discover a power in the government to ascertain whether or not the laws governing these elections had been faithfully and honestly observed. But with reference to the House of Representatives the case is quite different. Representatives must have certain qualifications; they must be chosen by the people of the several States; and the power is directly granted to Congress to make or alter laws regulating the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Representatives.

Under this power Congress has passed a law prescribing a time for holding such elections; and by another law it has made provision in certain cases, upon application being made, for the appointment of supervisors of elections. These latter have, however, no actual control over the elections. They can only use their eyes, and report what they see. The registration is wholly independent of them. They cannot order an offered vote to be received or rejected. Their count of the votes is merely a verification, and is not the official count. The governing returns are made to the state authorities, and the credentials of the member-elect are issued by the governor. Why is this? Simply because it has always been assumed that Congress has no power to bring the national authority directly in contact with the people of the several States, and to take immediate, supreme, and exclusive control of an election of Representatives.

Yet Congress has power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution . . . all powers vested by this Constitution . . . in any department or officer thereof." The House of Representatives is a department of the government, which has the power of judging "of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members;" and the power has been expressly conferred upon Congress to regulate the *manner* of choosing Representatives. Moreover, the fairness and honesty of elections for Representatives are especially a national concern, and of far

less importance to the State, which may be improperly represented if the election has been carried by fraud and corruption, than to the country at large, whose whole policy may be modified by local dishonesty.

If, now, we apply the broadly stated principle of Mr. Justice Gray's opinion to this matter, we shall see that the direction of a Representative election in all its parts, — the appointment of election judges, the custody of the ballot boxes, the reception or rejection of votes, the count and the returns, — being one of the "powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution," and "being an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of undoubted powers of Congress," may be constitutional.

No other illustration is needed, at this time, of the possible effect which the new light cast upon the Constitution by the Supreme Court may have upon our future development. That it sanctions the use of more radical measures for carrying into execution the "undoubted powers" of Congress than have ever been regarded as within the legal capacity of the government is conspicuously evident. It may be predicted with great confidence that this decision will be made to serve, on many future occasions, as the justification of an extension of the national authority in various directions. It leaves but one step more for the court to take, namely, to declare that all powers not expressly withheld from the Congress by the Constitution, which inhere in the sovereignty exercised by other civilized nations, are vested in Congress. It may require another century to bring us to that point, as it has occupied nearly a hundred years to develop the principle of nationalism in the United States to its present position. But when the point is reached we shall find the Constitution not the "frail and worthless fabric" which it appeared to Hamilton, after thirteen years of operation, but an instrument which really authorizes Congress "to pass all laws which they shall judge necessary to the common defense and general welfare of the Union," — according to Hamilton's scheme of a government, to which the convention of 1787 did not pay even the compliment of a vote, yea or nay.

Edward Stanwood.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

Miss Fletcher, the authoress of Kismet, Mirage, and The Head of Medusa, reappears after long silence with a story of signal power and great finish.[1] If the world were less busy, a work of fiction like Vestigia could not fail to attract considerable attention. As matters are, the general public may fail to discover how much of genius, of thought and feeling, of charmingly natural art, has gone to the making of this excellent novel; but the few who retain an unaffected taste for good literature cannot afford to overlook it. We have in the first place a tale composed of simple but dramatic elements; we have next a faculty of character-drawing which is absolutely without flaw; and along with these we are vouchsafed a poetic sentiment that finds expression in terms never overstrained, never for an instant passing the line which divides the enduring style from the ephemeral. Then, too, there are many brief summaries of

[1] *Vestigia.* By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

experience or observation which attain to the value of apothegms; yet one is not made to feel that these have been sought for. The oppressive influence of George Eliot, traceable in so many writers who have tried to gain the fame of profundity by an involved and painfully philosophic statement, has not invaded the work of Miss Fletcher. "The view other people take of the less admirable consequences of our actions being apt to strike one as morbid;" "A woman loves what she can evoke, but what she *marries* in a man is not his best, but his average self;" "A woman betrays and remembers, where a man betrays and forgets," — these are not forced utterances, but they are for that reason extremely forcible. Miss Fletcher illuminates her page with flashes of this kind, but she does not allow her wisdom to assume the form of a wearying glare. Instead of the cold, electric light of modern omniscience, she turns upon us the glance of a kindly but keen and penetrating woman's eye. But the main charm about this book is its delightful simplicity, its truth, its reality. One does not suspect that the writer ever thought of her audience. It is only that Dino and Italia underwent this or that experience — that they loved, suffered, and came out at last with a prospect of happiness; while the other people concerned remained simply themselves, and went on about their affairs, more or less affected by the drama that was enacting. But with what warmth, what power, what grace, all this is told! Old Sor Drea, the father of Italia, and Italia's friend Lucia, the ancient dressmaker, who wore a look "of decent disappointment with life," are drawn with the finest completeness and gusto. Their speech is full of graphic phrases like this of Drea's: "I spoke too soon, and forgot to listen. My words were like so many kittens, that are born in such a hurry they 're born blind." Nor would it be easy to point to any instance of a girlish, unsophisticated heroine more engaging than Italia. The plot is simple. Dino, the young lover, being a member of a secret society, is appointed to attempt a dangerous and probably fatal task for the revolutionists; yet, while under this deadly obligation, he cannot refrain from declaring his love to Italia, and then there comes a struggle between love and duty. He cannot go back, cannot retrace his *vestigia:* accordingly, there ensue misunderstandings, separation, and suspense. But these elements are handled without exaggeration, and the success of Miss Fletcher in analyzing Dino's mental state under the impending crisis, and putting it before us in the form of an unlabored picture, pays a high tribute to her skill. The book makes no pretension to greatness, and the construction is weak in some places. The lesson, also, which it suggests — that having once taken a step in life we must go straight on — is rather vaguely set forth. One reads Vestigia, however, not for any lesson, but for its charm of characterization and its facile yet firm-touched art.

The Bread-Winners[1] has been fortunate in the curiosity as to its authorship which, with a good deal of artfulness, was created at the beginning of its serial publication; but it enjoys the further advantage of containing material almost new to American fiction. As a "social study" it can hardly, we think, lay claim to much value, being in this respect rather fragmentary and one-sided. One of the author's objects is apparently to show that the discontented workmen in this country are in the main idle, ignorant, and dissipated, like those in the brotherhood called the Bread-Winners, which gives the book its name, and that these occasionally entice into their ranks an honest, efficient artisan like Sam Sleeny; also that, while they do not fairly represent the laboring

[1] *The Bread-Winners.* A Social Study. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

classes, they are able to contaminate them, and are undermining the social structure. No doubt there is much truth in the portraits here given of Bowersox, Offitt, and their fellows; but there is hardly less doubt that among the actual laborers who occupy themselves with problems of improvement in their condition a great many hard-working, intelligent, serious men are to be found; and of this kind of toilers no representative appears in the story. Neither is there any hint in it of a destructive tendency from the opposite side, — that of excessive monopoly and of the corruption which is frequently one of the results of great wealth. For these reasons the author's presentation of the case may be regarded as somewhat inadequate; but his sketches of local politicians, their mean motives and petty wiles, though briefly done, are accurate and spirited. We are shown how easily Mr. Metzger, the market-man, controlled ward politics as against the gentle and upright reformer, Arthur Farnham, to whom he supplied steaks; and the way in which a small position in the public library becomes the source of political combination and bargain is amusingly exhibited. Equally good is the willingness of Pennybaker, who describes himself as "open and square, like a bottle of bitters," to coöperate with Farnham, after being "frozen out" by his other colleagues. But the most vital contribution to the social study, if not the central figure in the whole composition, is the carpenter's daughter, Maud Matchin. To the gallery of national types — thus far a very limited one — she forms a distinct and significant addition. Those who have noticed the type will recognize at once the veracity of this representation; and those who are not familiar with it will understand, from the decision with which she is modeled, that Maud is no make-believe creature. A beautiful, hard, sordid, and commonplace girl, whose mind is warped by wild desires for social advancement, she is the exponent as well as the victim of a badly regulated education in the public schools. In this instance, the author has suggested unflinchingly, and with a great deal of discernment, one of the most curious and perplexing phenomena in that condition of things which is known as American civilization. Maud is not a pleasant person to contemplate, but she is alarmingly real; and her destiny, in marrying a falsely acquitted murderer, very likely intimates only a tithe of the evil which the development of that sort of character is accomplishing in this country. Against the discouraging and possibly exaggerated background in which these coarser personages move the author sets his hero, Farnham, and his heroine, Alice Belding, with her worldly, well-disposed, but somewhat blunt-minded mother, surrounded by a group of outlined figures who stand for society in one of our lake-towns. It may be said in passing that the tone and characteristics of a town or "city" of that description are conveyed by this novelist almost to perfection, — a thing which, so far as we remember, no one has even attempted to do before. It would seem that we are expected to receive Arthur Farnham as a gentleman suffering from his misplaced situation in a municipality containing, chiefly, semi-barbarians; but, owing to some fault in the author's conception or execution, it is hard to feel any very strong sympathy with this bland hero. He is rich, amiable, efficient, but in no way especially fine or admirable. Impressed by the beauty, the purity, and the well-balanced womanliness of Alice Belding, he is also exposed to the absurd infatuation of Maud; and at the instant when she offers herself to him in marriage he kisses her, following the action with a brutally brief assurance that he does not love her. Mr. Temple, who began life on a Mississippi steamboat, and has risen to be the owner of iron-mills, the appreci-

ator of trotting-horses and good sherry, as well as a very profane talker, somehow appeals to one as a much more manly and respectable individual than Farnham. As a foil to Maud Matchin, the author has given us Alice Belding, who in herself is unquestionably charming; but he interposes a certain sensuousness in his treatment of her, which stands in the way of an unalloyed pleasure in contemplating her perfections. As a social study we have said that this story is inadequate. As a novel, although it displays in details the impress of a practiced hand, it is by no means satisfactory: we should rather incline to describe it as a massive study for a novel. The plot is vitiated by an inherent weakness, which becomes manifest in the falling-off that affects the process and the interest of the final chapters. The scene of Offitt's murder hardly rises above the plane of a reporter's bald narration; and however good this mode of description may be for a newspaper, it is not art. It may be said of the author that, although his lines are true, his graver cuts too deep at all points: the effect produced is not modulated enough. As an artist, he says too much, and suggests too little, in proportion; but although he has a great deal to learn before he can create a thorough work of art, he has concentrated in this story an amount of knowledge, of observation and reflection, that many artists may envy.

Mr. Fawcett in his recent novel [1] undertakes to pluck for us the consummate flower of fashionable existence in what is now recognized as "the metropolis," at the same time that he analyzes the growth and shows us some of the roots of the plant. It can hardly escape notice that Mr. Fawcett, like the author of The Bread-Winners, betrays a kind of patrician abhorrence for the low life which he describes; yet he is able to handle it with more genuine artistic sympathy than his nameless competitor, and the view he takes is broader. To the one, all beings included in the humbler class are essentially the same; to the other, discriminations are apparent. Mr. Fawcett takes the case of a girl whose early years are passed in distressing poverty, except for one brief episode of attendance at a fashionable school. She is the child of an Englishman of gentle lineage and a hard, penurious, cheap American woman, who had won her husband by a transient, aggressive beauty. There is something very pathetic and engaging about the figure of this inoffensive, unsuccessful father, who is sketched with a charming touch; and the girl's relations with him are rendered with delicate appreciation. When his last hopes had failed, "He never spoke of his future. He never spoke of hers. She understood why. Each always met the other with a smile. There was something beautiful in their reciprocal deceit. They heard the dead leaves crackle under their footsteps, but they strove to talk as if the boughs were in bud." In this passage we catch the note of a genuine poetry. The father, Twining, offers one of the few portraitures of a gentleman which have been vouchsafed to American fiction; and the way in which the girl Claire's aspirations lead her on, through many obstacles, to a position of temporary triumph in the circle towards which she has tended from the beginning is detailed with force and nicety. The author does not neglect, moreover, to contrast with the squalor and vulgarity of Greenpoint and with the heroine's dismally real mother the more glowing and successful but equally hopeless vulgarity of Claire's friends, the Bergemanns, and their associates. Opposed to these we have Thurston, the cultivated man of the world, and the talkative, nervous, *au fait*, kind-hearted Mrs. Diggs, both representing the older and more conservative element. Indeed,

[1] *An Ambitious Woman.* By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

the number of types that Mr. Fawcett has presented within the compass of this one story, and presented well, attests a wide range of observation.

Yet it is curious to notice that, with all this variety, the cleverness of his general idea, and the dramatic skill bestowed upon its working out, the novelist distinctly fails in the tone he adopts when treating that phase of life which is the goal of Claire's ambition. Take, for instance, his account of a dinner at Delmonico's: "Rare music stole to the guests while they feasted; the board was literally pavilioned in flowers; the wines and the viands were *marvels of rarity and cost;* beside the plate of each lady lay a fan studded with her monogram in precious stones. . . . The host had very carefully chosen his guests from among the autocrats and *arbiters of fashion.* Claire and Hollister were the only persons who did not represent *aristocracy at its sovereign height.*" In other places Mr. Fawcett describes dresses with a minuteness and a professional pride suggestive of the man-milliner, or dwells, for an effect of luxury, on the fact that one "butler" takes a gentleman's hat, while another receives his overcoat. Details of this sort are obtruded. The author gloats over them, and the result is necessarily vulgar; but it is his manner of speaking about them that is most at fault. He everywhere shows a taste for gaudy and florid expression, which is a part of this defective manner; elaborating trifles of statement in overloaded and forced phrases, as, "Mrs. Diggs had been jocundly candid, and that was all. No baleful sarcasms had pulsed beneath her vivacious prophecies." In art, as in conversation, it is a mistake to insist loudly upon the point one is making; but Mr. Fawcett is constantly searching for means to do this very thing. He is so determined to make us see Claire's selfishness towards her amiable husband that we are simply annoyed, and are deprived of the pathos which belongs by right to the situation. Claire herself is very well studied, and, notwithstanding this too glaring method of presentation, is almost as much a success of fiction as Maud Matchin. The story is healthy, and ends with happiness and sunshine. Mr. Fawcett's faults spring from too great an enthusiasm for his subject — too much interest, rather than too little; and when he shall have tempered this with a better sense of proportion and emphasis, the fact of his being so thorough a believer in the value of what he is depicting will be to his advantage in using the equipment of technical resources, already considerable, which he possesses.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's industry is manifest in the fact that his latest novel[1] is the third which he has published within eighteen months. It is evident, also, whatever else may be said about them, that these books have been written with a good deal of care. The style of Beatrix Randolph is neither strongly characteristic nor of a kind that wins much praise; but it denotes, although sometimes slipshod, a business-like attention to the work in hand. In this respect, as well as in the novelty of its plot and the arrangement of details, the new book recalls Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds, although falling below the mark of that excellent performance. The narrator's mood is here one of great good spirits, indeed of hilarity, as if he had enjoyed the joke of arraying before us such an airy tissue of improbabilities as he has woven; and he discourses with humorous cynicism upon the persons and events involved in it, saying with brilliant ease all that he has to tell. For his heroine only he shows enthusiasm. "Her body was in such fine harmony with her spirit that you could see a stirring thought turn to roses in her cheeks, or conjure diamonds to her

[1] *Beatrix Randolph.* By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

lovely eyes. . . . She explained, without uttering a word, why the grass in spring is so deliciously green, the sky of so tender a blue." It is quite natural that she should be such a marvel, for she has a voice and a skill in singing which surpass anything in the world. By these means she is able, with only a month's notice, to take the place of the most celebrated diva of the time, Marana, and to personate her through a winter's engagement on the operatic stage in New York. The real Marana at length discovers the imposture, and comes over to unmask it; but on hearing Beatrix sing once, she gracefully retires forever from her profession. That these events should have happened in actual life, and that the public should not have detected the truth, is clearly impossible; but it required skill to fashion the realistic unreality so that we should accept it at all. Naturally, one does not look to these pages for depth, or pathos, or deep insight, nor can one expect from them striking sketches of the world as it is. The villain of the piece is a puppet, the impressario is vulgar without being entertaining, and the lover is a stick; but the father of Beatrix, an "ex-Virginian," is modeled with considerable truth and effectiveness. He is a type, and a rather amusing one. Another personage, Wallie Dinsmore, is so attractively sketched amid his characteristic surroundings that one parts with him reluctantly. In general there is a freshness about the atmosphere of the book, which suggests that Mr. Hawthorne's return to his native country has benefited him. He has been quick to catch some of the local traits of New York, and to avail himself of opportunities which it affords. Mr. Hawthorne has imagination enough and to spare, as well as nimble observation; and although his unduly fantastic strain continues in the invention of this story, it is encouraging to find that he has for a time freed himself from those gratuitously wild and forced conceits which have often overlaid his natural strength with an appearance of weakness.

Much less ambitious than any of these longer productions, the short stories[1] which Miss Jewett has added to her former charming group reflect sundry quiet phases of American life with far greater precision. It is one of the difficulties of writing sustained fiction in this country that, society being in a state of flux, indeterminate and shifting, and there being no recognized theory as to its rules, structure, and movement, each novelist has to make his own theory. Thus every work of art becomes partly also an essay, giving the author's opinion as to how the society under his notice is framed; and as the whole matter is in dispute, it is hard for him or for any one to decide how near he is to the truth. Short stories, being less complex, escape that problem, and in few are the advantages of immunity so well employed as in Miss Jewett's. One can scarcely imagine anything that should approach more closely to real occurrences than these do. People are introduced, sitting in their quiet New England houses, or going about their small affairs, or living along-shore, with as little preparation or grouping as if we had come unawares upon the originals themselves; a single incident suffices for the machinery; and everything proceeds so exactly as it would in fact that when the quaint, veracious talk, the hopes and fears and little quarrels or joys centring upon that incident, have all been detailed, the story comes to a close because it could not go on without becoming a different story. This method would never do for a novel; and yet it includes a vast deal of refined art, little "composition" as there may seem to be about it. The modest sketches and studies which it produces are based

[1] *The Mate of The Daylight, and Friends Ashore.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

on long and sensitive observation; they require delicate and ingenious imagination. Miss Jewett connects in the mind of an old maid a bit of twisted stick, grotesquely like a man's stunted figure, with her discarded lover, come back in mature years; when the renewed episode of sentiment has again faded away, the old maid feels lighter hearted because the wind had swept the suggestive stick from her window-sill. A Landless Farmer tells the tale of a humble New England Lear, who, after surrendering his farm to one of his daughters, is painfully neglected and snubbed until his wandering son comes home to his rescue. Finally, when the daughter is going away, she strips the house of nearly everything, and is scorned by her brother for even rummaging in the pork-barrel. "Well, I'm glad, I'm sure," says the magnanimous farmer-Lear. "I should n't want any child of mine to be without pork." The scale is small, the detail prosaic; but the effects are pathetic and humorous and true. An Only Son is the best piece in the volume: its motive of suspense and emotion is a good one, and the reserve, the utter absence of exaggeration, in the author's treatment intimate a purity of feeling like Björnson's. But it is in the conversation of her people that Miss Jewett's nicest faculty appears. They talk idiomatically, with just a hint of dialect, which is hardly dialect and does not become a stumbling-block. They express ideas of an exact fidelity to their quaint bringing-up. And all this is brought before one so gently and incidentally, that to read Miss Jewett is like listening to the casual reminiscences of a lady, say, in a fire-lit study; until the half-seen speaker gives place to the figures she calls up, and we find that there is a little drama going on. She has not sought the broader effects necessary to the novel; but it is a thing to hope for that we may have novelists who shall use on a large scale, with stronger and more stirring situations, the same thoroughness and unstrained command of materials which in her work are so engaging.

TUTTLE'S HISTORY OF PRUSSIA.

It may safely be assumed that the early history of Prussia is known to the great majority of English readers only from the first four books of Carlyle's Frederic the Great. So powerful was the impression of that book that it seems to have deterred others from entering on a task which might be understood as an attempt to rival it. In Germany the case has been different. We can hardly imagine a German of to-day reduced to the necessity of consulting a work which offends in so many ways against the chief canons of modern historical science. He would find himself repelled by the very qualities that have made Carlyle's book famous, and would turn rather to the less strongly individual, but for that very reason less dangerous, pages of Ranke, Stenzel, Droysen, or Pierson.

It is greatly to the credit of American scholarship that the first effort to break the tradition, and give to the English public a History of Prussia based upon the best results of modern science, should have been made on this side the Atlantic. In the volume before us [1] Professor Tuttle attempts to follow the

[1] *History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great*, 1134–1740. By Herbert Tuttle. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

fortunes of the Prussian state only as far as the beginning of the reign of Frederic the Great; but this earlier period bears so distinctly a character of its own, it is separated from the following time by so sharp a line of demarkation, that it is well adapted for treatment by itself. Certainly, one does not feel that one is dealing here with anything fragmentary or incomplete. From first to last we see clearly that we are studying a development, not a mere succession of events. The author's method is as different as can well be imagined from that of his great predecessor. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that he has been governed by a definite purpose to resist every temptation to adorn his story with any of those telling points of personal character and dramatic incident upon which Carlyle so greatly depended for his effects.

The reader in search of fine writing will be disappointed. He will find rather a scrupulous avoidance of anything that could be called rhetorical, — a plain, unadorned style, severely simple and direct. It is evident that the guiding thought of the writer was not of the effect he might produce upon the reader, but how best to attach and keep fast hold upon the one single thread, the "rother faden," which runs through every page of his narrative. This thread is the growth of the Prussian constitution. Wars, negotiations, alliances, personal character, all are given weight only in so far as they tend to illustrate this one central and dominant fact.

We doubt if the book ever becomes popular, in the vulgar sense of that word. Its virtues commend it to the scholar rather than to the general reader, and to the scholar it must prove of great and permanent value. Its least satisfactory portion is that which treats of Brandenburg before the coming of the Hohenzollerns, — a period of three hundred years, disposed of within the compass of sixty pages; truly an undertaking which could hardly promise a large measure of success. It appears clear that in these introductory chapters the author has not thought it worth while to make as careful or as extended studies as in the later portions. In the absence of any account of his sources, — an almost unpardonable omission, in these days, — it is difficult to tell how far his researches may have gone. Surely a writer on the feudal system must come down well beyond Montesquieu, Eichhorn, or even Waitz (quoted in the antiquated edition of 1844), if he would convince us that he has got at the best there is on a subject so full of uncertainties as this. Again, in his treatment of the municipal arrangements, one misses the later works of Karl Hegel and Giercke, and finds reference only to that of Wilda (1831). So as to the codifications of German law, but one comparatively unimportant work is referred to, while the extensive literature of the Sachsenspiegel, notably the text and commentary of Homeyer, is, for aught we know, unknown to the author. In all this early work there is hardly a reference to a contemporary authority.

Some slight errors would doubtless disappear on a more careful revision. It may well be doubted, at least, whether the power of the church to check the inroads and to soften the manners of barbarians was as great as is here made to appear. Neither Brandenburg nor any other state was created an electorate by the Golden Bull. The seven (or six) electorates appear in the Sachsenspiegel a century and a quarter before the year 1356, and were never created by any one. In the use of technical terms, it might be wished that a more uniform and reasonable system had been followed. Why, for instance, say "Margrave" and "Burggrave," words which are neither current English nor German, when by simply keeping "Markgraf" and "Burggraf," just as he has kept "Vogt," the author would have given us

good German words, well worth remembering? Is it not a little strong to call the Crusades "vast popular migrations"? They seem to us rather to have been distinctly military expeditions, designed to drive out an enemy from the holy places, and were none the less military because they were sometimes undertaken by an unruly mob under a fanatical impulse.

Yet in spite of these blemishes, the thoughtful reader, if not too unfamiliar with the events and incidents here summarized, will get a reasonably clear impression of the gradual emergence of Brandenburg from primitive barbarism to the semi-civilized conditions of the fifteenth century. At all events, he can hardly fail to grasp the one central idea, that here was a complex of classes and ranks of men, each with certain well-understood *rights*.

Basing his narrative now upon the assumption of these rights, the author enters upon the Hohenzollern period. Here matters begin to improve. The literature to which reference is made becomes more ample, and approaches more nearly the contemporary records. The task, always a difficult one, of showing the bearing of events apparently widely separated upon a single line of development is made somewhat more easy, in the present case, by a remarkable consistency in general purpose and endowment among the rulers of the Hohenzollern line. From the first moment when the Mark Brandenburg falls under the influence of that sturdily practical race, it enters upon a career of progress which it is within bounds to say has hardly been interrupted to the present day. That policy of "Get all you can and keep all you get," which observers of Prussian history in late years will recognize as the burden of its story, began squarely with the Hohenzollern, and has never been lost sight of. Not that these princes were alone in the hearty good will to carry out this policy; their neighbors had no higher political principle. But with this ambition for territorial gain there was joined, in most of the Hohenzollern princes, a plain, hard-headed, practical common sense; a power of acting vigorously at the right moment, and of sitting quietly by when action seemed dangerous; an unscrupulousness in the matter of engagements; a supreme disregard of all rights that could conflict with their own; in short, a combination of qualities which in any age must command a certain kind of success.

Let one but think of Bismarck, posing only a few years ago as the champion of the state's right to control its own affairs free from all influence of the Roman Church, and now coquetting with Rome, lest the rising tide of popular liberty mount too high for him, and one has a perfect picture of the ancient policy of the Brandenburgers. It cost the best of them no scruples to play fast and loose with every principle, so that their one central purpose of strengthening their own sovereignty were not impaired. It was just this dogged, brutal force, triumphing over every obstacle, which filled the hero-worshiping soul of Carlyle with admiration. Let us compare his view of one notable transaction with that of our author.

"Another gentleman," says Carlyle, "a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Ritter kin, of very high ways in the provincial estates and elsewhere, got into lofty, almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new 'non-Polish sovereign,' and flatly refused to do homage at his accession in that new capacity. Refused, Kalkstein did, for his share, fled to Warsaw, and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court-Conclaves there; his plea being, or plea for the time, 'Poland is our liege lord (which it was not always), and we cannot be transferred to you except by our own consent, asked and

given,' which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer. So that the great elector knew not what to do with Kalkstein, and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his ambassador at Warsaw; had him rolled into a carpet there, and carried swiftly in the ambassador's coach, in the form of luggage, over the frontier, into his native province, there to be judged, and in the end (since nothing else would serve him) to have the sentence executed and his head cut off. For the case was pressing!" So that one gets the impression that after all the elector was only acting well within his rights, and punishing a traitor as he deserved. Mr. Tuttle, however, with no more words, but simply by bringing in the Kalkstein episode where it belongs, in the account of the elector's war upon the estates of Prussia, shows that his action here was simply a gross and brutal violation of international law, of the inherited rights of the Prussian people, of every principle of human justice.

It is in these parts of the narrative that we have found most to praise. Wisely, it seems to us, Mr. Tuttle has chosen to present the constitutional and social development of each period in a chapter by itself, giving also a separate treatment to the progress of territorial acquisition and other more purely outward matters. Particularly interesting to him, and therefore to his readers, is the account of the steps by which the Hohenzollern princes succeeded in annihilating the popular rights in each of the provinces which together formed the Brandenburg state. It has become, especially since 1870, the favorite device of the Prussian apologists to talk about the "inherited rights of the Prussian monarchy," the "historic rights of the kingdom," and so on. Mr. Tuttle's point is to show that this talk is mere dust in the eyes of a half-dazzled, half-paralyzed population; that in reality these alleged historic rights of the crown have been built up on the ruins of far more ancient and well-established popular liberties. In every one of the Brandenburg provinces there was an active political body, representative after a fashion, at all events embodying what there was of popular right. These bodies were remorselessly sacrificed, one after the other, to the supposed interest of the crown. Instead of that balancing of rights and interests which was, with whatever interruptions, steadily maintained in England, we find the estates of Brandenburg, Cleve, and Prussia, after long and occasionally vigorous resistance, reduced to complete nonentity. Of course a ready answer is that a people which could not defend its liberties did not deserve them; but that answer does not cover the fact that the state of Prussia, like every other Germanic state, rested upon some form of checks and balances, and that the Hohenzollern monarchy, instead of being based upon any theory of inherited sovereignty, is based upon a violent usurpation of powers well defined and clearly understood. Furthermore, one cannot avoid the conclusion that all the modern attempts at parliamentary life in Prussia, with their cruel story of tyrannous and barbarous repression, were not rebellion, but only the re-assertion of rights long held in check by the iron hand of a military despotism.

Yet our author is not blind to that aspect of this despotism which has most often furnished its excuse: these tyrants, greedy or luxurious, passionate and violent, or careless and easy-going, felt themselves to be the fathers of their people; and is not the father in duty bound to assume that he knows better than his children what is good for them? This theory of the paternal government, false and degrading as it seems to us, has yet had many redeeming features. Good results were produced under it, though, as Mr. Tuttle wisely observes,

no argument can be drawn from that, for the excellent reason that the opposite experiment was never tried. That omnipresent watchfulness which caused the apple-women of Berlin to become producers of stockings, while waiting for custom, might perhaps have brought out far greater results if it had only taught its people to watch themselves for opportunities of self-development. A paternal government which beckons skilled laborers into the country with one hand, and crushes the life out of its subjects with the other, to get the means for enlarging its borders, and so adding, it fancies, to the true vigor of the state, may breed generations of grateful and stupidly happy subjects, but it will never breed ideas which will help the world upward and onward.

These extremes meet most clearly in the second king of Prussia, Frederic William I., the father of Frederic the Great, and almost equal to him in the eyes of the great hero-worshiper. A certain glamour is cast over his ugliness by Carlyle's admiration. Our author tries to show him as he was: an ill-conditioned, vulgar brute; insensible to every consideration of justice or mercy; cautious in expenditure beyond the line of meanness; not self-indulgent where self-indulgence had no attraction for him, but wildly extravagant in following certain freaks and whims, that really suggest the folly of a madman. It is a dreary boast for any people that it needed the lash of such a "Landesvater" as this to whip it up to the point of honor in the civil and military service. And here again we are forced to admire the impartiality with which attention is called to whatever of explanation or excuse is warranted by the evidence. We are left with the final impression that this careful father honestly believed that a plate or two thrown at the head of a reluctant child was really the most effectual argument, and that to beat his daughter to the point of death for a trifling offense was an altogether kingly and judicious action. Nor can any disgust at his methods conceal the fact that in a time when the fate of nations depended upon material power this royal drill-sergeant did succeed, at whatever cost, in maintaining a military force which in the hands of his son became the terror of Europe.

At the death of Frederic William the forces, military, financial, and territorial, which were to be used in carrying Prussia to the very highest point in European politics were practically at the disposal of its sovereign. It is to be hoped that this volume, containing as it does the story of the gathering of these forces, will be but the introduction to a complete history of their future activity.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

SENTIMENTALITY, under some one of its many forms, is ever ready to fasten on literatures that have become polished, and on social coteries in whose culture the intellectual mode has any part; for there is a fashion in gentlemen's thoughts as in their cravats and waistcoats, — a ruling theory, a proper temper of mind, an established canon of criticism, assented to like a code of manners as a basis whereon the half-savage but gregarious animal, man, may safely converse. And just as there is on eclique that dresses the body stylishly for the parlor, there is another that clothes the mind conventionally for the

dinner table. In London, during the years just before the Reform Bill, this species of the higher etiquette was languishingly romantic, as of late it has been languishingly picturesque; it was, like a mystery of the illuminated, the peculiar faith, the *bon ton*, of society. Byron was its high priest, Bulwer its neophyte, and, to carry out the figure, the young Disraeli its fanatic. Then the gilded youth had each outlived a passion, a crime, and an ambition, and as ocular proof thereof wore the cast garments of Lara, the shoon and scallop-shell of Harold; the maids, old and young, sighed for blighted affections in preference to happy love, and after dinner became lachrymose over the songs of Moore in the drawing-room. Now that Gladstone governs where Melbourne lolled, it seems a worm-eaten, theatrical mask, whose best use in history was to be the butt of Thackeray's banter. "What sort of a novel would Lady Caroline Lamb perpetrate to-day?" one involuntarily asks himself, as he reads of her sickly flirtations with the young-mannish Bulwer who was proud one day to wear Byron's ring, the public gyve of her lovers and chief sign of her favor, and sullen the next at finding the romance vapor away in a fiasco. In such hothouse society the precocious novelist grew up and tired, and early arrived at the cynicism that tempered his worldly wit, as well as at the knowledge of surfaces that gave *vraisemblance* and success to Pelham. All this — the artificiality, insincerity, affectation, not of manners, but of feeling, in a word the sentimentality of the fashionable coteries affected by literature — must be kept in mind in order to understand Bulwer's temptations, his brilliant entrance on his long career, and especially the sterling qualities of his mind and heart.

This autobiography,[1] with its supplementary letters, notes, fragments of novels, etc., begins, as is common since the discovery of the principle of heredity, at the root of the genealogical tree. The author had much of the pride of race, and he has gathered some entertainment out of his trunkful of old papers; but usually the family records are of more interest to himself than to his readers, though all the latter, by a curious lapse of his son's pen, are styled "his posterity." His maternal grandfather, the omnivorous, silent scholar, who in Dr. Parr's opinion was the first Latinist of the times, and second only to Porson in Greek and to Sir William Jones in Oriental tongues, was really worth description; for there were strong traits and fine humorous contrasts in the old bookworm, who, indeed, once attempted originality by beginning a drama in Hebrew, but abandoned the muse in disgust because he could not find Jews sufficiently versed in their own language to act in it, and at last, wearied with buried lore, "took the daughter of the vine to spouse" in the shape of an immense collection of the Spanish romances of chivalry. In the case of other ancestors, and especially in his mother's love affairs, Bulwer's own narrative is garrulous and in bad taste. Of himself he says but little, although he has written a good-sized book by the time he reaches his twenty-third year, when the autobiography stops.

One noticeable thing in this early period is that he was brought up by women. His father's death, when he was still a young child, left him a mother's boy, and her influence was the greater over him because he was removed from the company of his two brothers, and was never sent to a public school. He felt toward her a deep and grateful affection; but some part of his displeasing

[1] *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his son, the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). Vol. I. Autobiography. Vol. II. Biography. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1884.

peculiarities were probably due to this early seclusion from the intimate observation of men and the unrestrained criticism of the Etonians. He was a precocious child, but his mother was not a Cornelia. Obedience to parents was, in her creed, the first commandment, — upon it, as on a rock, two lovers and the happiness of her life had gone to pieces; the second was like unto it, — regard for the world, respectability. Of her mental calibre here is an illustration, and perhaps it is also a straw to show from what quarter the wind blew in the matter of Bulwer's foppishness: "The powdered locks; the double-breasted white waistcoat, with the muslin cravat in great bows, rising over a delicate pink silk kerchief, carelessly folded to answer the purpose of our modern undervest; the top-boots, shrunk half-way down the calf; and the broad-brimmed hat, set with easy impertinence on one side the head, — 'that,' said my poor mother, after finishing her description, 'that is what I call being well dressed!'" When Bulwer was advanced so far in childhood as to ask this guardian mother, "Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" she answered, "It is high time you should go to school, Teddy;" and, consequently, being nine years old, he went to Fulham, and was so shocked and so homesick that he was withdrawn in a fortnight, and after that was sent to other schools, which he left successively, as being too clever, too impetuous, or what not, until at one of these hostelries of learning he had his first, and it seems his last, love affair. The story is very dimly told: a youth of seventeen, a girl slightly older, walks in the green sequestered meadows by the Brent, a passionate parting, and then three years of repulsive marriage for the girl, with death at the end, and for the boy a touch of imaginative melancholy, growing deeper and tenderer as the man found he had missed wedded happiness, — this is all; but from the frequency and the feeling with which Bulwer introduced the story alike into his earliest and latest novels, it was clearly one of the marked and lasting experiences of his life.

From school to Cambridge was only a matter of routine; and from Cambridge, where he had made a mark as a debater and poet beside Praed (who was then to the university what Byron was to the world), he naturally went to Paris and authorship, with an adventure in gypsy life, a flirtation with Lady Caroline, and much perfumed correspondence, half gallant, half literary, for incidents by the way. He had already published very early some volumes of imitative verse, and thereby had occasioned a flattering exchange of letters with Dr. Parr, in one of which that learned man indites thus wondrously to the versifier of eighteen: "Although in our politics we differ widely, yet I feel a pure, and I had almost said a holy, satisfaction in contemplating the moral properties of your mind." One queries whether or not the good old man felt the same "holy satisfaction" when he read Falkland, the first result of these "moral properties" in literature. Pelham followed, and laid the foundation of Bulwer's fame. He married, published three more novels, became editor of the New Monthly, and returned to the Reform Parliament. At this point, in May, 1831, when he was twenty-eight years old, the present installment of the work closes.

Before the reader has advanced far, he perceives that the Earl of Lytton has invented a new scheme for writing biography, and, if it can be kept up to a certain level of accomplishment, a highly entertaining one. In his lifetime Bulwer was thought to be his own hero, and with this assumption his son so far agrees as to assert that he used his own experiences very patently in his fictions; but Bulwer probably did not foresee the

ease with which the process could be reversed, and his novels turned into a biography by a copious use of his fragmentary manuscripts. This seems to be the purpose of his son. Bulwer is set before the world in the midst of the society in which he lived, the manners and characters of it being painted by his own hand, while his own part of hero, — Lionel Hastings, De Lindsay, Glenallan, Greville, — when not sufficiently defined by itself, is elucidated by letters or other ordinary biographical material. In this way the work gains merely as a story through Bulwer's really fine literary faculty; and he himself gains as a man through the judicious and timely disclosures and comments of his son. He remains the witty and brilliant man of the world, as he expressed himself in his characters, and he becomes in addition a more estimable man than he has been hitherto regarded. His conduct toward his mother, who violently opposed his marriage, and entirely broke with him on account of it, thereby depriving him of her pecuniary resources, on which he was practically dependent, was highly honorable. He engaged himself because he thought his future wife's affections too deeply interested to be rejected, and he married with a full knowledge of the distressing circumstances of alienation from his mother and of limited means in his household which would supervene; after he had thus done what he thought was his duty, — for his passions were apparently not strongly aroused, — he left no manly means untried to obtain reconciliation; and when that was at last arranged, he refused for a long time the money which his mother would have allowed him, because he felt that such an obligation was subject to misconception. Throughout the affair the consideration of loss or gain of property seems not to have weighed in his mind. He gains, too, by the mere revelation of the industry with which, as his biographer puts it, he fed the waters of oblivion through many obscure channels. Incessant labor, downright hard work, was involved in composing the hundreds of anonymous articles, by means of which he made enough money to pay his way, while still much under thirty, and living at such a high rate that the income of the four thousand pounds he owned was but a slight help. He had always been diligent; his boyish note-books show an active and wide curiosity about institutions, politics, and history, as well as society. Something of his grandfather's polyglot spirit had descended on him, for what his son says is quite true: "Certainly no other novelist of my father's own age and country has bestowed upon the enrichment and elevation of his art anything like the same opulence of literary knowledge." The novels themselves are not better than those of his contemporaries on this account, but the man himself is more highly accredited. One is glad that Thackeray withdrew with frank apology his satire in Fraser's, as being written under an erroneous idea of the author's character.

Unfortunately, Bulwer's defects were those most easily perceived and most exposed to the ridicule of sensible men; and, besides, his youthful judgment was not always good. He himself, in later days, suppressed Falkland as liable to have an immoral tendency, while still disavowing any immoral motive in its composition. Paul Clifford, it seems, was meant to help on reform in the penal code and in prison discipline. Pelham was mainly satirical, and intended to work against the Byronic ideal. Such assertions will surprise some readers, for certainly it is not any ethic purpose that gives life to his novels; but (to confine our remarks to Pelham) the precocious knowledge of the world, the wit, the cynicism of the first disillusionment, — this is the secret of their attraction. It is, perhaps, more pleasing to learn of the moral aim of an author

when it would not be easily discovered except by himself. Bulwer plainly considered that he did something of consequence in rendering antiquated the sentimental fashion then prevalent, of which we have said he was the neophyte. As sometimes happens, the neophyte apostatized. He could not, however, quite free himself from the taint of the school in which he was bred, as easily recognizable in these fresh, youthful manuscripts as in the novels of his first period. One of these fragments, De Lindsay, was printed years ago, in 1832, in The Ambitious Student, a fact of which the Earl of Lytton seems ignorant; at least, he publishes it as if for the first time. In themselves these literary remains add nothing, of course, to Bulwer's accomplishment; the libraries will have more of the same old piece, that is all. Nor, however much more highly Bulwer's character is rated for sense, manliness, intellectual vigor, and moral purpose, can it be granted as yet that his early novels are substantially excellent. Even by their satire, by their very repulsion from the people they criticise, they are still essentially bound up with that society, and share in the affectation, hollowness, morbid and forced feeling, that characterized the literary age which Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot have made so remote from the present. Bulwer was in some respects of a finer strain than his companions, but he could not escape from among them.

It is to be hoped that the remaining volumes of this work will raise Bulwer's reputation for manliness as much as these initial ones; but some one should suggest to the Earl of Lytton that footnotes in such pages do not afford a proper platform for political sneers at Gladstone and the liberals.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE in mind that old saying of Lysander, "Where the lion's skin falls short, it must be eked out with the fox's," — a saying which, I confess, I never much admired, though it has pleased my elders and betters, and has often served them well when they have been recommending the adoption of some politic measure. I have nothing to do with Lysander's application of his precept, but I find it hard to believe that a genuine hero could bring himself to put on this patchwork suit of leonine and vulpine characteristics. Even if he consented to do so, it seems doubtful whether the discomfiture he might experience would not exceed all the advantage derived from the mixed garb. If I had resolved to act the lion, I should not like to be harried by the fox-hunters, as I should expect to be if I had eked out the garment of my valor according to Lysander's instructions.

It may be a wasteful outlay of feeling, but I cannot help pitying, in some degree, those persons who, by reason of their superior shrewdness, or faculty of vigilance and suspicion, are supposed to be further removed from harm's way than the generality of human beings. Of such a one it is often remarked, "Ah, but he is long-headed!" and a sigh goes with the comment, sometimes, as though the speaker felt it to be matter of regret that his own head was not of the maximum length. I cannot fully explain why I compassionate the shrewd person: it may be for the reason that he seems never to have been young, having always been shrewd (and youth

and shrewdness are seldom road companions); it may be because I see in his eye connoisseurship of the things which are least lovely and faith-inspiring in human nature, — traits which I, gifted with less acute discernment, have happily overlooked. The knowledge that he has never tasted the sweetness of generous trust in those around him touches the springs of pity; besides, the impression is somehow gained that his position is one of peculiar insecurity and risk. Were he sure of meeting only those of his own order, the suspicious and sinuous minded, he might never come to grief. Subtilty matched in encounter with its own kind acquires greater strength and suppleness; but it has its moments of being "off guard," its lapses from activity, and then it is very vulnerable: a random pebble flung by an unconscious David suffices for its undoing. Sir Giles Overreach, after a thousand sharp practices, is himself hoodwinked and trapped at last.

"The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreached."

Even in our homely experience it is seen that Nemesis lies in wait for all such as think to drive a sharp bargain with their fellow mortal. I know of a woman who prides herself on her ability to "beat down" the shopkeepers of the village, and whom nothing so much delights as to buy, if possible, a little cheaper than her neighbors. Deluded soul! she does not know what pains are taken to gratify her propensity; but how should she guess that upon her appearance in a shop prices are always somewhat advanced, in order that a few cents may be thrown off in her favor, the shopkeeper at the same time incurring no loss!

It may be that I have a weak sense of the beauty of retributive justice; but however that may be, the spectacle of a shrewd and crafty nature in defeat affords me no pleasure. I imagine that such a nature, when baffled and undone, is overtaken by an intolerable atheistic despair. Perhaps I imagine this because of a theory I have that the ways of the sleep-walker, the child, and the under-witted are directly supervised by Providence, but that the over-wary soul is left to shift for itself; which if it cannot do by means of preternatural gifts, its fortunes are no concern to Providence.

— One night last winter I gradually became aware that conversation was being carried on in my room. I listened, with no such uneasiness as is usually inspired by a nocturnal disturbance; on the contrary, the fine, clear, musical tones proceeding from near the window were particularly pleasing to my ear and fancy. I could not see the speakers (two in number), but supposed them to be concealed by the curtain that hung before the window. As I afterwards fell asleep, my recollection of what I heard is not very complete, but the dialogue, as I remember it, was in the following vein: —

"Come, come, old friend and fellow, you have been in Arcadia; I have not, you know. Now tell me, does my picture appeal to you? Are these trees, sedges, and flowers like those you have seen in that blessed country? But wait a moment. I will just poise a butterfly on the foremost blossom of my nymph's wild-rose crown, and I will put a wreath of pomegranate flowers around the neck of the lamb which the shepherd is presenting her. There! all these light touches help to tell the story. But you are silent."

"My dear Jack, what shall I say? The form of beauty is indeed here, the drawing is faultless, and many a sweet thought worthy of your elfin genius appears in the details; but" —

"But what?"

"Color, warmth, life, — these are not here!"

"Alas, I know they are not: but re-

member my scant opportunities. I was never in Arcadia."

"But you *are* in Thule: is there nothing here to paint?"

"There might be for another; for me there is not. I paint from my dreams, and my dreams are all of the summer and the South. I am forbidden those happy regions, kept here in rigorous exile; so I set my imagination to work to compensate me for the deprivation I am doomed to suffer. You, who can range where you will, should not deny me the pleasures of imagination."

"A pine-tree loved a palm" —

"Ah, how well I know that pine-tree and that palm! I know all those who sing the songs of this human world, now sleeping. They and I are close kin, though they may not choose to recognize the tie. I feel for them, but they do not think of me."

"You speak of the poets. In what respect do you find they resemble you?"

"In this: they, too, have dreamed of Paradise, and all their care is to reproduce their lovely visions; they, too, bring their themes from far, spurning the near-at-hand and the familiar. Whatever they lack and most desire, that they strive to supply by methods not unlike my own. I have not seen the summer streams, the flowers and the grass, the winged creatures that live and rejoice in the sunshine; but out of my longing to visit the world which they adorn, out of my fancy, and with the aid of the hearsay that is always abroad in the air, I have produced these pale and transient semblances. Do you think I am satisfied with what I have done? Neither are those other artificers satisfied with their work."

"I wonder you do not address a sympathetic message to them."

"I have already done so; and if you will bring your taper a little nearer you may read for yourself. The writing is interwoven with the grass blades at the feet of the nymph.

"Thou mortal, who mayst scan this picture sheen,
Scorn not the artist, though thou blame his art:
His touch is cold, but white fire warms his heart;
Thou, too," —

"Hush! I think we are overheard."

The voices ceasing, I soon fell asleep. In the morning, drawing back the curtain with purpose to read the interrupted verse, to my great disappointment I found the window-panes were like plain ground glass; not a trace of nymph and shepherd, not a hint of glyphic writing. Shrewd pair, — Frost and Moonshine!

— Mr. Franklin Johnson, of Cambridge, has printed for private circulation an English version, in double rhymes, of the Dies Iræ. He very modestly says in his scholarly preface, "Perhaps the Dies Iræ will not take a permanent place among English hymns till some one shall choose from the many translations the best stanza of each, and shall weave his selections together. I venture to hope, as the utmost height of my anticipation, that when such a final version shall appear a few of my lines may be found in it."

It was at this passage that I chanced to open the little volume, and I instantly said to myself, "This person has likely enough produced an exceptionally fine version of the Dies Iræ, for such modesty does not go hand in hand with poor performance." I was wholly right, for Mr. Johnson's translation of the famous mediæval canticle deserves, as a whole, to rank with the best three translations we have, and in special stanzas it is quite incomparable.

The mob of gentlemen who write with ease, and will turn you off a copy of verses in the twinkling of an eye, may take a lesson from Mr. Johnson, whose work is the result of fifteen years of thought and study. The difficulties to be overcome in anything like an adequate English reproduction of the Latin hymn are admirably set forth in Mr. Johnson's preliminary essay and the notes which follow the text. These

notes are particularly interesting and valuable, showing what a critical and conscientious mood the translator brought to his task. I wonder that so careful a critic should commit the same error for which he arraigns Mr. Dix. Mr. Johnson's "splendor" and "tender" (in the eighth stanza) are quite as inadmissible as Mr. Dix's "morning" and "dawning" in his version of the first triplet. Mr. Johnson points out that Mr. Dix introduced this cockney rhyme into the *second* edition of his translation: —

> "Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
> On the earth in ashes dawning,
> David with the Sibyl warning" —

a poor substitute for the stanza which he first wrote: —

> "Day of vengeance, without morrow!
> Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
> As from Saint and Seer we borrow."

This last line is a rather free paraphrase; but the preservation of the "David cum Sibylla" was scarcely worth while, at the expense of the feeblest rhyme in the English language.

— One day last February I received a little note, in beautifully formed and almost microscopic characters, signed "Alphonse Daudet," in which the famous novelist expressed a desire that an eminent American novelist, at that time staying in Paris, should be brought to see him. Alphonse Daudet offered a cup of tea, and around the tea-table "a dozen persons, — Goncourt, Zola, Coppée, Loti the sailor; . . . not many people, *mais de la haute gomme littéraire*." The American writer needed but little introduction: when he entered the modest bandbox-like apartment that Daudet occupies on a fourth floor, overlooking the garden of the Luxembourg, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet all remembered to have seen him formerly at Gustave Flaubert's Sunday receptions, where our countryman — whom for the sake of convenience we will call Mr. X — was frequently to be met with, when he was living in Paris, some years ago.

"Why, I have known you a hundred and fifty years!" exclaimed Daudet, with his southern expansiveness and exaggeration. And then began a long talk on literature, Mr. X having expressed to Daudet an immense admiration of his exquisite talent.

"What happiness," said Mr. X, "what joy, you must feel in writing, in composing your works, in all those finds, those *trouvailles*, of phrases and epithets!"

Daudet listened eagerly, nervously twirling the two points of his silky beard, his eye sparkling behind the fixed eyeglass, and with an expression of extreme attention on his worn, fine, delicate features, much drawn and yellowed and ravaged by incessant intellectual work. "My dear sir," replied Daudet, with warmth, "you are mistaken. I work with pain and misery, and I always feel that I have left the best in the inkstand. Beware of the literary fools who are always satisfied; the men who come up to you, rubbing their hands, and saying, 'Ah, my dear fellow, I am happy: I have just written a chapter, — the best thing I have done!' and then go and dine, happy. It is not the idea of a book, it is not the plan, the conception, that troubles me. I observe, I study, I brood over every detail of the proposed work. But when I come to put down my book on paper, then begin the tortures, the torments, of style. I don't know whether it is so in your language or not."

"Yes," replied Mr. X, "I know what you mean. We take less pains with our style than the French writers. We are less observant; our observation is less fine, less rich in shades and refinements and delicacies."

"Really?" said Daudet. "Ah, but if you only knew how unobservant most Frenchmen are! A man will travel with you, or take a walk with you, and afterwards, when you begin to talk with him about what you have seen, you will sud-

denly find him looking at you with a smile that betrays him: he has seen nothing! He thinks that you are a humbug. The other day an old acquaintance of mine returned from Australia, after five years' sojourn there. I asked him to tell me all about what he had seen: how people lived there; what the country was like, and the trees, and the towns, and the houses. All I could get out of him was this: 'Guess how much a pound of potatoes costs!' The poor devil had seen absolutely nothing, and the only thing that had struck him was the extreme dearness of potatoes."

"I understand; quite so," said Mr. X. "I have frequently remarked that in the English, who are constantly traveling and running about, and who rarely see anything in the course of their travels, and can talk about nothing but comparative hotel accommodation. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the average Frenchman is infinitely sharper in his observation than the average Englishman or American: he takes in more details; he is more appreciative of *nuances* and shades; he is finer, more delicate; and, for me, the proof lies in the wonderful richness of the French language in epithets expressive of the greatest variety and minuteness of variation."

Daudet, then returning to the theme of the pain and torture that his writing cost him, dwelt particularly on the condition of his material, namely, language. "The material is so worn out," he remarked: "everything has been said again and again; every theme has been exploited. There are quantities of subjects and situations and psychological states that we can no longer touch upon: we can no longer touch upon love and sentiment enveloped in nature; we can no longer talk about the influence of flowers, of landscape, of sea and sky. The public finds that kind of thing worn out, threadbare, done for. 'We dare not sing more of roses,' Sully-Prudhomme has said, in one of his poems; and I assure you the poet's cry is one that has profoundly touched us. Then when we have found something new, some fresh combination, we arrive at the expression of it with infinite torment and suffering, and always with that horrible consciousness of having left the best part unwritten. And that combination having been treated, we can never return to it again. The public may forget, but the artist cannot repeat himself, and hash up the same thing again. It is the same with epithets. In a previous page we may have found the right epithet, the word that calls up the precise image; and then when we wish to reproduce a similar effect we cannot employ the same method, we cannot repeat ourselves, and in order to avoid rehashing we use, to our sorrow, some other phrase, less good and less appropriate. Every sentence in our books is wrought with pain and torment. There is no happiness, no joy, in it. The torture of style kills all that. Is it not so, Zola?" he asked, turning to the author of the Assommoir, who was sitting with his wife and Madame Daudet, and talking about the less absorbing topic of embroidery and silk.

"Yes," replied Zola. "It is a sad trade, — *C'est un triste métier.* The only happiness is when you are beginning, when you are planning. But when you have attained your object, when success comes, there is an end of happiness. Torture and misery all the time!"

It was curious to hear these men, Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet, the most celebrated men in modern French literature, all agreeing on the painfulness and misery of the exercise of their talent. It was curious, too, to remark how they attributed their torments to the preoccupation of style, — a question to which few of our Anglo-Saxon literary men pay much heed, or even understand. The Anglo-Saxon writer is rarely an artist, and many of our greatest writers have not been artists in the way the

modern Frenchmen are, and in the way the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century were. The public and most critics do not make any distinction between writers who are artists and those who are not. From the French point of view, when a man, however gifted he may be, concerns himself only with the matter he is treating or the thing he is relating; when he does not feel conscious that the veritable literary power is not in a fact, but in the manner of presenting and expressing that fact, he has not the sense of art. The profound and delicious enjoyment that invades you in presence of certain pages and certain phrases does not come simply from what those phrases say; it comes from an absolute accordance of the expression with the idea, — from a sensation of harmony, of secret beauty, that generally escapes the judgment of the profane crowd. It is the pursuit of this high, mysterious beauty, the search for this soul of words, that appears on contact with other words, and bursts forth and illumines the page with an unanalyzable, subtle light, that forms the constant care and study of the modern French novelists. They are perpetually toiling and moiling and racking their brains to find *the* word, the one and only word, verb, epithet, or phrase, that is the perfect and absolute expression of the thing. Then there is the besetting conviction that they have come too late in a world too old; they have present in their thoughts the immense stores of French literature, and the image of that poor and splendid French language, worn and torn by centuries of usage, — those verbs and epithets that have served and served over again, until they have become insupportably commonplace. "Ah," exclaimed Daudet, the other night, "how I used to envy the calm serenity of Tourguéneff, working in a field and in a language the white snow of which had so few footprints! He had only to walk ahead; every step left a footprint that you could see! With us, it is like walking over a shingle strand: we have to move bowlders and rocks and cliffs in order to leave our mark."

Another thing that strikes one in encountering French literary men of the highest grade — a point, too, which struck Mr. X in his talks with Daudet, Zola, and Goncourt — is the Chinese quality of their existence. They see very little beyond their art; their observation, delicate and complete as it is in a sense, is not very wide, and by no means coextensive with modern French life. To put the matter in a few words, French provincial life is entirely neglected by the modern writers; and of Parisian life the corrupt and often the ignoble aspects seem to captivate their attention, principally. This is of course putting the case too strongly; but without entering into lengthy details it is difficult to add the necessary qualifications to the statement, and to enumerate the exceptions. The point I am coming to is this: the modern French literary men, especially the novelists, are mostly men of humble origin, who have come to Paris and made their way by sheer force of talent, after passing through an epoch of Bohemianism. The life of the students in the Latin Quarter has no elements of social refinement; there is no life in common, no communication with the professors, no humanizing and polishing influence, such as are found in the English universities, for instance. The young Frenchman leads a free-and-easy café life, into which it is best not curiously to inquire. This existence continues when the student or provincial débutant enters the journalistic career, the invariable preface of the French literary career. Except in rare cases, decent society is closed to him until he has made himself more or less of a reputation. Then, after his first success, he will find certain literary salons open to him, and these salons form stepping-stones to other houses. But, in point

of fact, he seldom avails himself of his opportunities, and the explanation is simple: The literary man, accustomed to his loose Bohemian life, has not acquired the polish and tact necessary to secure him an agreeable position in society; he feels himself ill at ease in talking with society ladies; he does not understand them, and he may perhaps despise them; he has not the social culture that enables him to bring out his unquestionable intellectual superiority, and he feels irritated on that account; at any rate, coming late into society, and finding its ways new and strange, he is embarrassed and uncomfortable, and generally throws society overboard. The consequence is that he excludes from his field of observation a very large portion of contemporary life, and that not the least interesting, and limits his vision to the mixed society that occupies the front seats in the *external* life of Paris, in all its varieties, — political life, theatrical life, boulevard and club life, high and low vice, and the middle-class life, which he knows about more or less, owing to his original social position.

I make an exception of Edmond de Goncourt, who was an aristocrat before he became a novelist and historian; but it is a mistake to think that either Daudet or Zola goes into society. Zola lives like a hermit, in his country house at Medan, nine months out of the twelve, — sulky, lumpy, and uncommunicative; and when he comes to Paris he visits none but his literary friends. Daudet, likewise, is never encountered in any but purely literary gatherings. He receives few but literary men at his own house, and at the houses of Pailleron, Charcot, Madame Adam, and of his publisher, Charpentier, — almost the only houses where he goes, — he meets no one but authors and artists; and the talk is eternally and uniquely of literature and style, and the comparison of this man's talent and that man's talent. As Daudet said the other night, their whole existence is in the printed book; they live by it, and on it, and in it.

The preoccupation of style is laudable in the highest degree. Style, as Théophile Gautier has said, is the enamel that renders eternal the work that it covers. Only, it is to be feared that with their close Chinese life, their tendency to study the warts rather than the beauties of man, their neglect of large classes of contemporary life, and above all their absorbing care for form, the modern French novelists are not getting hold of that large humanity which is alone eternally interesting. The minute and exquisite fineness of their work may end by belittling their brains, until they finally become in literature what the Japanese are in art: incomparable, if you will, but incomparable in a very narrow way.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Philosophy. The Unity of Nature, by the Duke of Argyll (Putnams), is apparently intended to bridge the logical gulf between the author's Reign of Law and his as yet unwritten work on Law in Christian Theology. He has sought to find a standing place from which to consider the relations of man to God, and thinks he has found it in the unity of nature. Once having demonstrated that, he is prepared to consider the question of man as the Great Exception. His whole system of thought is constructive, and has thus, at the outset, the sympathy of all those who are unwilling to base their philosophy on the non-existence of whatever has been consciously most elemental.— Creation, or Biblical Cosmogony in the light of modern science, by Arnold Guyot (Scribners), is a work prepared by the eminent author just before his death. It comes as a bequest to his many admirers, and is the more welcome that it presents in compact form views which he has been offering, in one form or another, for the past forty years. It is in effect a scientific exposition of the order of creation as laid down in Genesis, rather than an attempt to press the terms of

that order into scientific use. — In President McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners), the fifth part is devoted to Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a notice of Berkeley. It is rather historical than critical in treatment. — The Revelations of Common Sense, by Antipodes (E. W. Allen, London), is in form a dialogue of four hundred and fifty pages, between a semi-idiotic vicar of the Church of England and a self-sufficient being who calls himself Common Sense. As Common Sense created the vicar and his feebleness of intellect, it may be judged how much there was left for the creator. The subject of the book is religion and morals, and the world will still have both when these two disputers have gone their way.

History and Biography. The Hessians and the Other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War, by Edward J. Lowell (Harpers), is a historical study, more exhaustive than Professor Greene's The German Element in the War for Independence. Mr. Lowell has incorporated a good part of the Baroness Riedesel's Memoirs, and has aimed to make his book a narrative as well as a critical study. It is not too severe a book for general reading. — Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose History of Our Own Times has been so serviceable, has now abridged the work, and published it under the title A Short History of Our Own Times (Harpers), which has the readable qualities of the larger work. — The new and portable edition of Dean Stanley's works (Scribners) is continued by his History of the Jewish Church, of which the first volume has reached us. An admirable portrait of the author is prefixed. — Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright, by William Robertson (Cassell), is a newspaper article of nearly six hundred octavo pages. — The Creators of the Age of Steel, by W. T. Jeans (Scribners), is a collection of biographical chapters, devoted to Bessemer, Siemens, Whitworth, Sir John Brown, Thomas, and Snelus, and the inventions which have had so extraordinary an influence on material civilization. — The Appletons have issued the fourth volume of their new edition of Bancroft's History of the United States of America. The work, which is to be comprised in twelve volumes, has been carefully revised by the author. — The Conquest of England, by John Richard Green (Harpers), is a valuable work, in spite of the fact that the author did not live to give it the final revision. Nothing could be more pathetic than Mrs. Green's account of the manner in which this book and the companion history, The Making of England, were written. After reading that simply told story of heroism, one cannot look without emotion on the refined, heaven-lighted face which forms the frontispiece of the volume.

Fiction. The Miz Maze, or The Winkworth Puzzle, a story in letters by nine authors. (Macmillan.) Miss Yonge, Miss Peard, and Florence Wilford are the best known names of the nine authors, all of whom are ladies. The distribution of parts to the nine is not indicated. The reader is left to guess that. Whatever may be gained by such a device, we doubt if the difficulty of securing individuality in letters, when written by one person in the name of several, is so very great as the projectors of the volume seem to have imagined. We suspect the book afforded more entertainment to the writers than it will to the reader. — Her Washington Season, by Jeanie Gould Lincoln (Osgood), is also in the form of letters, but the form is all. The story is told by this means; but surely the most infatuated women do not pour out their love secrets in this way, observing all the rules of conversation and quotation. In an autobiographical story much may be forgiven, but when letters are made the vehicle of a story a closer approach to reality seems necessary. As to Washington society, Mrs. Lincoln hints more or less vaguely at public characters, but apparently says nothing that is not born of charity. — Called Back, by Hugh Conway, is a recent volume of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt), in which an ingenious incident is made to furnish a mystery with no key to the lock. The finding of the key carries the story-teller on long journeyings to Italy and Russia, and the reader goes with him contentedly. — Cecil's Summer, by E. B. Hollis (T. Y. Crowell, New York), is a pleasantly told religious tale, in which the summer boarder figures in a different style from what we have chiefly been accustomed to in literature. — Pilgrim Sorrow, a Cycle of Tales, by Carmen Sylva (Holt), is a translation by Helen Zimmern of a work by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. The Queen was a German princess, who was at home in a tiny principality. Her early life was one of family trouble, and her married life was broken by the death of a child. She has thrown her experience into the form of a half-allegorical tale. The sentiment is pure and misty. A certain beauty of form may be discovered, but one needs to have had a long course of training in German mysticism to care greatly for the book. — The Register (Osgood) is a witty little farce, in which Mr. Howells has made the register of our modern civilization as useful as a nun's grating once was to mediæval romancers. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest numbers are The New Abelard, by Robert Buchanan; Pretty Miss Neville, by B. M. Croker; and Red Riding Hood, by Fanny E. Millet Notley. — The Vicar of Wakefield, edited by Austin Dobson, and English Comic Dramatists, with introduction and notes by Oswald Crawford, are the two latest additions to the Parchment Series. (D. Appleton & Co.) In point of variety, choiceness of selection, and intelligent editing, this series of beautifully printed little books is quite without a rival.

Literary Criticism. English Poetesses, by Eric S. Robertson (Cassell), is a series of critical biographies, with illustrative extracts. Mr. Robertson reaches the conclusion that the best poetesses are inferior to the best poets, but he keeps his conclusion chiefly to his introduction, and is not devoid of sympathy as he proceeds to sketch the career of the various ladies who have climbed Parnassus with skirts in their hands. — French Poets and Novelists (Macmillan & Co.) is a new edition of Mr. Henry James's delightful volume published in 1878. The text has been reset, but not very carefully revised; De Musset being inaccurately quoted on pages 23 and 25, as in the original edition. It is to be regretted that Mr. James has not added to his paper on the Théâtre Français the long-promised chapter on Sarah Bernhardt.

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A ROMAN SINGER.

XXIII.

"A TALL gentleman came here late last night, Signor Professore," said Mariuccia, as I sat down in the old green armchair. "He seemed very angry about something, and said he must positively see you." The idea of Benoni flashed uneasily across my brain.

"Was he the grave signore who came a few days before I left?" I asked.

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated Mariuccia. "This one was much older, and seemed to be lame; for when he tried to shake his stick at me, he could not stand without it. He looked like one of the old Swiss guards at Palazzo." By which she meant the Vatican, as you know.

"It must have been the count," I said, thinking aloud.

"A count! A pretty sort of count, indeed, to come waking people from their beds in the night! He had not even a high hat, like the one you wear when you go to the university. A count, indeed!"

"Go and make me some good coffee, Mariuccia," I said, eying her severely to show I suspected her of having used mine; "and be careful to make it of my best Porto Rico, if you have any left, without any chicory."

"A count, indeed!" she muttered angrily as she hobbled away, not in the least heeding my last remark, which I believed to be withering.

I had not much time for reflection that morning. My old clothes were in tatters, and the others looked very fine by contrast, so that when I had made my toilet I felt better able to show myself to the distinguished company I expected. I had seen so much extraordinary endurance in Nino and Hedwig during the last two or three days that I was prepared to see them appear at any moment, brushed and curled and ready for anything. The visit of the count, however, had seriously disturbed me, and I hardly knew what to look for from him. As it turned out, I had not long to wait.

I was resting myself in the armchair, and smoking one of those infamous cigars that nearly suffocate me, just for company, and I was composing in my mind a letter to the authorities of the university, requesting that I might begin to lecture again. I did not find out until later that I need not have written to them at all when I went away, as ten days are always allowed at Easter, in any case. It is just like my forgetfulness, to have made such a mistake. I really only missed four lectures. But my composition was interrupted by the door-bell, and my heart sank in my breast. Mariuccia opened, and I knew by the sound of the stick on the bricks

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that the lame count had come to wreak his vengeance.

Being much frightened, I was very polite, and bowed a great many times as he came toward me. It was he, looking much the same as ever, wooden and grizzly.

"I am much honored, sir," I began, "by seeing you here."

"You are Signor Grandi?" he inquired, with a stiff bow.

"The same, Signor Conte, and very much at your service," I answered, rubbing my hands together to give myself an air of satisfaction.

"Let us not waste time," he said severely, but not roughly. "I have come to you on business. My daughter has disappeared with your son, or whatever relation the Signor Giovanni Cardegna is to you."

"He is no relation, Signor Conte. He was an orphan, and I" —

"It is the same," he interrupted. "You are responsible for his doings."

I responsible! Good heavens, had I not done all in my power to prevent the rashness of that hot-headed boy?

"Will you not sit down, sir?" I said, moving a chair for him. He took the seat rather reluctantly.

"You do not seem much astonished at what I tell you," he remarked. "It is evident that you are in the plot."

"Unless you will inform me of what you know, Signor Conte," I replied with urbanity, "I cannot see how I can be of service to you."

"On the contrary," said he, "I am the person to ask questions. I wake up in the morning and find my daughter gone. I naturally inquire where she is."

"Most naturally, as you say, sir. I would do the same."

"And you, also very naturally, answer my questions," he continued severely.

"In that case, sir," I replied, "I would call to your attention the fact that you have asked but one question, — whether I were Signor Grandi. I answered that in the affirmative." You see I was apprehensive of what he might do, and desired to gain time. But he began to lose his temper.

"I have no patience with you Italians," he said, gruffly. "You bandy words and play with them as if you enjoyed it."

Diavolo! thought I; he is angry at my silence. What will he be if I speak?

"What do you wish to know, Signor Conte?" I inquired in suave tones.

"I wish to know where my daughter is. Where is she? Do you understand? I am asking a question now, and you cannot deny it."

I was sitting in front of him, but I rose and pretended to shut the door, thus putting the table and the end of the piano between us, before I answered.

"She is in Rome, Signor Conte," I said.

"With Cardegna?" he asked, not betraying any emotion.

"Yes."

"Very well. I will have them arrested at once. That is all I wanted." He put his crutch stick to the floor as though about to rise. Seeing that his anger was not turned against me, I grew bold.

"You had better not do that," I mildly observed, across the table.

"And why not, sir?" he asked quickly, hesitating whether to get upon his feet or to remain seated.

"Because they are married already," I answered, retreating toward the door. But there was no need for flight. He sank back in the chair, and the stick fell from his hands upon the bricks with a loud rattle. Poor old man! I thought he was quite overcome by the news I had communicated. He sat staring at the window, his hands lying idly on his knees. I moved to come toward him, but he raised one hand and began to twirl his great gray mustache fiercely;

whereat I resumed my former position of safety.

"How do you know this?" he demanded on a sudden.

"I was present at the civil marriage yesterday," I answered, feeling very much scared. He began to notice my manœuvre.

"You need not be so frightened," he said coldly. "It would be of no use to kill any of you now, though I would like to."

"I assure you that no one ever frightened me in my own house, sir," I answered. I think my voice must have sounded very bold, for he did not laugh at me.

"I suppose it is irrevocable," he said, as if to himself.

"Oh, yes, — perfectly irrevocable," I answered promptly. "They are married, and have come back to Rome. They are at the Hotel Costanzi. I am sure that Nino would give you every explanation."

"Who is Nino?" he asked.

"Nino Cardegna, of course" —

"And do you foolishly imagine that I am going to ask him to explain why he took upon himself to carry away my daughter?" The question was scornful enough.

"Signor Conte," I protested, "you would do well to see them, for she is your daughter, after all."

"She is not my daughter any longer," growled the count. "She is married to a singer, a tenor, an Italian with curls and lies and grins, as you all have. Fie!" And he pulled his mustache again.

"A singer," said I, "if you like, but a great singer, and an honest man."

"Oh, I did not come here to listen to your praises of that scoundrel!" he exclaimed hotly. "I have seen enough of him to be sick of him."

"I wish he were in this room to hear you call him by such names," I said; for I began to grow angry, as I sometimes do, and then my fear grows small and my heart grows big.

"Ah?" said he ironically. "And pray, what would he do to me?"

"He would probably ask you again for that pistol you refused to lend him the other day." I thought I might as well show that I knew all about the meeting in the road. But Lira laughed grimly, and the idea of a fight seemed to please him.

"I would not refuse it this time. In fact, since you mention it, I think I will go and offer it to him now. Do you think I should be justified, Master Censor?"

"No," said I, coming forward and facing him. "But if you like you can fight me. I am your own age, and a better match." I would have fought him then and there, with the chairs, if he had liked.

"Why should I fight you?" he inquired, in some astonishment. "You strike me as a very peaceable person indeed."

"Diavolo! do you expect me to stand quietly and hear you call my boy a scoundrel? What do you take me for, signore? Do you know that I am the last of the Conti Grandi, and as noble as any of you, and as fit to fight, though my hair is gray?"

"I knew, indeed, that one member of that illustrious family survived in Rome," he answered gravely, "but I was not aware that you were he. I am glad to make your acquaintance, and I sincerely wish that you were the father of the young man who has married my daughter. If you were, I should be ready to arrange matters." He looked at me searchingly.

"Unfortunately, I am not any relation of his," I answered. "His father and mother were peasants on my estate of Serveti, when it still was mine. They died when he was a baby, and I took care of him and educated him."

"Yes, he is well educated," reflected

the count, "for I examined him myself. Let us talk no more about fighting. You are quite sure that the marriage is legal?"

"Quite certain. You can do nothing, and any attempt would be a useless scandal. Besides, they are so happy, you do not know."

"So happy, are they? Do you think I am happy, too?"

"A man has every reason to be so, when his daughter marries an honest man. It is a piece of good luck that does not happen often."

"Probably from the scarcity of daughters who are willing to drive their fathers to distraction by their disobedience and contempt of authority," he said savagely.

"No, — from the scarcity of honest men," I said. "Nino is a very honest man. You may go from one end of Italy to the other, and not meet one like him."

"I sincerely hope so," growled Lira. "Otherwise Italy would be as wholly unredeemed and unredeemable as you pretend that some parts of it are now. But I will tell you, Conte Grandi, you cannot walk across the street, in my country, without meeting a dozen men who would tremble at the idea of such depravity as an elopement."

"Our ideas of honesty differ, sir," I replied. "When a man loves a woman, I consider it honest in him to act as though he did, and not to go and marry another for consolation, beating her with a thick stick whenever he chances to think of the first. That seems to be the northern idea of domestic felicity." Lira laughed gruffly, supposing that my picture was meant for a jest. "I am glad you are amused," I added.

"Upon my honor, sir," he replied, "you are so vastly amusing that I am half inclined to forgive my daughter's rashness, for the sake of enjoying your company. First you intrench yourself behind your furniture; then you propose to fight me; and now you give me the most original views upon love and marriage that I ever heard. Indeed, I have cause to be amused."

"I am happy to oblige you," I said tartly, for I did not like his laughter. "So long as you confine your amusement to me, I am satisfied; but pray avoid using any objectionable language about Nino."

"Then my only course is to avoid the subject?"

"Precisely," I replied with a good deal of dignity.

"In that case I will go," he said. I was immensely relieved, for his presence was most unpleasant, as you may readily guess. He got upon his feet, and I showed him to the door, with all courtesy. I expected that he would say something about the future before leaving me, but I was mistaken. He bowed in silence, and stumped down the steps with his stick.

I sank into my armchair with a great sigh of relief, for I felt that, for me at least, the worst was over. I had faced the infuriated father, and I might now face anybody with the consciousness of power. I always feel conscious of great power when the danger is past. Once more I lit my cigar, and stretched myself out to take some rest. The constant strain on the nerves was becoming very wearing, and I knew well that on the morrow I should need bleeding and mallows tea. Hardly was I settled and comfortable, when I heard that dreadful bell again.

"This is the day of the resurrection indeed," exclaimed Mariuccia frantically from the kitchen. And she hurried to the door. But I cannot describe to you the screams of joy and the strange sounds, between laughing and crying, that her leathern throat produced when she found Nino and Hedwig on the landing, waiting for admission. And when Nino explained that he had been married, and that this beautiful lady

with the bright eyes and the golden hair was his wife, the old woman fairly gave way, and sat upon a chair in an agony of amazement and admiration. But the pair came toward me, and I met them with a light heart.

"Nino," said Hedwig, "we have not been nearly grateful enough to Signor Grandi for all he has done. I have been very selfish," she said penitently, turning to me.

"Ah no, signora," I replied, — for she was married now, and no longer "signorina," — "it is never selfish of such as you to let an old man do you service. You have made me very happy." And then I embraced Nino, and Hedwig gave me her hand, which I kissed in the old fashion.

"And so this is your old home, Nino," said Hedwig presently, looking about her, and touching the things in the room, as a woman will when she makes acquaintance with a place she has often heard of. "What a dear room it is! I wish we could live here!" How very soon a woman learns that "we," that means so much! It is never forgotten, even when the love that bred it is dead and cold.

"Yes," I said, for Nino seemed so enraptured, as he watched her, that he could not speak. "And there is the old piano, with the end on the boxes, because it has no leg, as I dare say Nino has often told you."

"Nino said it was a very good piano," she rejoined.

"And indeed it is," he cried, with enthusiasm. "It is out of tune now, perhaps; but it is the source of all my fortune." He leaned over the crazy instrument and seemed to caress it.

"Poor old thing!" said Hedwig compassionately. "I am sure there is music in it still, — the sweet music of the past."

"Yes," said he, laughing, "it must be the music of the past, for it would not stand the 'music of the future,' as they call it, for five minutes. All the strings would break." Hedwig sat down on the chair that was in front of it, and her fingers went involuntarily to the keys, though she is no great musician.

"I can play a little, you know, Nino," she said shyly, and looked up to his face for a response, not venturing to strike the chords. And it would have done you good to see how brightly Nino smiled and encouraged her little offer of music, — he, the great artist, in whose life music was both sword and sceptre. But he knew that she had greatness also of a different kind, and he loved the small jewels in his crown as well as the glorious treasures of its larger wealth.

"Play to me, my love," he said, not caring now whether I heard the sweet words or not. She blushed a little, nevertheless, and glanced at me; then her fingers strayed over the keys, and drew out music that was very soft and yet very gay. Suddenly she ceased, and leaned forward on the desk of the piano, looking at him.

"Do you know, Nino, it was once my dream to be a great musician. If I had not been so rich I should have taken the profession in earnest. But now, you see it is different, is it not?"

"Yes, it is all different now," he answered, not knowing precisely what she meant, but radiantly happy, all the same.

"I mean," she said, hesitating — "I mean that now that we are to be always together, what you do I do, and what I do you do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, perfectly," replied Nino, rather puzzled, but quite satisfied.

"Ah no, dear," said she, forgetting my presence, and letting her hand steal into his as he stood, "you do not understand — quite. I mean that so long as one of us can be a great musician it is enough, and I am just as great as though I did it all myself."

Thereupon Nino forgot himself alto-

gether, and kissed her golden hair. But then he saw me looking, for it was so pretty a sight that I could not help it, and he remembered.

"Oh!" he said, in a tone of embarrassment, that I had never heard before. Then Hedwig blushed very much, too, and looked away, and Nino put himself between her and me, so that I might not see her.

"Could you play something for me to sing, Hedwig?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes! I can play 'Spirto gentil,' by heart," she cried, hailing the idea with delight.

In a moment they were both lost, and indeed so was I, in the dignity and beauty of the simple melody. As he began to sing, Nino bent down to her, and almost whispered the first words into her ear. But soon he stood erect, and let the music flow from his lips, just as God made it. His voice was tired with the long watching and the dust and cold and heat of the journey; but, as De Pretis said when he began, he has an iron throat, and the weariness only made the tones soft and tender and thrilling, that would perhaps have been too strong for my little room.

Suddenly he stopped short in the middle of a note, and gazed open-mouthed at the door. And I looked, too, and was horrified; and Hedwig, looking also, screamed and sprang back to the window, overturning the chair she had sat on.

In the doorway stood Ahasuerus Benoni, the Jew.

Mariuccia had imprudently forgotten to shut the door when Hedwig and Nino came, and the baron had walked in unannounced. You may imagine the fright I was in. But, after all, it was natural enough that, after what had occurred, he as well as the count should seek an interview with me, to obtain what information I was willing to give.

There he stood in his gay clothes, tall and thin and smiling as of yore.

XXIV.

Nino is a man for great emergencies, as I have had occasion to say, and when he realized who the unwelcome visitor was, he acted as promptly as usual. With a face like marble he walked straight across the room to Benoni and faced him.

"Baron Benoni," he said in a low voice, "I warn you that you are most unwelcome here. If you attempt to say any word to my wife, or to force an entrance, I will make short work of you." Benoni eyed him with a sort of pitying curiosity as he made this speech.

"Do not fear, Signor Cardegna. I came to see Signor Grandi, and to ascertain from him precisely what you have volunteered to tell me. You cannot suppose that I have any object in interrupting the leisure of a great artist, or the privacy of his very felicitous domestic relations. I have not a great deal to say. That is, I have always a great deal to say about everything, but I shall at present confine myself to a very little."

"You will be wise," said Nino scornfully, "and you would be wiser if you confined yourself to nothing at all."

"Patience, Signor Cardegna," protested Benoni. "You will readily conceive that I am a little out of breath with the stairs, for I am a very old man."

"In that case," I said, from the other side of the room, "I may as well occupy your breathing time by telling you that any remarks you are likely to make to me have been forestalled by the Graf von Lira, who has been with me this morning." Benoni smiled, but both Hedwig and Nino looked at me in surprise.

"I only wished to say," returned Benoni, "that I consider you in the light of an interesting phenomenon. Nay, Signor Cardegna, do not look so fierce. I am an old man"—

"An old devil!" said Nino, hotly.

"An old fool!" said I.

"An old reprobate!" said Hedwig, from her corner, in deepest indignation.

"Precisely," returned Benoni, smilingly. "Many people have been good enough to tell me so before. Thanks, kind friends; I believe you with all my heart. Meanwhile, man, devil, fool, or reprobate, I am very old. I am about to leave Rome for St. Petersburg, and I will take this last opportunity of informing you that in a very singularly long life I have met with only two or three such remarkable instances as this of yours."

"Say what you wish to say, and go," said Nino roughly.

"Certainly. And whenever I have met with such an instance I have done my very utmost to reduce it to the common level, and to prove to myself that no such thing really exists. I find it a dangerous thing, however; for an old man in love is likely to exhibit precisely the agreeable and striking peculiarities you have so aptly designated." There was something so odd about his manner and about the things he said that Nino was silent, and allowed him to proceed.

"The fact is," he continued, "that love is a very rare thing, nowadays, and is so very generally an abominable sham that I have often amused myself by diabolically devising plans for its destruction. On this occasion I very nearly came to grief myself. The same thing happened to me some time ago, — about forty years, I should say, — and I perceive that it has not been forgotten. It may amuse you to look at this paper, which I chance to have with me. Good-morning. I leave for St. Petersburg at once."

"I believe you are really the Wandering Jew!" cried Nino, as Benoni left the room.

"His name was certainly Ahasuerus," Benoni replied from the outer door. "But it may be a coincidence, after all. Good-by." He was gone.

I was the first to take up the paper he had thrown upon a chair. There was a passage marked with a red pencil. I read it aloud: —

". . . Baron Benoni, the wealthy banker of St. Petersburg, who was many years ago an inmate of a private lunatic asylum in Paris, is reported to be dangerously insane in Rome." That was all. The paper was the Paris Figaro.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Hedwig, "and I was shut up with that madman in Fillettino!" Nino was already by her side, and in his strong arms she forgot Benoni, and Fillettino, and all her troubles. We were all silent for some time. At last Nino spoke.

"Is it true that the count was here this morning?" he asked, in a subdued voice, for the extraordinary visit and its sequel had made him grave.

"Quite true," I said. "He was here a long time. I would not spoil your pleasure by telling you of it, when you first came."

"What did he — what did my father say?" asked Hedwig presently.

"My dear children," I answered, thinking I might well call them so, "he said a great many unpleasant things, so that I offered to fight him if he said any more." At this they both laid hold of me and began to caress me; and one smoothed my hair, and the other embraced me, so that I was half smothered.

"Dear Signor Grandi," cried Hedwig, anxiously, "how good and brave you are!" She does not know what a coward I am, you see, and I hope she will never find out, for nothing was ever said to me that gave me half so much pleasure as to be called brave by her, the dear child; and if she never finds out, she may say it again, some day. Besides, I really did offer to fight Lira, as I have told you.

"And what is he going to do?" asked Nino, in some anxiety.

"I do not know. I told him it was all legal, and that he could not touch you at all. I also said you were staying at the Hotel Costanzi, where he might find you, if he wished."

"Oh! Did you tell him that?" asked Hedwig.

"It was quite right," said Nino. "He ought to know, of course. And what else did you tell him?"

"Nothing especial, Nino mio. He went away in a sort of ill temper because I would not let him abuse you as much as he pleased."

"He may abuse me and be welcome," said Nino. "He has some right to be angry with me. But he will think differently some day." So we chatted away for an hour, enjoying the rest and the peace and the sweet sunshine of the Easter afternoon. But this was the day of interruptions. There was one more visitor to come, — one more scene for me to tell you, and then I have done.

A carriage drove down the street and seemed to stop at the door of my house. Nino looked idly out of the window. Suddenly he started.

"Hedwig, Hedwig!" he cried, "here is your father coming back!" She would not look out, but stood back from the window, turning pale. If there were one thing she dreaded, it was a meeting with her father. All the old doubt as to whether she had done right seemed to come back to her face in a moment. But Nino turned and looked at her, and his face was so triumphant that she got back her courage, and clasping his hand bravely awaited what was to come.

I myself went to the door, and heard Lira's slow tread on the stairs. Before long he appeared, and glanced up at me from the steps, which he climbed, one at a time, with his stick.

"Is my daughter here?" he asked as soon as he reached me; and his voice sounded subdued, just as Nino's did when Benoni had gone. I conducted him into the room. It was the strangest meeting. The proud old man bowed stiffly to Hedwig, as though he had never before seen her. Nino and Hedwig also bent their heads, and there was a silence as of death in the sunny room.

"My daughter," said Von Lira at last, and with evident effort, "I wish to have a word with you. These two gentlemen — the younger of whom is now, as I understand it, your husband — may well hear what I wish to say."

I moved a chair so that he might sit down, but he stood up to his full height, as though not deigning to be older than the rest. I watched Hedwig, and saw how with both hands she clung to Nino's arm, and her lip trembled, and her face wore the look it had when I saw her in Fillettino.

As for Nino, his stern, square jaw was set, and his brows bent, but he showed no emotion, unless the darkness in his face and the heavy shadows beneath his eyes foretold ready anger.

"I am no trained reasoner, like Signor Grandi," said Lira, looking straight at Hedwig, "but I can say plainly what I mean, for all that. There was a good old law in Sparta, whereby disobedient children were put to death without mercy. Sparta was a good country, — very like Prussia, but less great. You know what I mean. You have cruelly disobeyed me, — cruelly, I say, because you have shown me that all my pains and kindness and discipline have been in vain. There is nothing so sorrowful for a good parent as to discover that he has made a mistake."

(The canting old proser, I thought, will he never finish!)

"The mistake I refer to is not in the way I have dealt with you," he went on, "for on that score I have nothing to reproach myself. But I was mistaken in supposing you loved me. You have despised all I have done for you."

"Oh, father! How can you say that?" cried poor Hedwig, clinging closer to Nino.

"At all events, you have acted as though you did. On the very day when I promised you to take signal action upon Baron Benoni, you left me by stealth, saying in your miserable letter that you had gone to a man who could both love and protect you."

"You did neither the one nor the other, sir," said Nino boldly, "when you required of your daughter to marry such a man as Benoni."

"I have just seen Benoni; I saw him also on the night you left me, madam," — he looked severely at Hedwig, — "and I am reluctantly forced to confess that he is not sane, according to the ordinary standard of the mind."

We had all known from the paper of the suspicion that rested on Benoni's sanity, yet somehow there was a little murmur in the room when the old count so clearly stated his opinion.

"That does not, however, alter the position in the least," continued Lira, "for you knew nothing of this at the time I desired you to marry him, and I should have found it out soon enough to prevent mischief. Instead of trusting to my judgment, you took the law into your own hands, like a most unnatural daughter, as you are, and disappeared in the night with a man whom I consider totally unfit for you, however superior," he added, glancing at Nino, "he may have proved himself in his own rank of life."

Nino could not hold his tongue any longer. It seemed absurd that there should be a battle of words when all the realities of the affair were accomplished facts; but for his life he could not help speaking.

"Sir," he said, addressing Lira, "I rejoice that this opportunity is given me of once more speaking clearly to you. Months ago, when I was betrayed into a piece of rash violence, for which I at once apologized to you, I told you under somewhat peculiar circumstances that I would yet marry your daughter, if she would have me. I stand here to-day with her by my side, my wedded wife, to tell you that I have kept my word, and that she is mine by her own free consent. Have you any cause to show why she is not my wedded wife? If so, show it. But I will not allow you to stand there and say bitter and undeserved things to this same wife of mine, abusing the name of father and the terms 'authority' and 'love,' forsooth! And if you wish to take vengeance on me personally, do so if you can. I will not fight duels with you now, as I was ready to do the day before yesterday. For then — so short a time ago — I had but offered her my life, and so that I gave it for her I cared not how nor when. But now she has taken me for hers, and I have no more right to let you kill me than I have to kill myself, seeing that she and I are one. Therefore, good sir, if you have words of conciliation to speak, speak them; but if you would only tell her harsh and cruel things, I say you shall not!"

As Nino uttered these hot words in good, plain Italian, they had a bold and honest sound of strength that was glorious to hear. A weaker man than the old count would have fallen into a fury of rage, and perhaps would have done some foolish violence. But he stood silent, eying his antagonist coolly, and when the words were spoken he answered.

"Signor Cardegna," he said, "the fact that I am here ought to be to you the fullest demonstration that I acknowledge your marriage with my daughter. I have certainly no intention of prolonging a painful interview. When I have said that my child has disobeyed me, I have said all that the question holds. As for the future of you two, I have naturally nothing more to say about it. I cannot love a disobedient child, nor

ever shall again. For the present, we will part; and if at the end of a year my daughter is happy with you, and desires to see me, I shall make no objection to such a meeting. I need not say that if she is unhappy with you, my house will always be open to her if she chooses to return to it."

"No, sir, most emphatically you need not say it!" cried Nino, with blazing eyes. Lira took no notice of him, but turned to go.

Hedwig would try once more to soften him, though she knew it was useless.

"Father," she said, in tones of passionate entreaty, "will you not say you wish me well? Will you not forgive me?" She sprang to him, and would have held him back.

"I wish you no ill," he answered, shortly, pushing her aside, and he marched to the door, where he paused, bowed as stiffly as ever, and disappeared.

It was very rude of us, perhaps, but no one accompanied him to the stairs. As for me, I would not have believed it possible that any human being could be so hard and relentlessly virtuous; and if I had wondered at first that Hedwig should have so easily made up her mind to flight, I was no longer surprised when I saw with my own eyes how he could treat her.

I cannot, indeed, conceive how she could have borne it so long, for the whole character of the man came out, hard, cold, and narrow, — such a character as must be more hideous than any description can paint it, when seen in the closeness of daily conversation. But when he was gone the sun appeared to shine again, as he had shone all day, though it had sometimes seemed so dark. The storms were in that little room.

As Lira went out, Nino, who had followed Hedwig closely, caught her in his arms, and once more her face rested on his broad breast. I sat down and pretended to be busy with a pile of old papers that lay near by on the table, but I could hear what they said. The dear children, they forgot all about me.

"I am so sorry, dear one," said Nino, soothingly.

"I know you are, Nino. But it cannot be helped."

"But are you sorry, too, Hedwig?" he asked, stroking her hair.

"That my father is angry? Yes. I wish he were not," said she, looking wistfully toward the door.

"No, not that," said Nino. "Sorry that you left him, I mean."

"Ah, no, I am not sorry for that. Oh, Nino, dear Nino, your love is best." And again she hid her face.

"We will go away at once, darling," he said, after a minute, during which I did not see what was going on. "Would you like to go away?"

Hedwig moved her head to say "Yes."

"We will go, then, sweetheart. Where shall it be?" asked Nino, trying to distract her thoughts from what had just occurred. "London? Paris? Vienna? I can sing anywhere now, but you must always choose, love."

"Anywhere, anywhere; only always with you, Nino, till we die together."

"Always, till we die, my beloved," he repeated. The small white hands stole up and clasped about his broad throat, tenderly drawing his face to hers, and hers to his. And it will be "always," till they die together, I think.

This is the story of that Roman singer whose great genius is making such a stir in the world. I have told it to you, because he is my own dear boy, as I have often said in these pages; and because people must not think that he did wrong to carry Hedwig von Lira away from her father, nor that Hedwig was so very unfilial and heartless. I know that they were both right, and the day will come when old Lira will acknowledge it. He is a hard old man, but he must have some affection for her; and if not, he will

surely have the vanity to own so famous an artist as Nino for his son-in-law.

I do not know how it was managed, for Hedwig was certainly a heretic when she left her father, though she was an angel, as Nino said. But before they left Rome for Vienna there was a little wedding, early in the morning, in our parish church, for I was there; and De Pretis, who was really responsible for the whole thing, got some of his best singers from St. Peter and St. John on the Lateran to come and sing a mass over the two. I think that our good Mother Church found room for the dear child very quickly, and that is how it happened.

They are happy and glad together, those two hearts that never knew love save for each other, and they will be happy always. For it was nothing but love with them from the very first, and so it must be to the very last. Perhaps you will say that there is nothing in this story, either, but love. And if so, it is well; for where there is naught else there can surely be no sinning, or wrongdoing, or weakness, or meanness; nor yet anything that is not quite pure and undefiled.

Just as I finish this writing, there comes a letter from Nino to say that he has taken steps about buying Serveti, and that I must go there in the spring with Mariuccia and make it ready for him. Dear Serveti, of course I will go.

F. Marion Crawford.

PARIS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

The opera in Paris is in its decline. The once famous Italiens, where Tamburini, Rubini, Mario, Pasta, Grisi, and so many other voices of enchantment gave life to the compositions of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, was burned to the ground ten years ago, and the tradition of its composers, singers, and audience has perished with it. At the Grand Opéra, that funeral monument of the brilliant, music-fancying Second Empire, neither the best artists nor the great works of the present day are to be heard; the orchestra and chorus are less than second rate; even the scenery is shabby. The Opéra Comique has an able manager, a good company, an excellent chorus, and a small but admirable orchestra; there new operas are brought out, old ones are revived, and the gems of the national school are given regularly. Two or three times a week, Auber, Boïeldieu, Méhul, Grétry, and other French composers are to be heard. But the Opéra Comique is limited by its very calling to operas of the lighter sort, and it has no first-rate singers of either sex. The tenors and baritones are unequal to giving even a work like Carmen its due effect. The *prime donne* last winter were Mademoiselle Van Zandt and Mademoiselle Nevada, young girls with charming voices and more or less talent; not artists in any sense of the term, although with study and experience they might become so. They are treated as stars, too; the curiosity felt by idlers of pleasure and seekers for novelty about a new vocalist and a new, or newly revived, opera being turned to account by the manager to draw large houses on the nights when she sings, while the threadbare stock voices are left for Les Diamans de la Couronne, Le Pré aux Clercs, and other native productions, to which the middle-class Parisian public is fondly constant. Whether at the Grand Opéra or the Comique, anybody who remembers what they both were fifteen years ago will be struck

with the present dearth of fine singers and actors, of talent and training, on the French lyric stage.

To compensate for this grievous loss, a system of concerts has gradually come into existence, which, by their excellence and steadily increasing popularity, are working a revolution in musical taste. They cannot take the place of the opera as a resort for amusement, or as a form of social intercourse, but they open a far wider field of enjoyment, and one more fruitful of true delight, to the serious amateur. The mundane element is entirely absent; there is nothing in those silent assemblages of men and women in street clothes, packed into a dirty, stuffy theatre of a winter afternoon, to recall or replace the aspect of the auditorium of the Italiens or Grand Opéra in former days. The boxes, occupied by languid ladies in full dress, with bouquets, fans, and opera-glasses, and gentlemen in evening toilet, with a cape-jasmine at the button-hole; the visits from box to box; the general conversation between the acts; the subdued chit-chat during the music, except when a favorite singer or famous air held the lively tongues in suspense; the notorious interest of some well-known spectator — sometimes a great personage, sometimes a fair lady — in certain persons on the boards, which lent excitement to their exits and entrances; the presence of the court; the arrivals and departures of birds of fashion, alighting between a dinner party and a ball to hear those other birds warble a *cavatina* or a *finale;* the curiosity and partisanship at the first performance of a new work, or the appearance of a new artist; the indefinable emotions which a combination of lyric and dramatic art only can produce; above all, the sense that the hearers belonged to the same world, that the opera house was in fact a vast drawing-room, creating a tacit accord and understanding throughout the audience, — these things are wanting at the weekly concerts of to-day. I will try and describe what there is to be had instead.

The concert is nearly as old a form of musical entertainment in Paris as the opera, and the two have grown up there side by side. The progress of their development belongs to the history of music, and would be out of place in an article which deals exclusively with the concert societies of the present period. The first of these organizations, both as regards age and excellence, is the Société des Concerts, which gives the concerts commonly known as those of the Conservatoire. It has been in existence for upwards of fifty years, and reckons among its members, living and dead, many celebrated musicians. It rose from the grave of the sacred concerts, which were created in the reign of Louis XVI., and expired under the Restoration, — a resurrection which took place on St. Cecilia's day, November, 1826, under interesting circumstances. Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, or government school of music and declamation, asked his friends to breakfast with him on the festival of the patron saint of harmony, and to bring their instruments. He set them down first to play Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. Hours went by, and everybody forgot about breakfast until late in the short autumn afternoon, when Madame Habeneck entered, and adjured them, in the name of Beethoven, to come to *dinner*. This meeting gave rise to others, for the sake of practicing; but there was no regular place of assemblage until Habeneck persuaded Cherubini, the composer, then director of the Conservatoire, to obtain leave from the ministry for a few concerts to be given in the music hall of the Conservatoire. The leader and his associates agreed to supply from their scanty purses the means of advertising, heating, and lighting the hall. M. de la Rochefoucauld, the proper authority, not only gave the desired permission, but passed a decree

that the graduates of the Conservatoire should give six concerts annually, and appropriated two thousand francs from the budget to defray the original outlay. The first concert was given on the 9th of March, 1828. The programme consisted of the Heroic Symphony; a duet for soprano and contralto from Rossini's opera of Sémiramide; a solo for the cornet-à-piston, then a new instrument, composed and executed by Meifred; an air for soprano, by Rossini; a concerto for the violin, by Rode, a prolific composer; a chorus from the opera of Blanche de Provence, by Cherubini; the overture to his opera of the Abencerrages; and the Kyrie and Gloria from his Coronation Mass. The auditorium was crowded, and so it has been from that day forth at every concert of the society.

If Cherubini had more than his share of the first programme, the second was composed entirely of Beethoven's music, the concert being to his memory; the fourth was dedicated to Mozart, and the first of the second season to Haydn. A review of the programmes of those earliest years of the society's existence, as well as of its concerts last winter, shows extraordinary impartiality within certain limits. Beethoven always has the first place, other classical composers receive the second honors; modern standard musicians are more sparingly admitted, and I believe that it is a fixed practice, if not rule, of the society to perform no work which has not received the stamp of public approbation. The decision as to the acceptance of a new composition rests with a jury of twelve, chosen by lot from and by the members of the society, who have already heard it in private. There are a good many formalities prescribed by the regulations of the association, but the main difficulty lies in obtaining a first hearing. The society, to which none but a French citizen and a pupil of the Conservatoire can belong, is no doubt the highest tribunal of musical criticism extant; and it is due to its severe requirements that its concerts have been maintained at the height of perfection for which they have long been proverbial.

This wholesome conservatism, however, bore hard upon youthful composers. A young man, who had suffered from it himself, and been forced into other occupations for want of an opening in the direction of his tastes and desires, on finding himself, later, in a position to follow his natural bent, devoted the remainder of his life to founding an association for giving concerts at which the music of unknown authors should be performed as well as that of acknowledged masters. This was M. Jules Pasdeloup, the father of the select popular concert. The orchestra which seconded him in his courageous and generous enterprise was formed by him of undergraduates of the Conservatoire, but not to the exclusion of others. The programmes at first consisted chiefly of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn; Weber and Mendelssohn were heard oftener than at the Conservatoire, and the names of rising young composers, like Gounod, Lefébure-Wély (so well known to American young ladies a quarter of a century ago by his Cloches du Monastère, and long organist at the church of the Madeleine in Paris), and St. Saëns, found a place beside those of the great dead. M. Pasdeloup's energy and enthusiasm stimulated him to the most ambitious undertakings: he introduced Mozart's Escape from the Seraglio to the Parisians, and, also, if I am not mistaken, Meyerbeer's Struensee, besides many of Schumann's compositions. His concerts met with instantaneous favor, and the halls where they were given were crowded by eager listeners, but for ten years after their foundation they did little more than pay their expenses. At length M. Pasdeloup, moved by the twofold and almost incompatible desire to bring the best music within the reach of poorer

hearers and to increase the receipts of his faithful orchestra and chorus, took the bold step of hiring an immense building with five thousand seats, and putting down the prices to the lowest possible rates : the charge for the best places was about a dollar and a quarter ; the next, which are really full as good, rather less than a dollar ; and so on through several grades to the third gallery at twenty cents ! Here weekly, during six months, the masterpieces of the old and new schools of music have been given for the last twenty years ; the disinterested man who directs the concerts finding his reward in sharing his pleasure with thousands of listeners, in educating and raising the taste of his countrymen, and in directing their attention and applause to the achievements of foreign genius. M. Pasdeloup is a composer himself, and he has sacrificed his personal aspirations to this higher purpose. It has given him some fame, but as to fortune, the concerts are not absolutely self-supporting. The French government, always liberal to deserving efforts for the improvement and pleasure of the public, allows twenty thousand francs a year to keep up the Concerts Populaires, as they are called, and to supplement the small gains of the musicians who take part in them.

The success of M. Pasdeloup's enterprise does not stop with his own concerts. Within the last decade two brilliant musical associations have sprung up in emulation of his : the Association Artistique at the Théâtre du Châtelet, directed by M. Colonne, and the Société des Nouveaux Concerts at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau, by M. Lamoureux, formerly leader of the Grand Opéra. At both these places there are weekly concerts from the middle of the autumn until Easter ; so that for nearly half the year ten or twelve thousand people, of all classes of society, can forget the cares of common life for one afternoon in the seven, to be transported into the higher regions of thought, feeling, and enjoyment. This is a priceless gift to have bestowed upon one's fellow-citizens.

There is a marked difference between these various performances, not in quality alone, but in character, those at the Conservatoire holding the first rank. It is difficult to obtain tickets for them, there being but nine hundred seats, every one of which belongs to members or to regular subscribers. The same people retain them for a lifetime, and at their death the privilege passes to their heirs. The same faces may be seen in the same places year after year, until the eager young listeners have become attentive aged ones ; enjoying the music less, understanding it better ; taking it patiently for rest and recreation, perhaps for oblivion, instead of passionately forcing it into relation with their own personal hopes, fears, hate, love, or anguish. When the old, regular occupant of a seat disappears, and a new one sits in his stead, he is generally a son, nephew, or grandson of the former possessor. The owners of seats cannot always attend the performances, and then they offer their tickets to friends, or send them to the office of the society, for the benefit of melomaniacs who are willing to take the various steps necessary for securing them. These consist in sending your name to the secretary of the society on the Thursday before the concert which you wish to attend, — Sunday being the day of the performance, — and in going to the office on Saturday, when you take your place in a file and wait until your name is called, which is done in the order of your application, when you receive one of the returned tickets, if any remain. If there have been too many before you there is still the chance of going on Sunday at the hour of the concert, tickets often being sent in at the last moment; then, by scuffling with others in like plight with yourself, you may obtain a first-class seat for twelve francs, or an inferior

one for eight, — there is nothing to be had, I believe, at less than five. The great objection to waiting until Sunday is that all the public concerts are given on the same day at the same hour, and at points very remote from each other; so that if you fail of getting in at the Conservatoire you must miss the first piece on the programme anywhere else and run the risk of losing the concert altogether. After the music begins there is seldom room left except for standing.

There are few good places at the Conservatoire: one does not hear very well in the boxes; in the parquet, all the seats not too near the orchestra are good; but the centre of the hall is chilly at the opening of the concert and stifling at the end, while in the amphitheatre, which is under the skylight close to the roof, and opposite the chandelier, the temperature must be upwards of ninety degrees Fahrenheit from the first, and the seats have no back. Yet in listening to the concert every discomfort is forgotten. It is nearly impossible to describe playing the characteristic of which is its perfection. The sovereign charm of the orchestra of the Conservatoire is its finish, and this is produced by a combination of all the qualities which give us pleasure in music, each in a high degree, none falling short of the rest. First comes the primary one of strict precision in time and tune and observance of rhythm and accent; then follow sonority, brilliancy, delicacy, fineness of modulation, power, perception, expression, — above all, the unanimity which in certain passages sounds like the even respiration of one great being, the breathing of some gigantic incorporation of harmony, in a happy dream. Again and again I have roused myself from the unreflecting enjoyment of merely *hearing* the music, in order to *listen* for flaws in the execution, but I never detected a single want or weak point. I am unable to explain the superiority of Richter's Viennese orchestra, which lifts one higher in the spheres of pure, lyrical pleasure, and brings one into the actual embrace of music as an ambient element, like air or water; I can only say that it is more glorious than the Conservatoire, — that it has more inspiration.

The vocal portions of the concerts of the Conservatoire are not up to the instrumental. The solo singers do not always meet the highest standard; the chorus is not in as perfect drill as the orchestra, and there are sometimes uncertainty and feebleness in the opening bars. They give the music with great expression and effect, however, and the collective result of each individual's being a trained singer cannot be imagined by people who have heard only choruses composed of men and women singing by ear for the most part, or with a knowledge of music, but not of vocalization.

The auditorium of the Conservatoire is unlike that of any other place of musical entertainment in Paris. There is something official and respectable about its dingy, old-fashioned decorations, its Pompeian red walls inscribed with famous names, the aspect and demeanor of the audience. The last is unique. There are a few women of fashion in the boxes, but the majority of the hearers are men, — men not of elegance, but of distinction. As a rule they are decorated; the little red ribbon is to be seen on the lapel of almost every coat. They are the leaders of the press and of the literary and artist world, musicians, politicians, physicians, but, except the last, not men of science. It would be easier to count the unknown than the well-known hearers. Their heads and faces are marked by talent. There is great diversity among them: from specimens of the *Gallia comata* tribe, which still affects shagginess, to close-trimmed, smooth-chinned members of the ministry, or men of letters, who in the fullness of years and honors have put away childish things in the form

of long beards and frowzy hair. They are an audience of connoisseurs: faint, scarcely audible murmurs, a slight catching of the breath, and other sounds of disapprobation, more felt than heard, instantly follow a false note or faltering bar; their applause is moderate, but prompt and exquisitely discriminating; they seldom ask for the repetition of a piece of music, and when they do they obtain it more by persistency than by vehemence in clapping and crying "Bis." The unwritten criticism of these concerts is no unimportant part of the training at the Conservatoire.

Next in order of excellence comes the Société des Nouveaux Concerts, founded and directed by M. Lamoureux, which gives its concerts at the theatre of the Château d'Eau, named from a large fountain falling over steps, — a style of ornamental water-works called *château d'eau* by the French. The theatre has two thousand seats, and although these concerts are but in their third year now (1883–84), there is not room enough for those who wish to attend them. The difficulty has been met by giving two series, of ten each, A and B, or *Pairs and Impairs* (odd and even), numbered one, three, five, etc., and two, four, six, etc., with the same programme twice in succession; A No. 1 being the same as B 2, A 3 as B 4, and so on. It is supposed that the same people will not subscribe to both series. The repetition of the programme was common to all the concert societies a year ago, and the great success of certain compositions occasionally induced the leader to give them three weeks running; but M. Lamoureux announced at the opening of the present season that no programme would be repeated more than once.

The same qualities which distinguish the concerts of the Conservatoire are to be found in a less degree in those of the Nouveaux Concerts. The simultaneousness with which the violinists draw the bow is beautiful to see; it looks as if all the instruments moved together by machinery. The result is a smoothness hardly surpassed at the Conservatoire itself: the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* passages, how rapid so ever the *tempo*, swell and sink with an imperceptible gradation, like the rising and falling of the wind; in the majestic ebb and flow of Beethoven's symphonies the effect resembles the sublime harmonies of Nature obeying her eternal laws. The delicacy of the players is not less marvelous; under their bows the violin passages at the opening of the overture and finale to the Midsummer Night's Dream sound like the singing of midges, so fine and thin and clear, and the flutes in the scherzo seem sustained by one long breath throughout the entire movement. The flute-playing in this orchestra is so exquisite that it accounts for the favor which that now neglected instrument once enjoyed.

Richter of Vienna, M. Deldevez of the Conservatoire at Paris, and M. Lamoureux belong to the same school of conductors. It is most interesting to watch their mode of leading. They seem to do scarcely more than beat time quietly; a slight inclination of the bow, now in one direction, now in another, the raising of a forefinger for a second, are their only gestures. They stand at the desk as tranquil and impassive as diplomatists, yet every musician on the platform is completely under their influence. M. Lamoureux exceeds every one in Paris in his ascendency over his orchestra; it is so absolute that it gives the spectator a sense of despotism in the man, that supreme autocracy which controls the very personality of others. He never appears to look after his musicians; they look after him. I became convinced, by long observation and comparison, that the mode of playing of an orchestra expresses the temperament of the leader. Its physiognomy is another curious peculiarity. Every player has his own individual expression of

face, and it is amusing to mark the intentness, fervor, security, carelessness, or indifference with which each performs his part; the anxious glances which some constantly dart at the leader, while others seldom or never turn their eyes towards him. But besides this, they have a collective countenance, the concrete of their predominating state of mind. At the Conservatoire it is that of a body of men who know their work so well that they do it serenely, without reference to any one else, although there is a perfect mutual understanding between them and their leader; their gaze is fixed on their music, while he on his side rarely looks away from his score. Lamoureux's orchestra has less tranquillity; they work steadily, but anxiously, under the eye of their master. The contrast of M. Colonne's with both the preceding is very striking: eyes, heads, chins, are incessantly turning towards the leader; there is an active communication between him and his players, as rapid and spasmodic as the working of an electric telegraph. M. Colonne always reminded me of a charioteer, whip aloft in one hand, with the other checking and guiding a hundred horses, in full career and on the point of breaking loose. He has a wonderful way of holding them in, urging them on, soothing and stimulating them by motions of his head, hand, or foot, by the sound of his voice and the mobility of his features. He leads with every nerve and muscle, and he seems to throw himself into every one of his players. I have seen him rousing his chorus by singing with them, while conducting them and the orchestra through one of Berlioz's intricate counter-movements.

The concerts of the Société Artistique, directed by M. Edouard Colonne at the Théâtre du Châtelet, rank third. They are inferior to M. Lamoureux's in many respects: the orchestra does not always play in exact time, some of the instruments are occasionally out of tune, the brass cannot be counted upon at critical moments, there is a little irregularity and roughness in the general effect. Having admitted these shortcomings, I hasten to add that nowhere in Paris, the Conservatoire not excepted, can such performances be heard as at the Châtelet. M. Colonne possesses in the highest degree the gift which the French call *le diable au corps*, that union of fire and energy which dashes at difficulties, carrying everything before it, and this he infuses into his musicians. Their mode of playing is more spirited than that of any other orchestra in Paris; they have an impetuosity which is allied to the genius of certain great works. The way in which they give the Rakoczy March, from the Damnation de Faust, illustrates the term of *furia francese*, which the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave to the onslaught of the French troops in the days of their great captains. The squadrons of Magyars charge by with irresistible rush, their barbaric strains mingling with the echoes of clashing arms and wild cries. I received the most tremendous musical impression of my life at M. Colonne's first Wagner memorial concert, given on the 25th of February, 1883. The selections began with the overture to the Tannhaüser, followed by the prelude to the third act, and Wolfram's recitative as the pilgrim train advances through the valley on the way back from Rome, singing its sweet and solemn chorus. The fervent, heart-broken prayer of Elisabeth came in order, and the tender apostrophe to the evening star by her faithful, hopeless lover, closing with the minstrels' festal march and chorus. The constant progression through so many different emotions of an intense and absorbing nature, the increasing sonorousness and scope of the harmony, gradually released the musical sensibilities from the trammels of personality and the musical intelligence from the limits of attention,

until the being was merged in tides of sound which seemed to beat against the bounds of space. The sense of might in the music was overwhelming. The excitement was indescribable, and pervaded the atmosphere; leader, orchestra, audience acting and reacting upon each other with an electrical interchange of feeling. The impression cannot be conveyed in words, which sound exaggerated while falling infinitely short of the truth. As the climax slowly subsided, old Joseph Dessauer's criticism on Wagner in Vienna ten years before came back to me: "He is a cataclysm." In fact, the music had swallowed us alive, like a gulf. The excitable audience was wrought into a frenzy, in which other passions than melomania had a share. There was in some hearers real antipathy to the composer, in others animosity to him as a German, and these prejudices struggled fiercely against the dominating power of the music and the rapturous enthusiasm of the majority. The grandeur of the Tannhaüser, the charm of the spinning chorus from the Flying Dutchman, the gravity and interest of the prelude to Parsifal, kept the dissidents in check until the wild gallop of the Valkyrie began. The stern daughters of Odin rode on the whirlwind above the din of the battle-field, sweeping mortals with them on their breathless course; and then the storm burst in hisses, hooting, stamping, shrill whistles, calls, cries, and counter-cries: "That's not music!" "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" "If the Germans want to hear it, let them go hear it at home!" "Bis! bis!" (Again, again.) "You sha'n't have it!" "Superb! Magnificent!" "Stop it!" "Turn out the blackbirds!" (the men with the whistles.) "Down with the circus-riders!" This last bit of wit at the expense of the Valkyrie raised a laugh which almost turned the scale; but the applause was redoubled to counterbalance the joke, and in the end, after a tumult which was nearly a riot, the ayes had it. The Chevauchée was repeated amid deafening shouts, and again the terrible riders thundered through the air, while the battle raged below. When it was over, and M. Colonne came forward in response to the acclamations of the panting orchestra and breathless audience, every hair of his well-brushed brown curls stood on end.

Whatever these men play has the same *brio;* no Parisian orchestra approaches them in rendering Wagner, Berlioz, and contemporary composers of their school. Although power and passion are their characteristics, it must not be supposed that they are lacking in sweetness and tenderness. They struck me as excelling in the latter, especially in accompanying the voice, whether in solo or chorus; the softest human notes are not softer than their *pianissimo* playing. But their strong point is their ability to sway an assemblage, and make it thrill and vibrate like a crowd under the influence of a strong popular sentiment; and their impulse undoubtedly comes from the stimulating quality of their leader.

Twelve years ago I went for the first time to one of the Concerts Populaires, led by M. Pasdeloup. They were then the only musical recreation of a high order in Paris, except the concerts of the Conservatoire. I remember the mixture of amusement and annoyance with which I perceived the strong stable smells (the building being the winter circus), the shabbiness of the audience, the discomfort of the seats. As soon as the music began I forgot every drawback to enjoyment. There was a symphony of Beethoven's performed by over ninety instruments; I had never heard anything like it before, and I was transported with delight. M. Pasdeloup was then valiantly combating his countrymen's prejudice against Wagner, amounting in many of them to positive hatred, and exasperated by the anti-German rage left by the recent Franco-Prussian war. The first attempt to perform

his music at the Cirque d'Hiver was met by such obstreperous opposition that it had to be given up. This was in the autumn of 1872. It was the autumn of 1882 before I attended another Concert Populaire. Beethoven's Second Symphony was given, among other things, and for the first time in Paris the prelude to the Parsifal, with the hymn of the knights of the San Graal. Every seat was occupied, and before the latter production began, the house filled until there was no standing room. The audience listened to it in perfect silence, and it was repeated without objection.

To my disappointment, I found that the orchestra was not so good as formerly, or that the other concerts of which I have spoken had raised my standard very much. The time and tune were occasionally faulty; there was an absence both of delicacy and of volume, of fine shading, and above all of unanimity, of common impulse. M. Pasdeloup did not seem to have his players thoroughly in hand; he did not hold them together, like the other leaders; he lacked vigor, and at the same time repose. I heard his orchestra several times during the season of 1882–83, and was forced regretfully to acknowledge that it is but third-rate. Yet some great American cities might be thankful if they could have such concerts every week, or even every month, for half the year. No lover of music can cease to feel the utmost gratitude to M. Pasdeloup for the noble work he has done. There is something, too, most amiable and expansive in his presence and individuality; there is a genuine, genial enjoyment of music for itself alone; when a composition is well played he looks as happy as a child. "There is not one of the leaders who loves music so heartily and with so much disinterestedness as he," said a distinguished composer to me of M. Pasdeloup. It must have been a real satisfaction, therefore, to many people that the first Concert Populaire of the present season, 1883–84, was a great improvement on those of last year. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was beautifully given, with great spirit and expression, and the accompaniment to Mozart's Piano Concerto in E flat was not less well performed. The latter is a very fine thing, one of twenty-seven similar compositions by the same master, of which but two or three are known even in Europe. M. Pasdeloup announced in his prospectus, last September, that he should give the greater number of them in the course of the winter, M. Theodore Ritter taking the piano part. This gentleman once had a great reputation as a player of Beethoven, but sank into obscurity from too great partiality to his own compositions. His touch is a trifle heavy and hammer-like on the accented notes, but otherwise his playing is the very model of classic style; it has largeness, solidity, sobriety, a crystalline, clean-fingered precision, and in the *forte* passages real majesty. The Concerto is a very fine production, with a breadth and massiveness which recall Beethoven and Gluck rather than Mozart, yet with the distinctive tenderness and grace of the last. The programme was made up by St. Saëns's Jeunesse d'Hercule, an air for violoncello and harp from Beethoven's ballet of Prometheus, and the overture to Weber's Oberon. It was a truly delightful concert.

It is usual at all these performances to have concertos and vocal and instrumental solos of a very high order. Most of the foreign musical celebrities who come to Paris in winter appear at one or more of the popular classical concerts during their stay, and there are distinguished French artists who are seldom heard elsewhere. Their names have not reached this country, yet they are greatly superior to many favorites of our public. The concert associations, true to one of the principles of their institution, also admit youthful performers

as well as composers: young men and women, destined to become famous, make their first trembling appearance at the Cirque d'Hiver, the Châtelet, and the Château d'Eau. Great good-nature is shown, by both the audience and the musicians, to beginners. They seldom need indulgence, however, for any shortcomings, except those of timidity and inexperience; they have the careful training and hard study of long years to sustain them before they venture to present themselves even to such lenient hearers. Their talent may develop, and their power and facility increase, but the technical part of their art must be mastered before they take the first step in public. For others very little allowance is made; hisses and exclamations of displeasure are heard almost simultaneously with a false note or slovenly passage. The audiences are all keenly critical; in other respects there is a marked difference between them: that of the Conservatoire is decorous and fastidious, that of the Cirque d'Hiver easy-going and plebeian; the Château d'Eau is harder to please, and rowdy, and although violent scenes are less frequent there than at the Châtelet, which is extremely Bohemian, I heard an attempt to give Berlioz's Carnival Romain an encore put down, in spite of M. Lamoureux, by hooting and braying, in imitation of the too asinine blasts of the horns. The large proportion of poor people in them all is a very interesting and touching element: hundreds of men who cannot afford to pay for a seat come in before the great work of the programme, — most often one of Beethoven's symphonies, — and stand through it, many of them through the entire performance. A very pathetic group is the common one of a shabbily dressed young couple, with a baby. The babies, as a general rule, are good; but the funniest row I witnessed at the Château d'Eau was caused by one who whimpered during the adagio of Beethoven's Third Symphony. After the poor mortified mother had withdrawn with the offending infant, — no easy matter through the closely packed crowd, — uncomplimentary remarks and epithets continued to fly about, which provoked the father to reply angrily; upon which arose cries of "Turn him out!" A grave-looking, middle-aged man suddenly said, from the other side of the theatre, "It was enough to make the child ill to bring it into such an atmosphere: that is why it cried." The sententiousness with which this opinion was delivered caused general laughter, in the midst of which somebody cried out, "Now, then, steam up!" to the orchestra, which had stopped playing, and the concert went on. But there are always many very little children present, who are evidently brought for their own enjoyment, and they do enjoy wonderfully, some sitting like statues, others nodding their heads and beating time with their tiny hands, smiling gleefully at each other.

As American concert-goers may be curious to know what sort of music draws thousands of hearers weekly, who cannot pay above a quarter of a dollar for their pleasure, I will give a few of last season's programmes, fair samples of the rest. At M. Pasdeloup's Concert Populaire on October 22, 1882, was given, Beethoven's Second Symphony; dance music by Rameau (an old-fashioned composer of Louis XV.'s time); a piano-forte Concerto by Litolff; the overture to Weber's Oberon; the prelude to Wagner's Parsifal. On February 25, 1883, selections from Velléda, a new opera by M. Charles Lenepveu, one of the "*jeunes*," as the rising composers are called; Schumann's Symphony in B flat; fragments from the opera of Dardanus, by Rameau; a piano-forte Concerto by Henselt, *opus* 16; and the Wedding March from Lohengrin. At the Château d'Eau, M. Lamoureux's orchestra gave on January 28, 1883, the Michel Angelo overture, by Niels W.

Gade; fragments from Gluck's Armida; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with chorus; an Aria by Lotti (an Italian composer of the early eighteenth century); and the overture to Oberon. On March 11, 1883, a memorial concert to Wagner, selections from the Flying Dutchman; the prelude to Parsifal; selections from the Meistersänger; selections from Lohengrin; and Liszt's Fantaisie Hongroise, played by Madame Essipoff. At the first concert of this season, November 4, 1883, the overture to Jessonda, by Spohr; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; España, a fantasy by M. Chabrier, one of the *jeunes;* Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music; Berlioz's overture to the Carnival Romain. At the Châtelet, March 4, 1883, the first part of the programme consisted of Mozart's overture to the Marriage of Figaro, and selections from Melka, an operetta or cantata by M. Charles Lefebvre, a *jeune,* — lovely music, of a pure, plaintive character, excellently written, and full of sweet, sustained melody, very different from that of the younger contemporary French composers as far as I know them; the second part was devoted to Wagner, and contained selections from Tannhaüser, the Flying Dutchman, the Walküre, Parsifal, and Lohengrin. In the course of the past season I heard M. Colonne give Berlioz's Damnation de Faust repeatedly, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, selections from L'Arlésienne by Bizet, the composer of Carmen, Berlioz's Funeral March for Hamlet, and fragments from his Romeo and Juliet. The concerts of the Châtelet opened this season with the Damnation de Faust, and the orchestra struck me as having gained in smoothness and self-possession during the holidays, without having lost a spark of their wonderful fire. I regret very much not having more of their last year's programmes, but it will be seen by the above list that the Association Artistique, while not neglecting the classic and standard composers, gives more time to modern and contemporary ones. The choice of music at the concerts of all the societies is very judicious. The admission of youthful talent and the revival of the charming and sentimental old-fashioned Italian and French masters keep the public from becoming too conservative in these matters.

It may interest some of my readers to know the statistics of one of the popular classical concert associations. M. Colonne was kind enough to give me the following facts with regard to the Association Artistique, and although each society has its particular rules and conditions they are alike in general plan.

The Concerts du Châtelet have entered upon their tenth year. When M. Colonne made the venture there was no capital to start with. Subscribers were obtained at the rate of five, four, two and a half, and two francs, and even at a franc and a half and a franc, a concert, according to the place; the weekly sale of seats at those prices had to provide the rest. The performers are members of the society; M. Colonne is the president. The proceeds of the concerts are divided among them respectively at the end of the year in ratio of their individual importance. They were obliged to divide twice during the first season, in order to keep their organization together; that year they made but ten thousand francs. The hire of the theatre and incidental expenses come to about one thousand francs a concert. The house holds two thousand people, and is almost always literally full, but there are nearly two hundred complimentary tickets. The subscribers represent about a tenth of the receipts. There is also a long list of honorary members, whose annual subscription is fixed at twenty-five francs, which admits them to the general rehearsal previous to each concert, although not to the concert itself.

Some of these members generously contribute larger sums for the encouragement of the concerts, and from these sources the receipts last year were eighteen thousand francs. The first year, as has been said, the clear gains were only ten thousand francs; last year they were sixty-nine thousand. The government has granted the association a yearly subsidy of ten thousand francs.

The orchestra consists of one hundred and four instruments, — eighteen first and sixteen second violins, fourteen violas, twelve bass, and twelve double-bass viols, thirteen wooden wind instruments and twelve brass, with half a dozen more, too diverse for classification. The chorus comprises about a hundred and fifty men and women, who are not members of the society, however. The performers are allowed to belong to other musical associations, to play elsewhere, to have other occupations, provided that these do not interfere with their presence at the concerts of the Châtelet and the three weekly rehearsals for each, which M. Colonne requires; nothing else is exacted. When the season is over they are entirely at liberty. M. Colonne himself goes to some bathing station, or as we say springs, taking part of his orchestra with him, and making it up from chance material. He and his assistants are forced to do this, or something else, to eke out their annual gains.

Besides these regular weekly orchestral performances, no month goes by in Paris, from November until May, without bearing its crop of musical entertainment in the shape of chamber concerts, piano-forte recitals, *matinées* and *soirées*, by French and foreign musicians. Each of the great piano factories has a pretty hall in its back buildings, where small audiences listen to their favorite artists. I never passed through the warerooms, on my way to the Salle Herz, Salle Pleyel, or Salle Erard, without admiring the instruments, which stand in rows, of every size and shape that pianos may be, and regretting that with us they are such hopelessly ugly pieces of furniture. The great secret of their good looks in France is their extreme simplicity. They have none of the scroll-work and jig-sawing which disfigure those in this country; they are for the most part perfectly plain, of every sort of wood, light and dark, dead, oiled and varnished; the shapes of the bodies and legs are good; in short, they are designed with so much good sense and good taste that an upright piano is positively an ornamental object, while one may have even a concert-grand without introducing a hideous monster into one's drawing-room.

It was in a brilliant assemblage at the Salle Erard that I heard M. de Beriot, the son of the great Maria Malibran and of her small husband, Charles de Beriot. The young man is a pianist and composer, and has a high standing with the *dilettanti* in Paris. Perhaps the proverb concerning gift horses seals most people's lips as to his performances, for he only *invites* his acquaintance to his concerts, which are private, and my cards of admission were sent me by a French friend. The programme was made up chiefly of M. de Beriot's productions, which are as commonplace and uninteresting as his father's. His playing is admirable as far as regards mere touch and execution, and has the agreeable and indefinable quality of taste; but it is perfectly cold, and without feeling of any sort. In the concerted pieces he was assisted by a portion of Lamoureux's orchestra, but they were so subordinated to the piano that they could not rise above its mediocrity. Madame Sophie Menter, the court pianist of Vienna, gave a series of concerts at the Salle Herz, if I remember rightly. She is a very pretty young woman, with a childlike roundness and softness of appearance, and plays with extraordinary power and execution, but in a hard and heartless manner; never-

theless, she spun Mendelssohn's Fileuse off her fingers with bewildering rapidity and deftness, and an enchanting effect of playing with the keys rather than upon them, which won an encore from the well-pleased audience. Madame Essipoff was in Paris at the same time, delighting her select world of diplomatists and women of fashion. She has a more perfect command of the piano and its resources than Madame Menter, or indeed any other woman I have ever heard; her force and fire are prodigious, especially considering her delicacy of execution; she wants tenderness and subtlety of expression, but her playing is splendid. She was sometimes assisted by a compatriot, M. Brandoukoff, on the violoncello, who supplied the expression, the depth, the soul, which she does not convey, while he made his instrument perform feats which seemed possible to the violin alone. There are elements of enthusiasm and rapture in M. Brandoukoff's playing which affect the hearer as one is seldom affected except by the voice, and more potently in that his music is without words. He impressed me as a man of real genius and as having a musical organization of the highest order.

But to enumerate the occasional concerts of this sort which are to be heard in Paris during the winter would make too long a list. The musical season closes in the spring, when the races begin, and the delightful days come, when everybody wishes to be out-of-doors. The performances at the Conservatoire, Château d'Eau, Châtelet, and Cirque d'Hiver end at Easter. Their orchestras, or portions of them, continue to be heard at the Trocadéro, where there are concerts at all times of year, with Maurin, the foremost Parisian violinist, and other celebrated names on the programmes; but notwithstanding a good selection of music and musicians, the *matinées* which I attended in that huge hall were dull and uninteresting. At the close of the regular season, however, there are apt to be a few benefits, or charity concerts, at which the great virtuosos of Europe are gathered, like the sun's rays in a burning-glass. Two of these took place late in the spring of 1883, at the Cirque d'Eté, on the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. At both I was fortunate enough to hear M. Planté, the most accomplished and finished pianist alive. This gentleman, being rich, allows himself to live as he likes, and to play when and where he likes, or not at all. His home is in the Landes, the region of great pine woods and sea-breezes, where the shepherds go about upon stilts. There he lives in retirement most of the year, making an annual visit to Paris, and occasionally traveling to other countries. In the former he usually gives one concert, seldom more, — an event to which the musical world looks forward with great eagerness and excitement. Last spring, after M. Planté was known to be in town, weeks went by; his adorers were on the tip-toe of expectation; it was bruited about that he had been playing at private houses in strict secrecy, but no concert was announced. At length, losing patience, people went to inquire at the principal music shops, where advertisements appear and tickets are sold; the answer was, M. Planté did not intend to give a concert that season. The disappointment was great, and great was the joy when an entertainment was proclaimed under the auspices of certain charitable and patronizing ladies in aid of their blind asylums, at which M. Planté would play. The programmes promised a great deal of other talent, and the first-class seats sold at twenty francs; the second, which were the dozen upper rows of benches, without backs, at ten. The circus was crowded, nevertheless; the body of the house filled with persons who meet only on rare and special occasions of this sort. There were women of high rank and piety from the seclusion of the Faubourg St.

Germain, who never deigned to appear at the courts of Louis Philippe or Napoleon the Third any more than at M. Grévy's receptions; relics and representatives of each of those dynasties; ladies who sail with the wind, and whose colors are neither Bourbon, Orleanist, nor Republican, but those of the season; and the men who are at the beck and call of the different patronesses. The very variety made the social aspect of the affair one of extreme exclusiveness, and it recalled descriptions from Feuillet's and Cherbuliez's novels. There is always some curiosity felt about the personal appearance of celebrities of any kind. M. Planté is slight, pale, and gentleman-like, looking on the whole not unlike a certain good type of American, and with nothing of the lion about him except the superfine manner in which he poised his fingers upon the keyboard. He was supported by M. Faure, the first baritone in Europe, the most perfect and delicious singer of our day. He has not been heard at the opera in Paris for some years, to which its deterioration is partly due, as the presence of so gifted and conscientious an artist must necessarily keep up the standard of an entire company. M. Faure gives as much attention to the acting as to the singing of his parts. It is said, as an instance of his painstaking, that previous to appearing in Les Huguenots he practiced playing at cup and ball for six weeks, in order never to miss the catch once, as he wished to introduce it in a scene at the court of Charles IX., the game having been in fashion at that time. He bestows the same scrupulous study upon his music, to which he adds a rich and mellow voice, a faultless method, and great general intelligence. M. Faure is a dark, handsome, thoughtful-looking man, who appears taller than he is from a Spanish gravity and dignity of bearing. The music was beautiful, but the bills of fare of benevolence are always too full. Besides Planté and Faure there was Carlotta Patti, who sang with a science and style to throw her more famous little sister into the shade; and there was the fiery M. Colonne, with a portion of his orchestra, and M. Delsart, a distinguished violoncellist. Actors and actresses from the Théâtre Français were advertised, but they were unexpectedly prevented from coming, and were replaced by others of less renown, who recited humorous and sentimental poems. There was too much of it, but the audience agreed that it was a great success, and the lady managers were complimented and congratulated with much effusion by their acquaintance.

The second and last appearance of M. Planté was on June 1, again at the Cirque d'Eté, at the Festival Pasdeloup. The founder of the Concerts Populaires was present with the flower of his orchestra, M. Faure, Madame Gerster, and other musicians of note. The programme was as follows: Overture to Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn; Arioso from Hérodiade, Massenet, sung by Faure; Romance from Mozart's 8th Concerto and an andante and polonaise of Chopin's, played by Planté; "Ah non giunge" from La Somnambula, by Madame Gerster; Air from Beethoven's ballet of Prometheus, with harp and violoncello solos by MM. Hasselmans and Vandergucht; Romance from Un Ballo in Maschera, by Faure; Andante and Scherzo, Weber, Gavotte from Iphigenia, Gluck, Romance, Schumann, Danse Hongroise, Brahms, by M. Planté; Theme and variations, Mozart, by M. Grisez, an eminent clarionet player, and all the stringed instruments; "Je crois," a composition of M. Faure's, sung by himself, and Gounod's Au Printemps, also sung by him, and accompanied by Planté and the orchestra; Chopin's Etude in A flat, a melody by Rubinstein, a waltz by Raff, and tarantelle by Gottschalk, forming one clause, played by Planté; Arditi's Fior di Margherita,

by Madame Gerster; and the overture to Oberon.

It was a real festival. It was one of those chosen hours when a happy magnetism pervades an assembly, and a subtle sympathy envelops them in one sensation. M. Pasdeloup led, his orchestra performed, the other artists played and sang, as if it were a royal wedding "once upon a time," and the fairies were showering gifts on the whole company. Planté's style is the most consummate art; smoothness, facility, refinement, can go no further on the piano. Grace and elegance are the characteristics of his playing, but he puts forth surprising power without the slightest effort. It is only when he plays Chopin that one is conscious that he has his limits; he does not possess the intensity, the lyrical passion, to interpret that suffering soul. But M. Planté is peerless among contemporary pianists. Liszt I never heard, but Thalberg could not be compared with him, Bülow is cold and mechanical, and Rubinstein crude beside him. He played that day with an expression and a touch of ardor which had not made themselves felt at the previous concert. Faure sang divinely. Madame Gerster had twice her wonted brilliancy and charm, and her pleasing personality enhanced the effect. The audience was in raptures, in ecstasies. But the artists were singing and playing for themselves and each other, mutually inspired and delighted. The climax was reached when the two idols of Parisians, Faure and Planté, gave Gounod's lovely spring song with orchestral accompaniment. It was a magical achievement of delicacy and lightness. M. Faure's faintest tones and M. Planté's ethereal fingering were audible through the whispered harmonies of the orchestra, modulated to the last degree of pianissimo. The ravishing sweetness and sentiment with which Faure gave the melody can hardly be forgotten by any one who heard it on that day. As he sang and Planté played and the orchestra murmured of spring, nature and the human heart seemed reviving and awakening to youth, hope, romance, love, and the poetry of existence. The audience sat entranced until the last chord died away, and then broke into transports. As the concert ended, they poured into the warm, bright air of the summer afternoon, with eyes shining and cheeks flushed or pale with exquisite emotion, and seemed to diffuse a higher enjoyment among the pleasure-seekers under the flowering chestnut avenues of the Champs Elysée. Planté and Faure lingered and talked beside the fountain near the door until everybody else had gone, as if loath to break from the spell which had held them and their hearers. This memorable day closed the musical season of 1882–83.

THE BIRD OF SOLITUDE.

When from some deep, secluded wood you hear the rich, flute-like notes of a "bird in the solitude singing," turn instantly from the path, follow in silence that enticing voice, and you may at last come near the mysterious songster. If, happily, you are able to locate sound, you may be further charmed by sight of him, glowing with musical ardor; but if not, you may search the woods in vain, so motionless is he, and so completely do the soft tints of his plumage harmonize in coloring with the branch upon which he stands. He is worthy this careful following: he is the most beautiful, the finest in song, and the noblest in char-

acter of the winged order in America. He is the wood thrush.

Sometimes, when you thus come upon him, you will find madam his spouse upon a lower branch of the same tree. She will not fly; wild panic is not in the thrush. She will stand and look at you, expressing her disapproval by a lively "quit! quit!" at the same time raising the feathers of head, neck, and shoulders, till she appears to be adorned with a high ruff and shoulder cape. If you refuse to take the hint and move away, she will finally drop her voice into a low "tut, tut," showing her excitement by quick, nervous jerks of both wings and tail. After a little, her demonstrations will bring to her side the beautiful singer himself. Like a feather he alights on the branch, the perfect copy of his mate. A few low remarks, evidently derogatory to you, are exchanged, and away they fly together.

Should you come too near the singer, when alone, or should something in your manner arouse his suspicions, he will slip down behind the tree or shrub he is on, and depart so silently and so near the ground that you neither see nor hear him. The first intimation of his flight will be his song afar off, when it will seem to you that he is a phantom, a mere wandering voice.

The song of this bird defies description, though it has inspired both extravagant and poetical attempts in the most prosaic of writers. When heard from a distance, it sounds very deliberate: a succession of detached passages, with frequent pauses, ending in a trill, sometimes easily distinguished as such, but often so rapidly delivered that it resembles the syllable "che-e-e" with a peculiar and indescribable thrill in it. If you are near, however, you will find the pauses filled with low notes, having, apparently, no connection with the song. One cannot but fancy them to be irrepressible words of endearment, ineffably sweet and tender, and wonderfully enhancing the charm of the performance.

He is not chary of his gift. He sings at all hours of the day, excepting in the heat of noon; but he seems most keenly to enjoy the fading light of afternoon and the evening, till long after dark. Not a little of the mystery and melancholy that poetical minds find in his music is due to the thoughtful twilight hours in which it is heard. It is in itself far from sadness. Indeed, there can be no more perfect picture of deep joy than this beautiful bird, standing tranquilly on his branch, while giving slow utterance to notes that thrill your soul.

The weather is a matter of no moment to the wood thrush; he has a soul above externals. Other birds may be full of song, or moping on their perches; be it wet or dry, sunshine or shade, he sings, and sings, and sings.

> "Howsoe'er the world goes ill,
> The thrushes still sing in it."

The strongest attraction of a certain summer home in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains is the song of this bird. Around the house feathered visitors are always numerous, but no wood thrush is ever seen. Late in the afternoon, however, when other songsters are settling themselves for the night, and, save the robin chatter, no sound of bird is heard, out of the deep woods which surround the small clearing comes the stirring evening hymn of the thrush. It begins with a clear, far-off prelude of three notes on an ascending scale; then a deliberate rest, followed by three other and different notes, and ending in a rapturous trill. After a decorous pause another takes up the strain. There is no haste, no interruption, never a clamor of song. Each one enjoys his full length of time, and though there may be a dozen singers within hearing, there is no confusion. Each rich solo is a complete whole, perfect as a pearl. To sit on a balcony of that house through the long, tranquil hours of approaching

night, listening to the grand and lofty symphony, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience; lifting the soul above the earth, into regions of poetry and dreams.

The wood thrush is said to be so enamored of solitude and deep woods that he may be often heard, but seldom seen. This is simply because few know how to look for him. He does love the woods, but, being a remarkably intelligent bird, he is not shy, and unreasoning fright is unknown to him. He will let you approach quite near, fixing his soft, bright eyes upon you without agitation, to learn whether your object be peace or war. If you pause at a respectful distance and remain quiet, he will resume his song, undisturbed.

Then the position he selects is favorable to concealment. The robin and oriole pour out their melodies from the topmost twig of the tallest tree, in plain sight of all the world, and the cat-bird, while choosing the deepest seclusion of a shrub, keeps so constantly in motion that he cannot escape discovery. The thrush does neither. He perches upon a branch, rarely a twig. It is often the lowest branch of a tree, and quite near to the trunk. In several years of close study of the thrush, following the song and watching many singers, I have but once seen one sing at the top of a tree, though it is true that my observations were usually in the broad daylight; for the evening song it is possible that he may select a higher position.

The secret of hiding, which his inconspicuous coloring as well as his position aid, is his habit of repose. He has no frivolous flirt of the tail, like the cat-bird; no jerking body, like the robin; no incessant twitter, like the hosts of smaller birds. It is his instinct, in moments of excitement, to remain motionless and perfectly silent. If you do not look exactly at him, you may almost put your hand upon him before he stirs; and even then he will glide away almost as noiselessly as a snake.

The easiest way to discover the bird in his open hiding-place is to take an opera-glass, and, having placed him as nearly as possible by ear, look carefully over every branch of the tree, till you come upon him, often so near and so plainly in sight that you are amazed at your own blindness. Nevertheless, if you remove the glass from your eye without having minutely noted his surroundings, you will not easily find him again.

If then, keeping him in full view, you remain quiet, he will accept your attitude as one of peace, and pay no more attention to you, and you may watch him as long as you choose; listening to the little ripples of talk, the low, sighing "wee-o," not unlike the cat-bird's "mew," the rich "tut-tut," and the soft responses of his mate, perhaps brooding over the lovely treasure of the home in the dogberry-tree, perhaps standing as motionless and hard to see as her spouse on a neighboring branch.

You may chance thus to observe him after the morning bath, in which he delights; performing his toilet, smoothing every perfect plume, or sunning himself, puffed out like a ball, with every feather on end. You may see him, too, when suddenly his attention is arrested by some movement or sound at the foot of the tree, imperceptible to your coarser senses; and he dives off the branch, returning instantly with a worm or grub, which he will hold in his bill a long time, entirely undisturbed by its wriggles or struggles, till he makes up his mind whether you mean mischief, or have changed your position while he was engaged.

Then, too, you may sometimes chance upon a scene of agitation even in the serene life of a thrush. Following an unfamiliar call far away from the path, in a lonely spot, I came once upon a singular sight: six or eight thrushes hopping about in the lower branches of a small tree, in a way very unusual with

them, giving unceasing utterance to the sound I had heard, a low, shuddering cry, and all with eyes fixed upon the ground. Every moment or two one would fly away, but its place was instantly filled by another, so that the number in the tree remained the same, and the strange cry was never still. Nestlings were all out, so I knew that it could be no accident to a little one that thus aroused them, and I stole quietly nearer through the tall weeds, where I found crouching in this ample shelter, the cause of the excitement, — a cat, doubtless on breakfast intent. On seeing me she ran, and every bird followed, hovering over her wherever she placed herself; and as long as I stayed, that day, I could tell the whereabouts of poor puss by the tumult above her.

Because of its quiet tints, the beauty of plumage of the wood thrush is often underrated. Nothing can be more attractive than the soft cinnamon browns of his back and wings, and the satiny white of breast and under parts, tinged in places with buff, and decorated profusely with lance-shaped spots of brown.

Lovers of birds alive and free have reason to rejoice that our most interesting birds are not gaudy in coloring. The indiscriminate and terrible slaughter of these beautiful creatures, to appear in some horrible, unnatural position on ladies' hats, is surely enough to make the most long-suffering lover of nature cry out in grief and pain. To me — let me say it frankly — they look not like an adornment of feathers, but like the dead bodies of birds, foully murdered to minister to a passing fashion.

There is one interesting peculiarity of coloring in the breast feathers of this bird. Snowy white as they appear on the outside, they are for three quarters of their length a dark slate color, so that where the plumage is parted in performing the toilet, it looks like black plush. Closely examined, too, with a common magnifying-glass, every tiniest barb of the feather is found to be ringed, dark slate and white, an exquisitely beautiful object.

I know of no bird with more strongly marked character than the wood thrush. First to be noticed is his love of quiet. Not only does he prefer the solitary parts of the woods, but he especially avoids the neighborhood of his social cousin, the robin. The chattering, the constant noise, the curiosity, the general fussiness, of that garrulous bird are intolerable to his more reposeful relative. He may be found living harmoniously among many varieties of smaller birds, and he even shows no dislike of the cat-bird; but come into a robin haunt, and you may look in vain for a wood thrush.

Then his gravity. When a thrush has nothing to do, he does nothing. He scorns to amuse himself with senseless chatter, or aimless flitting from twig to twig. When he wants a worm, he seeks a worm, and eats it leisurely; and then he stands quietly till he wants another, or something else. Even in the nest the baby thrush is dignified. No clamor comes from this youngster when his parent approaches with food. On such occasions the young robin calls vociferously, jerks himself about, flutters his wings, and in every way shows the impatience of his disposition. The young thrush sits silent, quivering with expectation, while the parent, slightly lifting the wings, pops the sweet morsel into the waiting mouth, but no impatience and no cries.

There is, however, a time when the thrush is somewhat noisy, — when the young are in danger. One day, while slowly walking through a secluded path, in a piece of woods beloved of thrushes, I came suddenly upon a young thrush, almost under my hand. It was sitting in the forks of a branch, three feet from the ground, perfectly motionless, but watching me intently. I brought my hand down carefully, and just as it was clos-

ing — softly, for fear of injury — the little creature slipped out from under, and disappeared in the bushes. The parents, as soon as it escaped, began loud though not harsh cries; perhaps to distract my attention, perhaps to direct or cheer the little one. I have no doubt that the youngster was crouched in plain sight not three feet from where I stood; but although I searched every inch of ground, not a glimpse did I get of it, in spite of my assurance that it was near all the time.

The wood thrush is very decided in his taste about his surroundings. He prefers woods where no grass grows, since he never seeks his worms in the sod, as does the robin. No lawn, however tempting, is the scene of his labors. In a certain park where I have frequently watched him, he is bold in looking for food; coming within three feet of a person while gathering the crumbs he has learned to expect on the walks, and though keeping a watchful eye upon one, not disturbed so long as the observer is still. But when this variation upon his usual fare is secured, he retires to a spot more remote from park frequenters, to sing, and in due time to establish his home.

He is one of the most intelligent of our birds, and absolutely seems to reason. He plainly does not take your motives for granted, but reserves his decision till he has studied you or has seen some indication of your intentions. He looks you squarely in the face, with perfect calmness; not turning his head on one side, and never becoming uneasy under your most steady gaze. He is graceful and elegant in movement and refined in his manners, and every one who has attentively observed birds will know that these are genuine distinctions.

Then he is a paragon of good temper. One cannot conceive of a thrush as ruffled with passion, quarreling with his neighbor, or driving a strange bird away. One cannot imagine a harsh sound out of that "most musical" throat. And aside from fancy, as a simple matter of fact, I have never noticed the smallest sign of temper or harshness. Even the cries of distress have peculiar richness of tone.

Having for some years lovingly studied the ways of this little creature, and wishing to observe him more closely, I desired to add a wood thrush to the birds which fly about my house. To this end I made a tour of the bird stores of New York, and thus I learned, from disgusted dealers, another interesting characteristic of the high-spirited fellow. So fond is he of liberty that he will not sing in confinement. His European cousin, the song thrush (or throstle of England), unfortunately for his freedom, reconciles himself more easily to captivity, and is to be found in all shops. My answers were a disappointing monotony: "The American thrush is no good; he will not sing. We can give you a European thrush," — an opinion, by the way, in which these practical gentry differ from Audubon, who is quoted as saying that they sing nearly as well in confinement as when free. This is hard to believe. The thrush's song seems more than that of any other bird to embody the spirit of freedom, and to come from an untroubled soul.

In my search, however, I chanced upon another American thrush, the hermit thrush. He also is not a regular bird-store product, being neither gay-colored nor noisy. This individual was caught with an injured wing, and was so little regarded in that motley collection of screaming parrots and shrieking canaries that the price put upon him was insultingly low. To soften my disappointment, I brought him home, and a more interesting fellow I never saw.

Upon opening the box in which he had made the journey, he showed not the least alarm. He sat calmly on the bottom and looked at me. In a moment or two he hopped on to the edge of the

box, and then, seeing a perch conveniently near, he stepped upon that, and began to straighten his feathers and put himself in order.

He had been in captivity but two or three days, yet he was never for an instant wild, and was the most quiet bird in the house. He seldom made a sound. Occasionally he uttered a high, sharp "s-e-e-p," like an insect sound, without opening the bill; and that was all, until he encountered the looking-glass.

Having kept him in a cage a few days, to teach him that that was his home, I opened the door, as I do with all my cages. He came out at once, which birds rarely do, investigated my room without fear, alighting on my chair, taking worms from the hand, trying to make friends with an English song thrush, twice his size, — meeting by the way with no response, — and finding his way back to his cage without trouble, which again is unusual.

As with all birds, the pincushion was a source of interest to him, and I was interested to see how differently from any other he treated the obnoxious pin heads. He did not pounce upon them, driving them farther in, as did the catbird, but he seized each head in his bill, and tried to jerk it out. This would have been somewhat too successful, only that his efforts were in a sidewise direction, and of course the pins would not come. In a few days, however, he learned how to manage them, when his great pleasure was to pull them all out and throw them on the floor, leaning over the edge of the bureau to hear each one fall on the matting, and then to go down himself, and pass each one through his bill from head to point, exactly as he did a meal-worm before swallowing it. The stiffness of the pins discouraged him; he never tried to make a meal of them.

His experience with the looking-glass was most melancholy, till I covered it up, in pity.

The instant he caught sight of himself, — or his own reflection, rather, — he would drop his wings, raise head and tail, and in that curious position strut around before the glass; calling softly, with the sweetest and most tender twittering, though so low it could scarcely be heard. After some time of this coaxing, he would become disheartened, and then he would stand motionless, with feathers puffed out, staring at the bird in the glass, and looking so grieved and unhappy that I could not endure it, but drew a shield before that misleading piece of furniture.

He never showed the least fear of me, and grew more familiar every day. But I had him only a month. One evening he was well and lively as usual; the next morning I found him dead on the floor, to my great surprise and grief.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE BEACH-PLUM.

Like childhood's smile, half trusting, half afraid,
A thought of spring steals o'er the landscape's face:
Told in the slender wind-flower's lissome grace;
Breathed from the Mayflower, hiding in the shade;
Writ in the deep'ning blue of sea and sky.
And look where, whipt by winds from east and north,
The sturdy beach-plum puts her blossoms forth, —

A wonder of white beauty to the eye,
A sphinx half buried in the shifting sand.
I would thy pretty riddle I could guess,
Of prudent thrift that looks like lavishness,
Of autumn fruitage in chill springtime planned;
Or learn by what rare craft, what hidden hands,
Thou hoardest ruby wine from these salt sands.

E. S. F.

IN WAR TIME.

XI.

Mrs. Westerley had less difficulty with Ann Wendell than she had expected. She set forth, quietly and distinctly, the need for an orphan, a dependent orphan, to have some such education as would fit her to sustain herself when the time came. Then she sympathized with Ann as to the religious aspect of the case, and at last won her somewhat reluctant consent to Mrs. Morton's plan of sending Hester to school. Hester was to go to Miss Pearson's, and she, Mrs. Westerley, would write at once to that lady; and here was a check, which Colonel Morton wished to be used for the child's clothes. Ann took it, but did not like to do so. Somehow, it seemed to her like a charity to her brother and herself, and she had the admirable dislike of the hardy New England mind to being assisted by money. Moreover, — and this Alice Westerley of course failed to comprehend, — Ann had a decided indisposition to receive for Hester any favors from Colonel Morton. In fact, she kept saying to herself, "How will this child feel if she ever comes to know that, however innocently, the man to whom she owes so much was at least suspected of having killed her father? I ought to think for her now." But her brother had laughed at Ann about this, and it was a matter already ignored or forgotten by everybody but herself; besides, Ezra, who was indifferent as to money, had already told her that the Mortons expected to assist them, and so what could she do but accept for Hester this further kindness? Nevertheless, Ann did not use the check until more than once reminded of it by Wendell.

Mrs. Morton felt easier after this settlement of Hester's affairs, and in a couple of weeks sailed for Liverpool with her husband and Arthur, while Edward came to stay at the doctor's, where a room had been made comfortable for him by his mother's lavish care; and so a new chapter in life began for those concerned in this tale.

"I shall be at home again in six months," Arthur said. "Hester, you will write to me. If you don't, I shall come back in three months."

"Then perhaps I won't write, Arty," replied the young lady.

"She won't have time to write to all of us," said Edward, smiling; "and I promise you that I mean to have my share."

Arthur looked up, and remarked, testily, "She must write to me, anyhow. You are so near her, it can't make any matter."

"Halloa, old fellow," returned Edward, "I was jesting! What makes you so savage? We don't say 'must' to young ladies."

"I was n't savage," said Arthur.

"Were n't you? Well, I beg pardon. We can't have a row now."

"No, brother."

"And I will write a little to both," promised Hester, — "if I may, you know."

Then Edward said good-by, and Arthur followed Hester alone to the door. "Good-by," he said. "Don't forget me," and he kissed the hand he yet detained in his own. The girl reddened. She was a little startled by his passionate manner.

"I won't forget you, Arty;" and she went away with a strong feeling of sorrow at parting, and with an odd and novel sense of a secret between Arty and herself, — some half-felt idea that he had been pleasant to her, and that he had kissed her hand like a knight, and that it was n't a thing she would tell.

The short time which elapsed between the sailing of the Mortons and Hester's departure for school was very delightful to Edward. He moved about with difficulty, but nevertheless it was a new pleasure to drive Hester across the park, or up through the lanes to Chestnut Hill. It was also something to escape from the trying atmosphere of home, and, though he did not realize it in thought, from his mother's too remindful care and his father's constant discontent with life. He found the Wendells very pleasant. Men who are abruptly shut off from active life turn instinctively for aid to women, and in Miss Wendell Edward discovered a kind of helpfulness different from that which Mrs. Westerley gave, and yet as valuable. Ann liked the manly, enduring young fellow, with his broad, gaunt form and the soft voice which was always coming at right moments to soothe or sustain, or decoy her into a smile. The broken life of this young athlete moved her strangely, perhaps because she was, and felt herself in a woman's sense, competent for anything in the work of life, and was now awed to see in a man a like competence suddenly destroyed. Yet it is doubtful if she would have felt thus for a young woman. Certainly, not so deeply; and indeed, as a rule, she somewhat despised sick women.

She found errands for Edward to do, and knew with feminine clearness when he wanted a wood fire and loneliness. She soon said, "I just do like to have that boy around." A servant came daily, and did what Edward desired; but Ann had declined to have another man to stay in the house. "Three?" she declared. "I could n't stand that!"

Wendell, too, the young man found pleasant. The deficiencies of the doctor's nature were seen but by few, and rarely in the visible life of society or of his profession. If certain people did not quite like him, they had often to confess that they hardly knew why, and he was commonly described as a bright and intelligent companion, and wonderfully learned in many ways. This was all true. Some people make admirable, indeed delightful acquaintances, and are gifted with the *camaraderie* of the minute, but have no capacity for friendship. And there are good friends who make poor acquaintances. As to Wendell, he liked many people easily, but not deeply, and at present was entertained with the young man, who promised to relieve what he sometimes felt was a growing narrowness in his life with Ann. He craved sympathy in his pursuits, and desired, as some men do, that they should interest every one. Ann had discovered this, but perhaps her interest was a little formal in its outward expression; at all events, Edward seemed to be a much more promising auditor, and a fresh one.

Out of it all came a wholesomer existence for Edward Morton. His young life at school, where he learned nothing and would learn nothing, was broken, when he was fifteen, by his father, who in a rage sent him to expend his wild en-

ergies on a cattle ranche in Texas, with Mrs. Morton's brother. There he rode and hunted, and was shot at by Indians, until some time after the death of the uncle, whose heir he became, when the outbreak of treason in Texas sent him home in haste. His escape had been perilous, and in the long exposures which accompanied it he probably acquired the malady which had left him but a sad on-looker in a world where nature had meant him to play a prominent part. But now he was left without resources. To shoot, to ride, to fish, to swim, were not for him.

"Why, doctor, I can't even stand long enough to play out a game of billiards. I think I see myself reduced to whist, or to the condition in which my father used to be when he got shaved twice a day, because he had nothing else as interesting to do."

"You might make me some jackstraws, Mr. Edward," observed Hester, who was coiled up on a cushion at his feet, while Wendell gazed into his microscope, or looked through a book for some figure to match the awful beasts who wandered about under his lens, and Ann sat busily knitting, near by.

Ann looked up. "That 's a good idea, child. When my father had been very ill, and was getting well, he used to whittle. It was wonderful how quiet it kept him. He used to whittle almost all day."

"Were you ever at Bangor?" inquired Wendell. "Down East we call it Bangore; why, I don't know. What my sister says made me think of it. It is all chips and sawmills, and the rivers are thick with shavings and choked with sawdust. I think whittling must have been invented there."

"We will go there next summer, Hester, all of us, and see it," returned Edward.

"But you can learn to whittle now," persisted Hester. "I know how. I can show you. Have you a sharp knife?"

"What a child!" exclaimed Edward, delighted. "A knife? Six of them."

"And you will want some soft, dry white pine," said Ann. "I will see about it to-morrow."

"Thank you. You are very good to me; and really, it is a first-rate notion for a small monkey."

"I am not very small, and I am not a monkey, Mr. Edward," rejoined the young lady.

"Well, a nice monkey."

"No, not even a nice monkey! I am just Miss Hester Gray."

"And not Hester?"

"Yes, when you are nice, I am Hester; and when you are not, I am Miss Gray. That 's my real name," she added, nodding her head.

Edward was amused at the half earnestness of the growing girl.

"But," said Ann, "you should n't speak just in that way to older people."

Had Hester been her own child, the reproof would have been more decisive.

"I did n't mean anything, Miss Ann."

"Then you should not speak unless you do mean something."

"It 's our way," interrupted Edward. "We have it out, now and then; but this engagement was very mild. When we do clear the decks for action, you may take care!"

"I shall leave then," said Ann, smiling.

"And I," added Wendell. "But just come here, Edward. Don't shake the table! There, move this screw. It is the fine adjustment."

Edward looked and wondered. Here was a wild world of strange creatures; possibly, as to numbers, a goodly town full of marvelous beasts, attacking, defending, eating, or being eaten: some, mere tiny dots, oscillating to and fro; some, vibratile rods; and among them, an amazing menagerie of larger creatures, whirled hither and thither by

active cilia too swift in their motions to be seen.

"Let me sit down and look at them, doctor. What a sight! It makes my head swim. Have you seen them, Hester?"

"Oh, yes," Hester answered; "I am quite fond of some of them. Do show him the rhizopod with the pebble house shaped like Mrs. Morton's Greek vase, uncle."

"Hester, I told you yesterday that you must not call Dr. Wendell 'uncle,'" Ann broke in. "It is not truthful; that is why I don't like it."

"But I do," said Wendell, laughing, "and I can't have her calling me 'doctor.' I think, Ann, you are quite too particular."

"Have your way. It is n't any very great matter."

"No, it is n't any very great matter," returned Wendell.

"And if there are titles around loose," said Edward, "I mean to be grandpapa. It is a very privileged position."

"I wish to choose grandpapas for myself, Mr. Edward."

"Edward, please."

"No, — 'Mr.' Edward."

"Well, it is like a Greek vase," cried Morton, again looking down into the microscope; "and how beautiful it is!"

"It was found between two wet bricks in a sidewalk, by a great naturalist," remarked Wendell.

Edward still peered musingly through the glass. "There seem," he thought, "to be a great many things I have never seen or heard of." Then he asked, "What do you call this fellow?"

"It is a fresh-water sponge."

"Goodness!" returned Edward, "are sponges alive? Do I mop myself with a beast?"

"I don't care about their names," said Hester, laughing, — "they won't come when they are called; but I like to know their looks, and see which must be cousins and which must be brothers and sisters."

"Yes," replied Morton, "I should fancy that might be good fun."

"And then," cried Hester, "it 's very nice to get a lot of stuff from the ponds near Fisher's Mills, — just all along the edges, you know, — and to come home and see with the microscope what you have got."

"Hum," returned Edward, "it might have the charm of gambling without the cost. That 's what makes all gambling so amusing. It 's a kind of gambling. And how many things, Miss Gray, are there in life that interest you?"

"Mr. Morton," she said, making him a coquettish courtesy, "I could n't tell you in an hour."

"Then don't begin," laughed Edward.

"The child does like a good many things," observed Wendell. "But our menagerie is small, now; only a remnant of our beasts are left in these saucers. When June comes we will go a-hunting."

"It seems a droll idea to get a great bag of this small game," said Edward, "and not know what you have till you get home! Comical; kind of lottery, is n't it?"

"Rather; but you get to like it."

"Hester," said Ann, glancing at the clock, "bedtime, — bedtime, and past. 'Early to bed and early to rise' — and you know the rest."

"But, Miss Ann, would n't I go to bed a little wiser if I might wait till you read? I know you will read when I am gone."

"I was thinking of that myself," said Wendell; for he had now got his young patient into the habit of reading aloud with him, and was wise enough to lure him on with such prose or verse as he thought would be the most pleasant bait. Some echo of the wild life he had left, or some ringing lyric which recalled the strife into which he would have wished

to plunge, was delightful to Edward. The little lady, too, was herself cunning in her choice.

"Just a half hour, Miss Ann," pleaded Edward; "and then I will go to bed, too. See how good I am!"

"You all spoil her," said Ann; but the permission had already been taken for granted.

"I like this," said Hester, decisively, putting an open book in Edward's hand.

"Why, it's that idiot Wordsworth!"

"Well, but read," said Hester.

"Oh," exclaimed he, "what's this, then? 'Bear me to the heart of France is the longing of the shield.' Halloa, Hester, that *is* poetry! I'll try it;" and with a voice of many tones he read aloud that great lyric to the tender lines at its close, when, as after a flare of warlike bugles, the large silence is filled with a song of peace, of the sweetness of tender giving, and of kindness treasured in remembrance in peasant homes through centuries after. "By George!" he cried, "that's great verse! No more to-night. To bed, Miss Gray, to bed! Please to carry my candle up. 'Quell the Scot, exclaims the lance.' I must learn it! I shall read it better next time."

"Did you really never see it before?" asked Wendell.

"See it!" repeated Morton. "How should a Texas cowboy have seen anything? This leaving me, Hester, just as my education begins is rather rough, I think. But women are all heartless. Good-night. Ah, that 'longing of the shield!' I think I understand."

This sort of intellectual contact was unknown to Edward Morton's previous existence. Even had he been at home he would have seen none of it. The Mortons read books, and were reasonably up to the day, and could smile at Mr. Wilmington's mislaid Addisonian quotations; but the true book life they knew not. Books were in, but not of, their lives, whereas Wendell was an absorber of books, and honestly loved the old literature, while Hester was quickly showing, in this genial air, that curious, keen zest for all printed matter which her friend Arthur also had, and which sets a boy or a girl to browsing along book-shelves, as deep to-day in an almanac as to-morrow in Grote or Gibbon. Even Ann, who read least, had her literary likings and fought for them, and they talked about books with unaffected interest, fictitious characters affording them such cheerful gossip as Morton heard elsewhere about servants and children.

Little by little, as has chanced before to many an invalid, there opened thus to the stranded man a new and strange world. In health he could never have known it. Now, by degrees, its men and women were forced upon his acquaintance, and, like some obligatory acquaintanceships, grew pleasant as he became accustomed to them. But it seemed very odd to him to be, as he felt it, leaving one world and pleasantly entering another. As time moved on, however, he learned how wholesome for his troubled being were these novel interests, to which, after Hester left, he began to turn still more eagerly. It was clear to Alice Westerley that new and grateful occupations were finding a place in the young man's life, and to talk of them began to make a part of the frequent chats with the widow, which were a portion of the limited happiness of his present very quiet days.

And so the winter sped away, and there were genial letters from Arthur, who was in France, and busy endeavoring to determine the whereabouts of the field of Roncesvalles. The colonel was mending, as Dr. Lagrange had predicted; but despite this Mrs. Morton's letters were not very happy. At that time Confederate heroes were rather the rage in Europe among the mongrel English who lived on the Continent, but nevertheless the colonel was a social success. He

always had been and always would be, and as a rich American was agreeably received everywhere, especially by the Italian princes and French counts, for whom there were and are but two classes of Americans, — the poor and the rich. Besides, Morton was calmly indifferent, and neither wanted nor sought any one; and this, to the better class of English, is always more or less a social shibboleth. The colonel was thus in a measure courted, and on the whole liked the idle life about him.

His wife did not. She was a very considerable personage at home, and abroad she was "that large woman," "very nice, you know," "the wife of that distinguished-looking American." Nor was Arthur any better pleased. Being tall and sturdy, he had been asked by a Frenchman how it came that he was in Europe, when it was said that in his country even the boys were in the army; but that, perhaps, was in the South, where there was a sort of noblesse, and "that oblige, you know," at which Arthur was furious. Somewhat later, as the colonel got better, and the spring opened, they had tried England, where they had many acquaintances, the product of several visits abroad; but here even the colonel, with his easy indifference to political opinions, was uncomfortable, amidst the constant and outspoken hostility of the upper class to his country, while Arthur was in one long agony of ill-concealed wrath. At last, in early May, Mrs. Morton confided to Alice Westerley that England was unendurable.

"My dear Alice," she wrote, "to-morrow we leave for the north of Italy, and glad enough I am to go. You cannot conceive what it is to be in England at present. I do not see how Mr. Adams stands it at all. But I suppose his position protects him somewhat. To us, I can assure you, these people are anything but diplomatic. And as to Arthur, I shall be glad this month to let him go home. Yesterday he had what he calls a 'row' with some young Englishmen, and having used certain very strong language is in a rage to-day because they declined, one and all of them, to be shot in France, — all of which especially pleases his father, who says that the boy behaved very well.

"So to-morrow, to my great relief, as I said, we leave this land of fogs and plain speaking. Lady Jane asked for you yesterday, and Mr. Melville and the Veres have been very civil. I will get you your gloves in Paris; and do not forget that Hester Gray will need summer dresses.

"I understand that Edward has taken to books and a microscope! Really, if you had told me that you were editing a dictionary, I could not have been more amazed. However, it is, I dare say, a good thing. Poor fellow! My heart yearns for that boy, Alice! I think of him day and night. And how goes our Sanitary Commission work? I inclose a draft for it. Use it as you think best." And then followed endless requests as to the care of old servants, and what not.

"Helen Morton must be famishing for something to do," said Alice Westerley, as she came to quite a voluminous postscript.

"I reopen this letter to tell you of a curious thing which happened yesterday. Colonel Morton came in late last evening with a gentleman, who, it seems, has called here before, although the people at the Burlington somehow managed to mislay his card. Morton met him at the Reform Club, where he chanced to hear my husband's name mentioned. He is a cousin of our little Hester, and is called Henry Gray, — the relative she told us of. Although a Carolinian, he has lived in Texas, and he says that he knew my brother Edward very well. I should think he must make a sensation in English social life, for a more singular person I, at least,

have never met. He is a perfectly rabid rebel: but you know Morton rather prides himself on a calm show of indifference about such matters, — and really, I suppose, as the child is concerned, he is right enough to pass over a good deal. But as to Arty, he left the room in five minutes, as red as a peony.

"What this gentleman said was that he had not heard a word directly about Hester; which is curious, as our letters — and I wrote three — were sent to his agent in Charleston. Still, nothing is sure in war-time. He had, however, learned that Captain Gray had died at the hospital, and he had written from here to the surgeon in charge, and had got an answer, — pretty accurate, you may be sure, — from Dr. Lagrange! And now by good luck he lit on Morton. I hear that he has made no end of money in running the blockade, and that he is in some way a financial agent of the rebels. 'A pretty acquaintance!' says Master Arthur, who absolutely declined to dine with him to-day."

("I should think so," commented Mrs. Westerley. "The idea of it!")

"The man, I ought to say, has very good manners, wears a broad felt hat, and has long hair, and the smallest, thinnest boots you ever saw. When our servant helped him to take his coat off, a revolver fell out of his pocket, and nearly scared poor Price out of his life. The colonel, who was in the entry, remarked that it was n't much needed in London; upon which Mr. Gray said calmly that he did n't know about that, and that 'it made a man feel easy like.' Can you conceive of it, my dear! And these are the people our English friends look upon as aristocrats, great land-owners, and so on! Don't you wish they could see some of the 'gentlemen's seats' in the South? But I must not talk about this any more.

"It is simply impossible to credit the state of feeling here. John thinks we shall certainly have a war with England.

"However, I am delaying to tell you about what is personally very important. Mr. Henry Gray has now seen us several times. He is so well satisfied, owing to what we have said about the Wendells, that he intends to place ten thousand dollars in Dr. Wendell's hands, the income of which is to be used for Hester's education. He very wisely says that it will be better, in these times, to do this than to trust to his being able to send the interest in installments. I wanted to have the money put as a trust in Morton's hands, as I have no great opinion of our good friend the doctor's financial abilities; but to this John said no, and, as usual, that he had had bother enough about the matter, and that I was too suspicious, — which was dreadful, Alice, because there is no one in whom I have more confidence than the doctor. So of course I said no more, and the money goes at once to Dr. Wendell. And don't you think you might give him a hint as to getting Mr. Wilmington's advice in regard to an investment? Then you might ask Mr. Wilmington just to mention government bonds as desirable. Now is n't it all really very nice and generous?"

Then there was more about the Sanitary Commission, and exact directions as to how the draft in aid of it was to be spent; over which Alice Westerley smiled, recalling the phrase which left her free to use it as seemed best.

Last of all was a slip dated Paris, June 20th: —

"Oh, Alice, why am I not in that loathsome England to-day of all days! The Kearsarge has taken the Alabama, and I am wild with joy! Arty said such a clever thing about it this morning to old La Roque, the famous abbé who turns the heads and the religion of the English girls. He is an insane Southern sympathizer; and when he said to Arty, 'What drolls of names for

the ships!' (he thinks he speaks English) my young gentleman says, 'Yes: one is a Yankee mountain, and the other is a slave State. How could there be any doubt about the result?' which pleased John immensely. This fight has made the lad crazy; he sails in three days; and the colonel has written to the governor. So I am to have once more, dear Alice, the terror of a personal stake in the war. I feel as if I were tied to it already, — there, that is worthy of you. Ask Arty about his last interview with Mr. Gray. Don't forget."

The same mail which carried this communication brought also to Wendell a brief letter from Mr. Gray, inclosing the promised draft and an explanatory note from Colonel Morton. The former gentleman desired to be recalled to his young cousin's memory, and hoped, when the war was over and the Confederacy firmly established, to take her home with him to Texas; and beside this there was little except a warmly expressed desire that she would always remember that she was a Carolinian.

Wendell was pleased, amused, and a little disturbed in mind. He said to his sister, —

"I think it will be best not to show her this letter at all. What does she care for the South? They have been long enough in finding out about her, I am sure." But he did not say that Mrs. Morton's last letter, which he had promised to confide to a friend who was on the staff of General Meade, and through whom Mrs. Morton desired to secure its transit across the lines, was lying in his table drawer. In fact, he had meant to send it; then he had forgotten it; and when it was brought anew to his attention, he had come to feel that this girl, who was now so interesting a part of his life, was in a measure his own. A deepening sense of unwillingness to be the instrument of separating her from her new life overcame for a time his resolves, which, at least where his own indulgence was concerned, were apt to be weak, and thus he had again delayed to act, until, finally, it was too late.

"I think I would let her see her cousin's letter," returned Ann, who was always just. "Don't you think it would be wrong not to do so? Try to put yourself in his place, Ezra."

"I will think about it," he answered.

Ann knew very well what that meant. Why think about it at all? It was clear enough.

"I would give it to her at once, Ezra. I believe myself you are rather sorry to have anybody claim her. She is certainly a very nice child, but I can't see why you and Edward Morton make such a fuss over her."

"Can't you, Ann?"

"No, I cannot; and now that she is taken charge of by her cousin, I, for one, shall feel it a great relief from a responsibility and an expense too."

"But she is n't taken out of our charge as yet; and as to the expense she has occasioned, I don't mind that in the least."

"But you should, Ezra. And I do wish you were more thoughtful about expenses! Even with your increase of practice we are always in debt. Now that new microscope: don't you think" —

"Yes, I know; but unless I had had it I should have been unable to go on with my work in that question of pyæmia; and you know what Lagrange said about that yesterday. It is really important." And indeed it must be added that he honestly thought so.

Ann sighed. "But you will try?" she said.

Yes, he would try. So he kissed her; for on these occasions he had come to regard a kiss as an effectual means of ending objectionable debate.

Nevertheless, Ann Wendell wrote very fully to Hester, and for all she left unsaid the letter from Mr. Gray might as well have gone.

XII.

It was now close to July, in the year 1864, and Mrs. Westerley was full of her summer plans, and in a state of agreeable excitement over the expected arrival of Arthur and the return to Germantown of Hester, whom she was pleased to regard as the heroine of a little romance, and whose social education, she had resolved, should do justice to the promise of her charming face and improving fortunes. She had arranged with Miss Ann — who, as she had said, did not see any reason for so much fuss — that her own maid should go to the school, and escort Hester to Dr. Wendell's; and she had also the intention of asking that young person to spend with her a part of the summer vacation. Then, also, Arty was to be with her for two or three days. While she was discussing these matters with her maid, John announced Colonel Fox and Mr. Wilmington. Already she had been up and down stairs several times to see women who called, and she was tired; but as she never objected to see the men whom she fancied, she rose pleasantly enough, and with a critical, if hasty, glance in her mirror went downstairs, looking at her watch on the way, as she almost momentarily expected Arthur Morton.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilmington," she said, "and Colonel Fox! What happy chance brought you here?"

"I am not sure," replied the soldier, "that it is a 'happy' chance, altogether. I got hit in the mine assault; not badly, but it has made my head uncomfortable. I always get hit somewhere!"

"Thee 's always getting into trouble," said Wilmington. "I heard thee volunteered to lead the advance. Why can't thee confine theeself to thy legitimate business? It 's just like speculating."

The widow laughed merrily, but the old gentleman was in grim earnest, and looked up at her not at all pleased.

"Oh, but Master Jack," said Fox, "that boy of yours, he was in a worse scrape. When the mine failed, he volunteered to crawl in and relight the fuse. He just got out in time, I can tell you! Do you call that legitimate business?"

"And you never told me, Mr. Wilmington!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley. "What splendid courage!"

"And do you know, Mrs. Westerley, the boy laughed when the Herald's reporter asked him his name, next day. He told him it was John Smith!"

"Young idiot!" muttered the old gentleman; but his eyes filled. He found himself obliged to wipe his eye-glasses, and he cleared his throat of a sudden choking sensation.

"I hear that Sheridan offered him a staff appointment," said Fox, "but Jack preferred the regiment."

"I should have taken the least dangerous. These boys, these boys!"

"And do you know that I am to have Arty?" said the colonel. "He will be my youngest lieutenant."

"Oh, that is well!" exclaimed the widow. "And you will take care of him?"

"Of that breed?" cried Fox. "Not I!"

"Thee can't take care of theeself," remarked Wilmington, "it appears!"

"What is it, John?" said Mrs. Westerley to the servant who now entered.

"A telegram, ma'am."

"Oh, from Arty! Really, he has stopped to see Hester," and she read aloud: —

"'Having a letter from mother to Hester, stopped to deliver it.'"

Fox laughed. "I suppose he could n't trust the mails?"

"I think he needs looking after, Mrs. Westerley," observed Wilmington.

"I think so myself," she returned. "Indeed, I intimated as much to his

mother. However, he will be here to-morrow."

"These Mortons!" exclaimed Wilmington. "A fight or a woman would stop them on the way to heaven!"

"Or to Mrs. Westerley's," suggested Fox.

"Who is a woman, please," rejoined the widow.

"A dozen of gloves," said Wilmington, "that he waits to come home with her, day after to-morrow. Will you bet?"

"Not I," replied the hostess. "I share your opinion of the Morton blood. Luckily, I sent my maid for the child. That excellent and most obdurate spinster, Ann Wendell, wondered why in the world she could n't come on in charge of the conductor. Imagine it. I never saw an American woman before who was as little plastic. I don't think she has learned anything since she came here."

"As to social wants or usages, you mean," remarked Fox. "Commonly the clever American man or maid changes easily enough as to the externals of social life."

"Ann Wendell," returned the widow, "changes neither within nor without. I should have to despise my poor self, or hate such unpliable people. I suppose she is sorry, or laughs; but really, if so, it must be all done inside. And her dress is just like her face; it is never rumpled, come what may! Now is n't that kind of person rather exasperating?"

"I presume she must be so to her brother," said Fox, watchfully regardant; "but then I fancy that, like every doctor, he has all the virtues, and is up to the moral level of standing any kind of sister."

"Now is n't that a little stupid of you?" asked Mrs. Westerley. "But, stupid or not, I never let my friends be abused — except by myself!"

"But did I abuse him?"

"I think you were going to; but come and dine here to-morrow, and I will forgive you."

"I will come. Seven, is n't it?"

"No, half past six."

"Well, I won't forget. And Miss Hester, — will she be here? Is she as handsome as she promised to be?"

"Come and see."

Then Mr. Wilmington talked about the Mortons, and a little war gossip with Fox, and at last went away.

"Dear old fellow," said Fox, "how he liked it about that boy!"

"Yes, he liked it well, and you were very nice to talk of it. But tell me, were you much hurt? I heard of it, but I did not suppose that you would have to come home."

"No, it was n't altogether the wound that brought me. I came partly to see about filling up my ranks. We lost awfully in front of Petersburg."

"Will you have any difficulty? How do you manage it, — your recruiting, I mean?"

The colonel, quite pleased, went on to tell her; and then she questioned him further about his officers and the discipline of his command. It was one of Alice Westerley's charms that she listened with natural eagerness, and that her intellectual sympathies were real and widespread. Men were taken captive, but did not know why, and wondered, as Fox did, how a woman so trained to the habits of a class could interest, as she did, men like Wendell, with his microscope, and his queer vermin, and his musty old books. In fact, she could listen all day to the doctor's talk about his profession and his scientific pursuits; while besides this she had a pleasing sense of having helped and aided him, and liked his way of coming to her for advice when he was in any social or other difficulty. She had learned, too, that she had a singular control over his moods, and the gentle power thus exercised flattered her. She had no full means of relatively gauging

and contrasting the characters of these two men, but she liked both, and influenced both, and had greatly assisted one of them, which was, little as she knew it as yet, a somewhat dangerous protectorate. It was an unguessed secret to Dr. Wendell, yet it would have been clear to Helen Morton, had she been still at home, that the man who was most ignorant of his own good fortune was the one her friend would perhaps prefer, in time; and that the quiet, manly, unpretending soldier, with his strong, definitive character, would find no such open path to her heart.

Alice looked at him as he rose to say good-by to Mr. Wilmington, and took in with a woman's quick eye the good-humor of the sun-browned face and the little scar on the left temple, and saw that he still carried his arm thrust in his half-buttoned coat; disliking the sling, which would have marked him as a wounded man, and singled him out for remark and attention. She well knew that the man who now sat so quietly talking to her was renowned in war as a relentless disciplinarian, and as a soldier gallant beyond what was common even in those splendid and terrible years. She was also aware that at home he was trusted and honored, and that, with a woman's tact and diplomacy, she had been keeping him at a certain friendly distance; not able to love him, and yet unwilling quite to lose him from her life.

They chatted pleasantly of their absent friends and of the army, and then she read to him from Mrs. Morton's letter some of the amusing and interesting bits.

"And so Hester," he said, "has found a generous cousin. I am very glad for the child. I suppose now she will have plenty of friends. And after all, though the Wendells are very good people, I don't think Miss Wendell is quite the person to bring up a girl who so clearly belongs to the most refined class."

Mrs. Westerley agreed with the theory of the remark, but nevertheless, without precisely knowing why, did not like it.

"Miss Ann," she said, adroitly, "is so good that I don't always like to ask myself whether she is agreeable or not. Few people would have done what the Wendells did for such a little waif as Hester." Then she took a quite feminine vengeance: "I saw her last month, by the way, and you never could imagine the change six months have made. She seemed to me, at first, too childish for her years; but even before she went away she was what my nurse used to call 'eldering.' You know, colonel, how at sixteen girls make in six months that curious leap into womanhood that never ceases to surprise one."

"Yes," he returned; "they quickly go past the young fellows who are a year or two older, or even more."

"I think Master Arty will discover that, to his astonishment. I believe I shall keep her for you, colonel! When the war is over, you will have to settle down, and by that time Miss Gray will be a pearl of pearls. I shall set about educating her myself; and as I know your wants pretty well, only imagine what a success I shall make!"

The return shot was artful, and went home.

"But if the pupil is to become all this, what must the teacher be?"

"Oh, that was worthy of Colonel Morton in his most devoted moments. I must get my work. I don't see how you men can talk all day with your hands idle. That is the reason, I believe, you are always getting into mischief. 'For Satan,' you know."

Then she threw a tangled skein of silk over a chair-back, and began to wind it on a spool, upon which the colonel promptly transferred the skein to his own hands, remarking, "I shall do much better than a chair, and as I shall have my hands employed I shall be kept out of mischief."

Mrs. Westerley was not quite so sure about this, but she said, —

"Very well; and keep your hands quiet, now, and don't try to help me. Men always do."

Fox wondered how many men had gone through this pleasant ordeal. He might have recalled the sad experience of Major Dobbin.

"I shall be angelic," he said.

"And does n't it hurt your arm?"

"No; my arm gives me no pain unless I let it hang down."

"Well, you can rest when you are tired;" and as she chatted, her quick white hands went to and fro, carefully avoiding his touch. She knew as well as he the peril of the situation, but like the larger number of pleasant women, good or bad, there was in Alice Westerley a coquetry, which, to tell the truth, she did not always care to repress; and she now comprehended clearly enough that she was tormenting the man before her, and was herself slyly half enjoying the danger of the situation. Still, he had brought it on himself. "Don't move so," she said. "Is n't it like cat's-cradle? Did you ever play cat's-cradle when you were little? Hester is an adept at it. I shall not have to include it in my scheme of education. Then it is like all other learning: there comes a point when you cannot go further. There should be a book about it."

"Confound Hester!" he muttered.

"I beg your pardon, I did not hear you. Perhaps you were thinking that General Lee — I beg Mr. Wilmington's pardon, 'Mr.' Lee — must understand cat's-cradle."

"No, indeed; nothing of the kind. Why do you torment me so?"

"I?" she said penitently, — "I?"

"Yes, you, Alice Westerley. You cannot really desire to give pain; it is not in your true nature. Or do you think that I am such a fool as to" —

"No," she replied, in confusion, interrupting him, "I don't. But why are you a fool?" Having said which she repented. "I mean — I beg pardon, I don't mean — I" —

"No matter," he returned. "I am a fool, because I love a woman who does not care for me."

"Then I would n't ask her to love me."

"And why not?" The man was strangely moved, and was in fact shaken by the effort to control himself. He was afraid, and his head, still troubled by his wound, swam dizzily. The breach and the fierce rush at the cannon mouth was a trifle to this. "Why not, Alice Westerley?"

"Because — because," she said, tangling the silk on her long fingers, "she might say No."

"But would she?"

"I think so," and she kept looking down at the silk. Had she glanced up at the pained white face, his fate might have been different; but she was embarrassed and troubled, and held her peace, still nervously fumbling with the snarled threads. A less tender man would have profited by her evident doubt.

"Would you ask for a glass of water?" he said. "My head is swimming — I — in fact, I" —

"I am sorry!" she exclaimed; but, happy at the release, and alarmed at his words, she hastily left the room, to seek herself what he wanted.

"My God," he muttered, "what is life worth now! How it takes it out of a fellow!"

Presently she came back. "Thank you," he said. "It was nothing. I am sorry to have troubled you. I am better now. Have you no more to say, Mrs. Westerley?"

"No, I don't think I have. I have hurt you. I did not want to hurt you. I wish you had not made me do it. When do you go back?"

"In a week."

"Then we shall see you to-morrow?" she asked.

"No, I forgot. I shall be too busy. Oh, of course that is nonsense, but you understand. I could n't stand it. My regards to Arty. Good-by."

She put out her hand, but he had already turned away. "Good-by," she said. "I am sorry. . . . Won't you try to think how much — how sorry I am?"

"You can't be as sorry as I am. I wish you were. Good-by."

Alice Westerley went upstairs slowly and thoughtfully. "Tell John that I am at home to no one; remember, to no one," she said, as she passed her maid. Then she sat down at the window, rested her chin on her hands, and looking out across the shrubbery, saw Colonel Fox moving slowly down the lane. She noticed that he carried a cane, and was viciously switching off the tops of the wayside dandelions. Very soon he was lost to view.

"He is angry," she thought. "I wish he had been angry with me. I deserved it. Well, it 's no use to think about it. I can't do it, and there come the ponies, and I wish all the men were dead!" After which emphatic statement she drove to one or two shops, and then descended on several young women at the local Sanitary Commission, and as vice-president made things a little unpleasant; and coming out met her neighbor, Mrs. Grace, a calm and somewhat subdued lady, who browsed like a placid cow on the gossip of her little circle of a morning, and chewed at evening, in the solitary companionship of her knitting needles, the sweet or bitter cud of such mild stores of social news as she had not yet digested. She had not failed to see Colonel Fox as he walked away from the widow's gate, and she had seen him when he went in, and the visit had been long.

"I hear my cousin, Colonel Fox, has come home wounded. When does he go back? So dreadful, is n't it, all this fighting? I am glad my James did n't go, or Tom."

"I know nothing of Colonel Fox's movements," returned the widow, with unusual sharpness.

"I thought you might," replied Mrs. Grace. "I thought he was a friend of yours, and I had no intention of saying anything disagreeable."

"I suppose not. People do not always know; some people never know;" but then, feeling that she had been rude, and being really a kind-hearted woman, she turned back, and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Grace. I did n't mean to be so short, but I have had some bad news today. You will pardon me, I am sure."

The widow might have spared herself this apology, as the only sensation her neighbor had was a sense of being well provisioned for the day in the knowledge that there was something between the two friends.

As for Mrs. Westerley, she smiled as she sped away with her ponies: "A vulgar woman, and hopelessly stout. She must have what Dr. Wendell calls fatty degeneration of the heart!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

PENURY NOT PAUPERISM.

Dr. Chalmers believed that modern society without pauperism, though not without penury, was attainable in any community. He conceived that this persuasion had been proved under adverse circumstances by his experience during his residence in Glasgow. What that was, and how he vindicated it, are therefore matters of living interest.

Chalmers's economy may fairly be

traced to his observations among the peasantry of his first parish in Fifeshire. He passed the first twelve years of his pastoral life among the seven hundred and fifty souls of Kilmany, and the impressions there gathered, when collated from his writings, add new attractions to the picture of lowly Scottish life presented in Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night. In the "lonely cot," the sire sits by the "ingle, blinkin bonnily," holding in his lap "the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride." Near him is "the thriftie wifie," quieting the "expectant wee-things." But in the circle there is, too, the honored grandfather, whose declining age it would be impious to remand to the almshouse. Perchance the barefoot stranger is present, also, having risen from the evening meal of porridge, perhaps "kitchened," to use a dialectic phrase, with a bit of cheese or coarse meat. While the bunk, prepared like Elijah's chamber for unexpected visitors, awaits him, he joins the "priest-like father" as he "wales a portion" of "plaintive Martyrs," or "Dundee's wild warbling measures." Jenny has been busy with the "providing" for her wedding-day, which anticipates all household wants, even to the shroud which is to envelop her at last. It may be that the clever boy who is sustained at St. Andrew's or Aberdeen by the contributions of father and sister, added to vacation earnings, joins the group, with the elder bairns home from "service out, amang the farmers roun'."

This household, whose bread-winner's labor is often recompensed with a peck of meal a day, whose children wear shoes only on the "Sabbath," not only maintains the aged grandsire and has a barrel of meal for the wants of the wayfarer, but keeps the "younkers" at the parish school, and reserves something for the kirk and ha'pence for the poor-collection. Said a woman from such a family, when offered aid in her distress from the parish funds, "I would not have the name of it for the worth of it." Here is penury, but not pauperism. Stern frugality is sentinel over such worthy independence.

Chalmers set himself to bring this "pure and patriarchal economy of the olden time forth again in the might of its wonted ascendency over all the habits of all the population." In these compendious terms he explains his aims. In his view, such life was threatened with extirpation by an artificial scheme. He regarded the English poor-law system as a direct cause of the ills it professed to alleviate. "It is indeed," he observes before the General Assembly, "a noble testimony to the ancients and councilors who have gone before us that in the practical wisdom of our Scottish Kirk there lies a secret which has baffled the whole political economy of our English Parliament; and that, while the legislature of our empire are now standing helpless and aghast at the sight of that sore leprosy which hath spread itself over their ten thousand parishes, the country in which we live, healthful and strong in the yet unbroken habits of her peasantry, might, by the pure force of her moral and religious institutions, have kept herself untainted altogether, and is still able to retrace her footsteps, and to shake the pestilence from all her borders."

On Dr. Chalmers's arrival in Glasgow he found the essential features of compulsory relief already rooted in the city proper, and rapidly encroaching on its populous suburbs. Hence, when he applied his theories of social economy to a district the management of which he had secured to himself, he called his experiment a "retracing process," or an effort to return from a highly artificial scheme to "the natural sufficiency" of society. And the practical significance of his ministry at St. John's lies in an exhibition of the steps whereby a community, disordered and polluted by the principles as well as by the expe-

dients of compulsory relief, may recover the play of spontaneous sympathy between man and man, and replace official mechanisms with the offices of personal kindness.

The conditions under which this "retracing" experiment was undertaken were apparently highly unfavorable. The country was undergoing an industrial revolution, brought about by rapid inventions of labor-saving machinery, — a revolution not yet fairly estimated in social effects. In the anguish caused by unceasing dislocations of the people, and the consequent invasions of their habits, the artisan classes were easily persuaded, not only by political charlatans, but by the approbation of many thoughtful and influential persons, that their miseries were traceable to the unwise exercise of the powers of government. As a consequence, the land from the Thames to the Clyde was seething with tumult.

Glasgow, with Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, was conspicuous for its restlessness and sedition. Night after night men in motley arms drilled in suburban fields. People assembled by the tens of thousands to discuss their wrongs; suspected leaders were tracked to taverns and lofts by detectives. One morning in April of 1820, the inhabitants of Lanarkshire, from Lanark to Sterling, from Glasgow to Paisley, read on the dead walls the summons of an anonymous government to close the factories, and to gather from the deserted forge and loom to establish by decree the reforms which Parliament denied. Strangely enough, this mandate was obeyed, and two hundred thousand persons, suddenly deprived of employment, thronged the streets, to discuss in sullenness or impatience the prospects of revolution. So grave was the situation that guards of yeomen, officered by the young gentry, rode into town and garrisoned the Town Hall, and loaded artillery rumbled down High Street and formed on the New Embankments and at the Royal Exchange, to command the city. Special officers of the government came down from London for the emergency.

The condition of the people was deplorable. Wages had receded to half rates, and at times thousands of looms were silent. The furniture of many a tenement was reduced to deal-boxes. The distress was aggravated by the rapidly advancing commercial supremacy of Glasgow over Scotland. The pulsations of the Royal Exchange throbbed to the Highlands, and the clans sent down their youth to give up their plaids for the blouse of the operative. The "elder bairns" forsook the service of the "farmers roun'" for the looms and forges of the distant city. The crofters melted away before gangs of men who issued from the cities to till the fields and lodge in bothies, and harvests were gathered by promiscuous companies of lads and maids who came from and returned to town each day. Methods of husbandry and manufacture were silently changing, and the transition was marked by engorged towns and depleted fields. The wretched population clamored for public assistance, persuaded that it was their right; and their half-communistic agitations were the logical precursors of the Chartism which within a generation convulsed the realm.

"The condition of Glasgow," Dr. Chalmers urged before a parliamentary commission, "was perhaps the worst that ever occurred. It was at the time that radicalism was at its height, and this radicalism had taken the unfortunate and alarming direction of insisting upon the English law of parochial aid being introduced and acted upon all over the city." It was a radicalism which penetrated to Kirk Sessions, to civic councils, and to the opinions of influential personages. It was aggressive, and, to use Chalmers's words, "a perpetual controversy was ever and anon springing up in some new quarter, so as to surround

my enterprise with a menace and hostility from without that was at least very disquieting."

The especial terms of the problem confronting Dr. Chalmers may now be briefly reviewed. Two systems of poor-relief existed, side by side, in Glasgow, the voluntary and the compulsory. The voluntary system was that of the Kirk, which drew its resources from what was called the church-door collection, because it was taken up usually as the congregation left the edifice at close of service, though it was sometimes gathered before the benediction in a bag at the end of a stick, called a "ladle." These alms were distributed by the Kirk Session to its own enrolled poor.

The legal or compulsory system was confined, notwithstanding royal injunctions, to about one hundred and forty parishes, chiefly in the manufacturing districts and those contiguous to England. Under the old law of 1579, the provosts and bailies of each burgh or incorporated town were required to make inquest for the "aged, impotent, and pure people;" to register them in a "buike;" to raise by assessment and to disburse the necessary funds for their relief. In Glasgow this system had passed into the control of the Town Hospital, as it was called, which was quite as much a board of administration as an institution, and it had charge of out and in door relief.

The practice of the Kirk Sessions in the city had been to pour the church-door collections of all the eight parishes into a common treasury, and then to allot to each session a sum proportioned to the number of its enrolled poor. The object of this rather cumbrous plan was to make wealthy congregations bear the unequal burdens of the poorer ones, but it also engendered a feeling hostile to the independent action of any parish.

Whenever the sessions wished to relinquish the care of a pauper they had behind them the Town Hospital, the resources of which were limited only by the courage of the assessors, and which was under legal obligations to assume the relief of the destitute. A rejected applicant, if he had means to maintain a suit in court, might force the Town Hospital to answer for its denial of aid.

The relation of the two systems is thus described by Chalmers: "The sessions, in fact, were the feeders or conductors by which the Town Hospital received its pauperism, that, after lingering a while on this path of conveyance, was impelled onward to the farther extremity, and was at length thrust into the bosom of the wealthier institution by the pressure that constantly accumulated behind it."

Dr. Chalmers became acquainted with the customs of Glasgow when he went to his first charge in that city, known as the Tron Church. His excursions through the parish were beset with a sordid blandiloquence, no less easily penetrated than it was firmly believed by its practitioners to be a complete disguise of their character. "I remember," he wrote, "I could scarcely make my way to the bottom of a close in Salt Market, I was so exceedingly thronged with people. But I soon perceived that this was in consequence of my imagined influence in the distribution of charities."

Chagrined with this experience, he determined to end it. "I soon made the people understand," said he, "that I only dealt in one article, — that of Christian instruction, — and that if they chose to receive me on that footing I should be glad to receive them occasionally. I can vouch for it," he continues, "that the cordiality of the people was not only enhanced, but very much refined in principle, after this became the general understanding." For four years Chalmers held aloof from the management of the pauperism of Glasgow in all its phases. Then the new parish of St. John's was formed, in a rapidly growing eastern

suburb, and he was presented to it. "My great inducement," he affirms, "to the acceptance of that parish was my hope thereby to obtain a separate and independent management of the poor." To carry out his purpose, he had to win over eight reluctant parishes, united by a common poor-treasury, to secure the consent of the magistrates, and to allay the opposition of the Town Hospital. These preliminaries over, his opponents cited him before the Presbytery, and thence before the General Assembly, to defend the innovation of restoring the ancient Kirk custom. But in 1819 Dr. Chalmers took charge of St. John's, with the unhampered management of its poor.

His aim was radical indeed. If he could realize his ideal, he would have no artificial organization for relief. His own testimony is, "I must not disguise my conviction that, apart from the support of education and of institutions for disease, public charity in any form is an evil, and that the Scottish method is only to be tolerated because of its insignificance and the rooted establishment which it hath gotten in all our parishes; but though I would tolerate it in practice, I cannot defend it in principle."

To accomplish his plans Chalmers adopted the following expedients: The morning collection was withdrawn from the general treasury of the churches. It amounted to about £400 a year, and of this £245 were already allotted to the sessional poor enrolled in St. John's parish. In consideration of the £155 surplus, he agreed to send no paupers whatever to the Town Hospital, although the legal assessment for the support of that institution was still enforced in his district. In a few months he even assumed the support of the town paupers who had been admitted at former times from St. John's territory. The morning collection was administered by the Kirk Session, as of old, save that no new admissions were to be made to its benefits. The calculation was that the old race of enrolled paupers would die off in a few years. The funds thus released were applied to the foundation of parochial schools, two of which in four years were endowed with a fund sufficient to pay from its income an ordinary salary to the teachers.

To deal with new applications for relief an apparatus was freshly provided. An evening service was begun in the parish church, especially for the "plebeian" parishioners. It is said that in order the more effectually to exclude the wealthy patrons, who thronged in the morning to hear the eloquent preacher, the sermon of the day was repeated in the evening. There was a church-door collection at the second service, and the halfpence thereof provided £80 a year for the succor of the needy. Should this prove adequate, the natural sufficiency of lowly society to provide for its own would be demonstrated. This fund was disbursed by voluntary officers of experience and discretion, who were called deacons. Each deacon had charge of a district, known as a "proportion," of which the population numbered from 350 to 400. He was usually a man of education and social position. If practicable, he resided in or near his proportion, in order to profit by daily observation of his neighbors; and he understood his function to be that of counseling and befriending in every way those who applied to him for aid.

In the beginning some of the deacons were confused and burdened by the frequency of applications made to them; but when they had become familiar with their proportion, and when it was understood that every claim would be sifted and its natural resources elicited, the pressure ceased. In a few months the office became almost a sinecure. Some of the deacons had not a single recipient of parochial aid on their lists; and during Chalmers's four years' pastorate but twenty were admitted to the fund, of which two were instances of disease,

five grew out of desertion by the husband or father, or out of illegitimacy, and the rest were cases of penury. During the same time forty disappeared from the elders' lists.

After the church had assumed its Town Hospital paupers, the aggregate of old and new gradually sank, and in ten years amounted to ninety-nine, or four to each proportion; three years later it was only three to a deacon, or one less than the standard for a visitor adopted in the famous Elberfeld system.

The time consumed by their duties was reckoned by the deacons as insignificant. Said one, "A man in ordinary business would be put to no sensible inconvenience in attending to the pauperism of any of our districts;" another computed that a quarter of an hour a week was required of him; another's estimate was twenty hours in a year; and still another reported that his investigations consumed about an hour in five months, but that the collateral work raised this expenditure of time to an hour and a quarter each month.

The spirit in which these duties were performed may be gathered from the testimony of one of the deacons in regard to such an officer: —

"He may so manage as at length to have naught whatever to do with the distribution of public alms, but he may stimulate the cause of education; he may give direction to habits of economy; he may do a thousand nameless offices of kindness; he may evince good-will in a variety of ways; he may, even without any expenditure of money, diffuse a moral atmosphere that will soften and humanize even the most hard-favored of his people; and as the fruit of those light and simple attentions he will at length feel that he has chalked out for himself a village in the heart of the city wilderness, whose inhabitants compose a very grateful and manageable family." Under such an administration it is not surprising that only four fifths of the revenue from the evening collection was required to meet the new pauperism of ten thousand artisans and operatives, and that Dr. Chalmers had to exercise his ingenuity to find harmless enterprises to absorb his surplus poor-funds.

This experiment was tried in the poorest, and with one exception the most populous, parish in Glasgow. Its inhabitants were mostly workmen and small shopkeepers, a dozen households comprising its affluence. Every fifth person was Irish, and generally a Roman Catholic; only one in fifty-eight was either an errand boy or domestic servant; and eight hundred families were wont to abstain from attendance upon public worship.

Explanations were freely offered to account for the extraordinary result. It was urged, on the one hand, that measures so repressive as those of St. John's would diminish the parochial pauperism by driving the necessitous to more amiable districts. But it was shown, on the other hand, that in ten years fifty-four paupers had entered the parish as against thirty-six who had left it. Men said, again, that the destitute, under so inquisitorial a plan, would not make known their distress. To this objection Chalmers returned three answers: first, that much of the apparent misery of the poor was assumed because of the existence of a fund which morally belonged to the indigent, and which clamor could obtain; then, that self-respecting poverty was proud of its independence, and entertained the greatest aversion to the exposure of its trials; and lastly, that the suppression of public relief was more than compensated by the natural offices of neighborly kindness which immediately came into play where misfortune had no artificial aid.

In illustration of fancied or pretended misery excited by schemes of public benevolence, we may narrate Chalmers's intercourse with the agents of an emigration society. Trade was much de-

pressed, and the popular mind conceived that the deportation of surplus labor would relieve the stagnation of the market. Measures were set on foot to transport the unemployed to the wilds of Canada. When Chalmers was invited to take part in the scheme, he declined, on the ground that he had from principle kept aloof from all general and concerted measures for managing the poor, but he said that he would provide means for the voyage of such parishioners of his as designed to exile themselves.

Nine candidates for expatriation were reported to him; but when these saw that effective arrangements were made to send them across seas, every one of them refused to sail.

Of nothing was Dr. Chalmers more confident than the liveliness and sufficiency of personal sympathy to arrest the descent into pauperism, when it was not overborne by professional or compulsory relief. He had read in a work of Buxton's an account of the Bristol prison, in which a meagre ration was allowed to convicts, but none to debtors, who must therefore depend on the bounty of relatives or friends for aliment. In that institution outside relief had failed again and again, but no instance was known where a debtor was allowed to endure the pangs of hunger. The criminal inmates were always ready to divide their scant supply with the deserted debtor. "Now carry this back from prisons to parishes," argues the doctor; "carry it back to a population who have not undergone the depraving process that conducts to a prison, and *a fortiori* we may be perfectly confident that there will be no such thing as starvation permitted in any neighborhood, provided that the circumstances of the suffering individual are known."

The general distress of 1816 was severe in the Spitalfield districts of London, and the government hastened to alleviate it. Among the public stores a quantity of children's shoes were found, and the almoners decided to give these to the most necessitous pupils in the local schools. An examination undertaken for this purpose disclosed the fact that more than seventy orphan children had been received into and supported by the families of poor neighbors.

If their reiteration could make a man's opinions clear, then we must allow Dr. Chalmers' belief that his system, so far from being repressive, substituted more copious as well as more wholesome springs of relief than the misleading and scant ones of Kirk Sessions and of law. He justified his persuasion by his own observation at St. John's.

A mother and daughter, living in a single room, were slowly dying of cancer. So pitiable a calamity provoked Chalmers's utmost solicitude. He stationed a lady to observe this afflicted couple, with instructions not to allow them to suffer from want. For a year and a half, when the grave ended their misery, the observer could find no occasion to ask anywhere for assistance. Chalmers thus describes the case: "The exuberant and untired kindness of those who were near, and whose willing contributions of food and of service and of cordials had lighted up a moral sunshine in this habitation of distress, had superseded the necessity of all other aid. Was it right that any legal charity should arrest a process so beautiful?"

In one of the most wretched quarters of Glasgow a widow lost two grown-up children within a day or two of each other. "I remember distinctly," said the doctor, "seeing both the corpses on the same table; it was in my own parish. I always liked to see what amount of kindness came forth spontaneously on such occasions, and I was very much gratified to learn, a few days after, that the immediate neighbors occupying that little alley, or court, had laid together their contributions, and got her completely over her Martinmas difficulties."

Now for the sequel. Knowledge of the widow's trouble came to The Female Society of Glasgow, and it sent a visitor, who gave all that the rules of the organization permitted, which was a crown. The people, observing this movement, concluded that the woman was in competent hands, and abandoned her without further misgiving or concern.

When an outcry was raised against Chalmers's management in the case of a poor weaver, whose family had been attacked by typhus fever, he caused an investigation to be made, and found that the supplies rendered by the neighbors, which he had been afraid to intercept by parochial relief, exceeded in amount ten times all that would have been allowed out of the assessment fund of the city.

The doctor believed that there were innumerable fountains of affection and good-will, ready to burst into action as soon as they were released from the ice of professional or legal charity. Compared with their bounty, the most extortionate taxes and the most opulent societies were niggardly. But both sources of supply did not flow together; the mechanical stifled the spontaneous movement, and hence the overthrow of the former liberated ampler aid for the unfortunate.

If such were Chalmers's view, then it it is evident that he did not object to the most liberal charity, but to the method of its application. Its personal administration by the hands of kindred and neighbors was the safer and better way. In such a case there was no preëxisting fund to stimulate unjustifiable expectations of abundance in the minds of the poor; there was no splendid aggregation of funds to arouse their cupidity, or to tempt them to indolence. When the poor man could depend only upon the good-will of his friends for help in trouble, although it would not fail him, he could not feel that it released him from the necessity for thrift and prudence. Nor could the recipient of aid bicker with its donors or almoners. The giver did not arm himself with suspicion, nor the taker with clamor and craft. Alms from private hands were received with delicacy and gratitude such as no legal guardians of the poor could excite. They were bestowed upon a knowledge of the beneficiary's character and circumstances such as no professional person could obtain, and when concealment and disguise were not thought of nor practiced. They were in every way wholesome, abundant, and honorable, and to them Chalmers looked to render St. John's parish a demonstration that pauperism was the outcome of bad artifices, and that the lowliest and poorest society left to the promptings of natural instinct would be untainted by this sore evil.

As Chalmers went to St. John's for the sake of a social experiment, for the same reason in four years he left it. The success of his plan was credited to his popularity, or his rare gift of administration.

To show that the scheme was normal and independent of all personal elements, he resigned, and moved to Edinburgh. The parish endured two long vacancies in rapid succession, but the social experiment went on, unaffected by these trials, for fourteen years. Its termination in 1837 does not reflect upon its worth, although it does upon its timeliness.

Its greatest success was met by apathy in the public mind, where the feeling was not hostile. Its promoters could not secure imitators in other parishes, and when social reforms cease to be aggressive they decay. Moreover, the assessment was still imposed upon the inhabitants of St. John's parish, and wrought the impression that they could by no fidelity or achievement extricate themselves from the general system of legal relief or from responsibility for it. Then, further, the disruption of the Kirk, which ended ten years of conflict

in 1843, was impending, and threatened that territorial division of sessional authority upon which Dr. Chalmers's scheme had depended for an unmolested field of operations. The tide of English invasion rose higher and higher, until, in 1845, the English method of poor-administration became the law of Scotland.

But the Chalmers plan fell as premature. Another generation has added its chapter of failure to the sad record of pauperism. Chartism came and passed away, convincing men that acts of Parliament were not a panacea for social wrongs. Men now survey the field with more experienced eyes, through a purer atmosphere and from better vantage-ground.

The essential features of Dr. Chalmers's plan are matched in the renowned system of Elberfeld and Barmen; they appear in the poor-administrations of Leipsic and Berlin. And when the lamented Edward Denison, with Sir Charles Trevelyan and other promoters of charity organization, called the humane spirits of England to wiser and more hopeful methods of encountering the destitute and depressed, they were not compelled to ask for patient faith in new experiments, but they pointed to Chalmers's ministry in St. John's Church, Glasgow, for a demonstration that society can deal effectually and beneficently with the souls and bodies of those whom misfortune and neglect have overcome.

As such a demonstration this history is vital still, and it will remain vital until his beautiful conception of lowly life dignified by independence and thrift, and sweetened by the free play of natural affection, shall be realized in many a district now the home of deceit, depravity, and disorder.

D. O. Kellogg.

THE CHRISTENING.

In vain we broider cap and cloak, and fold
The long robe, white and rare;
In vain we serve on dishes of red gold,
Perhaps, the rich man's fare;
In vain we bid the fabled folk who bring
All gifts the world holds sweet:
This one, forsooth, shall give the child to sing;
To move like music this shall charm its feet;
This help the cheek to blush, the heart to beat.

Unto the christening there shall surely come
The Uninvited Guest,
The evil mother, weird and wise, with some
Sad purpose in her breast.
Yea, and though every spinning-wheel be stilled
In all the country round,
Behold, her prophecy must be fulfilled;
The turret with the spindle will be found,
And the white hand will reach and take the wound.

S. M. B. Piatt.

AN OLD WAR HORSE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April*, 1884.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, — Four years ago, shortly before the presidential conventions were held, I addressed you a letter containing a number of practical hints of a political nature.[1] They were drawn from the commodious and well-filled storehouse of my own experience, and if, like Dean Swift's servant, you are good at drawing inferences I may have given you all the advice you need on this head; and yet, such is my consuming desire to see your own public career prove a conspicuous success that I am constrained, on the inspiring eve of another of our great quadrennial campaigns, to place a few more suggestions at your service.

Some months ago I made the acquaintance of an intelligent foreigner, who manifested a great deal of curiosity in regard to the workings of party machinery in our republican system. He had traveled extensively in the United States, seen a good many nominations made, and spent a fortnight in Washington while Congress was in session. Finding that I was a veteran American statesman (I heard the landlord tell him I was, while we were cementing our friendship with something hot), he plied me with questions, a good many of which were decidedly leading. First premising that all I had to say was to be regarded as well under the rose, I answered him fully and freely, and the more salient portion of our conversation I now reproduce for your benefit. "I. F.", you will understand, is the short for Intelligent Foreigner, and "Y. U." for Your Uncle.

I. F. Are not the majority of your conventions called to disorder rather than to order? Is not discord the rule, and accord the exception?

Y. U. Decidedly not. An experience extending over well-nigh half a century enables me to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that generally unanimity and what our newspapers neatly style the best of good feeling prevail at such gatherings of representative Americans. The opening exercises of a convention are commonly inclusive of a resolution referring memorials of the temperance and woman's rights people and cognate combustibles, along with everything else that cannot conveniently be cut and dried beforehand, "to the appropriate committee when appointed," — that 's the usual phrase. This expedient goes far to secure the best of good feeling. When the political waters are unusually troubled and troublesome, a brand of sweet parliamentary oil, known as "the previous question," is of great assistance in calming them. Do you follow me?

I. F. You interest and enlighten me exceedingly. Pray proceed.

Y. U. I recall just here a remark of my friend the late lamented Colonel Smith. The colonel is not, perhaps, as well known in foreign political circles as he deserves to be. He once said to me, when this topic was on the carpet, "I regard it of such vital importance that there should be naught but the best of good feeling at a convention that, by Gad, sir, I 'll have it, if I have to fetch it with a club." There you have the colonel, — a natural born political leader.

I. F. The colonel must have been a statesman who possessed in a marked degree the courage of his convictions.

Y. U. Yes, indeed. And if I say it, who should n't, I myself am of his sort.

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1880.

I was chairman of our memorable state convention of 1869, and before we got down to business I was reluctantly compelled to make up my committee on contested seats in such a manner as to exclude no fewer than seven well-meaning but impracticable delegates, who — this in strictest confidence — had been fairly elected to sit in the convention. You see, I learned, on good authority, that the seven were not assimilative in their nature; that they might take a notion to move to amend the report of the platform committee, or to insist upon their own ideas of a ticket. So I had them thrown out, and seven gentlemen, hastily summoned, whose credentials I myself quietly manufactured while the convention was in recess, were substituted in their place. I may add that I have seldom been called upon to discharge a more painful public duty. But private feeling must be sacrificed to the common party weal.

I. F. Did the result meet your expectations?

Y. U. Well, there was some friction in the convention. Still, we managed to nominate by acclamation the ticket that had been made up in my office ten days before; the platform went through with scarcely a word of dissent; and just before we adjourned, by a vote of one hundred and ten to twenty-four, a resolution was adopted that "it is the unanimous opinion of this body — and we point to it with pride — that never did more of the best of good feeling characterize a political gathering of this great commonwealth."

I. F. Is n't that out of the ordinary, — passing a resolution committing a convention to unanimity by a majority vote?

Y. U. It is. I 've never resorted to achieving unanimity in that way, except in cases of pressing necessity.

I. F. You were speaking about platforms. Does not an occasional plank that enters into such structures give the party considerable embarrassment, — the temperance or the woman's suffrage plank, for example?

Y. U. Not if you have the right sort of a platform committee. A genuine platform builder is born, not made. One of our American statesmen said of a poet on your side of the sea that "he had nothing to say, but he said it splendidly." A platform builder worthy the name must know how to earn pretty much the same encomium. To illustrate: Just after the war I was called upon, the night before our state convention, by an unusually energetic and accomplished woman. She was the principal of a large and flourishing seminary in one of our leading cities, and brought a good deal of patronage to a close ward which it was very desirable that our party should carry. I realized that it might be possible for her to control a good many votes, if she made up her mind to do so, and naturally was anxious not to offend her. Well, she said to me, "General, here is a resolution that I desire to have inserted in the platform of your convention. The Woman's Suffrage Association, of which I am president, prepared it as expressive of what the members unanimously demand, and I was authorized to present it. Will it go into your platform?" I took the paper she handed me, and found that it read about this way: —

Resolved, That this convention is heartily in favor of throwing open suffrage to women upon the same terms that male voters now exercise it.

I made haste to inform her that I would submit the resolution to the platform committee, and that I had no doubt they would give it due consideration. She bowed, and withdrew. Of course I knew that no such plain, direct resolution as that could get through. But I also knew that a delegate with a genius for the task was to be the chairman of the platform. I gave him the resolution, carefully explained the importance

of not offending the lady who offered it, and besought him, as he loved his party, to do his best. His eyes kindled, — I have a suspicion that one of them winked, — and he promised to do his best. He was as good as his word. In the platform which he reported, and which was adopted without a dissenting voice, my lady's resolution read : —

Resolved, That the noble women of this State, by their multitudinous, well-directed, and most fruitful labors during the rebellion, revealed a patriotism so ardent as to demonstrate that they are the lineal descendants of the women of the Revolution in spirit as well as in blood; and that this convention, recognizing this great and gratifying fact, and the related fact that woman equally with man has a sphere, records itself as heartily in favor of whatever tends to make her sphere what it was designed by Heaven to be.

I. F. Admirable! Did you succeed in carrying the seminary ward on that plank?

Y. U. No, we did n't. But it was n't the plank's fault. I suspect that the other side became desperate, and used money. But I merely mention this resolution as an illustration of the style in which bothersome planks are turned out. Now and then the temperance people grow aggressive, and threaten that if the parties do not take a decided stand they will run an independent ticket.

I. F. That must put you to your trumps.

Y. U. Oh, we manage it. The platform says that "we are in favor of judicious legislation on the temperance question;" or that "we demand that all needed reforms that commend themselves to the majority as timely and practical should be vigorously prosecuted in the proper manner." You catch the idea, — something that sounds well, is non-committal and capable of two interpretations.

I. F. Your explanation is lucidity itself. Let us pass to another point. You were speaking just now of the other side using money. Are you opposed to obtaining votes in that way?

Y. U. I say that peace has her victories, no less renowned than war's. If it is all proper — and everybody admits it is — to pay bounties to help secure war's victories, it cannot be improper to help secure such an important peace victory as the triumph of the right in an election by paying men to vote the correct ticket who otherwise would either not vote at all or vote wrong. But just as no nation will pay bounties except in an emergency, so I am opposed to buying votes except in the close districts. Indeed, such is my repugnance to securing the triumph of the right by sordid means, and such my desire to cultivate in every one of my fellow citizens a love of the ballot for its own sake, that many a time I have — of course without ostentation — paid out counterfeit money at the polls to those desirous of selling their political birthright.

I. F. You regard such tactics, I take it, as an heroic method of educating these selfish persons in their political duties.

Y. U. Well, I don't know as I ever thought about it in precisely that way, but it comes to that.

I. F. Now if you will permit me a rather comprehensive question, let me inquire what you regard as the best preparation for public life in the States.

Y. U. That *is* rather comprehensive. I am afraid it would tax the wisdom of a Solomon to frame an answer that would exhaust it. But speaking of Solomon suggests a partial response. He has left on record the admonition, "Get wisdom, get understanding, and with all thy getting get understanding." Now were I to revise that piece of advice for the benefit of a young man bent upon a public career, it should read, Get wisdom, get understanding, and with all thy getting get the inspectors of election.

I. F. The inspectors of election! Pray explain.

Y. U. I am aware that "independent" politicians, possessing consciences inclined to *embonpoint*, would hold up their hands in holy horror on hearing such a suggestion. All the same, I affirm that a young man who enters politics with the honorable ambition of spending as much of his life as possible in the public service cannot do better than to get the inspectors as often as he runs for office. I agree with the poet — "life *is* real." Let who will order their political conduct as if life were ideal. If our land were "the better land;" if my party were composed exclusively of cherubim, the opposition exclusively of seraphim, and the Independents were what they think themselves, — a little higher than the angels, — I might alter my advice. But taking things as they are, I don't. Somebody has said that Napoleon was "not so much a man as a system." There is equal reason for contending that an inspector of elections may properly be regarded not so much a mere man as an institution.

I. F. I fail to understand you. How, why, is your inspector of elections an institution rather than a man?

Y. U. I will explain. You see a man has but one vote. But an inspector has frequently been known to cast — of course without mentioning to his left hand what his right hand was doing — several handfuls of ballots in behalf of the men and the principles that have enlisted his patriotic sympathies. There was a time, I believe, in the history of our political system when the duties of an inspector were regarded as purely ministerial; when the product of his voting was not greater than that of any other of his fellow citizens. But instead of the conservative fathers have come up the more enterprising children, and now in some sections of our land the size and character of the majority at any given election depends upon the inspectors. Why, in 1874, when I ran for Congress the third time — But I will not trouble you with such details. I have sometimes conjectured that John Pierpont — one of our American poets, you know — must have had a prevision of the scope of the inspectors who were to come after him when, at a comparatively early day, he wrote of the ballot, —

> "It falls as silent and as still
> As snow upon the sod;
> Yet executes a people's will
> As lightning does the will of God."

I never happen upon these lines but I reflect that certain inspectors that have occasionally done me a good turn, if they ever read them, must emphasize "execute," and wink wickedly as they pronounce it.

I. F. You quite take my breath away! Do you mean to tell me it is possible that an inspector of one of your elections can magnify his office, as you express it, without invoking a tempest, a regular cyclone, of non-partisan popular indignation?

Y. U. The question goes to prove that you are unfamiliar with the practical workings of our distinctive governmental system. True, the Constitution of the United States nowhere, either in terms or by implication, provides that inspectors of elections may vote often or copiously, no matter how eager they may be for the success or failure of a particular ticket. True, also, there is a perfunctory prejudice in the American mind against such a magnifying of office, based upon the impression that it is calculated to interfere with the healthy action and development of the right of suffrage. But from the point of view of a man who has long been actively in public life with his eyes open, I cannot but smile at these considerations.

I. F. Smile at them! Why smile at them, pray? Are they not of determining influence?

Y. U. They are, in the unalloyed ab-

stract. But as a practical politician I have respect only unto the concrete (I may say, right here, that I have made most of my money as the president of a concrete-pavement company), and experience has taught me, first, that the American people, as a rule, select inspectors with an eye single to obtaining precisely the sort of men who may be expected to magnify their office; and, second, that in thus paving the way for such magnifying they demonstrate that their much-trumpeted regard for the right of suffrage is largely a conceit, full of stars and stripes, signifying nothing. I purpose, in my public career, to reflect the public sentiment, not the public sentimentality.

I. F. May I inquire, then, in accordance with what theory your inspectors are selected?

Y. U. Well, I should say, speaking out of my ample experience, upon the theory of the survival of the unfittest. During my term of observation it has been the rare exception when a leading citizen has been chosen an inspector. We put our leading citizens forward as managers of charity balls; their names appear as directors of banks, insurance companies, railroads, and the like; they sign letters requesting the local soprano to mention the evening when she will ravish their ears; they recommend dentifrices, soaps, bitters, cements, and new maps of the Holy Land from original surveys. But when it comes to choosing an inspector of elections, an official whose duty it is to see that the right of suffrage is rightly exercised, — a right which is commonly spoken of by Americans as the corner-stone of the republic, — leading citizens remain in the background, and led citizens, of unknown or questionable antecedents, come to the front. Funny, is n't it?

I. F. I am positively dazed! My preconceptions, — how erroneous they were! Why, it was only last week that I heard one of your orators on the hustings applauded to the echo for the sentiment, "The American people can have no higher or dearer ambition than to preserve the ballot in all its sacred purity."

Y. U. Of course; we always talk like that at a political meeting. I myself have declaimed the same thing scores of times. But elocution is not always candor. Ambition is made of stern stuff, and never of stuff and nonsense. Don't be deceived by what is said. Look to what is done.

I. F. Yes; but have ethical considerations no determining influence in American politics?

Y. U. Well, the Independents are always prating of what they call "the higher politics," and our ministers preach an annual sermon, every Thanksgiving morning, on the public duties of the Christian patriot. I don't know when I 've missed hearing one of these sermons, and for years I have signed a note addressed to the pastor of the church which I attend, requesting a copy of his eloquent and timely discourse for publication. But speaking to you from the point of view of a practical politician, I answer your question by asserting that ethical considerations have no more to do with politics, as I and those with whom I am affiliated apprehend them, than they have to do with — well, say faro. Do not misunderstand me, however; my school of statesmen regard politics not as a serious pursuit, involving moral forces, but as a game. As in any other game, we would scorn to take an unfair advantage. We believe that our opponents are always working to get the inspectors. Hence we are committed to the same task, in order that what may be called the balance of "wire-pulling" may not be unduly disturbed. So long as the devil endures we believe in fighting him with fire. *Similia similibus curantur.*

I. F. Speaking of the Independents, one of them emphatically remarked, in

my hearing, the other day, that he was opposed on principle to the candidacy of any man who *sought* office. What have you to say to that?

Y. U. I say, Fudge. I have held a dozen important offices, and I am free to confess that not one of them ever sought me. Had I lived up to the absurd injunction, "Let the office seek the man, not the man the office," the chances are that I would never have figured in public life at all. "Seek, and ye shall find," is a good enough precept for me. To expect the office to seek the man is about as rational as to expect the mountain to seek Mohammed. The law of gravitation governs in politics as in physics. The office seek me? Why, I have personally controlled every one of the caucuses that led to my several nominations.

I. F. I am glad you have referred to the caucus, for I have become much interested in that particular piece of your party machinery.

Y. U. It pleases me to hear you say so, for I am free to admit that I am never so happy as when discoursing about the caucus. It is a source of supreme satisfaction for me to reflect that among my political associates I have long been regarded as the consummate flower of caucus managers. I've written in dozens of albums, "Let me run the caucuses of a nation, and I care not who make its laws." Now and then I am shocked to see slurs on the caucus in certain newspapers and magazines. But may the day be far distant, and may I not be spared to witness its unhappy dawn, when any one shall presume to lay sacrilegious hands upon it. It was the boast of an earlier republic, —

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world."

But with greater reason American statesmen may insist, —

While stands the Caucus, our Government shall stand;
When falls the Caucus, our Government shall fall;
And when our Government falls, the universe.

I. F. What you say whets my appetite for more. Pray explain the secret of your success as a caucus manager.

Y. U. I think my success has been largely due to the fact that I have not allowed those attending a caucus of my managing to interfere with its workings. I am told that a well-known statesman of an earlier age, who acquired an enviable reputation as a manager of the caucus and related machinery, was of the opinion that it was well to leave something for the caucus or convention to do. The objection to this policy is the objection which a famous spendthrift made to paying his creditors. "It only encourages them," said he, "leading them to form expectations that are never destined to be realized." Give those attending caucuses any liberties, and in all probability they will abuse them; give them an inch, and they will take an ell. The only wise course for a caucus manager is to insist upon having things all his own way.

I. F. Yes; but is n't there apt to be an element present at a caucus possessing a mind of its own, that is not conformable to the manager's mind?

Y. U. Of course a caucus manager is frequently confronted with an emergency that tests his capacity for leadership. But it is generally easy to dispose of the unpleasant persons to whom you allude, by holding them up to the indignation of the meeting as "sore-heads," "disorganizers," "malcontents," "foes of harmony," "sentimentalists," "impracticables," whose going over to the enemy is only a question of time. I myself have brought some of these troublesome folks to terms by simply rising in my place, at a caucus, and inquiring in an injured tone, "Is not ours a government by parties? Has not compromise well been called the essence of statesmanship? Shall we not, as brethren of the same

political faith, endeavor to bear and forbear?"

I. F. I presume that your caucuses are held at the town halls.

Y. U. At the town halls? What makes you think so?

I. F. Because of their importance. As I understand it, the character of the conventions that nominate even the most important public officials depends in large measure upon the character of the caucuses.

Y. U. Ah! Well, you are mistaken: they are not held in the town halls. They doubtless would be, if caucus managers desired to have them largely attended. But as that is not wanted, it is customary to hold caucuses (with a view to the greatest inconvenience of the greatest number) in the anteroom of a liquor saloon, or the corner of a billiard hall, or the rear of a cigar shop. Such a place of meeting is well calculated to discourage the attendance of the class of voters that the managers are most desirous of having absent, — the class that declines to sneeze when the managers take snuff.

I. F. Suppose, however, these scrupulous gentlemen are present in large numbers, and resolutely decline to carry out the cut-and-dried programme, as you call it?

Y. U. Now and then a political revival sweeps over the land, and scrupulous voters come forward to the anxious-seat, and solemnly resolve that henceforth they will be faithful to their political duties. For a little while after each of such revivals we managers find it heavy weather. But our consolation, based on experience, is that it won't last long. The scrupulous voters soon subside, — perhaps I should say backslide. Sometimes, when I find that these gentlemen are liable to outvote me at a caucus, I bring their impudence to naught by simply winking in a peculiar manner at one of my lieutenants. He passes the wink to my other supporters, and they at once allow their animal spirits to overcome them. The result is that the furniture of the room is smashed and hurled about, the lights are extinguished, and a free fight is organized. Such a demonstration often induces a scrupulous voter to resolve that he never will attend another caucus. I dislike extremely to proceed to harsh measures; but if the recent course of events in this country has taught me anything, it is that if government of the politicians, for the politicians, by the politicians, is not speedily to perish from our country, the rank and file of parties have got to be taught to keep their place. Their place is not at the caucus; or if it is there, let them remember that it is becoming that they should be seen, and not heard. It is for the managers to make the ticket, and for them to vote it.

I. F. Allow me to tell you, in order to my further enlightenment, that I have met with a number of intelligent persons, since I arrived on your shores, who were bitterly opposed to the caucus, and favored its disestablishment.

Y. U. I am aware of the existence of such misguided, unpatriotic individuals, who distrust the efficacy of our American system. By way of dissuading them from their treasonable course I invite all such to fix their eyes upon Switzerland. In the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden *all the voting population* assembles at stated times and decides who shall be the *amtmann*. That is to say, there is no caucus. But does the omission make Switzerland any more prosperous than the United States, in which the caucus flourishes like a green bay tree? On the contrary, do not one hundred persons turn their backs upon Switzerland for the United States, where one person turns his back upon the United States for Switzerland? To answer these questions is to dispose of all this silly talk aimed at the caucus. When I was abroad, a few years ago, I

could not bring myself to enter Switzerland. I said to my friends who urged me to include that country in my tour, "This war horse of American politics will never voluntarily set his foot upon the soil of a republic that is decaucusized." If I were a few years younger, I might feel tempted to go out as a missionary to Switzerland, for the purpose of commending the caucus to her practical statesmen.

Such, my dear nephew, was the substance of our conversation. I earnestly hope you will see the force of what I had to say to the Intelligent Foreigner. If you find yourself inclined to challenge any portion of it, take heed, realizing that you are being tempted by your own inexperience. You are a man. Put away childish things, and give over rallying around ideal standards in a real world. Keep your eyes on me. So shall you find some day that my congressional shoes fit you, and that the mantle of my statesmanship falls without crease or wrinkle upon your sufficient shoulders. Affectionately,

YOUR UNCLE.

To —— —— ESQ.

William H. McElroy.

WENTWORTH'S CRIME.

WILLIAM WENTWORTH, familiarly called Billy, was faithfully following the plow. He was not in any way a conventional plowman. Neither in the appearance of the field, nor of the plow, nor of the animals, nor of Billy himself, was there anything to recall Holbein's picture of the peasant and his misery, or that tended concretely to realize the usual vision brought up by the words "a man following the plow." In the first place, Billy was not exactly following the plow; to speak with scrupulous correctness, he was riding the plow. The animals that drew both him and the plow were neither slow, clumsy oxen, crowding each other beneath a heavy yoke, nor yet galled-shouldered, bony horses, but two strong, broad-breasted mules, with great ears and neat, slim legs. We hesitate to mention this fact, but realism and truth are the great things, after all, and sentiment and the traditional plowman must give way to them.

The plow itself would have puzzled any or all of the great farmers, from Cain to the author of The Hundred Points of Good Husbandry; and many an honest son of the soil since the days of Tusser would have considered it good for nothing but old iron and firewood. It was a complicated affair, on wheels, with a variety of contrivances for regulating the depth to which the ground should be stirred, for "hilling up," and for hoisting the shovels entirely out of the ground. In fact, it was not even called a plow; it was a cultivator, and Billy was not plowing preparatory to sowing the seed, but was cultivating Indian corn.

Still the scene was picturesque enough, for any one with an eye for color and an accommodating sense of the general fitness of things. The long rows of corn, stretching over the gentle rise of ground and confusedly mixing up their broad, waving blades at the summit, were a deep green, and the broad, rectangular field, separated from the open prairie surrounding it by no other boundaries than the sharply marked lines between the different shades of this sylvan color, seemed like a dark, square-cornered oasis in a desert of coarse grass and gaudy flowers.

When Billy reached the top of the slight ridge, if he had looked about him over the thousand hills of waving corn, he would have seen, beyond an intervening stretch of prairie that lay dull and darkened by the shadow of a cloud, a distant field of yellow barley fast ripening for the harvest, and one of wheat just turning, that flashed brightly in the flooding light of the evening sun. The western sky was fringed with brilliant-colored clouds, decked out in borrowed finery to attend the glorious setting of their creditor, and Billy might have let his eyes wander from earth to sky and from sky to earth, in an uncertainty of æsthetic enjoyment; but he merely glanced at the sun behind the clouds, and calculated how many rounds the mules could make before quitting-time. For he was impatient to be at the end of his day's labor; not because he found it hard work to ride over the rough ground so many hours every day, nor because he was hungry, — though plowing corn is both a tiresome and hunger-giving occupation, — but Billy was in love!

It is quite natural and perfectly possible for a plowman to be in love. Did not Cuddie Headrigg love and woo and win pretty Jenny Dennison? Was not one of the most promiscuous, and yet most faithful, lovers we know of a plowman? And was not — But it is unnecessary to quote precedences; for if Billy had been the first plowman in the world who had ever loved and been impatient to fly to the presence of his charmer, the fact would not have cooled his ardor nor soothed his impatience; and when he had decided that he could complete that round and another before taking out the mules, Billy sent his long whip whistling about their great ears, and hurried them through the corn, as if the sun were in the eastern instead of in the western sky, and they were starting fresh in the morning instead of reaching the end of a long day's work.

The faithful mules, however, knew their driver's mood; the habit of weeks had taught them to know that the remainder of their task for the day was now a fixed amount, and that as soon as it was finished they would be led to the trough of cool water and the manger of bright oats and fragrant hay. So they responded willingly to Billy's urging, and soon came out at the edge of the field; and then, beginning on their last round, — the rows were half a mile long, — finished it in twenty minutes by Billy's heavy silver watch, a very reliable timepiece for any period of time less than an hour in duration.

When Billy had led the mules to the watering-trough, and brought the windmill round to the breeze to pump fresh water from the deep well, — "a hundred and thirteen feet, if it is an inch," Farmer Fuller would often declare, — he was somewhat disappointed and surprised that no one came to the door to tell him to hurry in, for supper was waiting; or else playfully to accuse him of laziness for "turning out" so early; or to ask him how many acres he had got over; or, under some pretext or other, to greet him and let him know his comings and goings were matters of interest to at least one person in the world.

"I wonder where she is," thought Billy; and imagining that she had perhaps not heard him talking to the eager brutes as they made impatiently for the water, though he had shouted "without any mitigation or remorse of voice," he began whistling loudly for the dog. Tige came running up readily enough, — in fact, he had been almost at Billy's heels for the last ten minutes, — but no one appeared at the open door; and Billy was finally obliged to lead the mules off to the stable, and give them their oats and hay, without getting a sight of Eva Fuller's pretty figure in the doorway, or hearing her innocent laugh at his dust-begrimed face; without an opportunity of showing how well he could

take a harmless jest, when it came from her.

"If that young Phillips has been around here again, with his buggy and fancy harness," Billy muttered, as he thrust the pitchfork viciously in the manger and packed down the hay with a vehemence entirely needless, — "why, if he has, there 'll be trouble on the ranche, that 's all."

When he had washed the streaked layer of soil from his face, and tried in vain for some time to brush the kink out of the ends of his black hair, — it was always a trial to Billy that his hair would curl, — he entered the house, and ate his supper of baked potatoes and crisp bacon and fresh eggs alone with Farmer Fuller and his wife. Eva was not there to laugh and chatter, and Billy took his glass of milk from Mrs. Fuller's masculine hand instead of Eva's, which was not masculine by any means. When the fresh plate of snowy biscuit, demanded by the hearty appetites of Billy and Farmer Fuller, was brought in from the kitchen, it was that hard-working woman's tall frame and austere visage that Billy saw in the door, and not Eva's neatly aproned figure and laughing eyes, — the usual vision that greeted him at this point in the evening meal.

Billy helped himself to another biscuit. "Where is Eva?" he asked, at last, of the old farmer, his desire to know what had become of her mastering his determination to appear indifferent.

"Young Phillips took her out buggy-ridin', this afternoon," answered Fuller, sugaring his second cup of coffee.

"He seems to enjoy trottin' his bays over the prairie," observed Billy, by way of starting a discussion of Phillips. "I should think he would want to get over that eighty-acre corn-field again. It 's a mighty weedy piece, and this hot weather is liftin' it right out o' the ground a'most. It 'll soon be too high to plow."

"Corn is just climbin' right along, this weather, — that 's a fact," and the honest Fuller smiled in anticipation of full cribs; "but Phillips has hired another man, and has put him to work on the eighty-acre piece."

"Humph! he might as well let the weeds take it as to pay it out in wages. Why don't he have his son do it? He 's a big, strappin' fellow enough."

"You must remember," struck in Mrs. Fuller, "that Mr. Phillips is n't obliged to have his son work, unless he chooses; and if Robert would rather enjoy himself on a pleasant evening, and take Eva for a buggy-ride, it 's nobody's business."

"No, no, mother," and her husband shook his head; "a man that won't work ought n't to eat, I say. Not but what I 'm willin' for young fellers to have their pleasure, and all that; but if I had the fortune of Lazarus I should bring up my sons to work."

"Well, if other people think different, it 's nobody's business, as I said."

"Of course, so far as the work goes, I 'm not meddlin' with other people's business. If they want to let their children go to bed without bein' sleepy and sit down to the table without bein' hungry, that 's their lookout; and, as you say, if Bob Phillips wants to galivant all over the country just as corn weather is comin' on the strongest, and the barley 's ready to cut, and the oats pretty near ripe, and the wheat turnin', why, it 's none o' my business. But when — but when, I say," and Fuller laid down his knife and fork to give added emphasis to his words and mark the deliberation with which they were uttered, — "when you go further 'n that, and say it 's nobody's business when he takes Eva out buggy-ridin', you go too far."

"Well, it 's nobody's but hers," retorted Mrs. Fuller, decidedly; "and if she did n't choose to go she would n't. But she 's tickled enough to go, poor girl,

after workin' in the kitchen all day;" and the gray eyes looked right through Billy at Tige, who was patiently waiting behind his master's chair for his supper-time to come. Mrs. Fuller was not sorry to get in a back-hander, as Billy mentally designated this speech, at her daughter's lover. He winced momentarily, but brightened up and nodded his approbation energetically when the old farmer continued his protest.

"Now you don't go far enough, mother, — that 's always the way with you: you either go too far, or you don't go far enough." In spite of his slow, measured way of speaking, there was a sound of impatience in his voice which his wife knew better than to provoke further. So she silently busied herself over her plate while he continued: "Here 's Billy, now, has been with us for two years and more. He quit the herder's business (not that I approve of the wild sort of life they carry on, but he was used to it and liked it), he quit it, I say, and came to work for me, — and a good hand he 's been, no one can deny, — because he happened to take a fancy to Eva's pretty face; and he was about right there, too; and he has stayed with us through two harvests, and been a faithful hand. He has saved his wages, and preëmpted as good a quarter-section of land as there is in the South Platte valley; he 's got Eva to likin' him, and we 've told 'em 'God bless 'em:' and for him to lose her now through your worldly and unconsiderate notions about this Phillips chap — just as if he was better than other people because he 's been away to school a few months, and his father's got three or four sections of land and a few more head o' stock than the balance of us! — why, I say it would be just like presentin' him with the cup o' Crœsus" —

"Cup of Tantalus, pa," interrupted a merry voice behind Billy's chair, that made his ears tingle with pleasure. He hoped that Eva had not caught the drift of the conversation, however, and was just going to turn round and feast his eyes with the sight of her, and let her see the joy in them, when he heard her ask some one to come in and have some supper; so he speared another potato and almost scalded himself with hot coffee instead.

"Billy, will you go out and drive Mr. Phillips's horses around to the stable?" asked the young lady carelessly, as she laid aside her smart bonnet with the bright pink ribbons.

Billy muttered something very low, but was pushing back his chair when the honest old farmer began: —

"You 'll do no such thing, Billy; you just sit where you are and eat your supper. Tell the fine young gentleman, Eva, that if his fiery steeds won't stand hitched to the hitchin'-post he can drive 'em round to the stable, and put 'em in the empty stall" —

"Why, Rufus!" exclaimed his wife.

— "and that he 'll have to excuse Billy and me," went on Rufus; "for we 're eatin' our suppers, and it 's ruinous to the digestion to be disturbed at meal-time."

Eva was somewhat surprised at this, for her father was usually very scrupulous on points of hospitality; but she delivered his message, choosing her own way of expressing the matter. Mr. Phillips, however, had already decided not to accept the hospitality of the Fullers, and after a brief conversation with Eva, of which the others could hear, now and then, a little silvery laugh accompanied by a great guffaw, he drove off.

Finally, when she came in and took her place at the table, Billy ventured to look at her. She did not deign to offer him a greeting, but broke into an enthusiastic description of her ride, addressing herself in a general way to her father and mother. Of course Billy could listen; he was sitting opposite her and could not well help hearing her

lively chatter without leaving the table, and this he had no intention of doing until he had satisfied his appetite. He tried in vain to keep down his rising indignation and wrath at her and young Phillips, and the persistency with which she avoided meeting his eyes brought him several times to the verge of choking. He soon came to the conclusion that she had heard and was offended at the remark her father had been making when she came in. But when she had exhausted the topic of her drive, and had irretrievably plunged Billy into a fit of the sullens, she suddenly turned her blue eyes on her father, and throwing her head back until her yellow hair was lighted up by the last rays of the crimson sun through the open door, "What would be like giving some one the cup of Tantalus, and who was the some one?" she asked.

"Oh — yes," answered the old man slowly, without showing any of the nervousness he felt; for this fair-haired young girl was accustomed to having her own way, and had a pert, charming manner of making the rest of the household uncomfortable when she was crossed in it, which almost never happened, or when her right to do so was even remotely questioned, which did occasionally occur. "Yes," said her father; "I always get Tantalus and Crœsus and Lazarus and Dives all mixed up, when you 're not around to straighten me out, Eva."

"But what was it you were talking of?"

Billy felt relieved. She had not heard, and he knew that her father could be depended upon to keep her from finding out. His sweetheart's disposition was known to him well enough to make him wish not to excite her opposition, nor let her feel that she was in the least constrained.

"Oh, I was just making a general remark," said Mr. Fuller.

"Yes; but it was about some one in particular," persisted Eva. "You were talking about Mr. Phillips; I know you were. You would never have said he might put up his horses himself, if you had n't been running him down just before. You know you would n't say such a thing unless you had been working yourself up to it by talking unreasonably."

"Now, Eva, how you jump at conclusions! That 's the great trouble with you and your mother: you 're always jumping at conclusions. It 's the fault of your sex, too. Now I never knew a woman that did n't" —

"Oh, you can't deny it; can he, ma? I felt sure you had, at first, and now I know it. But I am glad of it."

"Why?" inquired her father, taken by surprise.

"So I can stand up for him. I think he is ever so nice," and the young lady dropped her eyes and went on with her supper. She stole a look at Billy, and for a moment was almost frightened into relenting by what she saw in his face.

"Your father thinks it wrong for you to go out ridin' with Mr. Phillips," said Mrs. Fuller, not sorry to renew the engagement, now that she was reinforced.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Eva, and her mild blue eyes flashed.

"Now, mother," deprecated the farmer, "you have misunderstood me altogether."

"What did they say?" asked Eva, turning to her mother with a sweeping glance that established both Billy and the old farmer as culprits at the bar of judgment.

"They said," answered Mrs. Fuller deliberately, and glancing at Billy as much as to say, "And you had better not contradict it, either;" but she refused to see the prohibition to speak in her husband's frowning countenance, — "they said you had no business to take a little rest and innocent pleasure, after workin' hard all mornin' cookin' *their* meals; that you had no right to go

buggy-ridin' with Mr. Phillips, or any one else, for that matter, without huntin' all over the place to ask your father, and runnin' out to the field to see if Billy don't object."

"Now, mother, how you do pull a person's words all out of shape!" protested the old man, while Eva seemed to become several inches taller as she straightened up with wrath, and looked defiance at her father and contempt at poor Billy. "Did we say, or even hint at any such thing, Billy?"

Billy had not spoken since Eva's entrance; but now that he was directly appealed to he got up from the table with considerable native dignity, and returned Eva's glance bravely for a moment. "No, we did not," he answered, addressing Mr. Fuller; "and if your wife will take the trouble to make a little better round-up of her recollection, she will remember that what I said was about nobody and nothing but Mr. Phillips and his eighty-acre piece of corn; and she might know by this time that, whatever I felt, I would be the last person to say a word against Miss Eva's doing what she had a mind to; at least I would say it to nobody but Miss Eva herself," and the young fellow marched out of the room with an air of being justly and decently offended. Eva followed him with her eyes, not at all displeased to see how handsomely he bore himself.

"I tell you," declared Mr. Fuller, when Billy had gone, "William Wentworth is not a fellow to be made a fool of, either by himself or by others."

"Nobody ever said he was, that I know of," retorted his wife, who found it in her mind to make an answer, though the remark demanded none.

"There, now, mother," said the farmer, soothingly; and he straightway entered into an explanation of his position to his daughter, and showed how he had only been desirous of discussing the matters of wealth and worldly position in a general way, with perhaps a few illustrations from their acquaintances, but with no intention of making special applications, or calling in question the propriety of Eva's riding in Phillips' buggy; and when his wife had persisted in introducing this matter, all he had claimed was that what Eva should do was of consequence to others besides herself. "And I 'm sure, Eva," he appealed at the end, "you would n't want your old dad to say he did n't care a darn what you did or what became of you; now, would you?"

No indeed, Eva wanted him to say nothing like that; and she kissed the kind old man and brought his pipe, as if she had been the meekest and most obedient child the world had ever known. She was really very loving and tender-hearted, and when she saw how her father, through his weakness for words and evasive discussions and his aversion to displeasing herself, was determined to admit nothing, she forbore to plague him, and resolved to have satisfaction from Billy. He had carried himself with so much independence, and even something approaching disdain, during their pleasant family dispute, that she had no feelings of compunction on his account. She had felt sorry for him for a minute or two, but the feeling had disappeared as soon as her mother had spoken; and now she went out to where she knew he was smoking cigarettes, — for Billy had not been able to leave off this habit after turning from a herder into a plowman, — thinking that her only object was to torment him a little, and that they would then make it up and love each other more than ever.

She found him, as she had expected, at full length upon the grass, in his favorite position and occupying his favorite place near the hammock. The hammock had been procured only after a similar novelty had made its appearance for the benefit of the Misses Phillips, Robert's sisters, and had been swung between its posts but a few weeks; yet

in that time Billy and Eva had become so accustomed to staying there, in the long summer twilight, that it would have been a surprise to either had the other failed to appear.

She gracefully took her place in the hammock, — for she was as lithe and full of grace as a leopard, — and waited a while in silence; not so much for her lover to begin — for she hardly thought he would of his own accord broach the subject she was anxious to discuss — as to enjoy the stillness, and the soft air slightly perfumed by Billy's cigarette, and the gentle twilight hour. The light had faded out of the west, yet the distant level horizon that separated the sombre earth from the descending sky was plainly marked. The moon, just past the meridian, had been growing brighter and brighter as the wealth of color had faded from the clouds, and the shadow of the house, as it crept towards Eva and her lover, became more and more distinct.

Eva gave a little sigh as she thought how pleasant their evenings here had always been, and that to-night she had made up her mind to torment Billy. He was, no doubt, comfortably miserable already; but she should take care, she told herself, that they did not part in anger, and that Billy should be made happy in proportion to his misery before they separated.

"Shall I swing you?" asked Billy at last. She threw him the end of a rope, which Billy had ingeniously woven from half-ripened barley straw, and without disturbing himself he gently swung the hammock and its fair burden back and forth.

"Did you want to talk with me?" she began, holding the other end of the rope. It was the next best thing to holding his hand, she thought, and had the advantage of affording him no assurance that she was going to make him miserable only from wantonness.

"Yes."

"What did you want to say?"

"It did n't make any difference."

"It *did n't* make any difference? Does it now?"

"No," answered Billy, lighting another cigarette, which he had taken the precaution to roll in advance, without stopping the swinging.

"Oh," she said, after watching him a minute, "you had something particular to say, but have concluded not to say it."

"No; I meant I only wanted to talk to you, and it did n't make any difference what we talked about."

"How nice!" she exclaimed, with a sneer so slight that it was entirely lost on Billy. "But then," she continued, "you said at supper that you had something to complain of to Miss Eva herself."

"I did n't mean that, and, if I remember, that was n't just what I said."

"Well, it sounded like that. What did you say, then?"

"That *if* I intended to complain of you I would do it to you, yourself."

"Well, you called me '*Miss* Eva,' and seemed very high and mighty, any way." The tormenting and complaining were going to be more difficult to bring about than she had thought for, — at least in the way she wished. It was easy enough for her to find fault and be bothered at his coolness; but the mischievous delight she had promised herself was not to be had in this manner.

"I always call you that to your father and mother."

Eva swung in silence a few minutes; then she said, as if taking up a new subject, "You don't seem to like Rob Phillips very well."

"No, damn him," Billy muttered, starting up. "Whatever we talked about, I did n't want to discuss *him* with you, Eva," he broke out.

"Well, you need n't tumble me out on the ground, and you will please not swear at my friends." Billy dropped

the rope with which he had been swinging her. When the hammock had somewhat ceased its vibrations he began pacing up and down by her side.

"If he is one of your friends" — he said, at last, quite mildly. He was evidently going to humble himself; but to see him in this attitude was not so pleasant to Miss Eva as to see him haughty and defiant. Then she was not yet ready to make him happy, and had found the way in which she could torment him to her heart's content.

"Well, he is," she interrupted him, "one of my very best friends; and he is one who knows what is due to others, besides being a man who has ideas about something else than corn and cattle."

"And he 's got a new buggy and fine horses," went on Billy, taking up the note, and giving it a bitterly caustic tone, "and his father owns over two thousand acres of land, — it don't make any difference if he did jump a poor widow-woman's claim, just so he 's got the land, — and he 's been away to school, and he knows better than to waste his time plowin' corn and savin' up his money for the sake of any one he 's in love with. His father will give him a farm and plenty of stock, when he 's ready to get married, and he can afford to have ideas above doin' that. I know," he continued, disregarding Eva's efforts to interrupt him, and stopping his walk, — Eva, frightened at his vehemence, had raised herself in the hammock, and was holding on by the meshes, — "I know your mother wants you to throw me over for him; she never has liked me since — since you began to, and she thinks I 'm not good enough for you, which God knows I ain't; but I 'm better than he is, and I will swear at him, out of your hearin'; but I want you to know I will, even if he is one of your dearest friends. . . . I 've got ideas above bein' a clodhopper, too; and if bein' faithful, and steady, and hard workin', and lovin' won't win you, I 'll carry 'em out. Ranche life is glorious and free, and the best man wins. You can go and have your best friend, if you want him; but I 'll not go down on my knees to him, nor put up his horses for him, and I 'll swear at him all I please."

Just then some one rode up. "Oh, it 's Mr. Phillips!" exclaimed Eva, in a frightened whisper. "He said he did n't think he should come over to-night. What *shall* I do? Don't go away, Billy; you are all wrong," and she put out her hand with a detaining, almost an imploring gesture, as she turned to speak to Mr. Phillips, who had dismounted, and was approaching them, with the bridle-rein over his arm. But Billy had strode away without noticing her, muttering to himself, "I 'll swear at him, damn him; and if he says anything to me I 'll shoot him." He passed the house absently, and as he came opposite the open window he heard Mrs. Fuller's voice, saying to her husband, "Eva told me he was coming either to-night or to-morrow to ask her to marry him;" and Billy struck out over the prairie, not caring what direction he took.

His heart was full of rage and bitterness. He thought for a time that he would steal back after they had all gone to bed, put a few things together, and start for the grazing grounds; then he felt that he must see Eva once more; and when he had somewhat recovered his equanimity he decided to do nothing rash. He knew the old farmer was on his side, and he had Eva's promise; he remembered that harvest was coming on, and that it would be rather mean to leave the old man in the lurch, with no hands to be had in the county. He had never met this Phillips; had only heard of him through Mrs. Fuller and Eva, and had seen him once or twice at a distance. He would be sensible and strong; he would do his best; and if Eva married Phillips for his money, why, he would be fortunate in losing her.

So he turned, and went back to the farm-house. But when he saw that there was still a light in the front room, all his wrath came back to him. He knew it must be late; for though, in his excitement, he had not noticed the lapse of time, yet he had watched the moon go down; and he reasoned that Phillips must have received encouragement, or he would not have stayed so long. He could not get to his room without disturbing Eva and her companion, and he determined to wait about the outbuildings until Phillips had gone, and then carry out his first plan. He would not even try to see Eva before he started away to resume his old and favorite occupation.

He wandered aimlessly about, taking his last look at the dim outlines of the house and stable and the tall, slim frame that supported the windmill, and at the granaries and corn-crib. It was in the shelter of the last low, broad building that he had asked Eva to marry him, the November before. He remembered exactly how it had happened: how he had been sorting out some of the best ears for seed-corn, while the first snow of the winter was flying fitfully about the corners of the buildings, and the wind whistled sharply through the open boards. He recalled how Eva's bright smile had lighted up the little cave he had made at the door of the crib, when she came to ask for a few ears to parch, — she always parched corn on the day of the first snow, — and how her presence had shut out the cold and storm, as the golden corn, piled high around them, had seemed to separate them from the world. He thought of how happy and full of joy they had been, and how lightheartedly they had laughed when finally, forgetting all about her errand, she had gone to the house, only to come out to him again. But now, as he looked in through the little door where she had appeared that November day to make him happy, there was nothing but dreary emptiness, and the damp odor of mouldering corn.

Billy turned away with a sharp pain. He was not a sentimental fellow, but he really loved Eva, and the contrast between that afternoon and now affected him. "I never want to smell that smell again," he thought, and congratulated himself that in the life he was going to live he never would. He looked towards the house: the light was out, and he might reach his room without meeting any one. So he struck across the yard, setting his lips firmly. Just as he came opposite the stable he saw some one lead a horse out, and then stop, apparently to tighten the girths.

Billy wanted no interview with Phillips, and stepped out of sight behind the building, but not before he had been noticed.

"Hey! what are you prowling round here for?" demanded the dim figure.

"It 's none o' your business," replied Billy, coming out again into view.

The man scanned him closely in the uncertain starlight. "Ah, young fellow, if you belong to the house, it 's all right. But you 'd better get inside as quick as God a'mighty 'll let you, and cover your head with the bedclothes; and don't budge till you 're called for breakfast."

Billy was not hypercritical, but he could not help thinking that this was rather coarse language for a man who knew what was due to others, and who had ideas above corn and cattle. He was in no mood, however, to allow anybody to speak so to him, much less Robert Phillips. So he politely invited him to go to a place where cow-boys very often ask their enemies and friends alike to go.

"Don't give me any o' your chin, young chap, or I 'll knock your head off," and he started toward Billy menacingly.

Billy swore a great oath and drew his revolver, which he was never without. "Keep off!" he cried. "I 'll let daylight

through you if you come another step." The other, evidently not believing he was armed, continued to advance. Billy never felt sure whether he was prompted more by his jealousy and despair than by his anger at the fellow's insolence, — for his life among the cow-boys had taught him to consider anything like a threat of bodily injury as a deadly insult, — but he fired his revolver.

His victim threw his arms wildly in the air, and fell heavily to the ground. Billy was stunned for a moment by what he had done. He had always heard such deeds made light of, but he had never been an actor, or even a witness, in the broils that give rise to them. The reality was somehow much more terrible than he had ever conceived it. "My God, I 've killed him!" he thought, as he stood with his smoking weapon in his hand and the fallen man's groan ringing in his ears. The horse, frightened at the report, had galloped off, making for the open prairie, and Billy was brought to consider his own position by seeing a light appear in the windows of the house. Tige was barking savagely, and he could hear the old farmer trying to quiet him. He heard some one call his name, and imagined for a moment that he recognized Eva's voice.

"She has guessed what 's happened," thought Billy, "and she 's anxious for him," and he turned away bitterly, with no wish but to keep out of sight, — to get away from Eva and her kind-hearted old father, who had always been so good to him. The idea of escaping the penalty of his act did not occur to him; never to be seen or heard of again by any one here who had known him, was all he cared for.

He never knew exactly how the rest of that night wore away. He struck into the corn-field first, thinking its dark aisles would afford him a safe hiding-place from immediate pursuit; but he kept seeing in the swaying blades the man's wildly waving arms, and in their rustle he heard his heavy groan. "Shall I always remember them?" he asked himself, as he stumbled on desperately over the rough ground. He felt a great relief when at last he had crossed the field, and found himself on the open prairie beyond. He stood for a moment on the edge of this broad expanse, now buried in the darkness and stillness of the night. It seemed endless, boundless, a great stretch of void and awful space. In spite of his familiarity with the prairies he could not keep off a feeling of loneliness, a sense of solitude that was fearful to him. That he had need to be alone and solitary but made him dread it the more. The cause of the feeling was identical with the reason for the necessity; and the stillness, the monotony, the extent, the emptiness, of the prairie came over him with a power he had never dreamed of before. This silent, unseen force had dwelt in the prairie and its attributes from the beginning of time; but he had never realized its nature and immensity till now, — and now it seemed to crush him. He knew the change was in himself, and he thought with a great fear of the years of days and nights he was to live in the widest and dreariest of those unchanging prairies. "I wonder why I can't think of the first part of my life there," he said, meaning the farm, "and not only of the last hour of it." But he felt that what the last hour had brought forth would be with him distinct and terrible, when all the months of trivial things would have become dim and faded in his memory.

At last he started across the prairie. He had a plan dimly shaped in his head to go to Speedville. He owned a pony, which a young lawyer there was keeping in return for his use. He would claim his pony, and ride up into the Loup country. But he wandered aimlessly over the level ground without thinking of the direction of Speedville,

which really lay on the other side of Farmer Fuller's homestead. He would have to wait till morning to get his pony, and he would walk until he saw the dawn appearing in the east. It seemed an age before the first pale gleams of morning broke through the long line of low clouds. Billy had felt more in those few hours than he had in his whole lifetime before. He had made his way over miles of level prairie; he had waded through the shallow water of a broad lagoon; he had passed through the cold air of several deep ravines. All along he had been peculiarly sensible of the nature of the ground, and had noticed even in the darkness every firmly-grassed buffalo-wallow or hilly group of rabbit-burrows that had lain in his way; yet in spite of his quickened perceptions for little things, the great, crushing sense of guilt, the vague yet definite feeling of isolation, left their impress on him.

At last, when the dawn began to break, and the slowly brightening east called his attention to his course, he found that he had been going away from Speedville all this while. He had begun to think more collectedly of the measure he should take, and to consider more calmly his material situation apart from his emotional attitude, when suddenly a couple of horsemen rode out of the fading darkness. He was about to follow his first impulse, and lie down in the grass to escape their notice, when one of them called out, —

"Hello! Is that you, Billy?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Billy, in reply.

"Oh, there 's no need for that sort of talk, now. The other one is caught, and you are wasting your time hunting for him around here, a dozen miles from where he is safely tied in old man Fuller's barn."

Here Tige ran up to Billy, and began to show his joy at finding him. It was plain how the dog had led them to him, but what the fellow was talking about was not so evident.

"Who are you?" asked Billy again, as they rode up to him.

"Oh, yes, I forgot; we have never been introduced, but I have heard a good deal of you. I 'm Robert Phillips, — call me Bob, though; everybody else does, — and this is our new hand, Jake Lewis."

Billy was more perplexed than ever; he could understand but one thing, — here was the man, whom he thought he had killed, in flesh and blood before him. He stood and patted the demonstrative dog in silence, trying to see through it all, and wondering if he had had a dream.

"You had better get down, Jake," said Bob, "and let Billy have your pony. He has done some lively walking to-night, and is tired, I 'll bet you. We 'll send some one back to meet you, with an extra pony, as soon as we get to the house;" and while Billy was yet absently speculating, he found himself riding back towards Fuller's by the side of Robert Phillips.

"I guess the fellow you winged is pretty sore," presently begun the latter, "but the doctor thinks he will get over it."

"Who was he?" asked Billy.

"Nobody knows. I fancy he belongs to a regular gang of horse-thieves on the Kansas border; there 's been a good deal of" —

"Oh, I see," interrupted Billy, and he drew a long breath of relief.

"It was lucky for old man Fuller that you happened to be around; otherwise he 'd have been minus a pretty batch of live stock this morning," resumed Phillips, after they had ridden a short time in silence. "But see here, Billy," he asked, suddenly, "how did you come to follow the other fellow on foot? He gave you the slip early, for he was caught in the other direction."

"I don't know, exactly," answered

Billy. "I was excited, and the horse broke away, and — well, I did n't think."

"It 's strange what queer things a person will do in excitement."

"Yes, it is," said Billy, with fervor. "I want to ask you, Mr. Phillips" —

"Bob," corrected the other.

"Well, I want to ask you when you left the house last night."

"Oh!" answered Phillips, uneasily; there was not enough light for Billy to see the honest fellow redden. "I did n't stay long. You saw when I came up? Well, I only stayed a few minutes."

"Did n't you go in?"

"No; it did n't take me long to find out I was — that you — that is — well, you are a lucky fellow, Billy," Phillips managed to say at last, riding near and offering his hand. "I wish you all the joy and happiness, you know, and — well, I would like to be in your boots, that 's all; but no bad blood. If we are to be neighbors, we 'll be friends, eh?"

"We will *that*," said Billy, wringing his proffered hand, and thinking what the memory of this frank young fellow might have been to him.

"Who are inside?" he asked, when they reached the house.

"Nobody but the folks, I guess, and the doctor, may be. You go right in," Phillips continued, as they dismounted: "there 's somebody there will be glad to see you. I 'll go out to the stable and see how the captured birds and their guard are getting along, and send some one back after Jake."

Billy gave over the pony to Phillips and went up to the door. The sun was just peeping over the bank of clouds that for a time had been holding back the full radiance of his morning brightness; and as Eva opened the door, and ran out to meet her lover, and throw her arms around his neck, and weep sweet tears of humble penitence and proud joy, he rose clear of the obstructing clouds, and sent a flood of light and warmth along the rolling prairies. The glad, bright day had come, and the chill and gloom and heavy darkness of the night were things of the past.

The old farmer came to the door, and then, turning back hastily, he remarked to his wife that it was going to be another good day for the corn.

Frank Parks.

TO A POET IN THE CITY.

CHERISH thy muse! for life hath little more,
Save what we hold in common with the herd:
O blessing of these woods! to walk unstirred
By clash of commerce and the city's roar!
What finds the scholar in those flaming walls
But wearied people, hurrying to and fro,
Most with too high, and many without aim,
Crowded in vans or sweltering in huge halls
To hear loud emptiness or see the show?
Were this a life to 'scape the Muses' blame?
Rather than such would I the Parcæ ask,
Folding mine arms, to stretch me on the floor
Where Agamemnon in his golden mask
Dreams not of Argolis or Argos more.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE TRAIL OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

In the biography of Commodore Preble, by J. Fenimore Cooper, there is a very wise and noteworthy passage: —

"There appears an indisposition in the human mind to acknowledge that others have seen that which chance has concealed from our own sight. Travelers are discredited and derided merely because they relate facts that lie beyond the circle of the common acquisitions; and the term 'travelers' stories' has its origin more in a narrow jealousy than in any prudent wariness of exaggeration. The provincial distrusts the accounts of the inhabitant of the capital, while self-love induces even the latter to deride the marvels of the country."

A remarkable example of this tendency occurs in the history of the late Charles Waterton, author of Wanderings in South America. Some of my readers may be old enough to have read the reviews of the book when it was published, more than fifty years ago, or, at all events, may have seen those which are preserved in the high-class periodicals. The work was condemned as a mere bundle of "travelers' tales." His accounts of his dealings with boa-constrictors and venomous serpents were compared with the adventures of Sindbad and Baron Münchausen; his observations on the sloth were rejected as unworthy of belief; while his ride on the back of a cayman was set down as a wild invention of a man who must be a liar, but might be excused on the ground of insanity. Waterton treated these diatribes with perfect composure, saying, and very truly, that time would confirm the truth of all his statements.

Yet no one was a sterner disbeliever in other travelers' tales than Waterton. He held that Bruce was altogether unworthy of belief, because he stated that the Abyssinians fed on raw flesh cut from a living animal. He flatly denied the possibility of cannibalism, and wrote an elaborate essay for the purpose of denouncing the traveler who dared to say that man could eat man, except when pressed by hunger or urged by superstition. He poured the vials of his wrath on travelers who asserted that monkeys could throw stones, and repudiated all evidence on the subject as below contempt. He did not, however, go so far as some, who denied the existence of the giraffe, on the ground that no animal would have been created which, if it were to take cold, would be liable to nine feet of sore throat.

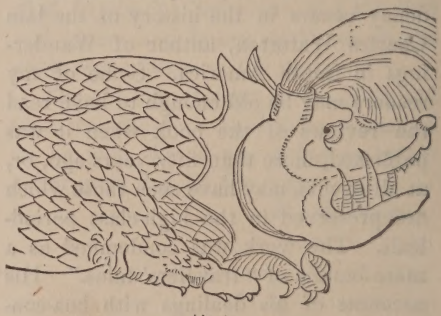
It is not very difficult to be witty about travelers' tales, and it is very easy to be sarcastic. Moreover, with some minds, disbelief, no matter what may be the subject, seems to imply a sort of superiority. Nothing is easier than to disbelieve, and nothing is safer. As long as an assertion cannot be proved, skepticism is triumphant. Supposing that it should be proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, there are many gates for escape. One way is to ignore the subject altogether. Another way is to blame the travelers because they did not produce sufficient evidence. Or — and this is a very common mode of evasion — the former skeptic bides his time, and then writes as if he had been all along a staunch supporter instead of an opponent.

Now that tales of travelers, such as Stedman, Bruce, Waterton, and others, have been proved true, there is always the sea-serpent to fall back upon, when a subject for wit is wanting.

According to the old adage, there is no smoke without fire, and, as from the earliest times the existence of a gigantic sea-snake has been asserted by sailors as a fact which no one would think of con-

troverting, it is not likely that there was no foundation for their belief. The sea-serpent and the gigantic cuttle called the "kraken" have been classed together as equally the product of fertile brains. Yet, making allowance for natural exaggeration, the kraken is now an acknowledged animal, and Denys Montford's figure of the destruction of a vessel by the kraken is scarcely fabulous, considering the small size of ships in his days. Even in Sindbad's tales of his voyages, it is easy to see that they were in many cases distorted and magnified versions of actual facts.

I believe that much of the inflated notions of sea-monsters are due to the illustrations of books of the sixteenth century. Monsters of various kinds are to be seen in them, the figures having evidently been drawn from description, and not from the object. One of these books is an admirable epitome of fact transformed into fable. It is called "Prodigiorum ac Ostentorum Chronicon," that is, A Chronicle of Prodigies and Portents, and was written by Conrad Wolffhart, who Grecized his name into Lycosthenes, just as the name of Schwarzerd was Grecized into Melancthon. A very fine copy of this work is in the possession of Mr. S. H. Russell, of Boston, who kindly lent it for the purpose of illustrating this article. According to the author's theory, all monsters are signs of divine anger against man, and ought to be considered in that light. There are two-headed cows and sheep, four-armed children and children without arms, three-legged asses, and so forth, all of which are taken out to sea or river and drowned. Many of these monsters are common enough at the present day, but in this utilitarian age we should put them into dime museums and make money by them. Other figures are simply misrepresentations of actual facts. Thus, there is the sun shining at night, — a travelers' tale; swine with human hands and feet, *i. e.*, pig-faced baboons. There are swords of fire in the sky, which of course are comets. One large plate represents the monsters of the sea, and a very interesting plate it is. Where the artist had a model he acquitted himself admirably. There are two gigantic lobsters, one of which has seized a man by the wrist. Both lobster and man are admirably drawn; the latter being well foreshortened, while the details of the former are perfectly correct. The other lobster is being devoured by a grotesque creature, which I could not at first identify. At last, however, I recognized it as a drawing, from description, of the wolf-fish. I have seen one of these fish seize a fairly sized crab in its jaws, and crunch it between its enormous teeth with a single bite. The only description of it in the letterpress is that it is armed with "truculent teeth."



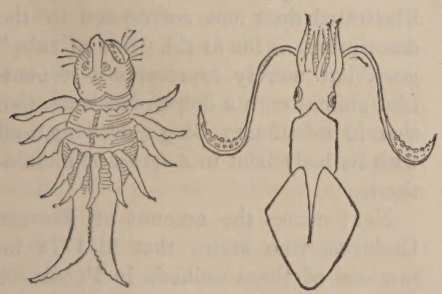
Alcete.

Another figure represents Alcete. It is attacking a ship, while one of the crew is blowing a long trumpet, and others are throwing tubs into the water. The reader will see how the artist has mixed his ideas with those of the describer. It is of course a spermaceti whale, the spout-holes and spouts being given in a very realistic way, and the teeth placed rightly enough in the lower jaw. As whales were in those days reckoned among fishes, the artist thought scales to be necessary, and he could form no idea of front limbs except as legs. The account in the letterpress says that these creatures upset ships, and can only

be frightened away by blowing horns and throwing empty barrels at them. "Naves evertunt, ac tantum sono tubarum, aut missis in mare rotundis vasis absterrentur."

Physeter.

Another sea-monster, called Physeter, is depicted in a very remarkable attitude. When thus erect it is said to swamp ships, blowing through holes in its forehead, like a cloud, the water which it had swallowed. "Haustam aquam per frontis foramina in nimbi modum exufflans:" a perfectly correct description of the appearance presented by a whale when spouting. Without looking at the text it would be impossible to identify the creature which is here represented. But



Loligo. Squid.

on turning to the letterpress, it is amusing to see how the artist has drawn his figure from the sailor's verbal account. "Loligo, which flies by flinging itself out of the water, has its head between its legs and belly, and black blood like ink." This is a true description of the flying squid, a figure of which I have placed by that of the ingenious artist.

In the same plate is represented "Orca," that is, a huge serpentine animal, which has coiled itself around a ship, and is dragging it under the waves. Now, as all the other strange beings are fanciful representations of real objects, it is only fair to conjecture that the Orca also may be based on fact. The letterpress merely states in general terms that it sinks ships. Another plate depicts several similar creatures attacking ships, and being repulsed by *cannon*. N. B. The date of this battle is given as 151 B. C., and the locality is the shore of Sardinia, each of the monsters being much larger than the island.

As long as navigation was in its infancy accuracy could not be expected in such matters, and so I will pass to modern times.

After sifting and arranging the various accounts which have been published, and rejecting those which are irrelevant, we find the following narratives in chronological order. In 1639, a traveler named Josselyn, who was visiting New England, was told of a sea serpent that lay coiled upon a rock at Cape Ann. Some Englishmen, who were in a boat, wanted to shoot it, but were told by their Indian companions that unless the creature could be killed on the spot they would be in danger of their lives; whereupon they very wisely let it alone. Josselyn does not appear to have seen it himself. He merely narrates the fact as it was told to him, and his statement, meagre though it be, has at all events the merit of localizing the creature.

Next comes a very remarkable narrative from a very remarkable man. Hans Egede, the celebrated missionary, who went to Greenland in 1734, in the prosecution of his noble work, kept an ac-

count of his travels. With childlike simplicity he regrets that he saw no mermaids or other monsters, such as he evidently thought he had a right to expect.

"None of these sea-monsters have been seen by us, nor by any of our time that I could hear, save that most dreadful monster which showed itself on the surface of the water off our colony, in 64° N. latitude. This monster was of so huge a size that, coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the mainmast; its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long. It had a long, pointed snout, and spouted like a whale-fish; it had great broad paws; the body seemed covered with shell-work, and the skin was very ragged and uneven. The under part of its body was shaped like an enormous huge serpent; and when it dived again, under water, it plunged backwards into the sea, and so raised its tail aloft, which seemed a whole ship's length distant from the bulkiest part of its body."

This history is illustrated by a sketch made by another missionary, named Bing. The animal is a sort of a compound of the conventional dolphin of ancient sculptors, the snake, and the seal. Or perhaps it might be likened to a very elongated dolphin, the tail being rounded, like that of the snake, and not flat and bifurcated, after the fashion of the dolphin. Its distinctly delphinian head is raised high out of the water upon its snake-like neck. The muzzle is pointing directly upwards, and from the throat issues a fountain-like column of water, falling in thick spray. From the shoulders proceed two very short fore-limbs, terminated by broadly webbed paws. The body is covered with scales (which, by the way, could not have been distinguished at such a distance), and there is no mane on the neck, though the dripping water might readily have been mistaken for a mane. This sketch was not made at the time, but from memory; the notable points being the peculiar attitude of the head and neck and the position of the fore-limbs.

Seventeen years later, we find two accounts of the sea-serpent: one by a learned bishop, and the other by an unlearned seaman, named Joseph Kent. The latter states that the animal was seen by him in Broad Bay, in May, 1751. He avers that it came within ten or twelve yards, and that its size exceeded both in length and thickness that of his main-boom. His vessel being of eighty-five tons measurement, the main-boom was not only a lengthy but a bulky object.

Bishop Pontoppidon, in his Natural History of Norway, states that the Norwegian coast is the only place in Europe which is visited by the sea-serpent. Referring to certain doubts which had been thrown upon the subject, he says that his people think such strictures as absurd as if they had been expressed about the codfish or the eel. He also gives a letter from Captain De Ferry, who, aided by a boat's crew of eight men, chased the animal, fired at it, and, as he thinks, wounded it. His account was confirmed by affidavits by two of the crew. The length of the monster was said to be about six hundred feet, — an obvious exaggeration, — and its back was stated to look like a row of hogsheads floating in a line, at some distance from each other. The drawing with which this account is illustrated does not correspond to the description, as far as the "line of tubs" goes, but merely represents a serpent-like animal with a delphinian head, like that in missionary Bing's drawing, and with its body bent in a series of undulations.

Next comes the account of Eleazar Crabtree, who states that in 1778 he saw one of these animals in Penobscot Bay, and mentions casually that similar creatures had been seen by many other persons. These men are comparatively unknown, but in the following year, 1779, we come upon a name which is

not only known, but honored, in New England.

When the late Commodore E. Preble was a midshipman in the Protector, which was lying in an Eastern harbor, a huge, serpent-like monster was seen near the ship. A boat's crew of twelve was told off for the purpose of attacking it, and, in consequence of his known courage and skill, young Preble was placed in command. The men were armed as if they were to board an enemy's ship, and the boat was furnished with a swivel-gun. When they approached it, the creature raised its head about ten feet out of the water, looked round, and then swam off so fast that the boat could not overtake it. Mr. Preble estimated its length at between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet, its head being larger than a barrel. This last simile is very much like the well-known "piece of chalk," in point of accuracy. Another officer, who watched it for an hour, reported its length at one hundred and fifty feet, and the size of the head as equal to that of a wine-pipe. As he saw it pass under his boat, he had a better view than young Preble enjoyed. In the following year, May, 1780, George Little, of Marshfield, saw a similar creature in Round Pond, Broad Bay. He also mentioned the case of Joseph Kent, to whom a reference has already been made.

Now we come to the present century. In July, 1802, Abraham Cumming testifies that he saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay, and states that within eighteen years six appearances of the creature had been recorded. His testimony is confirmed by those of three other eye-witnesses.

In 1808, a creature was found stranded on one of the Orkney Islands named Stronsa. It was said to be fifty-six feet long and twelve in circumference. The head was only a foot in length, while the neck was fifteen feet long. Further details are given, but the whole account is spoiled by the mention of *three* pairs of limbs, this structure being absolutely impossible in any vertebrate animal. Those who care to investigate the case will find the full report, by Dr. Barclay, in the first volume of the Wernerian Transactions.

In this year we find a really good account of a serpentine sea-monster. The writer is the Rev. Mr. Maclean, parish minister of Eigg, and the communication is addressed to the secretary of the Wernerian Society. "I saw the animal of which you inquire in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at the distance of half a mile, an object to windward, which gradually excited astonishment. At first view it appeared like a small rock; but knowing that there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes closely upon it. Then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and, after a slow movement, distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great distance from the shore. When nearly in a line between it and the shore, the monster, directing its head (which still continued above water) towards us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chase of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leaped out on a rock, and had taken a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it coming rapidly under water towards the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of it, *finding the water shallow*, it raised its monstrous head above water, and by a winding course got, with apparent difficulty, clear of the creek, where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being embayed. It continued to move with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was somewhat broad, and of form somewhat oval; its neck somewhat smaller; its shoulders, if I can so term them, consid-

erably broader, and thence it tapered to the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view of it could not be taken so distinctly as I wished. It had no fins, as I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulation *up and down*. Its length I believed to be between seventy and eighty feet. When nearest to me it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any."

Mr. Maclean proceeds to state that the animal was seen by the crews of thirteen fishing-boats, and that the men, thinking that it was pursuing them, fled for safety to the nearest creek. The creature, however, did not appear to have any harmful intentions, as it came close to a small boat, which it could easily have swamped had it chosen. The sailors said that its head was as large as a small boat, and its eyes were as big as plates; but they were evidently too much frightened to be particular about accuracy. In fact, most of these accounts must be taken with a good many grains of salt.

Within the next thirty years quite a number of sea-serpent visits are chronicled. I give abstracts of all which I can find noticed, but it is probable that there may be many more accounts hidden away in local journals. One observer states that on the 20th of June, 1815, he saw through a telescope a marine animal with which he was not acquainted. It was in the harbor of Gloucester, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and was moving rapidly southwards. It presently turned, and, as far as could be seen, its length was about one hundred feet. The body was so formed that it looked like a number of humps, some thirty or forty in number, and each about the size of an ordinary barrel. The head appeared to be about six or eight feet in length, and to be shaped like that of a horse, tapering to the muzzle. The color was deep brown. Neither eyes, gills, blowholes, mouth, or fins were seen. This statement was sworn to before General Humphreys, as were the attestations of many other eye-witnesses.

The animal seems to have remained about the coast, for in the summer and autumn of 1817 the Gloucester Telegraph of that year gives the following account of it: "On the 14th of August the sea-serpent was approached by a boat within thirty feet (query, yards?), and on raising his head above water was greeted by a volley from the gun of an experienced sportsman. The creature turned directly toward the boat, as if meditating an attack, but sank down, and soon reappeared at about a hundred yards' distance, on the opposite side of the boat. The appearance of the sea-monster as he appeared on that day was the subject of a painting by 'Jack' Beach, which we believe is still in existence, and a copy of which, by Joseph H. Davis, preserved in the Rogers family, we have seen. The sea-serpent, surrounded by boats, is the principal feature of the foreground, and in the background appears a good representation of that portion of the town as then seen from the harbor; the principal objects being the old fort, the windmill, the old First Parish Church, with its spire and clock, and the Independent Christian Church. An interesting feature of the picture is the representation of poplar trees, which were once numerous about town, but have nearly or all disappeared."

The animal seems to have shown itself rather freely, and quite a number of depositions were made concerning it. It only appeared in calm weather; sometimes floating perfectly still, and at others moving with great speed. Some persons said that it went at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and gave its apparent length at eighty or ninety feet; but it is so difficult to estimate

distance, and therefore speed, in the sea that we can only accept this statement as showing that the animal could swim very fast when it chose. Such seems to have been the case with the creature which was chased by a twelve-oared boat, and could not be overtaken. In the same season, a farmer killed with his pitchfork, near Good Harbor Beach, a snake, which was pronounced to be a young specimen of the sea-serpent, because its back was covered with a series of humps. It was, however, ascertained to be nothing but a deformed variety of an ordinary snake, and the high-sounding titles which were given to it were nothing worth.

In August, 1818, the sea-serpent was seen for a considerable time, partly about Nahant, and partly near Gloucester. Multitudes of spectators collected to watch it, and on the thirteenth and fourteenth days it showed itself frequently, moving with great speed through the water, and holding its head high above the surface. Strangely enough, in the same year it was again seen off the coast of Norway, as is reported by Sir A. De Capell Brooke in his Travels in Norway. In 1819, it was again viewed off Otersun in Norway. Sir Arthur did not see the creature himself, but Captain Schilderup told him that he had frequently seen it, once within two hundred yards. It remained for nearly a month, and left the place when the calm, warm weather ceased.

This seems to be a sea-serpentine year. Mr. Samuel Cabot states that on August 19th he was starting from Nahant for Boston, and saw the beach crowded with people, and a number of boats pushing off from shore. While he was looking at the boats, the head and part of the neck of an animal unknown to him were pushed out of the water, at the distance of about one hundred yards. The head seemed somewhat like that of a horse; the portion of neck exhibited above the water was about two feet in length, and a little beyond the neck there were a series of protuberances, reaching to a distance of about eighty feet. The creature moved along rather slowly at first, but afterwards swam so quickly as to cause waves of foam in front of the neck, and to leave a long wake behind it. Several hundred people were present at the time; some in boats, some on the shore, and some on the heights on either side.

A few days previously, an animal, apparently the same, was seen by Mr. James Prince, then marshal of the district. Mr. Prince saw it no less than seven times, and on several occasions it was not more than a hundred yards from him. He estimated its length at about sixty feet. Mr. Prince, corroborated by Mr. J. Magee of Boston, Mr. B. F. Newhall of Saugus, and many others, mentioned the flexibility of the animal, and the ease with which it changed its course. More than once it reared its head about six feet out of the water, and made directly for one of the boats; the spray dashing over its neck, and the protuberances of the back glittering in the sun. But it never attacked a boat, and though it came near enough to frighten the rowers it always turned sharply and retreated. It passed across the bay three times, and then went off to sea, apparently frightened by the boats. The animal was also seen by the sentries at Fort Providence.

Another eye-witness was Captain Hawkins Wheeler, then commanding the sloop Concord, of Fairfield, Conn. On June 9, 1819, he saw a strange animal, which corresponded in every way with that which was observed by Messrs. Prince, Cabot, Magee, Newhall, etc. The day was calm, the weather clear, so that a good view was obtained. The creature thrust its head some seven or eight feet out of the water, not more than fourteen rods from the vessel. The skin appeared to be smooth and without

scales, and the color was black. The peculiar bunched back was noticeable, and the length seemed to be some sixty feet. When it swam, it left behind it a wake as long as the ship. Captain Wheeler, accompanied by his mate, Gersham Bennett, went before Mr. Theodore Eames, J. P., of Essex, and made affidavit of the above statement.

Another eye-witness was the Rev. Cheever Finch, then chaplain of the Independence, U. S. N. His description is very similar to those which have already been quoted, but he adds some details, the importance of which we shall presently see. He says that the head somewhat resembled that of a snake, but that the eyes were prominent, and stood out boldly from the head. The animal was very active, diving smartly under the water, as if seeking prey. He watched it for half an hour, and in consequence of its activity he was able to see that the color was dark brown above and white below. He also notices the protuberances of the back. The account was written in the Boston Sentinel, and the letter is dated from Gloucester, August 26, 1819. The particular spot where the creature was seen was between Ten Pound Island and Stage Point.

In the following year, 1820, a similar animal was viewed off Swampscott on the 10th of August, and a large crowd collected to watch it. Three men, Andrew Reynolds, Jonathan B. Lewis, and Benjamin King, pursued it in a boat, and approached within thirty yards. Their accounts exactly tallied with those which have been given in the last few paragraphs, and, as soon as they came ashore, the men made affidavit before a justice of the peace. The same creature was seen from a house on the shore by Mr. Joseph Ingalls, who watched the chase, and made his affidavit the same day. In 1823, Mr. Francis Johnson testified that on July 12th, his attention was struck by an object moving into the harbor from Nahant, but, thinking it to be only a row of porpoises, he did not trouble himself about it. "About two hours afterwards, I heard a noise in the water, and saw about four rods distant something resembling the head of a fish or serpent elevated about two feet above the surface, followed by seven or eight bunches, the first about six feet from the head, all about six feet apart, and raised about six inches above the water." He pursued it for half an hour, and was in full sight of it all the time. On landing, Mr. Johnson made a statement of his experience before six gentlemen, all of whom vouch for his integrity. Happily, although this event occurred so long ago, Mr. Johnson is still living (April 7, 1884) and can speak for himself. I possess copies of all these documents, but can only give this short abstract.

There is a casual mention of the sea-serpent as making another Norwegian appearance in 1822, but no one appears to have seen it on the New England shore until 1826, when it again appeared off Nahant, as is recorded very briefly in the Lynn Mirror.

Seven years elapse, and again the animal appeared in its favorite haunt off Nahant. It showed itself in the month of July, and remained for at least two "whole days;" passing between Egg Rock and the Promontory, winding its way into Lynn harbor, and again, on Sunday morning, heading for South Shores.

Few and far between are now its visits, for until 1849 nothing seems to have been heard of it on these coasts. In one of the Drontheim newspapers of 1837 there is a rumor of the sea-serpent, but it is too loose and hazy to be worthy of quotation. But in 1849 the creature again appears in its old haunts, as lively as ever. This time it was seen by Mr. J. Marston, of Swampscott, who estimates its length at between eighty and a hundred feet, and states that he

saw the entire length of the creature, from the head to the tail.

Now comes a long interval. Twenty-four years elapse, and the sea-serpent is no more heard of. "Abiit, evasit, erupit." Its memory only survived. Now and then a passenger in an ocean steamer sees a line of porpoises, and thinks that the mystery of the sea-serpent is finally solved. Or the vessel comes upon the floating mast of some abandoned ship. It has become clothed with barnacles, and as it rocks on the waves really looks as if it were alive. Of course, when it is at a distance, it is hailed as the sea-serpent; and when it is found to be only a floating piece of timber, it is cited as a proof that all sea-serpents are floating masts. Or a rope-like mass of gulf-weed is hastily welcomed as the long-missing sea-serpent, and then derided for not being what it was thought to be. So, during those twenty-four years, the sea-serpent gradually slipped out of memory, and was placed on a par with the mermaid and the phœnix.

Suddenly, in 1875, our long-lost friend again makes its appearance. But so deep-rooted was the popular prejudice on the subject that those who saw it did not like to say so. It does require some courage to face the alternative of being either ridiculed as an ignorant fool, or denounced as a contemptible impostor. Such was the ordeal through which all had to pass who ventured to assert that they had seen the sea-serpent, and that it was not a string of barrels, nor a floating mast, nor a school of porpoises, nor a shoal of horse-mackerel, nor a mass of sea-weed, but was really the creature to which the name of "sea-serpent" has always been given.

When I came to this country, in the autumn of 1883, I unexpectedly found myself on "the trail of the serpent." Some years before I had read extracts from certain American newspapers, and had longed to go to Boston. But as I had at that time no more idea of visiting America than of taking a journey to the Pole Star, the sea-serpent had so nearly faded from my memory that when I did at last find myself in Boston I failed to connect the locality with the serpent. But a few days after my arrival, while Dr. J. C. Warren was conducting me over the invaluable collection which is hidden away in the obscurity of a side street, instead of inhabiting an illuminated temple in the middle of the Common, I came on the portrait of the sea-serpent itself. As a matter of course, the next step was to seek the acquaintance of the eye-witnesses who had possessed sufficient courage to state what they had seen.

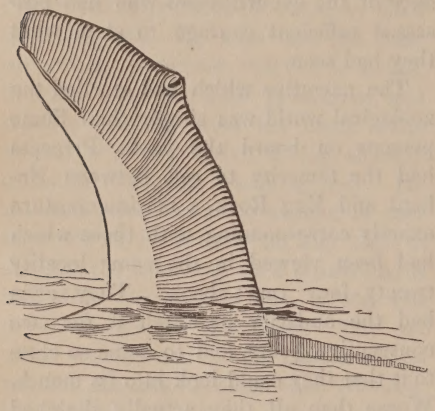
The narrative which had startled the zoölogical world was simply this: Some persons on board the yacht Princess had the temerity to see, between Nahant and Egg Rock, a marine creature exactly corresponding with those which had been viewed in the same locality twenty-four years back. They even had the audacity to watch it for two consecutive hours, and to come so close to it that they could look into its mouth. Worse than all, they actually sketched it, wrote the account of their adventure, and attested the document with their signatures. The original sketch and document are now before me, and both are here reproduced.

Perhaps the most unpardonable point of all is that the passengers in question are not ignorant and superstitious sailors, but residents, who are widely known and respected. They are as follows: Mr. Francis W. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence; the Rev. Arthur Lawrence, rector of St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge, Mass.; and Mrs. Mary Fosdick. Then, there are the two sailors, Albion W. Reed and Robert O. Reed.

A day or two after the event, Mr. Arthur Lawrence drew up the following statement: —

"Stockbridge, Mass., August 3, 1875. On the 30th of July, 1875, a party of

us were upon the yacht Princess, and while sailing between Swampscott and Egg Rock, we saw a very strange creature. As nearly as we could judge from a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, its head resembled that of a turtle or a snake, *black above and white beneath.* It raised its head from time to time some six or eight feet out of the water, keeping it out from five to ten seconds at a time. At the back of the neck there was a fin, resembling that of a black-fish, and underneath, some distance below its throat, was a projection



From Mr. Lawrence's Sketch.

which looked as if it might have been the beginning of a pair of fins or flippers, like those of a seal. But as to that, we could not be sure, as the creature never raised itself far enough out of the water to enable us to decide. Its head seemed to be about two and a half feet in diameter. Of its length we could not judge, as only its head and neck were visible. We followed it about for perhaps two hours. It was fired at repeatedly with a Ballard rifle, but without apparent effect, though one ball seemed to strike it. It was seen and watched by the whole party upon the yacht." Here follow the signatures.

The Boston Society of Natural History then promulgated a paper containing thirty-four questions, and a copy was forwarded to Mr. Arthur Lawrence. The reader will observe how cautious are the answers, and how conscientiously the writer avoids the least approach to conjecture. Here are the questions, which I have numbered for the convenience of reference: —

(1.) Locality, date, and time of day? A. Swampscott Bay, July 30, 1875, forenoon.

(2.) Distance of object from shore? A. At one time within a mile.

(3.) And from witness? A. From 40 to 150 yards at different times.

(4.) Probable depth of water? A. ——.

(5.) Any schools of fish in vicinity? A. School of black-fish (*i. e.*, a species of whale. *Physeter tursio.*)

(6.) Length of whole animal? A. Cannot tell.

(7.) How fast did it move? A. Six knots, and faster.

(8.) Nature of movement? A. Even and regular, so far as I could judge.

(9.) What did the animal most resemble? A. Its head suggested a frog or turtle.

(10.) Coloration? A. Black on top, white beneath.

(11.) Smooth or scaly? A. I could see no scales.

(12.) How long visible? A. Five to ten seconds at a time, at intervals, for two hours.

(13.) Head, — form? A. Like that of a frog or turtle.

(14.) Size? A. Two and a half feet in diameter.

(15.) Position of eyes? A. Well on top of head.

(16.) Of nostrils, or blow-holes, if seen? A. Nostrils well defined, like a turtle's.

(17.) Mouth, size and form? A. Large, like a turtle's.

(18.) Teeth? A. Did not see any that I remember.

(19.) Tongue? A. ——.

(20.) Any slits or openings at sides? A. ——.

(21.) Any movements observed? A. ——.

(22.) NECK, — length? A. Its nose was raised from six to eight feet out of water. Could not tell the exact length of neck.

(23.) Size? A. ——.

(24.) Any mane or crest? A. Just above the water its neck seemed to broaden out as if into fins or flippers, which were under water.

(25.) BODY, — length? A. Its body we could not see, and could not judge of its length.

(26.) Size? A. ——.

(27.) Movements? A. ——.

(28.) Any appearance of humps? A. ——.

(29.) FINS, — any appearance of? A. One dorsal fin, like that of a black-fish.

(30.) Structure (whether rayed or smooth)? A. ——.

(31.) Tail? A. Could not see the tail.

(32.) Horizontal, and moving up and down (like a porpoise)? A. ——.

(33.) Or vertical, and moving from side to side (like a fish)? A. ——.

(34.) Give full account, with sketch, if possible, and personal impressions, mentioning any other particulars not herein referred to. A. I should suppose it to be one of the saurian family. It seemed to me to be neither a fish, snake, nor turtle. If such a thing as an ichthyosaurus is extant, I should think this creature to be one of the same family.

Being anxious to ascertain the precise relative position of the Princess, the monster, and the land, I sent a tracing of a map to Mr. F. W. Lawrence. He returned it with the positions marked as seen in the accompanying diagram, together with a note, stating that they

chased the creature all over the bay for two hours, but that he had marked its position when first seen, and when it at last disappeared in a southeasterly direction. Mr. J. Kelsoe, of Swampscott, who was fishing, passed within a few hundred yards of the animal while the chase was going on, and repeats all Mr. Lawrence's statements. He was near enough to observe on the dark surface of the creature two elongated white marks, about six feet in length, six inches wide, and having the ends rounded. Mr. J. P. Thomas, another fisherman of Swampscott, saw the same creature, and said that it came slowly out of the water, like a large mast.

In curious corroboration of this account, there appeared in a Bridgetown (New Jersey) newspaper a letter which really seems to have been written in answer to the questions in the document already quoted.

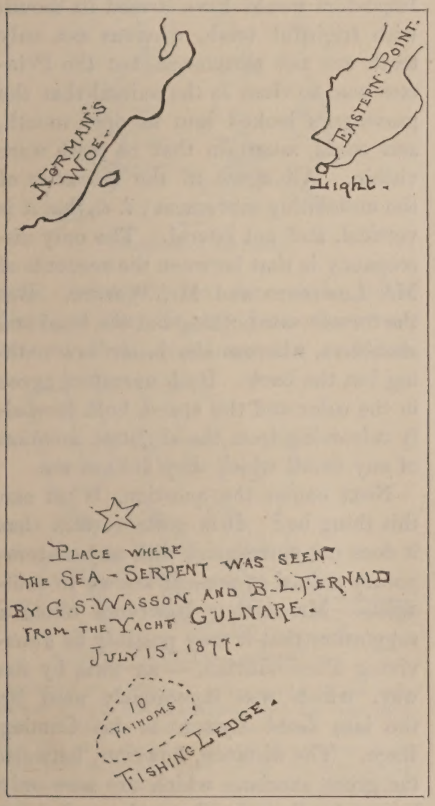
The narrator is Captain Garton, the pilot of the steamship Norman. I will extract portions of the account, and annex to them the numbers of the questions which are unconsciously answered. Captain Garton states that on the evening of July 17, 1875, he was off Plymouth (1), when he saw a strange, snake-like being swimming rapidly towards the vessel. It seemed to be pursuing a large fish, apparently a sword-fish. Oddly enough, a passenger on another steamship, the Roman, gives a similar account, but says that the sword-fish was pursuing the serpent. "The head of the monster was raised at least ten feet above the ocean, but remained stationary only a moment, as it was almost constantly in motion; now diving for a moment, and as suddenly reappearing to the same height [21]. [Mr. F. W. Lawrence gave me a precisely similar description of the diving movement.] The submarine leviathan was striped black and white, the stripes running lengthways, from the head to the tail [10]. The throat was pure white, and the head, which was extremely large, was full black, from which, just above a lizard-shaped head [13], protruded, an inch or more, a pair of deep black eyes [15], as large as ordinary saucers. The body was round, like a fish-barrel, and the length [25] was more than one hundred feet. The motion [32] was like that of a caterpillar, with this exception: that the head of the snake plunged under the water, whereas the head of the worm merely crooks to the ground."

Now, we will return to the Roman, which was on her course from Boston to Philadelphia on July 17th. After stating that the sword-fish attacked the "sea-serpent" within four hundred yards of the steamer (3), the writer proceeds as follows: —

"When the sword-fish first attacked him he reared his head at least ten feet above the water, and then dove down once more [32]. These actions he kept repeating, so that we had a fine opportunity to scrutinize him. His head was rather flat [13], and closely resembled that of a turtle. The fin [29] we first observed was on the back, several feet from the head, while small fins (query, flippers?) protruded on each side. The body was at least eighty inches in diameter [26], and presented a shiny surface, covered with large, coarse scales [11]. When he moved his head, the water seemed to fairly boil as he rapidly clove his way through the wave, so that by far the largest portion of his body must have been under the water. We estimated his length [25] to be at least sixty feet, but the pilot informed us that a few weeks previously he rose alongside [3] the steamer Roman, and they reported him to be 120 feet long."

Yet one more witness. In March of the present year, 1884, I received a call from Mr. George S. Wasson, the marine painter, who wished to tell me of a monster which he and a companion had seen in 1877. He also brought a water-color drawing, which he had kindly made

order to show more clearly the appearance of the creature which he had seen. After some conversation, I gave him a copy of the questions, and asked him to answer them. This he did, and I here give his replies. In order to save space, I only give the numbers of those questions. (1.) Off Gloucester, Mass., about noon, July 15, 1877. (2.) About


NORMAN'S WOE.
EASTERN POINT.
Light.
PLACE WHERE THE SEA-SERPENT WAS SEEN BY G. S. WASSON AND B. L. FERNALD FROM THE YACHT GUNNARE. JULY 15, 1877.
10 FATHOMS
FISHING LEDGE.

two miles. (3.) From an eighth to a quarter of a mile. (4.) Twenty fathoms. (5.) No. (6.) What we saw of him was fifty or sixty feet long. (7.) Five or six knots. (8.) He seemed to rise and fall perpendicularly, or nearly so. (9.) A ledge. (10.) Brownish-black. (11.) *Very* rough. (12.) A few seconds each time. He appeared twice. (28.) Yes. *Very* humpy. (34.) Following is a description of the monster seen by us off Gloucester, July 15, 1877.

"The day was hazy, with light breeze from the southeast. When we were, as I should judge, about two miles off the mouth of Gloucester harbor, the monster came to the surface about the eighth of a mile to leeward of us. I was looking that way, and saw him appear, but Mr. Fernald did not, the first time. He immediately noticed the surging noise made, and, turning, exclaimed, 'What ledge was that which broke?' This is exactly what the sound most resembled, — a heavy ground-swell breaking over a submerged ledge; and the creature itself looked, both in shape and color, more like a ledge covered with kelp than anything else we could think of, though from the extreme roughness of the surface I remember that we both spoke of its being somewhat like a gigantic alligator. The skin was not only rough, but the surface was very uneven, and covered with enormous humps of varying sizes, some being as large as a two-bushel basket. Near one end was a marked depression, which we took to be the neck. In front of this, the head (?) rose out of the water perhaps half as high as the body, but we saw no eyes, mouth, fins, or the slightest indication of a tail. It impressed us above all as being a shapeless creature of enormous bulk. I suppose its extreme height out of the water might have been ten feet, certainly not less; and as it disappeared the water closed in over it with a tremendous roar and surge and spray, many feet into the air. The water for a large space where it had been remained white and seething with foam for some little time. From the way the water closed in over it, and the great commotion caused by its disappearing, we judged of its immense bulk, and we also concluded that it went down perpendicularly. It apparently rose in the same way. The largest whale I ever saw did not make a quarter part of the noise and disturbance in the water that this creature did. In concluding I will add

that Mr. Fernald has followed the sea for fifteen years as a fisherman, and is perfectly familiar with all the cetaceans that appear on our coast." The paper is countersigned by Mr. B. L. Fernald, who was Mr. Wasson's companion. Mr. Wasson also sent me a tracing of the Gloucester coast, showing the exact position of the creature.

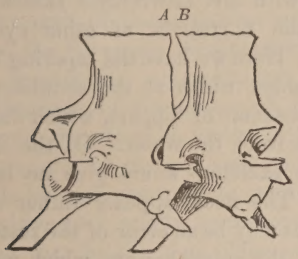
At first sight, there appears to be much discrepancy between this account and those which have preceded it, and indeed Mr. Wasson expressed some regret that it "did not fit." However, the object of the present article is not to make theories fit, but to lay facts before the reader. Here, then, we have an accumulation of evidence too weighty to be withstood. That there may have been exaggerations in some cases is likely enough, and even a trained observer knows that he has to watch himself very carefully, lest he unconsciously enlarge one point and minimize another. But putting aside the "personal error," as astronomers call it, to which we are all liable, we cannot but be struck with the general coherence of the details.

We might naturally expect to look for sea-monsters in the tropics, but here we find that the creature which is called the sea-serpent has invariably been seen in northern latitudes, and always in the summer or autumn. Its size is tolerably uniform, — wonderfully so, indeed, considering the great difficulty of estimating the length of any animal in the sea. The color is invariably the same: those who saw only the upper surface taking it to be black or blackish-brown, and those who saw the under surface describing it as white. Those who saw the eyes describe them as prominent, and on the upper part of the head. The duration of each appearance above the water is the same throughout. The speed is given as the same, that is, five or six knots per hour, and every one seems to have noticed the foam or spray thrown up before it, and the wake left behind it. Had the narrators wished to extol the dangers which they had run in encountering so dreadful a monster, they would have reported it as fierce and irritable. But, on the contrary, all agree in stating that it is a perfectly harmless creature, and that even when it appeared to be attacking a boat it turned off short and changed its course. Impostors would have armed its mouth with frightful teeth, whereas not only teeth are not mentioned, but the Princess was so close to the animal that the passengers looked into its open mouth, and could ascertain that no teeth were visible. All agree in the character of the undulating movement; *i. e.*, that it is vertical, and not lateral. The only discrepancy is that between the accounts of Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Wasson. But the former saw nothing but the head and shoulders, whereas the latter saw nothing but the back. Both narrators agree in the color and the speed, both carefully refraining from the slightest mention of any detail which they did not see.

Next comes the question, What can this thing be? It is quite certain that it does not correspond with any contemporary animal at present known to zoölogists. Mr. Arthur Lawrence offers a suggestion that it may possibly be a surviving Plesiosaurian, — an idea, by the way, which was ingeniously used by the late Lord Lytton in his Coming Race. The distance, however, between the great saurians which are now only known by their fossil remains and those of the present day is too wide to be bridged by a survivor.

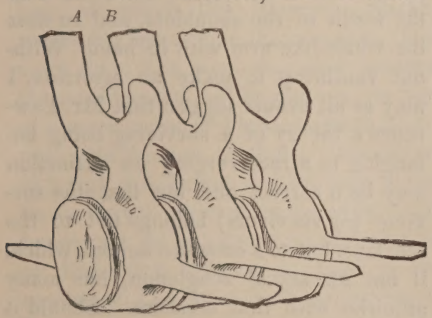
But though not a surviving saurian, it may be a survivor of some group of animals which is on the verge of extinction. In the first place, it cannot be a serpent, as the peculiar movements which have been described cannot be performed by a serpent; the structure of the vertebræ prohibiting them, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration. There are plenty of sea-

serpents, none of them measuring more than a few feet in length, and all have the tail flattened sideways, so that they undulate through the water, just as an an eel does. The monster in question, however, undulates up and down, "like a caterpillar." Now, the only marine animals which possess this power are



Vertebræ of the Snake.

those belonging to the whale tribe. These, as may be seen from the structure of their vertebræ, can undulate



Vertebræ of a Whale. A comparison of the parts marked *A*, *B*, in this illustration, with the same parts in the illustration of the vertebræ of the snake, will show that while the spaces between the vertebræ in the whale allow an up and down motion, the interlocking of the vertebræ of the snake make that motion impossible.

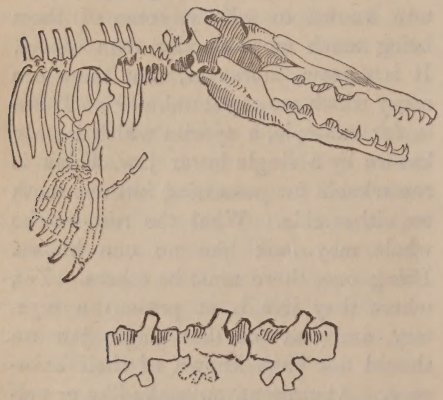
up and down, but not sideways, the projections on either side of each vertebra interlocking with the vertebra immediately behind it. Now, suppose that there might be a much-elongated cetacean, being to the rest of the whales what the eels are to the fishes, the creature would behave exactly as our sea-serpent behaved. Every movement of the creature is cetacean. The habit of pushing the head out of the water is distinctly cetacean, the sperm-whales being much addicted to this custom. The caterpillar-like bend of the body is also cetacean, and may be witnessed any day when a school of porpoises curve their graceful course over the waves. The sudden rising of the body, as described by Mr. Wasson, is also a cetacean characteristic. The whales, when their lungs are inflated, are a little lighter than water. But they possess the power of contracting their whole bodies, so that they can sink like stones, — a property which is extremely exasperating to the whale-fishers. When they relax the muscular apparatus by which this object is effected, the body resumes its former size, becomes lighter than water, and surges to the surface, exactly as described by Mr. Wasson.

The unexpected harmlessness of so powerful a creature is another characteristic which, fortunately for man, belongs to the whales, — creatures which never attack but under exceptional circumstances. There are many whales now known to science, some of them being much more slender than others. It is certain, moreover, that there are many which are as yet unknown. There is, for example, a species which is only known by a single lower jaw, which is remarkable for possessing but one tooth on either side. What the rest of the whale may look like no one knows. Being one, there must be others. Yet, where they live is at present a mystery, and but for that single jaw we should not have known of their existence. At present, no snake-like or eel-like cetacean is known. Such a creature has, however, existed, and is registered under the name of zeuglodon, that is yoke-tooth, because the teeth are yoked together by bony ridges. Boston possesses a complete set of the vertebræ of a zeuglodon, a specimen which is, I believe, unique. There are plenty of vertebræ and other bones scattered about, out of which a zeuglodon of any length might be constructed; but the Boston

vertebræ belong to the same individual, so that its length can be estimated with tolerable accuracy. The bones belong to the Tertiary period, and were discovered in Alabama, by Mr. Buckley Clark. Beside the vertebræ, he found parts of the skull and lower jaw, together with numerous pieces of bone. The length of the animal, when alive, must have been about seventy feet, — precisely the average length of the sea-serpent. Although the vertebræ are

A Vertebra of the Zeuglodon.

much damaged, several of them are sufficiently perfect to show the peculiar bony processes which prevent the whales from bending their bodies laterally.



Skull and Vertebræ of the Zeuglodon.

Yet, although whale-like, the creature was not a true whale, as is shown by the nasal openings, which are not like those of the whale. They do, however, correspond fairly with Mr. Lawrence's description of the nostrils of the creature which he saw.

Now we will take the front portion of the zeuglodon as shown from existing bones. If we imagine that the bones are clothed with flesh and blood, we shall find that such an animal would coincide with Mr. Lawrence's sketch, and with the narratives of other eye-witnesses. Here we have the tapering head, the sudden width at the shoulder, and the existence of flippers, which did not project from the water. Of the dorsal fin the skeleton would give no indication. The neck appears rather short, but that may be an error of the restorer; just as the palæotherium, which was restored as a short-legged tapir, proves now to have been a horse-like creature. The shape of the skull corresponds with that of Mr. Lawrence's sketch; so does the width of the shoulders, and so does the whale-like arm with its hand. Without venturing to make an assertion, I may at all events suggest that Mr. Lawrence's theory of a surviving being belonging to a race verging on extinction may be a correct one, but that the survivor (or survivors) belongs not to the saurians, but to a cetacean animal, which, if not an actual zeuglodon, has many affinities with that creature. Should it again make its appearance, it ought not to be frightened away by boats, etc. Above all, it ought not to be shot at. If wounded, it would make off to sea, and if killed it would sink, and probably be lost forever. The only weapon which could be of any use would be the harpoon, and the accounts which have already been given show that in several instances it could have been employed with every hope of success.

J. G. Wood.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

II.

SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICS AND CRITIKINS.

Readers of these articles and readers of the Riverside Shakespeare have, it is presumable, some interest in the qualifications of the writer of the former and the editor of the latter for the performance of the not very easy tasks which he has ventured to undertake; and although it might be reasonably assumed that by this time those qualifications, whatever their degree, were tolerably well known, it may be well (for reasons which shall appear) to consider at present some remarks upon that subject, of which the Riverside Shakespeare has been made the occasion. The more does this seem desirable because the consideration will be quite in the line of these articles, and indeed almost a natural continuation of them. Therefore, although the present number must needs be somewhat personal to the writer, and hence may be in a corresponding degree of diminished interest to most of the readers of The Atlantic, it will be found, I hope, none the less pertinent to the great subject of the brief series.

Criticism is of two kinds. The first is historical and cosmical; and by sifting, testing, and comparing all that has been recorded of man and his dwelling-place it discovers, or seeks to discover, what of this is true, and teaches, or seeks to teach, its meaning. To criticism of this sort, which has been practiced chiefly within the present century, we owe that positive knowledge of man and of the world which shares with physical science the glory of being the distinctive achievement and possession of the present age. The other criticism is of a minor order. It deals principally with literature and fine art, the meaning and purpose of which it seeks to discover; the comparative values of the various examples of which it pretends to determine; and upon the relative standing of the various professors and practicers of which it presumes to pass judgment. Of this criticism there are endless varieties in infinitely diminishing degrees. It is great and small, good and bad, serviceable and worthless, admirable and contemptible, candid and crafty, honorable and dishonorable; informed by learning, wisdom, and good taste, and deformed by ignorance, vulgarity, and malice. In its best form it rises, although not to the dignity of the smallest example of original thought and construction, yet to a very honorable place in literature. In its worst form, on the one hand it deals with insignificant questions of detail, or on the other merely expresses the personal preferences of the writer; in either of which cases it is the most ephemeral, trivial, and worthless form of literary endeavor. It is so whether it praises or censures. And yet when criticism is spoken of, it is criticism of this sort which is generally meant, — the opinions expressed by writers more or less competent, or more or less incompetent, upon the literature and art of the day, which occupy so prominent a place in reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

As to the real value of this criticism I am inclined to believe that there exists among genuine men of letters a very serious doubt. Notwithstanding the learning, the acumen, the breadth of view, and the fine taste which it not unfrequently exhibits, the question whether, on the whole, it would not be better to allow books and works of art to make their impression upon the world without its aid, cannot be regarded as

being conclusively decided. But, however this may be, criticism of this sort is one of the great facts in contemporary literature, of which it forms a large and considerable part. It is one of the chief modern factors in public education. Therefore the great desideratum that it should be sufficient, competent, sound, and pure; that its motive should be really the instruction, the enlightenment, and the rightful guiding of the public mind, and not that form of the art which was practiced by a certain critic of whom Goldsmith tells us, who "to gain some private ends went mad and bit the man." In such a case it does not help the matter, at least so far as the critic is concerned, that it sometimes happens, as we shall see, that the critic it was, and not the victim, that died.

That scholars and critics, who deal with purely literary subjects, and particularly with language and that minor part of linguistic study known as verbal criticism, should be actuated in the treatment of their abstract and bloodless themes by malicious motives; that hate and spite should grow out of differences of opinion about the forms of words and the restoration of texts, is strange, and has always been to me quite unaccountable, unless upon the assumption of a very degrading view of human nature. Why difference of view, or even the discovery of actual ignorance or of other incompetence, should provoke a desire to give pain to the man who is so unfortunate as to think incorrectly or to overrate his scholastic acquirements, it would be difficult to say; unless for the reason that malice is such a constant and ever-active force in man's heart that it will manifest itself under the most unfavorable and discouraging conditions. That men who are wholly committed to a great cause, who are fighting for a country or a religion, for personal honor and happiness, should come to hate, if they do not begin by hating, their opponents is what we call natural, — that is, we all feel that in like circumstances we might do likewise; but that a man should hate another, or even desire to offend him, because he errs or is ignorant upon a purely literary question, — this is one of the mysteries. None the less, however, is it a fact of frequent occurrence in the annals of literature. The quarrels and the interchange of brutal abuse among the critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who belabored each other in Latin that reads as if it were gathered from dictionaries and grammars, and is as like Cicero's Latin, or Cæsar's, as the French of Stratford at Bowe was like that of Paris, are monstrous and revolting refutations of the maxim that literature *emollit mores*. Some of the Renaissance critics in Italy came to fisticuffs and dagger-drawing. This fashion has happily almost passed away among men of letters worthy of the name; although some few years ago an eminent American scholar suffered an attack of this kind from a German rival, and an American man of letters, not unknown to the readers of The Atlantic, was subjected to such insolence in the form of criticism from another American, resident in England, that the offender was rebuked by the Edinburgh and the Saturday reviews for his sin against the decencies of literature. Among critics who have access to the columns of the newspapers there are not unfrequently found some who use their position to insult or to injure those towards whom they have feelings of personal pique, or to "get even" with them for some real or fancied injury; and respectable journals and magazines are thus used as the engines of private malice; frequently, and let us hope generally, without the privity of their editors. The Riverside Shakespeare has recently been made the occasion of a manifestation of this kind, which has attracted more than usual attention. It should not be assumed that the fact that a criticism is adverse is sufficient, in my

estimation at least, to place it in this category; and I hasten to exempt from these censures a criticism which appeared in the New York Times, and which I propose to examine as briefly as possible.

The first suggestion made by this critic affords me welcome opportunity for remark. Craving more copious annotation in passages which he regards as obscure, he gives reason that in such passages "the perplexities are not so much verbal as syntactical. The meaning of obsolete words can be looked up in a dictionary;[1] but the extraordinarily condensed and licentious use of words in combination, their strained senses and unusual collocation, is what makes Shakespeare often such hard reading." This is well put. Its recognition of Shakespeare's reckless perversion of the language, both as to the sense of words and as to the construction of sentences, is timely and wholesome. But that Shakespeare is "often" hard reading I cannot admit. He is frequently so in certain plays, — a very few, — but in the others rarely; so rarely, indeed, as not to disturb an intelligent reader or to mar the enjoyment of such a one, although he may have no literary training and a very limited literary experience. In his sonnets and his poems Shakespeare is not at all hard to understand; or not more so than many modern poets are. The beauty of all true poetry is in a prismatic refraction of direct rays of thought, which gives to cold, dry, intellectual light, without diminishing its volume, the charming obscurity of color.

Opportunely, this critic has furnished me with occasion of emphasizing and illustrating the opinion just expressed as to Shakespeare. He cites the following passage from The Winter's Tale as "a good example of the trouble that the general reader has in understanding Shakespeare:" —

> "Affection! thy invention stabs the centre:
> Thou dost make possible things not so held,
> Communicat'st with dreams; — how can this be? —
> With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
> And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
> Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
> And that beyond commission," etc.
>
> (Act I. Sc. 2, l. 138.)

It is first to be said that these lines are from the play in which obscurity is greatest and most frequent; and in the Riverside introduction to which is a passage, the last two sentences of which, if this critic had read them, might have suggested to him the reason for the absence of the notes which he seems to deplore. It is this: —

> "Only his great tragedies surpass it in weight of thought and depth of human interest; only one or two of the comedies in charm. But most of all his plays it shows his characteristic daring in the use of language, and his willingness to flash upon us mere splendid, dazzling, sometimes blinding hints of what was passing in his mind. Hence the play reveals its riches only to those who, led by Shakespeare, can think with him. To others it would be needless to undertake its interpretation."

That is my belief, founded upon conviction, observation, and experience. As to the passage cited, my critic must pardon me for expressing my surprise that a writer so competent in literary judgment as he shows himself should bring it forward as an example of syntactical and constructive obscurity. If I know anything of the syntactical construction of the English language, this passage is as simple and clear in its arrangement as the simplest and clearest in the writings of Oliver Goldsmith or of Arthur Helps. I am sure that if my critic will consider it again he will see that from the first word to the last it might be "parsed" by any sweet girl-graduate who had barely escaped being plucked (or do they call it *déshabillé*?) in English grammar. There is in it not even an involution or an inversion; unless the very simple "thou coactive art," for

[1] Yes, if the reader has all the necessary dictionaries, and wishes to stop reading Othello or As You Like It while he "looks up" words. The Riverside Shakespeare is intended to do away with the necessity of even turning to a glossary.

thou art coactive, is to be so regarded. The thoughts follow each other in the natural logical order. Nor is there a single strained or perverted word in all the seven lines. Every word is used in its plain, and it might almost be safely said its primary, sense. I say this advisedly, after careful consideration. What, then, is the reason of that sense of incomprehensibleness which led to its selection as an example of Shakespeare's characteristic overstraining of language in sense and syntax? Good reader and good critic, it is simply the thought. Master that, and you will see that the expression is as clear as the empyrean atmosphere.[1]

Again I have to thank this critic, who knows how to deal with his subject adversely and yet considerately, for giving me an opportunity to be somewhat more copious, and I venture to hope somewhat more convincing, than I have been before upon a point of some little interest, although it is merely phonetic. He says, "We find it difficult to believe that Shakespeare intended a pun in the title of Much Ado About Nothing, and the quotations which are brought to support the theory appear rather far-fetched."

Now the truth is that, whatever Shakespeare may have intended in the title of this play (and of his punning intention there can be no reasonable doubt which does not spring from insufficient knowledge), the title when spoken *was* a pun, that is of ambiguous meaning, whether he intended it or not.

That *th* was pronounced in Shakespeare's day as *t*, as *d*, and as *dth*, and that, for example, *nothing* and *noting*, *moth* and *mote*, were identical, or nearly identical, in sound, is as certain as any phonetic fact in the past can be. This is not yet acknowledged by the phonetic specialists; but that it will be I am as sure as I am that erelong it will be seen by reasonable men that the teaching of what is known as "English grammar" to children, as a means of giving them a command of their mother-tongue and a knowledge of its construction, is worse than useless, — a doctrine which, when it was set forth some years ago in Words and Their Uses, was received with derisive outcries by grammarians, pedants, and pedagogues, but which already has exercised a happy restraining influence not only upon the methods of teaching, but upon the plans and forms of grammar books.

I first had occasion to remark upon this pronunciation of *th* on the publication, by a British writer (whose name I forget), of a monograph upon The Old Hundredth Psalm Tune. In this the writer expressed surprise — of course with a touch of scorn — that "the Americans" called the tune Old Hundred. The reason is simply this: The psalm which gave the tune its name was called in English speech of two centuries and a half ago, not the *hundredth*, but the *hundret* or the *hundred*, psalm; the written termination *dth* being then, if not quite unknown, little used. *Hundred* (so pronounced, or *hundret*) was written *hundreth;* and so *fifth*, *sixth*, etc., were pronounced *fift*, *sixt*, etc., and in the phonetic spelling of the day were commonly so written. Those strange and unaccountable people "the Americans" merely retained for this tune the name which they brought with them from England.[2]

[1] My critic might much more happily have chosen, out of many like passages in this play, the following: —

"Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours." (I. 2, l. 70.)

Where the last clause, according to any actual or possible construction of the English language, past or present, is sheer nonsense. It stands for, "our hereditary imposition cleared," which represents or suggests the thought, "the nature imposed upon us by inheritance being allowed for."

[2] Of this examples like the following are literally countless: "a hundreth lies," Guazzo, Civile Conversation, 168 *b;* "rulers over hundreths,"

It will be observed that in the Riverside Shakespeare *murder* has both its modern spelling and the form *murther*. The variation is that of the old copies, which was purposely retained. The pronunciation was not *murther*, with the *theta* sound, which is poorly indicated by *th*, nor exactly with that of *d;* but just that, I am sure, which has survived in the north of Ireland (carried there by English invaders, and chiefly by Cromwell's troopers), and which we have all heard, *murdther*.

For instances which exemplify the use of *th* for *t* and *d*, I refer my critic and my readers to my Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, which may be found in vol. xii. of my first edition of Shakespeare, and also quoted, nearly in full, in Alexander Ellis's great work on English Pronunciation. These instances are very numerous; but here are a few, only one taken here and another there from the mass. They show, for example, *nosetrills* for nosthrills, *apotecary* for apothecary, *tone* for th' one, *tother* for th' other, *swarty* for swarthy, *stalworth* for stalwart, etc.; or rather they show the use of those spellings interchangeably, and thus the *t* sound of *th*, for in some cases the *th* is etymologically the right form. The following spellings are also exhibited there: "What 's *tys* [this]?" *bis*, Wyt and Science, p. 21; "a *pytheous* [piteous] crye," Robert the Devyll, p. 6; "*dept* [depth] of art," Brown's Pastorals, vol. ii. p. 52; "be as a *cautherizing* [cauterizing]," Tim. of Athens, 1623, Act V. Sc. 1; "the *Thuscan* [Tuscan] poet," Drayton's Nymphidia, 1627, p. 120; "with *amatists* [amethysts]," Sidney's Arcadia, 1605; "call you this *gamouth* [gamut]," thus four times in Tam. of Shrew, 1623, Act III. Sc. 1. And in a book by Balthasar Gerbier, published in 1648, and carefully printed, we find in the phonetic spelling of the time "*With Sundayes*" for Wit-Sundays, "*seth* forth" for set forth, "*theach*" for teach, "*strencht*" for strength, "*yought*" for youth, "*fourthy*" for forty, "*seventhy*" for seventy, "*seventheen*" for seventeen, "by the *sigth* of the most cleere *sighthed* among men," "a good *braught* [broth]" (translation of *un bon potage*). For the pages on which to find these words I must refer to the Memorandums, and also for a crowd of other examples. To those I will add a few which seem to be of interest: —

The Virgin Mary says of going to visit Elizabeth, "If ought we *myth* [might] comfort her." (Coventry Mysteries, The Visitation.)

θρονος always = *trone* in Wycliffe.

In Grammatical Rules of the Fifteenth Century, M. S. Sloane, Brit. Mus.: —

> "And thy participyls forgete thou *nowth* [not],
> And thy comparysons be yn thi *thowth* [thought] . . .
> *Wyt* [with] tanto and quanto in a Latyn," etc.
> (Rel. Ant., II. 14.)

"There is a people named Atlantes of the mownt *Athlas*, by which they dwell." (Fardel of Facions, 1555, F. i. *b*.)

The Wycliffite Apology for the Lollards is copious in examples in point, of which some of the more remarkable are "*thecching*" for teaching, p. 33; "*bithwex*" for betwixt, p. 38; "*thwo*" for two, *Id.;* and "*throwiþ*" for troweth, p. 40.

These lines are in an old book: —

> "And I yt los, and you yt find,
> I pray yow hartely to be so kynd,
> That you wyl take a letel payne
> To see my boke *brouthe* home agayne."
> (Rel. Ant., II. 163.)

Genevan Bible, 1576, Exod. xviii. 21; "a hundred eyes," Golding's Ovid, 1587, fol. 13, *b*, but the same passage in the ed. of 1612 reads "a hundreth eyes;" "a hundredth fold," *Id.*, ed. 1612, fol. 29, but "a hundred fold," ed. 1587. This interchange is frequent: "manie hundreth shepe," Sidney's Arcadia, 1605, p. 76. See the folio Shakespeare, 1623, in the Histories *passim* for Henry the Fift, Henry the Sixt, and Henry the Eight. This spelling is so common that to cite examples seems to me almost an affront to any reader at all acquainted with our older literature in the rough.

"He bleates and *bleathes* as he a baightyng were." (The Brainless Blessing of the Bull, Anc. Ballads and Broadsides, p. 224.)

"Item there was [a] pyge *brothe* [brought] to London in May with ii half bodys." (Machyn's Diary, 1562, p. 281.)

"We are but of yesterday, and consider not that our dayes upon the earth are *buth* a very shadow." (Tyndale, Job, chap. viii.)

"An isle that is cleped pathmos [πατμος]." (Wycliffe, Rev. i. 9, and *sic* in Tyndale, Cranmer, and Geneva.)

"Agen the bow of an oke the *thanners* [tanner's] head he barst,
With a stombellyng as he rode the *thanner* down he cast."
(Ballad of The King and the Barker [Tanner]. Percy, ed. Ritson.)

"And he opened his *mought* [mouth] and taught them saying," etc. (Tyndale, Matt. v. 2.)

"I N. take thee N. to my weddyd husbonde fro thys day for *bether* for wurs," etc. (Manual of Fourteenth Century.)

But I forbear to weary the general reader with this dry yet necessary part of my task, and add in a note below references to other passages which may serve as guides to those who wish to examine the subject further. If these examples do not convince my critic and my readers, I can only be sorry; for they have convinced me.[1] The name of the page in Love's Labour's Lost, which, until the appearance of my first edition, was taken by all to be *Moth*, is now admitted to be *Mote* (see Ellis, vol. iii. p. 971);[2] but it can be so only because *th* had the sound of *t*. There could be no special provision for the pronouncing of this name. As to the word *nothing*, which is the occasion of this discussion, the sound that it had in Shakespeare's ears seems unmistakably shown by the following passage in The Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 4: "I could have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's *song*, and the noting of it," where in the original, 1623, "noting" is "*nothing*." I must say that if my critic is stiff-necked enough to resist this accumulated evidence I fear he would not believe Shakespeare if he rose from the dead.

This critic (in the New York Times) lauds the editor of the Riverside Shakespeare for having "silently dropped the much-criticised note in his former edition in which he maintained that in the line 'To play with mammets and to tilt with lips,' Henry IV., the word 'mammets' is a diminutive of the Latin mamma." I did not know that the note in question had been much criticised, or criticised at all, and did not repeat it simply because, in an edition like the Riverside, I thought it was not required. But this writer is quite in error in giving me the credit of that interpretation of the passage, as he would have seen had he taken the trouble to refer to the note upon which he cast a slur. The conjecture is originally that of a critic no less distinguished than Gifford, to whom, in my note, it is specifically assigned. Nor did I "maintain" it, but merely

[1] These mere memorandums are given quite promiscuously, because in that way the interchangeable spelling for the same sound (*t* or *d*) is more impressively shown: —

"*Teddered* [tethered] cattle," Tusser, 16—, p. 34; "scaled the walls with *lathers* [ladders]," Webbe's Travailes, 1590, p. 23; "and *afther* great extremity," Rom. and Jul. 1562, p. 44; "hath shed *wather* and bloud," Heylas King of the Sunne, p. 38; "*fatherless*" [yet often father], Kynge Johan, p. 6; "*tether*" [tother], as a pun on Tudor, Drayton's Epis. of P. Kat. to Owen Tudor, and again in his reply, in all editions; "Norways and *Swethens* [Swedens], *Id.*; "*Gotish* [Gothish] island," Drayton's His. Epis., ed. 1619, p. 176, and all eds.; *together* rhyming with *Tudor*, Albion's England, 1608, p. 145; *togyther* rhyming with *consider*, Rom. and Jul., p. 83; "*lith* [light], a kandel," Havelok ed. Early Eng. Soc., p. 46; *neth* for neat, *wit* for with, *nouth* for not, and *rith* for right, *Id.*, p. 50; "condyte of water . . . water runneth from the *condeth*," Palsgrave *in. v.*; *Davith* for David, Wycliffe, Matt. xxii.; Ισκαριοτης = Iscarioth in Wicliffe, Tyndale, Cranmer, Geneva, Rhems; *singet* and *syngeth* interchangedly, Rel. Ant., I. 40; *nyth* and day, *Id.*, I. 61. But I may as well stop here as go on. I could gather heaps upon heaps of such examples from my memorandums in various books and various quarters; but it seems to me as if any student of English literature might almost resent more illustration for its superfluity.

[2] "There is no doubt that Mr. Grant White has proved *Moth*, in Love's Labor's Lost, means *mote* or *atomy*, and in all modernized editions the name should be so spelled, as well as in the other passages where *moth* means *mote*." (Alex. Ellis, *ubi supra*.)

said that I had always so understood the word; having previously mentioned its other and commoner sense, a doll, a puppet. This is an inaccurate assertion as to essential fact, which I am sure my critic (although I have no knowledge of him) will regret. And as to the interpretation and derivation upon which he remarks, if he will consult Florio's World of Words, 1598, and see that *mammetta* (from which the word in question drops only the final vowel) means not only *mamma*, but "a pretie little mam or mother," and reflect that Hotspur was speaking to one whom his fond words show us that he regarded as a pretty little ma'am or mother; and if he will also consider the latter part of the line which is the occasion of his criticism, I am sure that he will think that Gifford's conjecture will bear a good deal of criticism.

The critic of the New York Times also announces that he is "amused to find that he [the Riverside editor] still insists that 'Atalanta's better part, in As You Like It, was her leg;'" and adds that "the discussion of this point in his earlier edition was diverting and characteristic, but hardly convincing." Now I cannot see why it was diverting; but far be it from me to impeach the taste of my critic in finding diversion in the necessary remarks upon what he evidently regards as an interesting topic. Those remarks were, I not unwillingly admit, characteristic, in that they were founded upon fact, — the fact that in Shakespeare's time *part* and *parts* were specifically used for *limb* and *limbs*. It was characteristic of me, I confess, that because I had found the word so used in numerous instances in books that Shakespeare probably read, and some of which we know that he did read, I inferred that he used it in the sense in which it was used by his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. I give in a note below a very few of the many instances of which I made memorandums (some of those that I have are not quite quotable here, although they are from the pure-minded and sweet-lipped Philip Sidney); and if, on reading them, and considering, "in this connection," that Atalanta was known to Shakespeare and to most people then, as she is now, only as a beautifully formed woman, whose special excellence was her running, he finds but opportunity for his "divarsion," I will say no more than that his view of the question is very different from mine.[1] I think, however, that if he does not find justification for his perhaps too generous admission that "Mr. White generally has a reason for his rhyme" he will surely find that in these rhymes there is some reason, — for more than amusement.

With the consideration of a final judicious remark of this critic, with whom it has given me pleasure to cross swords, I shall drop my point and salute a courteous opponent. Referring to the

[1] "And last of all (though coverèd) stretch'd out her round cleane foote,
Supporter of that building brave, of beautious forme the roote.
The rest, and *better part*, lay hid. Yet what was to be seene,
To make one lose his liberty enough and more had beene."
(Honour's Academy, III. p. 97.)

"What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen saw you here!
Like lyons wild your tender *parts* asonder would they teare."
(Romeus and Juliet.)

"Upon her stately bed her painfull *parts* she threw."
(Idem.)

"That these my tender *partes*, which needful strength do lacke
To bear so great unweldy lode."
(Idem.)

"Her dainty tender *partes* 'gan shiver all for dread."
(Idem.)

"The Man is like the Woman; likewise she
Is partly Man; and yet *in face* they be
Full as prodigious as *in partes*."
(Drayton's Moon Calfe, 1627, p. 157.)

Arthur Wilson, 16—, thus refers to the well-known fable of The *Limbs* and the Belly: —

"The Romaine Menenius Agrippa, alledging upon a tyme a fable of the conflict between the *partes* of a man's bodie and his belie," etc. (Arte of Rhetorike, fol. 101.)

view of Shakespeare's personal character presented in that dry and colorless setting forth of the little that we know of his life which is given in the Riverside edition, the Times critic says, "The known facts in Shakespeare's life are so few that his leaving his wife his second-best bedstead, or his suing Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 6d., stand out with startling distinctness. But perhaps it is well not to infer too much from them." It is well. It is always well not to infer too much from anything. But this writer, in his brevity, very much understates the facts. It is not only that Shakespeare gave his wife by will nothing but his second-best bed, but, as I have remarked before, that even the second-best bed was the fruit of second-best thoughts. The bequest is an interlineation in the will, in which, as it was originally drawn, Shakespeare's wife is not mentioned! It is not only that he sued Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 6d., but that, having also sued John Addenbroke for £6 and got judgment, not being able to imprison Addenbroke, — who, poor man, had fled from his inexorable rich creditor, — the writer of Portia's nobly sympathetic exposition of the qualities and origin of mercy proceeded against Addenbroke's surety, one Horneby. It is not only that there is no record or even probable evidence of Shakespeare's having given aid to his father in the pecuniary distress that sent him into hiding lest he should be cast into prison, while there is record that the thriving actor and playwright set to work and spent money to get a coat-of-arms for the father who had difficulty in getting a coat to his back, — arms which would have made the actor-playwright a gentleman born; — it is not only this, but that in the height of his prosperity he passes from our sight standing on the side of grasping privilege in its oppression of the class in which he was born, giving support to the squire of Welcombe's project for inclosing part of the Stratford commons, to the injury of the poor little farmers and farm laborers. How long will it be before the world learns that a man's intellect and his heart have no connection, — that what he writes is no guide to what he will do, no sign of what he is?

And now I turn to an antagonist of another class: not a critic who seeks to inform his readers by correcting me, but an assailant, who, as shall be shown, deliberately sets out to do me all the personal harm in his power, and who in pursuing his mischievous purpose utters untruth and teaches error to those whom he professes to guide and to instruct. He is of that class of critical writers who are not ashamed to put scholarship and skill to the base use, first of spontaneous malice, and afterward of deliberate revenge. He, too, refutes, with his congeners, the *emollit mores* maxim. With these men, to criticise is not simply to appreciate, to judge, to reveal; not even to oppose and to correct on points of more or less moment; but to make a great adverse show, by heaping up error of trivial inadvertence and frivolous detail; and chiefly by insolence of manner and by wrongful imputation, to injure, to wound, to worry and insult. Verily, they have their reward: they are paid for their work by the pleasure they find in doing it.

Such is the writer to whom I am now most unwillingly compelled to give attention. Had his attack, however venomous and mischievous, been less specious than it was, or had it appeared in an inferior quarter, I should have passed it by in silence. But I must give him such credit as belongs to skill in an evil craft. He has framed his charges so adroitly and has so deceitfully presented his seeming evidence that, to the general reader of average intelligence and information, they must look formidable. His assault, too, is made from the vantage-ground of the columns of the Evening

Post, a journal which has long been one of the highest respectability, and which has a past that gives it prestige, — a journal with which are connected the names of Bryant, and Parke Godwin, and John Bigelow, and Charlton Lewis, and Charles Nordhoff. This gives it an importance which, under its new management, it has not lost, and which, for the credit of our journalism, we must all earnestly hope that it may not lose. Nor, indeed, have any serious indications of such a calamity heretofore appeared. It is perhaps true that if its utterances, even of the lighter and more jocose order, were made to read a little less like extracts from the record of the Day of Judgment with the tear-marks of the recording angel obliterated, they might be equally convincing and somewhat more cheerful; but let us be thankful for what we have, and not expect too much even of the august divinity of semi-American journalism. In the present instance I willingly believe that the editor of the Evening Post has been misled by some person or persons of his staff or among his contributors, who have used him for their private ends, and that when the wrong is exposed he will, with that high sense of honor and generosity of which he is a shining example in his profession, hasten to repair it.

He has allowed his contributor to hold me up to the wide and respectable circle of his readers as a vulgar, ignorant charlatan, who has undertaken to teach others what he did not know himself, and who has disgraced critical literature by misrepresenting Shakespeare. It shames me to say this; but it is the simple truth, and it must be said. I plead at once to the indictment. And more, without shift or special plea of any sort, I mean that the trial, both for the Post's critic and myself, shall be strictly upon the merits, and be final. If what the Post's critic says is true, I am what he says and charges that I am; if it is not true, what is he? If I do not now show, to the satisfaction of every intelligent and unprejudiced person among my readers, that every direct or implied assertion made by him is absolutely without foundation, as against me, and that his article is a combination of malice and ignorance craftily concealed, I submit without one other word. To my master the public, whom I have served without honor or reward, and who looks carelessly down upon the coming sword-play, I say, "Ave, Imperator! Moriturus, te saluto." I neither desire nor expect favor from my readers, or quarter from my assailant. Either he or I; and I joy that it must be one.

It is very worthy of remark that the article upon the Riverside Shakespeare published in the Evening Post of March 15th is the third notice with which that work has been honored in that journal. The first appeared among the Brief Notices immediately upon the publication of the book, so long ago as September, 1883; the second some weeks afterward, under the usual head of Literature; and now, after six months' incubation, appears the third, which, if for no other reason, for the time taken in its hatching and in the order of its appearance is a phenomenon in journalism. The question naturally arises, If the third notice, when it broke the shell, had piped a little laudatory note, would the ample yet crowded columns of the Post have been wide enough to admit it?

The assault is preceded by an admission, made with a seductive air of candor, that in the Riverside Shakespeare I have done well with the text; which means about as much as the hand-shake given by a prize-fighter to the man whose bones he means to break and whose flesh to pound into jelly; — not so much, for that means, or should mean, fair play. This is immediately followed by a charge of a lack of scholarship, which "no familiarity with other men's scholarship can take the place

of." To scholarship I have never made any pretension; only to know the little that I do know at first hand, and to use it to the best of my ability for the profit of my readers. The implied accusation to the contrary I reserve for future reference. Then, after this blow below the belt, comes one which seems to be delivered straight between the eyes: it is that three of my notes "may be controverted from Shakespeare's own authority." The first of this "one, two, three" which I shall counter is of the same kind as its predecessor, and is characteristic of the whole attack. With a great flourish it is said, —

"But far more extraordinary than either of these oversights is Mr. White's extraordinary remark on the lines in Antony's speech, in Julius Cæsar, III. 2, l. 91.

'You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown.'

The note to this is, '*On the Lupercal:* a mistake. The Lupercal was not a street or a bridge, or the like, but a grotto'!! Has Mr. White never read the line in the first scene of the play, —

'You know it is *the feast of Lupercal*'?"

The combined baseness and folly of this destructively meant thrust is easily exposed. In the introduction to this play, on the very leaf before this first scene, to which I am referred, the last sentence is, —

"The events which it presents in a dramatic form took place between *the feast of Lupercal*, B. C. 45, and the battle of Philippi, B. C. 42." (Vol. iii. p. 381.)

So much for his baseness; now for his folly. If he will turn to the Clarendon Press edition of Julius Cæsar, published by the University of Oxford, and edited by W. Aldis Wright, LL. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the first scholars in England, and the principal editor of the great Cambridge Shakespeare, he will find this note on the same passage: —

"*On the Lupercal*, see I. 2, l. 236, etc. Shakespeare speaks of the Lupercal as *if it were a hill*. It was in reality a cave or grotto, in which, according to tradition, Romulus and Remus were found." (Page 168.)

It will be observed that in the Clarendon Press edition Aldis Wright distinctly refers to the portentous passage in Act I., which I am insolently asked if I have ever seen. If my remark is "extraordinary," what is Dr. Wright's? But it is sometimes pleasant to go astray in good company. Like Slender, "if I am drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves." After this exposition of his combined malice and folly, I ought to be permitted to dismiss this man at once, and to say with Vergil, *Guarda e passa;* but I must go on, "for worse remains behind."

The remaining two of the three notes which are to be controverted from Shakespeare's own authority are upon the line, "Of all men else I have avoided thee," in Macbeth, and the phrase "culling of simples," applied by Romeo to the apothecary's occupation in his shop. The Riverside edition points out the absurdity of "Of all men else" in the first, and the loose use of "cull" in the second. To this the amazing rejoinder is that "Shakespeare sometimes accepted 'of' in the sense of beyond" (certainly he did); and that he also used "cull" in other passages in a similar sense to that which it has in Romeo and Juliet. What an if he did? That is the very point that is made. The criticism reminds me of the old lady who, startled out of sleep in sermon time, uttered an exclamation, and then, alarmed, cried, "Oh, I've spoke in meetin'!" then, in her agitation, "Oh, I've done it agin, — and agin! — Oh, I keep a doin' it!" The critic is not able to draw the simplest critical distinction. One passage in Shakespeare may illustrate his meaning in another; but the repetition of an error by him, or any other man, does not make it right. This folly gives me occasion to remark here upon a subject which in any case I should have presented.

A careful study of Shakespeare's plays discovers that he was, on the one

hand, indifferent to the meaning of words when necessity pressed him, and was content to do the best he could in this respect, if he could suggest his meaning by the phraseology of a whole passage; and that, on the other hand, he was actually ignorant of the meaning of some of the words he used frequently. The former is so manifest to any competent Shakespeare student that no words need be wasted on it; the latter may need enforcement and illustration.

What is more in the natural order of things than that Shakespeare should misapprehend the meaning of some words? His incomparable *genius* for expression would not furnish him the *means* of expression any more than Cæsar's genius for war would furnish him arms and soldiers. Shakespeare was the son of a Warwickshire peasant, or very inferior yeoman, by the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. Both his father and his mother were so ignorant that they signed with a mark instead of writing their names. Few of their friends could write theirs. Shakespeare probably had a very little instruction in Latin in the Stratford grammar school. When, at twenty-two years of age, he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half a dozen books other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence, and a Bible. Probably there were not half a dozen other in all Stratford. The notion that he was once an attorney's clerk is blown to pieces. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the first living authority upon the facts of Shakespeare's life, would send "the loud laugh of scorn out of his beard unshorn" at the suggestion. Shakespeare had no education; but when he got into the theatre at London he "picked up" a knowledge of literature and language. His genius for language enabled him to do this in a wonderful, almost in a miraculous way; but it was inevitable that a man who was not only uninstructed, but who had lived until he was twenty-five years old only among the most ignorant and socially uncultured people of three hundred years ago, should misapprehend more or less the meaning of some of the words that he heard and read. Men who are educated and who have cultured associations do that to this day. The truly astonishing fact is that Shakespeare, in his circumstances, erred so rarely, and that, his comparatively few errors apart, he obtained his marvelous mastery of language in such a desultory way in the course of a few years. There is no greater witness to the grasp and the subtlety of his genius. Of the words that he misused I do not undertake at present to give a list, but here are a few examples, hastily looked up: missive, precedence, recoil, expiate, modern, dexterity, plurisy, envy, eternal, casually, indurance, compassionate, depose, inherit, thewes, importance, convicted, dieted, exorcist, beteem, publican. It will be seen that, as is commonly the case with uneducated people, these misapprehensions are in regard to words of Romance origin. It confirms the view here presented, with only two exceptions, that Shakespeare used such words frequently in their radical but uncustomary sense, as if fresh from the consultation of a dictionary. There is evidence that this defect in his vocabulary was recognized by his contemporaries. Shakespeare's use of a word cannot be accepted as evidence of its meaning, nor his use of a construction as its justification.

As every injurious assertion made or implied by the Post is untrue, or a perversion of the truth (excepting those which touch misprints or other not uncommon accidents of the printing-office), and as I intend not to leave one of them unexposed, I cannot do better than to take them up in the order in which they are put forth; and hence a very sudden change in the nature of my topic. In the Riverside introduction to Hamlet

it is said that "the period of the action in Shakespeare's imagination seems to have been about the tenth century;" and as to its duration, "into five acts he seems to have compressed, as his manner was, the incidents of not less than from eight to ten years." This is held up for condemnation as "startling," and the reader is told that, on the contrary, "Shakespeare, as his habit was, pictured the incidents as of his own time, and that the duration of the action cannot extend beyond two or three months." This passage alone of the Post's article can be dignified with the name of adverse criticism. It alone is a judgment upon an opinion or a decision, and the presentation of an opposing view. The others, as we have seen thus far, are misrepresentations of fact, due partly to intention, partly to ignorance. This one again presents me the occasion of saying here what I should otherwise have said elsewhere in these articles.

If my critic was startled by the view from which he dissents, it must have been because he was ignorant of what I and others after me have said upon this subject heretofore. All the startling that was to be done in this way I did years ago; and there have been articles in newspapers, in magazines, and even books, in regard to the assertion of my belief that Shakespeare imagined Hamlet in the first scenes of the tragedy as only some twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and in the last act as full thirty. But as to Shakespeare's notion of the period of the action the Post's critic, as usual, misrepresents me, and shows his own ignorance. The gravely making a point of Shakespeare's "picturing" the incidents as of his own time is in this relation ridiculous, almost childish. Certainly he did so, and always did so. Every observant reader knows that. The costume[1] of Shakespeare's plays is always heterogeneous and confused; but its prevalent character is that of his own day. There is, however, no reason for the assumption that therefore he imagined the action as passing in his own time. The very statement of the case in this form has, I am sure, already provoked a smile to the lips of some of my readers. The absurdity of the notion and the crass ignorance of a critic who could entertain it may be shown in few words very clearly. In Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, in King John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., and in King Lear, not to mention other plays, the period of the action is historically fixed, and Shakespeare knew it as well as we do. Moreover, we see that in these plays he had it in mind himself. In King Lear he even goes so far as to present a very rude and elemental form of social life. And yet in all these plays he constantly presents us with pictures which are copied from his own time. Shakespeare's costume, his dramatic picturing, had, could have had, no relation to his imagination of the period of the action of his play. His sending Hamlet to school at Wittenberg and Laertes to Paris to practice music had no more relation to his imagination of the period when the action of Hamlet took place than his making Giulio Romano the artist of Hermione's statue had with his imagination of the period of the action of The Winter's Tale, or than his confusion of costume in Cymbeline, King of Britain, — where in one speech we have the England of Elizabeth, and in the next ancient Rome, — had with his imagination of the period of the action of that play, which he himself clearly sets forth as being in the time of the early Cæsars. An exhibition of thorough ignorance and of thoughtless unacquaintance with a subject was never more unconsciously but completely made than by this critic of the Post.

[1] Some of my readers may like to be reminded that "costume" includes manners and customs, habits of thought and expression, as well as apparel.

The truth is that, as I said in the foregoing article of this series, Shakespeare was the most inconsistent of writers. He took no thought of what is known as "keeping;" was utterly careless of it except — and the exception is of the highest moment — in regard to the motive of dramatic action. In this, keeping was to him an absolute law; one which he followed intuitively, and I believe almost unconsciously. A striking example in point is to be seen in one of the most admirable and best known of his minor characters, who stands among Shakespeare's sagacious Fools second only to that sad, wanly smiling shadow of hard worldly wisdom, the loving and lovable Fool in King Lear. Touchstone is a courtly fellow in his sort, one who knows all the ways and forms of high society; a gentleman in motley, and learned in euphuism and in fencing, and in all that Armado calls "the varnish of a complete man:" moreover, he is a social cynic. But Shakespeare, when he began to write As You Like It, imagined Touchstone as a coarse, rude fellow, of some mother wit and a good heart. He makes Celia expressly describe him as "the clownish Fool," one who is devoted to her; and directly afterward he is called "the roynish [scurvy, low, rude] clown." But Shakespeare suddenly changed his purpose (probably because he saw that the attendant of the two princesses might better be a courtly personage), and made Touchstone the most elegant and exquisite of all his wearers of cap and bells. Yet he did not care, for consistency's sake, to change the description which he had given of him in the early scenes, and he remains in the first act the clownish fool and the roynish clown.

Now whether, in Hamlet, he deliberately meant to make his hero ten years younger in the first act than he is in the fifth I shall not undertake to say. But that he does so represent him is undeniable. His age is worked out at the end of the tragedy with care by a sort of "sum" in arithmetic; his being in the very earliest years of possible manhood in the beginning is impressed upon us with no less care; and we are told, besides, that he who in the earlier scenes was "the mould of form" was in the last scene "fat and scant of breath." The conclusion here steadily pointed at by Shakespeare's manner of working is that he imagined him very young in the first scenes and mature in the last, and was absolutely indifferent, quite thoughtless, as to the consistency of these two views of the Prince's personality. But the character of the man is one; compact, adherent, individual, unique. The Hamlet of the last act is the identical Hamlet of the first, whatever the time that separates them, as the ray of light which glorifies the world is the same ray that left the sun, although it has traveled millions of miles through chaotic worlds and meteors and obscuring vapors in reaching us. Yet Hamlet did grow older in Shakespeare's mind as the action of the tragedy went on. Under his sad experience of life, he became harder, bitterer, less serious and sentimental, although not less given to subtle maundering and weak procrastination.

That it was Shakespeare's habit to crowd into five acts the incidents of eight or ten or more years is so undeniably true that time and words need not be wasted upon the point. Any reader may convince himself of this by examining the introductions to the several plays in the Riverside edition. There can, however, be no greater waste of time than the attempt to make Shakespeare consistent with himself upon this point, and to decide (as some critics have undertaken to decide), by watching his words and tracing his incidents, exactly the number of days or weeks, or even months or years, that pass in the action of his dramas. His notions upon this subject were of the vaguest; it was one

of the many as to which he was quite indifferent, thoughtless. The only consistency to which he gave a moment's consideration was that of interest, present dramatic effect. He had a higher purpose than accuracy. In the swiftest moving but most artfully constructed of his tragedies, Othello, in which hot action rushes like outbreaking fire from spark to consuming flame, there is an inconsistency upon a minor but essential point which is fatal to any time-construction of the play. For Othello takes Desdemona to Cyprus immediately upon her marriage, and there directly, the very next day, it would seem, Emilia, who had not before been her attendant, says that Iago had "a hundred times" woo'd her to steal Othello's handkerchief. And Cassio, who also accompanies Othello, is reproached, on his first meeting with his Cyprian Bianca, with keeping "a week away." On all such points of consistency and accuracy Shakespeare was the veriest Gallio. So to the question whether the action of Hamlet occupied three days, or three months, or three years, or thrice three, all evidence shows that he gave not three minutes' thought. None the less is it true and demonstrable that in this tragedy he did compress the action of eight or ten years within five years, and that such was his habit.

To return from this one question of higher criticism to lower levels. The Post critic, creeping for six months with microscopic eye over the introductions in the Riverside Shakespeare, finds in one an opportunity, but not, as I shall show, an occasion, of accusing me of the grave fault of "a confusing inaccuracy of expression." It is in the remark that in the old play of the Famous Victories of Henry V. are found "the name and the germ . . . of Falstaff," whereas (as this learned person knows, and as he is kind enough to say that I also know) the name Falstaff does not occur in The Famous Victories, in which the Prince's companion is called Oldcastle. The assertion of the critic is untrue; not this time intentionally, but because he, although he undertakes to censure the correctness of my phraseology, does not himself quite understand the English language; — of which fact we shall see other evidence. I do not say that the name Falstaff occurs in the old play; but that the name *of* Falstaff occurs there. Now the name *of* Falstaff in the Famous Victories is Oldcastle. The very next sentence of the introduction will make still clearer the incompetence of the Post critic in the use and understanding of English. It is: "In the Famous Victories one of the loose companions of the Prince is Sir John Oldcastle; and this personage *by name* Shakespeare transferred to his Henry IV., in the text of which, and in the prefixes of the speeches in the old copies, there remains evidence that Falstaff was *originally called* Oldcastle." The name of Falstaff is one thing (one of his names was John); the name Falstaff, another. The Post in former days was rather noted for its good English: shall we soon find it speaking of "the young man of the name of Guppy"?

"A similarly false impression," the Post critic tells its readers, "is conveyed by carelessness of expression in the note to the Taming of the Shrew, I. 1, 232, by saying '*daughter*, like *laughter* now, was a perfect rhyme to *after*,' which certainly suggests that 'daughter' was pronounced 'dafter.'" Verily, it is true that the impression is similarly false; and verily, verily, it does suggest, and more than suggest, that *daughter* was pronounced *dafter*. If it had not more than suggested that pronunciation, it would have failed of the writer's intention. And here is a man who presumes to take me to task, and does not know that *daughter* was pronounced *dafter*, not only in Shakespeare's time, but within the memory of living men! I set this forth twenty-five years ago, as he should have known, and would have

known if he had any proper acquaintance with his subject. In my note then I mentioned having heard in my boyhood this pronunciation by old people in New England; and immediately after the publication of this note I received a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, telling me that there were people there who still so pronounced the word. But if this Post critic, who as to pronunciation of English and of French seems a born illustration of the saying Deaf as a post, had such an acquaintance with English literature as becomes a man who undertakes the task upon which he has ventured, he would not need the evidence of his own ears, although they are doubtless long enough to reach back into the sixteenth century. If he had but turned to his Pilgrim's Progress he would have found,

> "Despondency, good man, is coming *after*,
> And also Much-afraid, his *daughter*;"

and if he doubted (which he should not have done) the pronunciation of 'after' here, he had only to turn to his John Lilly, to find *rafter* spelled *raughter*. Two men escape drowning by tying themselves to a beam: —

> "*Dick.* What call'st thou the thing wee were bound to?
> *Man.* A *raughter*.
> *Raffe.* I will rather hang myself to a *raughter* in the house," etc. (Gallathea, Act I. Sc. 4.)

Moreover, we find such rhymes as *soft* and *taught* (Browne's Pastorals, I. 68) and *oft*, misspelled by the ear *ought*, in the quarto, 1608, of King Lear. And again, this pronunciation of *gh* has come down in rural England, so that a modern novelist, Mrs. Whitehead, is obliged to express it thus: "I was kneading the *doff* [dough] when he comed in." (The Grahames, Lond. 1865, chap. xi.) Yet we find the word which we pronounce *coff* written in Old English thus: "*kouwe*, tusser." (Middle English Glosses, temp. Ed. II. Rel. Ant. 284.) The fact with regard to this combination seems to be, as I pointed out twenty-five years ago (Mems. of English Pron., etc.), that it represented at first a guttural sound, like the Greek χ, and that this passed away, diversely, into the sounds of *f* and *aw*. I may have a great "lack of that liberal scholarship which makes opinion valuable," but would it not be well for the Post to have its critics inform themselves a little upon the history of the English language before they undertake to apply the rod to me in public for failure to get my lessons?

But I am even called up for discipline — to my astonishment, I must confess — on music, of all subjects! In King Lear, I. 4, 300, where Edmund sings *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *mi*, I say, in a brief note, that although he "sings merely to seem at ease" the dramatist has made him sing quite in keeping with the last part of his speech, because his notes "F, G, A, B" are inconsequent, distracting, and implying a discord that demands resolution. My assailant's comment upon this is so amazing in its exhibition of presuming folly, and of ignorance both of music and of Shakespearean literature, that I must give it as fully as possible in his own words: —

> "It does not take much learning to know that the notes are other than Mr. White makes them, — are, in fact, F, G, A, *E* (his series being simply a portion of the diatonic scale); and with regard to the rest of this assertion, one of the most distinguished American composers assures us that to the trained as to the untrained ear there is no such character in this succession of notes as Mr. White attributes to it. Without passing into any discord they might serve for an opening motive to any composition, like the four notes which begin Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mr. White's phrase 'in the natural key' is a queer one; and if one talks of *keys*, the notes themselves would perhaps suggest A minor."

True, true! The man who knows that the notes are other than I make them must indeed have very little learning in music: about as much as would enable him to blow a fish-horn, or his own trumpet. Let us see. Edmund's notes are *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *mi*. Now of old, solmization in England, and in New England, as this critic might have dis-

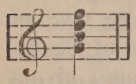
covered merely by turning to some old New England psalm-book, was this: —

C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa.

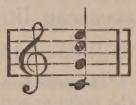
Therefore Edmund's notes must have been F, G, A, B;[1] and moreover, whatever the key he sang in, the same part of the diatonic scale was represented by his syllables, and the same harmonic necessity implied. For if he sang in the key of E flat, his sol-mi scale would have been

E♭, F, G, A♭, B♭, C, D, E♭.
fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa.

His *fa, sol, la, mi*, in any key, would have represented the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th notes of the diatonic scale. For this system of solmization rested upon what was known as the movable *mi*, *mi* always representing the semitone below the tonic: the *note sensible*, as the French musicians call it; the leading note, as it is called in English, because it leads to the tonic and rests upon a harmony (thus in the natural key)

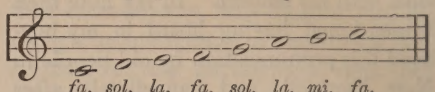


which demands resolution into that of the tonic, thus:



This movable *mi* made some brief rules necessary "to find the *mi*;" thus: "If B be flat, *mi* is in E; if B and E be flat, *mi* is in A; if F be sharp, *mi* is in F," etc. I have been accustomed for not a few years to be appealed to rather than to appeal, in musical questions; but as this may not be known to some of my present readers, I cite in confirmation of what I have just said the following passage from a work of the highest authority:[2] —

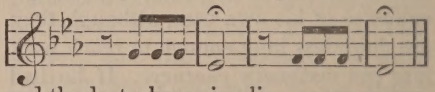
"*Sol-faing.* A system of singing; a composition in which the names of the notes are employed instead of the words to which it may be set. Formerly, only four of the seven names of the notes . . . were used, namely, *mi, fa, sol, la*. These were applied to every note in the scale. . . . *All* tones in the scale were distinguished by these names for the purpose of sol-faing.



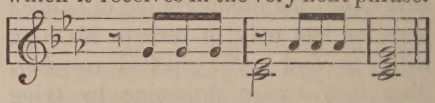
fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa.

Mi was always used for the leading or master note."

The critic's American composer, whether distinguished or not, was, I am sure, misled by an imperfect statement of the question. For as to the illustration from the four notes which begin the Fifth Symphony, any composer, any amateur who is really a musician, will see at once that they confirm rather than impair my position. They are:



and the last phrase implies, as every musician knows, the chord of the dominant (including the *mi*, the leading note, the *note sensible*, on which Edmund ends); and that chord requires the resolution which it receives in the very next phrase.



No composer could have made such a blunder if the question had been properly put before him. As to the Post's critic, if he will go to some infant school, and learn to sing "I want to be an angel," or if he will toot with comb and paper in a *kinder simphonie*, he may, after a painful course of such profound study, be advanced somewhat beyond his present state of musical knowledge. "A minor"! A flat.

If, however, he is ignorant of music, what must be his ignorance of Shakespearean criticism, when he pronounces my note "singular"! Here is a man not only criticising me, but daring to hold me up to ridicule upon a point in Shakespearean literature, when he is so unin-

[1] Extremely improbable that they were C, D, E, B; and if they were, that would only make the matter worse, as any musician knows.

[2] A Dictionary of Musical, Terms by J. Stainier, M. A., Mus. Doc. Oxford, and W. A. Barret, Mus. Bac. Oxford, assisted by R. H. M. Bosanquet, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, A. J. Ellis, F. R. S., etc., W. Chappell, F. S. A., John Hullah, and others.

formed that he does not know that the suggestion in my note is not only not "singular," but is not mine; that it is quite a hundred years old; that it may be found in every modern annotated edition of Shakespeare; and that in his blind rush at me he has dashed his empty head, not against R. G. W., but against Charles Burney, Doctor in Music of the University of Oxford, and author of the great General History of Music! Burney's note, which may be found in Malone's edition (1790), in the variorums of 1803, 1813, and 1821, in the Chiswick, Harness, Knight, Singer, Verplanck, Hudson, Furness's Variorum, etc., is: —

"Oh, these eclipses do portend these divisions, fa, sol, la, mi. The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakespeare, however, shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. . . . The interval *fa — mi*, including a tritonus or sharp 4th, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *mi*. *Dr. Burney.*"

As for me, I do not go quite to the length of Dr. Burney's opinion; but it is undeniable that Shakespeare, whatever his purpose (if he had any), did make Edward sing in accordance with what he speaks.

"From music," the Post critic jauntily says, "we will turn to French," and with his usual insolence he continues, "Mr. White seems very sure that Shakespeare knew but little of the language; but how much does he know himself?" — a query of no benefit to his reader, but intended merely to injure the subject of it. But being asked, I will answer it. Although I learned French when I was six years old (my teacher being a Genevan gentlewoman) and have read it constantly ever since; although twenty years afterwards I read Molière with a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français, and in the little French I have occasion to speak think in French, I pretend to know very little about it. I am sure that if St. René Taillander had examined me in French literature, or Brachet in etymology, each would have found me sadly deficient. But compared with the critic whom the Post permits thus publicly to affront me I am a sage, a pundit. A Riverside note points out that *esperance* (1 Henry IV. V. 1, 97) is "a quadrisyllable, pronounced by Shakespeare, I fear, espyransy."[1] With scornful superiority the critic says, "There is not the slightest occasion for the fear in this suggestion, as in Shakespeare's day, or not long before, all Frenchmen pronounced it as a quadrisyllable."

In Shakespeare's day, *or* not long before! Why, every man who speaks good French nowadays pronounces *esperance* as a quadrisyllable. At the end of all such words there is in the pronunciation of such speakers what the phonetists call the "subaudition" of that obscure sound of *u* which is heard in the English word *come*. And in music, when such words are sung, there is a full, although unaccented, *note* given to the final *e*. Illustration of a fact so well known would be more than superfluous. My critic seems to have learned his French from dictionaries, and not from intercourse with good speakers. He is like the ladies who, in the pronunciation of *Sévres*, cannot make a distinction between *Save* and *Saver;* or other speakers who pronounce the name of the great Geheimrath of Weimar *Gatty* or *Goeeth*. No shame to them, if they do not pretend to sit in judgment upon others. Equal ignorance he shows (in another way) when he says (with severe censure after-

[1] That is, *és-pĕ-rán-sy*. I cannot stop here to set forth the several examples in proof that Shakespeare pronounced French words as if they were English.

ward) that, although "modern editions" give "qui a les narines de feu" (Henry V. III. 7, 14), "Mr. White retains" the reading of the folio, "*chez* les narines de feu." Modern editions! The critic does not know, then, that "*chez* les narines," etc., is the reading of the Cambridge edition, of the Globe, of Rolfe in his admirable English Classic edition, and of all the better late editions; it being retained on the sound principle, now adopted by all the most judicious editors, that the old text, when it expresses a sense, although incorrectly, is not to be disturbed except in case of actual necessity, and in favor of an unquestionable emendation. "*Chez* les narines" is retained by a general consensus of the best "modern" critics; from whom "Mr. White" merely does not dissent.

It was my intention, as I said, to meet this critic upon every point of attack, and to prove clearly that he is — just what he has been shown to be. This I shall do, but I find that it cannot be done here. The pages of The Atlantic are not elastic; and I must hasten as rapidly as possible to the end of this article. I cannot, however, pass over a trivial but very significant evidence of this Post writer's fitness to enter the field of English criticism. He says, "We alluded just now to the learned German Dr. Schmidt." He did no such thing. He mentioned him plainly, by name. I allude to him when, without mentioning his name, I give on p. xxvi of the preface to the Riverside edition my opinion of the superfluity of his painstaking work. Of Dr. Schmidt's learning, I should not presume to suggest a doubt; although I am ready to point out not a few errors in his Shakespeare Lexicon, notwithstanding I have yet cut but few of its leaves. As a scholar I do not pretend to be Dr. Schmidt's humblest rival; but his Lexicon I regard as a salient and characteristic example of the most superfluous sort of Shakespearean anatomizing. As to my critic, if he will turn to Words and Their Uses, *in v.* "allude," he may obtain some much-needed information, which may possibly enable him to use it hereafter correctly.

One peculiarity of the Riverside Shakespeare — and it is a distinctive trait, which I hope may be of some service, not only to the intelligent and observant general reader, but to independent thinkers among my fellow-editors and critics hereafter — is the pointing out from time to time (although with comparative infrequency) the recklessness of Shakespeare in the use of language; his readiness to pervert words from their proper meaning, and to set at naught not only logical connection, but the usage of his time in construction of sentences. That such critics as he with whom I am now most unwillingly compelled to deal should approve this I did not expect. His disapproval of it may go unanswered for what it is worth. But when he says that "these comments are superfluous both for the uninstructed and the instructed reader," he touches a question of fact, and as usual misrepresents the truth. Shakespearean comment and criticism is filled (as he knows, or should know) with strained endeavors to show that in the case in question, Shakespeare was conforming to a "grammar" of his time. There has even been a book published upon the subject. Now I say, at my proper peril, that for this there is no justification; that it is misleading, and that it is high time there were an end of it. The prose *style* of Shakespeare's time differed from that of more modern days, which came in with Dryden; but the grammar, the syntactical construction of the language, was then (with some unimportant exceptions) just what it is now. Of this Shakespeare himself gives undisputable evidence. Whatever he wrote as literature, his poems and his sonnets, was entirely, or almost entirely, free from what has been called Elizabethan grammar, and Shakespear-

ean grammar, — the poems notably so. Moreover, in the argument of Lucrece we have our only extended example of Shakespeare's literary prose. It is long (for an argument), but *quoad hoc*, so far as the use of words and syntactical construction go, it might have been written yesterday. The whole literature of the time shows the same fact. And not only the literature. For example, in the Life and Letters of Sir Christopher Hilton, Queen Elizabeth's dancing Lord Chancellor, there is a great collection of letters, public and private, written by many men of the time, of various positions in life; and in these mere epistles, some of them hastily written, there is (I say it after careful examination) nothing of the Elizabethan grammar and the Shakespearean grammar that we hear so much about from Shakespearean specialists and anatomizers. The truth of the matter is simply that all the Elizabethan playwrights were somewhat heedless upon this point, and that the greatest of them was the most heedless, the most absolutely reckless man in this respect that ever put pen to paper. In his plays Shakespeare wrote hit or miss; but because his hits are as the stars in the firmament for multitude and splendor, we should not hesitate to speak plainly when he misses; none the less, but all the more, because, as I have before remarked in these articles, we owe much of his splendor to his very recklessness. I hoped to illustrate this point by many passages, but lack of space forbids. As to the result in many cases, I do not say now for the first time that a very appreciable part of Shakespeare's dramatic writing is imposing bombast and splendid tinsel.[1]

Much more briefly than I expected, I must remark upon one thoroughly base and slanderous insinuation by this critic, conveyed in the phrase that there are some notes in the Riverside Shakespeare "not quite quotable." The implication here is totally, absolutely, false. The very phrase used, "not quite quotable," is stolen from me, or at least used after me. The Post critic knew well that it is impossible to glossarize and annotate an unexpurgated edition of Shakespeare without some notes which are necessarily, from their very subjects, open to squeamish objection that they are not quite readable aloud in mixed company. In some instances all that can be done is to present the subject as dryly and as tersely as possible, and to hint at a meaning which modern decorum forbids to be expressed clearly in words. In the Riverside Shakespeare this has been done with scrupulous care; and in not a few cases with a frank statement that the subject is one that cannot be explained. That edition *is* prepared *virginibus puerisque*, as the critic well knew, in so far as that is possible in an annotated and glossarized Shakespeare.

For the truth upon this point is that Shakespeare, whose perception and expression of all that is lovely and sweet and pure in man and in nature surpassed that of any writer known to literature, was yet of all writers who have attained high reputation the most grossly and copiously indecent and foul-mouthed. In this respect he rivals Rabelais and far outdoes Montaigne. His only equal is Aristophanes; for in the old Italian comedies the revolting element is in the characters and motives of the personages as revealed by their action, rather than in grossness of phrase. Shakespeare's indecency is often of the very grossest kind, and has the added sin of grossness for grossness' sake. It is not that he often speaks plainly of the workings of a passion which, natural and vital, is yet so intensely personal that proper individuality teaches reserve. It is not always the too warmly human-blooded tone of Anacreon and of Moore that darkens his fair page. To speak plainly, Shakespeare never hesi-

[1] Life and Genius of Shakespeare, 1865, p. 236.

tated to deal with what Dr. Johnson, in regard to Swift, called "ideas physically impure." He knew better than to write thus; but he did not care how he wrote so long as he pleased all of his audience, including the rakes and the groundlings. He could make Hamlet gibe at dramatists for putting "sallets" in their lines "to make them savoury," and scoff at those who "will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered," and then contaminate every play he wrote with grossest sins in violation of his own wholesome laws. In this respect, as in all others, he is preëminent. In quantity, as well as in quality, he is unsurpassed. If the passages of this nature in his writings were taken out and collected, they would make in this type a respectable volume — for its size. Nor is this done with any shame or shyness on his part, with any light touch or passing suggestion. He elaborates his sin and works it into the substance and fibre of a speech or of a whole scene, which may yet be of the most exquisite beauty and the most absorbing interest; but also he will introduce a scene for the express purpose of indecent imagery and gross jesting. The first scene of Act II. of Romeo and Juliet is without any dramatic value or interest, and has nothing to do with any necessary question of the play. It is apparently introduced for the purpose of making Mercutio not only witty with indecorum, but an adroit suggester of images so gross that their meaning can be but vaguely hinted at, and in some cases so repulsive that their meaning is resented. Mercutio's last two speeches in this scene, not short ones, are mere ingenious elaboration of indecency from which even Swift and Sterne would shrink. There are two of the sonnets which in this way are monsters of ingenuity. Now, although all this is really harmless, — will harm no one (to be Irish) who is not already past harming, — and is in this respect wholesome compared to one foul chapter of Zola's Nana or one daintily wrought scene of Théophile Gautier's pictures of corrupted nature, it is impossible to edit Shakespeare with any semblance of completeness without making the margins blush. And this the Post critic knew well; but it suited his purpose to seem not to know it.

Yet, I may judge the poor creature too harshly; for he complains that the Riverside edition has no note of explanation on (among other passages),

> "The discandying of this pelleted storm."

Why, such a man would ask for a note on Falstaff's counterpart, "hail kissing-comfits," or, as one of his sort did, beg me to explain "man but a rush against Othello's breast." Good reader, I confess at once that the Riverside Shakespeare is not edited for idiots, however learned, but on the assumption that the intelligent reader of to-day is (when the obsolete is explained) quite equal in power of apprehension to the general play-goer of the London of 1600.

Finally (for I must jump — but here only — some, yet few, of the pettiest traps and pitfalls which the Post's critic has laid for its readers), my assailant has unwittingly left evidence both of his bad faith and his evil motive.[1] He points out (King John V. 4, 46) these lines,

> "Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts,
> Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,"

[1] This evidence is preceded by the assertion that the Riverside editor "has not thought best to give any reasons for the readings he adopts, and this silence makes it impossible to distinguish between purposely chosen words and possible misprints," — an assertion absolutely untrue in fact and in spirit. Looking hastily through the first volume, I remark in that alone *forty-two* notes giving reasons for readings. It is not pleasant thus to convict a writer for the Evening Post of bearing, with malice prepense, false witness against his neighbor; but under the circumstances it cannot be avoided.

as "Mr. White's reading," which in any case shows (as the detection of the easy misprint *receiv'd* for *reviv'd* does, and as other most minute observations show), how like a ferret he has peered and pried for little prey during the six months which preceded this third Post notice of the Riverside Shakespeare. Now, it so happens that I have in my possession both the copy of the edition and the last proofs which I read of its pages; and on both, the second of the lines quoted above, instead of following l. 46, follows l. 37. But p. 60, on which it occurs, ends, in this proof, with l. 46, the first of those quoted above, —

> "Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts."

After I read the proof, however, it seems that there was a change found necessary in the arrangement of the pages, and eight lines were transferred from p. 60 to p. 61. In the doing of this, by an accident common in the printing-office, the line (47) which would have been the first on p. 61 was transposed, and appears out of place, making, not a "reading," as this critic well knew, but sheer nonsense.

The matter would not be worth consideration were it not that, unhappily for him, the Post critic has on this occasion exposed himself. There is a brief note here *which shows where the line belongs*. This note is: "*a treacherous fine* = a treacherous end; a quibble on 'fine' in Shakespeare's manner." Now, this "quibble" is on the "fine" of the line which precedes that in which "a treacherous fine" occurs, according to the correct reading, which is universal and never questioned, as the critic knows, and as he points out. Thus: —

> "Paying the *fine* of rated treachery,
> Even with the treacherous *fine* of all your lives."

If the lines are separated, there is no quibble, and the note is meaningless. "Missus," exclaimed an unaccused negro maid-servant, detected before the toilet glass with a comb in one hand and a pomatum pot in the other, and her wool as unctuous as Aaron's beard, — "missus, 'swear to de Lor' I never touched it!"

The Post's article appropriately carries its sting where venomous insects carry theirs, and it ends by saying, "We are sorry to touch on Mr. White's French again," and then calls attention to the fact that, in a scene of the Merry Wives, "il fait fort chaud" is translated, it is very cold. That is very grievous, I know; and so is, or may be made to appear, "does not know thee" as a free translation of the Italian "non ti pretia;" and I see, as my critic saw, what an unfavorable impression his exposure is fitted to produce against me, — how it works in with the other evidence which he thought he had raked and scraped together, to show "a lack of that liberal scholarship which makes opinion valuable." And unfortunately, indeed, such deplorable ignorance is too common, and ought to be remorselessly exposed. In a well-known publication, of high respectability and unbounded pretensions to immaculate correctness, — a publication which once held up a man to condemnation as untrustworthy because he spelled a name *Haled* which is generally spelled Halhed, but sometimes Halhead, but always pronounced *Hall-'ed*, — I found accidentally, within a few days after the attack upon the Riverside Shakespeare the following passage in a very painstaking criticism of Gli Amici, by Edmondo de Amicis: —

> "In France the rigid rule of the Academy would condemn as vulgar a great many of the happiest expressions used by our author. What can be happier, to express great grief, than to say that a person 'weeps all the tears of his soul' (*piange tutte le lagrime dell' anima*)? Yet what French author would use in serious prose the equivalent French expression, *pleurer toutes les larmes de son corps?*" (Evening Post, March 27, 1884.)

Is there to be no end of charlatanism and ignorant pretense! Here we have

a man daring to come before the public as a critic of Italian and of French, and giving "de son *corps*" as a translation of "dell' *anima*"! What shall be said of the "vulgarity" and the "inadequacy" of such criticism! "How much does" *this* Post critic "know of French?" The error could not have been one of the ear, *corps* for *cœur*; for *cœur* is no translation of *anima*, which requires *âme*, the French word being indeed a lineal representative, by phonetic decay of the Italian.

Alas, alas! — The criticism was a good criticism, sound and discriminating, — one of those which justly bring credit to the journal in which they appear; and its writer is doubtless at least as good a French and Italian scholar as the editor of the Riverside Shakespeare is. I cite it merely to show the Post for what petty, contemptible business it has allowed malice and bad faith to make a journal hitherto so highly esteemed responsible. Errors of this kind form a distinct class of psychological phenomena. By some perverted, unconscious action of the brain a man writes or speaks other than he means, and sometimes, as in this case, directly the reverse of what he means; and what is strange in the case of writers, he does not detect it in proof. His mind's eye sees what is in his mind, and not what is before his bodily eye. It was so with Shakespeare, so with Macaulay, so with Thackeray. Accuracy in detail is desirable; for it is better to be right than wrong, even in trifles. But men of good common sense will not vex their souls about it, nor the souls of others. And unless detail happens to rise to the essential, only a mole-eyed or a malicious critic will make it a test of competence.

And now, casting a glance backward, we see, unless I am in error, that in a third notice of the Riverside Shakespeare, published six months after the first, the respected Evening Post has been made use of, by a designing critic, who accused the editor of ignorance of that of which there was printed evidence of his knowledge; who held him up to contempt as the originator of an interpretation which is that of one of the first scholars, and the most eminent Shakespearean editor in England; who could not see that the repetition of a fault is no defense of it; who could not discern the difference between the imagined period of an action and the anachronisms of costume committed by a careless writer; who is so ignorant of English idiom that he does not know the difference between "the name of Falstaff" and "the name Falstaff;" who undertook to censure a musician and hold him up to ridicule upon a point of music, when he himself did not know as much about it as an old Yankee "psalm-smitter," and who was so ignorant of Shakespearean literature that he attributed to an American critic of to-day as singular an opinion on music originated by a distinguished British musical critic a hundred years ago, and which has been repeated by every editor since; who undertook to flout a man of letters publicly upon the subject of French pronunciation only to show his own ignorance of it, and who attributed, as a peculiar fault, to the Riverside editor a French reading which is that of all preceding editions of the day which are of high repute; who, knowing necessarily the frequent grossness of Shakespeare's language, and the sometimes foulness of his thought in passages which need explanation, could yet make dry, glossarial explanations and cautiously reserved hints as to such passages occasions of a charge of vulgarity; who is so down at heel in English as not to know the difference between "allude" and "mention;" who declared that to be superfluous which is directed to the refutation of a theory as to Shakespeare's writing which has been long and frequently advocated; who is in such a deplorable

state of poetical incapacity that he cannot understand such a combination of homely metaphors as "the discandying of this pelleted storm" without having it chewed up and put into his mouth like pap; who for the sake of inflicting injury descended to the meanness of seizing upon and parading trivial slips of inadvertency; and who, with the evidence before his eyes of a typographical accident, suppressed that evidence, and held up the consequence of the accident as the result of deliberate intention. This we have found; and so

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

Richard Grant White.

THE NEW PARTY.

To trace political effects up to their causes is a dangerous kind of ratiocination for contemporaries; but sometimes the handwriting on the wall is in a character easily deciphered by the ordinary on-looker without the aid of a prophet. The principle of the spoils system was an old one, but before the war its abuse was limited. The levying and expending of vast sums of money during and since the war, the increased number of officials, the higher premium set upon office-getting, attracted a class of men into public life who made office-seeking and office-giving a profession. These professionals were politicians, not statesmen; and their shrewdness, skill, and knowledge of men made it possible for them to get a hold upon the national executive that fairly sucked away much of that magistrate's appointing power long before the people knew where or what the evil really was. It was some time before the big nation, with its veins full of strong young blood, came to realize the extent of the disease which had taken hold of its political life, and that its very bigness gave the malady more nourishment. A few experts looked at the patient, and quietly wrote down the diagnosis: "spoils system." But that opinion then received little attention.

For the encouragement of those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the best in society, no little cheer is to be found in the growth of what may properly be called the New Party. It may be said here that the writer views this matter neither from the Republican nor Democratic standpoint; and that when much is said of the Republican party it is solely because that organization has held the reins of power since the war. The other party would doubtless have fallen into the same methods, had it controlled the country.

A little more than ten years ago the average voter was awakening to the undoubted existence of corruption in the administration of the state, and yet he had a dull feeling of discouragement at realizing that the two great parties divided nearly equally the suffrages of the people, and interposed their huge, bulky organizations, with their unsatisfactory nominating conventions (a-choice-between-two-evils game), in the way of any proper schemes of reform. It seemed like pure folly to talk of facing either great party with imperative demands, when these demands were not visibly supported by a large constituency. Those were the days when we heard a great deal of the "scholar in politics," and lamentations on the absence of good men from the polls. The Republican party had passed under the control of politicians who made office a means of personal advancement, and

who regarded it no longer as a grave public trust. This ignoble and selfish spirit permeated Congress (and not long ago), disgraced the sessions of the Senate by a long quarrel over its door-keeper, and has even colored legislation. What followed upon the recognition of the evil, and the means adopted by the best sense of the people to gain the end of reform, are interesting lessons in our political history, and compare favorably with such movements as that for the abolition of the corn laws in England.

Honest, intelligent voters began to see the dim, ugly form of the wrong, and were groping around for the proper instruments, and those nearest at hand, for its destruction. The first attempt disclosed a real difficulty. In 1871 and 1872 the dissatisfaction with existing policies led a body of the bolder men to meet in a private room in Washington chiefly for the purpose of organizing a movement to aid in revenue reform. It embraced a number of editors, congressmen, and public men; but on issuing their call and attempting active measures, they found the public temper such that what was only a revenue-reform purpose in the beginning extended to a movement for political reform in general. The policy then seemed to be to make overtures to the Democrats, and offer them an alliance as well as a definite policy. Charles Francis Adams was demanded by the reformers as their candidate, and it was expected that the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872 would make this nomination, and that the Democrats would then adopt it. The desire of large numbers of Republicans to see this result is well remembered, and many prominent men appeared at their head. The convention system was the death of this plan. Not often do the majority of delegates get beyond a wish to be on the winning side, and put the candidate under obligations to them which shall be later liquidated by appointments to office. This convention, under the influence of politicians, and even of Republican agents it is said, nominated Horace Greeley, insured the second election of Grant, and perpetuated the spoilsmen in the possession of the offices.

The offending sores now emitted so rank an odor that the men whose votes were never cast without thinking took up a new policy, without a common understanding, guided rather by an unconscious political instinct (for which the American voter is not always given enough credit), and intuitively struck together at the spoils enemy in the elections for Congress in 1874. Disaffected Republicans transferred the control of the lower house in Congress to the opposition,[1] although the majority of the old party, from habit and attachment to the organization which had served them so well in the war days, still voted the party ticket. The dissatisfaction with "machine government" gathered head after this display of power at the polls, until in the next presidential year of 1876 the Republicans felt distinctly that some concession must be made to the new force in politics; and the nomination was given to Mr. Hayes, rather than to Mr. Bristow, the more aggressive candidate insisted on by the same set of men who had urged Mr. Adams four years before. Here was a decided gain; and be it noticed that it was a gain obtained first by learning the effectiveness of independent voting, and secondly by better organization within the party lines, vigorously acting in time to influence the election of delegates themselves.

The selection of Mr. Schurz as a cabinet officer by President Hayes was the first public recognition of the existence of the independent voter; not that the young party demanded office, but it demanded recognition of the fact that

[1] As compared with the returns for 1872, eighty thousand Republicans changed their votes in the State of New York.

some officials, at least, must be appointed who were opposed to the spoils system. The old organizations avoided issues to save themselves from formidable attack; the new party attacked them because their platforms avoided all issues. The old organizations manœuvred solely to gain, or perpetuate, their control of the government. The new party demanded that the state should not be made the tool of shrewd, manipulating managers; that politics should serve the state, not the state politics; that legislation should be freed from partisan ambitions; and that the spoils system should be abolished. Here was a situation of curious interest: a large number of voters, who deserved the title of a new party, because they alone of the political bodies presented any distinct issues; and yet, paradoxically enough, they did not form a party, in the ordinary use of the word, for it was not organized; it held the balance of power already, growing in a sense of its weight and effectiveness, and yet without a common name, organization, or a central group of managers. It was better than a mere party: it represented the intelligent political intuition of the country, guiding us aright before reasons for a change of management had been distinctly formulated in our minds. In my opinion, its steady growth and present existence are among the most hopeful signs in our political zodiac, and well worth looking after by the astrologers of the old parties.

The most decisive triumph of the young liberals was yet to be won, and won against heavy odds. The wing of the Republican party which had lost its control during Mr. Hayes's administration made a most determined and well-planned campaign to recover power in the now famous contest in the presidential convention at Chicago in 1880. No stone had been left unturned to send delegates pledged to nominate General Grant; and perhaps no political organization ever showed better discipline than was apparent in the steady and well-drilled evolutions of the "306" who never deserted their candidate. In the teeth of such a movement, managed by the most experienced politicians of the country, in an attempt to secure a return to the control of the executive, the balance of power was so wielded by the independents as to give them the nomination of Garfield, and his overwhelming election to the presidency. This result was gained simply because no candidate who could not command the votes of the independents could be elected.

Better results came, however, with organization and by a piece of good fortune. The office-broking wing of the Republican party, as already said, had lost the control of affairs during the administration of President Hayes. This loss was signalized in a dramatic way by the contest between President Garfield and Senator Conkling. Stung to the quick at realizing he could no longer command offices for his followers, and so perpetuate his position, the New York Senator broke out in open revolt against the elected head of the party, resigned, and went to his constituents asking for approval of his attitude by a reëlection (May, 1881). His attempt was a failure, and he was not reëlected. The discomfiture of the strongest "boss" and manipulator of offices in the country was a marked event. It at once broke the strength of the spoilsmen, and encouraged the new party.

President Garfield, it will be remembered, recognized the influence of the new party in his appointment of cabinet officers even more than did President Hayes. It will also be remembered that a name for the Bangor collectorship in Maine was sent to the Senate in direct violation of all the wishes of the reformers, and was awaiting a tardy confirmation. On Friday, the day before the shooting of the President, the Bangor

affair was made a matter of cabinet discussion, and precipitated an open struggle between the friends and opponents of civil service reform in the administration. The friends of purer politics were, happily, vigorous, effective, and successful, and a resolution was agreed to establishing a civil service commission to govern admissions to the government service. This victory was gained on Friday, and on Saturday Garfield was shot.

The assassination of the President advertised the evil of patronage as nothing else could have done. Whether rightly or not, the vast number of voters believed that the spoils system had been the cause of the President's murder. A nearly universal demand spread for legislation reforming the evils of our civil service, and a healthy agitation began all over the land. The story of this success is yet fresh in all minds. Politicians of the old school sat contentedly by, waiting for the commotion to subside, and thinking it was only a visionary Utopian scheme; but again, in 1882, as in 1874, they suddenly found that their constituents were in deadly earnest, and had taken their seats in Congress from them and given them to the opposition. The politicians immediately granted a civil service bill. By this time the party leaders began to learn that an uncomfortably large number of voters cared more for principles and good men than for an old party with no issues.

The evidences of this determination are now easily to be found. In New York the infant party in the state elections of 1881 stretched its young hands in open defiance to unscrupulous management, and "scratched" the party ticket, until the process became very painful to the leaders. It was indisputably clear then that twenty thousand independent voters in that single State were ready to throw themselves in a body against bad nominations. The ideas of the new party began to leaven the expressions of even the old leaders. In this and the next year (1882) the state election of Pennsylvania showed an organization for a vigorous revolt in the interest of pure politics, and the "boss" system in that State suffered a serious defeat. The free lances were getting uncomfortably numerous, it must be admitted, and very exacting, too, as to the character of candidates. In New York, in the same year (1882), Secretary Folger allowed his honorable name to be used as nominee for governor by a ring of manipulators, in such a way that he was defeated by a "rising vote," and his opponent given nearly two hundred thousand majority in a State often carried by the Republicans.

Another presidential nomination is at hand, and it does not require much sagacity, in view of past events, to prophesy that the demands of the new party will be pressed more urgently than ever, and that there exists a widespread determination to vote against any candidate who stands for "machine government" in the public eye. Such a man will certainly not get the votes of those quiet citizens who so disagreeably go down to the polls and vote a party out of power, to the surprise of everybody. There is a huge giant lying underneath the political surface, and when he is uncomfortable, and moves his bulky form, like Enceladus under Ætna, according to the old mythology, there is likely to be considerable fire and lava thrown up, and some political burials under the ashes of the volcano.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

WASHINGTON AS IT SHOULD BE.

To the stranger, passing a few weeks in Washington, observing its appearance and manners, the city is tantalizing and provoking; a city of the future, certainly not of the present or of the past; a city of great promise and small performance; a city of disappointments in every way: like our democracy, magnificent in conception, but crude, unfinished, unsatisfactory, in its actual condition, full of opportunity, deficient of achievement. If its founders had a vision of its intellectual and moral splendor, their anticipations have not been justified by events, thus far. The city is not emblematic of republicanism in any respect. There was no symbolical city when this was laid out, nearly a century ago. In many respects it reminds one of Versailles, which suggested several of its features, especially its broad, straight avenues and numerous small parks. To display the public buildings to advantage, and to create squares, areas, points of view, vistas near or remote, seems to have been an element of attraction in the original design of the projectors, who had made a study of Continental towns, and were partial to things European. At present Washington is, unavoidably in the circumstances, in the military phase. Its statues represent warriors on horseback or on foot, some of them — most of them, in fact — wonderful to behold: Washington charging, with a tremendous cavalry sabre in his hand; Jackson pirouetting on a skillfully poised, precarious steed; Green, McPherson, Scott, Thomas, Farragut with cocked-up-knee, Rawlins, and the remarkable naval monument that intercepts the view from the Capitol up Pennsylvania Avenue. The statue of Professor Henry, which stands in front of the Smithsonian Institution, is the only tribute to science in the city, and Ball's statue in honor of the man who issued the decree of emancipation is the only monument to humanity. A very different sculptor has executed Lincoln several times, once conspicuously in front of the City Hall. How far it is possible to take the character out of a great man's face and form is here well shown. The artist can claim preëminence in the power to leave out personality, to represent the crowning virtue of self-abnegation, the grace of the saintly soul, as, doubtless, she intended. In this regard, hers is the only figure that stands for the highest order of qualities. There is, as yet, with the single exception of Professor Henry, no image in honor of an artist, a poet, a man of letters, a historian, educator, statesman, builder, sculptor, illuminator of the ideal world, maker of institutions, inspirer of mankind. There is no hall of music, no gallery of art. Theodore Thomas brought his fine musicians and played the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven in a miserable room which was used for purposes wholly uncongenial, and possessed a singular property of absorbing the sound that was meant for delicately attuned ears. There are no walls, except those of the Corcoran Gallery, where pictures can be hung for the sake of exhibiting their beauties. Mr. Matthew Arnold gave his lecture in a vast church. There are literary clubs and gatherings in private parlors, with a good deal of "circumscription and confine;" but of public literary performances of excellence there are few. The theatres would be large and admirable if they could be, but the encouragement of high art in that direction is not great. The fact seems to be that the upper classes are too much addicted to social pleasures to lend countenance to interests that might interfere with their dinners and assemblies. The town

is small; there is hardly room enough for more than one excitement at a time; and so far, politics and society occupy all the departments of the general mind. There is no commerce, no large business, no diversity of employments, as in cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati. Washington is peculiar in being the national centre, in having an ideal character, in being in a certain sense "American" by genius and sentiment. As such it must be judged, to this standard it must be held, and it is its glory that it can be regarded in this æsthetic light. Fortunately, it has as yet done little that cannot with slight pains be undone. Two or three mistakes are beyond remedy, but the imperfections are more numerous than the errors, though in a few instances the heroic treatment may in the end prove the wisest.

The Capitol is the most disappointing single building. A more ineffectual pile of costly stone it is hard to find anywhere. It seems to be set on high, and yet to the eye it is low. One climbs up to it by tiers of steps only to find it set in a pit. From the foot of the hill the lower part cannot be seen, while from a distance its base is lost sight of, being merged in the surrounding plain. The dome does not command the wings, which stretch out without paying the least regard to it. The central portion is of a different color from the modern additions, being made of a marble that must be painted in order to prevent its presenting a dirty brown hue; and as the surface cannot be made to resemble marble, the effect is almost ludicrous. By grading the grassy bank and surrounding the entire pile with a stone terrace something may be done towards increasing the apparent height of the structure, but nothing less than the removal of the older portion, and its reconstruction according to new designs, will make the edifice harmonious in style, and add materially to its visible majesty. To bring forward the façades will change the aspect a good deal; to replace the present mean columns with noble ones will render the whole more dignified; but such half-way measures will, there is ground to fear, throw into relief the existing absence of proportion, and make evident the actual ugliness. The removal of the low dwellings in the immediate neighborhood of the Capitol grounds will help the effect, while by taking away the pretentious and meaningless monument which interrupts the view up Pennsylvania Avenue the grounds about the building will gain in beauty and loftiness. Some of these improvements are contemplated already; nay, are now proceeding. It is hoped that they may suggest other more radical changes, to be introduced in due course of time.

Close to the Capitol are the Botanical Gardens, which are so handsome that it is a pity they should not be handsomer, as at very small outlay of money and of care they might be. The removal of the hideous wall and of the obnoxious iron fence would be an admirable beginning; the substitution of grass for rubbish in the corners is imperative; the grading of parts would give variety of surface; and the planting of trees would render the square attractive to visitors. "A boundless contiguity" of sun is not inviting in summer. Even the stately palm-house, helped by Bartholdi's fine fountain, will not make barrenness pleasant. An occasional seat in a shady spot, with a circle of bright flowers hard by, is necessary to the full enjoyment of nature by unregenerate human beings.

Treating of shade, it would not be difficult, one might surmise, to set out some satisfactory trees — elm-trees, for example — along Pennsylvania Avenue, instead of the uncertain, various, desultory, and quite infrequent foliage that pretends to fringe the northern side; or even to plant a row of umbrageous trees up and down the opposite side of the

way. The street is immensely broad, and would be really improved by some commanding objects along the route, as no houses would be tall enough to dominate the pavement. Should more space be wanted, it might with advantage be taken from the southern sidewalk, which is much too wide for actual or possible travel. That is now the unpopular side of the avenue, but no popularity could render its space overcrowded, while the luxury of shade in warm weather would be unspeakable. The withdrawal of the Baltimore and Potomac station from its present position near the avenue to some point outside the populous centre of the town, which will be compulsory in the event of a municipal reform now contemplated, must add materially to the beauty of that part of the city; release, as it would, the garden from an unsightly intrusion, secure safety in the streets, and open a clear passage from the Capitol across the extensive grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. The establishment of a central station for the Baltimore and Ohio and the Baltimore and Potomac railways can have no other result than this.

The authorities are already at work on a vast scheme for converting into solid land a long reach of the Potomac River from the Observatory to the lower confines of the city. This space, including many scores of acres, it is proposed to lay out as a park, with drives, walks, lakes, and all the features of a delightful pleasure ground. A deep, wide inlet will welcome vessels to its shelter between the new land and the city, and a line of piers will offer facilities for business near the heart of the town. The tall Washington monument will thus be pushed somewhat into the background; not, unfortunately, nearer to Mount Vernon, where it belongs, if it belongs anywhere, but still into the interior of the district. If the miserable shanties between Ohio Avenue and the Mall were removed, bringing into view the Smithsonian and the Agricultural buildings, and opening the landscape in the direction of the Park, the expanse would be very fine, and the huge white, staring monument, relieved by massive structures, would appear less solitary and less conspicuous. As it cannot be taken down, can it not, in some measure, be concealed, be rendered unobtrusive and innocuous, be "planted out," as it were? For so much we should be grateful. If the government owned Mount Vernon; could maintain there half a dozen of its infirm soldiers; could place there its relics of Washington; could consecrate the home as a national shrine, a place of pilgrimage; could clear away the desecrating refuse of lunch baskets and restore the lovely spot to its noblest associations, the monument of marble would be useless, and might be taken down. Mount Vernon would be a true memorial of Washington. Here people could see how he lived from day to day. His library might be replaced on its old shelves; for though the original books are scattered, their titles are known, and the volumes are capable of being easily restored, at least in other copies, to the cases. Here might be kept his diary. The garden is substantially as he left it. The elements of his personality — simplicity, industry, prudence, economy — are illustrated at every turn. The small, plain chambers, the modest furniture, the humble decorations, are a perpetual lesson of self-abnegation. He was a great character. No sculptured stone can commemorate qualities such as he possessed. Nature alone, as recreated by his private virtues, shown in life, can do that, and at Mount Vernon he lived and died. They who revere that sacred memory, and wish to keep it fresh, pray that his home and last resting-place may be made his monument; that his countrymen may find here the shade of their heroic friend, and may renew their own patriotism by association with his.

The sanitary condition of the White House is no longer in question. The drainage is excellent; the grounds about the building have been raised; the marshes have been dried up. The mansion has beautiful points outside, and the taste of its present occupant has made it very handsome within. But it is not suitable for a private residence and a public office at the same time. It would admirably meet the purpose of either; it can hardly serve the uses of both. Few know how little available space there is in it. The rooms are large, some of vast size, but there are not many of them. The halls are wide, the corridors long, the vestibules spacious. Four large apartments are allotted to the necessary secretaries, clerks, administrative functionaries of the government, telegraph operators, and so forth. The grand reception-room occupies the entire east wing on the first floor; the smaller reception-rooms lead from it; the state banqueting-hall is an enormous apartment. This leaves but limited space below for private needs, dining-room and parlor. Upstairs, beside the rooms for government work, already mentioned, there is an apartment devoted to the meetings of the cabinet, the library, and a state chamber. There remain but five chambers for the use of the family, which, if it happens to be large, may overflow its accommodations, and must be very small to allow a suitable entertainment of guests, who cannot be received in any number.

But these things, though bad enough, are not the worst, by any means. The victim in the White House has no private life, to speak of. He belongs to the nation; he has been placed there by the choice of the people, and they assume the right to see him as often as they feel inclined, which may be at any hour in the day. The demand for his presence and service is incessant. It is forgotten, apparently, that the man has a personal as well as an official side, that he must be a gentleman now and then, that he cannot be President all the time, that he is not the property of the community at large, that he must have his special friends, that he must enjoy the human privilege of refusing the visits of strangers, that he is excusable for guarding against intrusion, and has no more responsibility outside of his official duties than the ordinary citizen has, who is let alone at his home, and is at liberty to put the affairs of his shop behind him, when business is over. This is no fancied grievance. The President is a very busy man, full of cares, and needing quiet, rest in the society of family or friends, more than most, together with social amenities of a various kind. Especially he needs to be for a part of each day taken out of the associations of his office, and placed where his mind can be refreshed by other concerns than those of the public. He will work better, more heartily, more cheerfully, more effectually, for such a respite.

There are two ways of bringing about this most desirable change: either the present edifice might be given over wholly to business, for which it is admirably adapted, and even now is none too large, in which case the President's house might be situated wherever convenience prompted, at a distance from the building that contained the office, where, by appointment, he would find himself at certain hours out of the twenty-four; or the business might be carried to another part of the town, and the White House be assigned to the President for his private residence. The former plan is preferable for several reasons. In the first place, the mansion is designed for a public purpose. No private dwelling offers such facilities for receptions and dinners, which must be given on a grand scale. In the next place, the increasing business of the country will be furthered by the aid to concentration that so large a mansion affords. Then the habits of the multitude who flock to the house on

practical errands will not be interrupted. Experience shows the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of breaking up such habits, and the removal of the President's private house would render the effort to break them up unnecessary. The present amphibious arrangement, besides being a public disgrace, is a singular piece of foolishness in a community that prides itself on its good sense in getting out of the people it employs the utmost they are capable of performing. The actual President is crippled in his working faculty by the fretting annoyances to which he is now subjected. A thick-skinned person may not complain of this ceaseless notoriety, — nay, may like it; but a sensitive man must feel it keenly. Even to a casual observer the invasion of individual privilege is exceedingly unpleasant to the eye.

An incidental advantage of the change here suggested would be the remanding of the President to the condition of citizenship, and the weakening of the bands of ceremony that are tightening about the incumbent of the White House. The chief magistrate of a republic is a great personality, entitled to every mark of national regard. His lodging, equipment, and social surroundings ought to be worthy of one whom the people have chosen to represent them. But he is not, in any sense of the word, except Thomas Carlyle's (König, the man who *can*), a king, whose hand is to be lifted to the lips, at whose feet subjects prostrate themselves in homage. He should be the "first gentleman" of the nation in a broad, human, American way; not, like the English George IV., claiming ascendency over all others, but, after the manner of Abraham Lincoln, serving mankind. His prerogative should be moral, not official; personal, not of rank or eminence. He should be large enough to look well on a pedestal, — for he stands on a pedestal the elevation of which ought not to call attention to his faults, — but his size should consist of character. If grace can be added to conduct, so much the better, but the conduct is primary. By all means we must have humanity. At present we depend on Western ruggedness to keep the traditions of the White House simple, clean, and honest. The periodical breaking up of the routine brings this benefit: that it saves us from any fixed observance by introducing variety of taste into executive manners. Thus separating the office from the man, it will not be easy for anybody to elude accountability by seeking refuge beneath his title or wrapping the official mantle around his person. It is pleasant to believe that the moral standard is rising, that a higher and higher order of man is selected for the people's representative, that humane considerations are more prominent than they were once, — a sign that the nation is increasing in the virtue of self-respect. The baser qualities are no recommendation. The era of war-cries, let us trust, is ended. It remains that the era of civilization should come in, as in due time it will. The detachment of the President from the man will favor the introduction of that era by throwing the person back on his qualities, and making those supreme.

This emancipation from the thralldom of etiquette will help to keep society in Washington simple and sincere. The character of the President naturally exerts an influence on the intercourse of the saloon. Social entertainment seems now to be pretty much all there is for those not immersed in the cares of business. Of intellectual life there is little or none. There are few accessible books. The circulating libraries are few and small. The congressional library is immense and admirably administered, but the space allotted to it is surprisingly inadequate; volumes are piled up in heaps; and while everything is there, the omniscience of the librarian alone avails often to find what is wanted. It is too far away for popular use, and

if the proposed new building is erected on the Capitol Hill it will be still further removed from common reach. The state library is excellent for its purposes, and has an ambitious as well as a thoroughly competent director. Each department has its own collection of books, which it is all the time enlarging; still it is true that the literary spirit is not prominent in Washington. There are, of course, men of letters there, but they do not much frequent society; and they, in several instances, where their studies lie off the beaten track, possess libraries of their own, seldom resorting to the general collections. In fact, there are not many cities that offer so few facilities to the literary man. Literature, like art, occupies a subordinate place in the social life of the town, and to this, as much as to anything, is owing the light, superficial character of the social intercourse, the absence of solidity in the conversation, the amount of small talk that people carry about with them. There is no commerce or large trade; consequently, money is not a topic at receptions. Politics are avoided as by common consent: perhaps because men have enough of them during the day, possibly because the papers contain all there is to be said, peradventure because there is nothing important to communicate, some think because the whole subject is unprofitable and stale. The diplomatists, of course, keep their own counsel. They who know a good deal tell nothing, while they who do nothing but chatter are frowned down. By and by, as the city grows larger and richer, society will become more elaborate, stately, and expensive than it is now; entertainments will be more sumptuous; the company will be more homogeneous. The generous simplicity, the heartiness, the free welcome, will disappear, and they who maintain this kind of social amusement will belong to a special circle.

When that time comes, society will occupy a smaller place relative to other interests. It will be less sought after than it is to-day. The "season" will be of less significance to the community at large. The movements of the President, the cabinet, the judges, the senators, will be less prominent. There will be many other concerns to engage the attention of mankind. Business will probably always be confined to the task of distribution, in moderate quantities, of what is made elsewhere; but art and literature and science will employ multitudes of devotees, theatres and opera houses will spring into existence, halls will be built for music, the higher kinds of entertainment will be encouraged, and the best people will find something to do beside observing the deeds of their neighbors. The topics of conversation will be more numerous and interesting; conversation itself will be more attractive; even fashionable people will go to concerts, exhibitions, dramas, which will render constant parties less absorbing and fascinating. Society in New York is more dashing, costly, exacting, than it is in Washington, but it occupies less space in the public eye. It is interesting to none but those absorbed in it. The papers chronicle its "events" along with other items of news, but the proportion between the paragraphs given to it and those given to matters that engage the whole community is not by any means so large as it must be in smaller places. Washington will improve in this respect as time goes on. Society may be no less varied and charming, — the presence of European diplomatists will keep it so, — but it will challenge the consideration of a smaller relative number of men and women.

Already complaints are heard in some quarters, chiefly among the older residents, that Washington is losing many of its former characteristics; that it is becoming larger, more stately, more ceremonious. It is true. The "delightful village" will, one day, be a beautiful city; the "great town" will swell

into a national metropolis; the little, low houses of wood will be succeeded by huge buildings, palatial, vast, with towers, balconies, gilded railings, carriage-ways, and other appurtenances of wealth; the frequent vacant spaces will be filled with architecture of the large-minded, cosmical — the profane will say promiscuous — description peculiar to Washington; the long avenues will not be stretches of desolation; residences will not be confounded with shops, as in rural districts; stores will be enlarged and adorned; an immense city, unique, peculiar, different from any seat of government in the world, singular among American towns, will grow up on the shore of the Potomac.

Washington, it will be seen, is to be a creation of the future. In the years that are coming, it will not be a cheap place to live in, as it is now, comparatively. Real estate will be more valuable; rents will rise; the cost of provisions will increase; taxes will augment; desirable situations will be more difficult to obtain; the price of building material will be enhanced; in a word, all the consequences of advanced civilization will be felt. It is a pity that some things were not differently done at the outset, — the design of the Capitol, for instance, the laying out of Pennsylvania Avenue above Fourteenth Street, the provision for a continuous line between the Capitol and the White House, the rounding of the corner near the treasury, with a wide sweep beyond; but every detail cannot be thought of at once. The ugly buildings in front of the treasury mausoleum will be removed one of these days; the huge, unsightly pillars that bar the street beyond the treasury grounds will be taken down; the grim iron fences will not be left to perplex or madden strangers forever; and one by one conveniences will be introduced. The city deserves all that can be spent or lavished on its embellishment, the love of its citizens, the care of its public-spirited men and women. Its promise is of the fairest; its performance thus far errs on the negative rather than on the positive side, and can easily be mended as taste and elegance dictate. There is money enough, if it can be expended judiciously, in the right direction; not in heaping up granite and marble when ideas give out, not in buying bad pictures or horrible statues, not in paint and gilding where none is needed, not in tessellated floors on common corridors, not in stucco and frescoing, but in solid appliances for public comfort. There is room for satire, but more need of suggestion, on the part of critics who wish well to the capital of the nation. Ridicule has been poured out unstintingly and to excellent purpose, but the day is approaching when suggestions by competent minds will be demanded and the authority of the best judges will be sought. The uncomely features are many, but they are evident to observing eyes, and can be altered at an hour's warning. The permanent objects — buildings that cannot be disturbed, streets that cannot be straightened, squares that cannot be displaced — are not numerous. Even a fastidious taste finds little to be made over again, though much to alter and complete.

Washington is an interesting city, which naturally excites a good deal of comment. There has been much talk about it: sometimes in derision of its art, sometimes in scorn of its claims, sometimes in disapproval of its management, sometimes in extravagant praise of its beauty. It is worth while to judge it fairly; remembering its history, bearing in mind its progress of late years, acknowledging the public spirit of its citizens, and holding it to the highest standard of attainment as the home of the republican idea. Too much cannot be written on the subject of its possibilities or its future, provided it is written wisely, with a sincere desire for its

greatness and a hearty sympathy with its ambition. The best skill is at work on the problems of its material adornment; the most enlightened minds are busy with its social position; the most active consciences are endeavoring to put it abreast of larger cities in respect to humane effort and philanthropic achievement; and the time is not very far off when it will justify all that is said in its honor, when it will be as distinguished for its character as it is for its associations. There is an Italian story of a new convert to Romanism, whose faith moved him to undertake a pilgrimage to the eternal city in order to confirm his zeal. His priest, knowing well the iniquities of the papal government and court, tried to dissuade him by representing the length of the journey and the dangers of the way. But the man insisted on going, and went. The priest saw him depart with sorrow, never expecting to meet the traveler as a believer again. On his return, one of the first to greet him was his old confessor, who asked, after some preliminaries, about the condition of his soul; presuming that his friend had relapsed into Protestantism, at least. To his astonishment, the man professed to be a more ardent believer than before. What? and you went here? and there? You looked on the Pope? You attended the ceremonies of the church? You witnessed all that went on in the streets, — all the immoralities, all the atheism? Yes, said the convert, I saw it all with my own eyes! And you still remain in the faith? Yes; for I was more than ever persuaded that no power less than that of omnipotence could preserve so corrupt an institution. May no visitor to Washington go away with such an argument for his belief in democracy. Rather let us hope he will have his confidence increased there in the dignity and beauty of republican principles.

O. B. Frothingham.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

How sad it looks to see his name stretched out at full length and shrouded in all its syllables! For Westminster Abbey did not know Ben Jonson better by his shortened appellation than we of Boston knew our dear familiar friend as Tom Appleton.

He leaves a deep and lasting void in our lesser social world by his departure. There is no one at all like him, to fill his place. His outline does not seem to have been traced by one of the regular patterns of humanity; it was as individual, as full of unexpected curves and angles, as the notched border of an indenture.

Men differ chiefly in the laws according to which their thoughts are associated with each other. His mind coupled remote ideas in a very singular way. Sometimes it was imagination, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; sometimes fancy, sparkling like a firefly, one moment here, the next there; sometimes wit, flashing from the sudden collision of two thoughts that met like flint and steel; less frequently humor, for humor is fire in damp tinder, and burns too slowly for the swift impatience of quick-kindling intelligences. But whatever the special character of his thought, it came sudden, instantaneous, as the glitter of a scymetar.

It was vigorous exercise to talk with him when his fancy was in its incandescent and scintillating mood. The fastest conversational roadster found him a running mate hard to keep up with.

The most free-gaited of talkers was apt to flag when strained to hold his own with a companion of such electric vivacity.

He was a dangerous friend to meet at a time when one's nervous energy was exhausted. His pungent talk was exhilarating when the listener was in good condition; too stimulating for moments of mental fatigue and collapse. One might as well handle a gymnotus after running a foot-race as brave the shower of sparks from his colloquial battery when the brain was tired and aching for repose. Whether his own brain ever rested or wanted rest those who never remember a dull moment in his company might well question.

Besides these remarkable and altogether exceptional gifts, we remember him for qualities which endeared him to many who knew him outside of the social circle where he shone with so much brilliancy. As a patron of art he was discriminating and generous. As an amateur artist he had taste and skill enough to make his pleasing sketches and painted pebbles an ornament to his own walls and tables, and welcome gifts to the friends for whom he was glad to employ his pencil and his palette.

His warm heart betrayed itself in kind words and generous acts. He thought of the well-being and the enjoyment of all the members of his household as if they had been of his own blood. He felt and enjoyed the privilege of inherited wealth, honestly, heartily, but with no vulgar pretension and no selfish exclusiveness. His affectionate nature found delight in the companionship of his many relatives, among whom he counted that most lovable of men, as unlike him as the moonbeam is unlike the lightning, — his brother-in-law, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A little more than sixty years ago, if one could have looked in at the garden or climbed up to the garret of No. 7 Walnut Street, he might have seen three boys, in mantles and doublets and other stage appurtenances, enacting the scenes of some truculent melodrama. One of these boys was our vivacious and inventive friend, who must, I think, have been stage manager and chief costumer. The second was a boy of striking beauty, with dark waving locks, who as a prince, or as a poet, or, with an inky cloak and suit of solemn black, as a youthful Hamlet, would have seemed the very ideal of his part. This was the future historian whose name is known and honored in all the academies of the world, whose books are read in all the most widely spoken tongues of Europe, — John Lothrop Motley. The third little boy, with the singular silvery thrill in his voice, — I remember it well in the mother from whom it descended to him, — this third little boy, the afterglow of whose more than auburn hair came from some ancestor whose sun had set before my day, was the embryo orator whose voice was so recently silenced, — Wendell Phillips.

These were the young companions and the lifelong friends of him over whom the grass is not yet green. Who was there among us worth knowing whom he did not know? Who that knew Boston on its higher levels did not know him?

We are not thinking now of the pleasant books in which his always active mind and happy nature show themselves in every page. We are not thinking of him in his relation to art and artists, though he gave so much of his time and thought and money to these. It is as a living presence in this Boston air which we breathe, — in the bright saloon, under the elms of the Common, amidst the flower-beds of the Public Garden, in the noisy street, the silent library, the memory-haunted picture-gallery, — everywhere, he comes before us. No man, no man of his generation certainly, pervaded the social atmosphere of this

breezy centre of life so completely. He was the favorite guest of every banquet. A day withered its flowers, but age could not wither him. The sparkle left

"The foaming grape of Eastern France,"

but his wit bubbled up inexhaustible.

The city seems grayer and older since he has left it. The cold spring winds come in from the bay harsher and more unfriendly. We feel as Emerson felt when he wrote, —

"Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day."

Our friend has left a few well-remembered witty sayings of which he has not always had the credit. Now that he is dead and gone, it may be hoped that they will find their way back to the "onlie begetter" of the best sayings Boston has heard since the days of Mather Byles, all whose pleasantries put together would count for nothing by the side of any one of our great wit's prose epigrams. By these he will be remembered as Bias and Periander are immortal among the seven wise men of Greece by a single saying. But how much of all that he was must die with the memory of those now living! I once heard him say that all we are and do is invisibly photographed, and that Heaven keeps the negatives. If all that he said worth recollecting was set down by the recording angel, the celestial scribe must have filled many of his great folios, and found occasion to smile much oftener than to drop a tear on the page before him.

Shenstone's epitaph on his lovely young relative is cruel to the living. I will not say,

"*Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,*"

but I can say with truth that to recall this friend who has left our companionship must be to many of us one of the sweetest pleasures of memory.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TWO LITERARY STUDIES.

About Balzac, the man and the artist, there is a fascination as enduring as his works; possibly more enduring. The spell is endless, and the thirst for further information concerning him, or rather for rearrangements of the old details and fresh utterances upon his quality and significance, is insatiable. Further justification is scarcely needed for the contribution [1] which Mr. Edgar Saltus has recently made to the literature of the subject; but it has, besides, the special merit of presenting within a small space a variety of material taken from scattered sources. Besides the Life by Des Noiresterres, George Sand's biographical notice, the memoirs and letters prepared by Balzac's sister and Théophile Gautier, and the gossiping reminiscences of Léon Gozlan have been the principal sources open to readers; but Mr. Saltus has ransacked journals and magazines for additional odds and ends, and has brought into effective combination various points that, without such aid, must have remained invisible to the majority. A skillful first chapter carries one through a narrative of the life, so well diversified and helped forward by picturesque anecdotes that it is freed from the restraints of formal biographizing. After this we have a review of the Comédie Humaine, an ac-

[1] *Balzac.* By Edgar Evertson Saltus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

count of Balzac's experiments in writing for the stage, and a sketch of his harassed and harassing pursuit of wealth. A short collection of epigrammatic or reflective extracts, in translation, illustrating the tendency of Balzac as a thinker, followed by a careful bibliography, closes this attractive little volume. It lays no claim to the character of a critical study, yet it is a little strange that the author should have made no allusion to the essays of Taine and Henry James. His own summary of the scope of the Comédie Humaine, however, contains some very good statement. Balzac, he remarks, by the conditions of his self-imposed task, "was obliged to offer in clear relief the almost imperceptible differences of the types of yesterday and to-day;" but with a peculiar intuition "he chose from among the physiognomies of his epoch an assortment of those fugitive traits which are imperceptible to the eyes of the vulgar," and while in the first part of his great series he presented "individualities typified," in the second he showed "the same types individualized:" making, for example, the individual Grandet the type of a miser, while in Maître Cornélius the typical quality of avarice is concentrated and incarnated in an individual. This distinction, if subtile, appears to be valid, and brings out sharply the double method and exhaustive power of Balzac. Mr. Saltus's brief disquisition on realism and the present realistic school is also excellent in its concision, its clearness and facile grasp. Taine has declared that Balzac is, next to Shakespeare, "our great repository of documents on human nature;" and though Mr. Saltus admits that in some of the earlier works an influence may be traced from Scott and Hoffman, he probably does not assert too much in saying that "Balzac was totally without literary ancestry." From what sources he drew his intellectual nutriment, and how he developed, the present writer explains, no doubt, as well as may be from the scanty data obtainable; but, after all, hardly more can be done than to recite the circumstances of his childhood and youth, and then to add that this particular person turned out very differently from others who had the same surroundings. The growth of supreme genius is endogenous. What the man wrote of himself in Facino Cane furnishes the only clue, and that a vague one, to the growth and action of a faculty like his: "Observation had become to me intuitive. It penetrated the spirit without neglecting the body, or rather it seized exterior details so clearly that it immediately went beyond them." Such a mind divines the presence of recondite values in whatever may lie around it, as the competent geologist reads on the surface of the ground an index to the precious metals hidden below. But, however we may fail to unriddle the secret of the imaginative seer, the interest of watching him in the process of his art and trying to understand the magic of his vision never ceases. Balzac, moreover, is unique among the greatest writers in that imagination, with him, had as great an effect upon daily life as it had in forming his creations. Not the least delightful portions of this monograph are those which detail his eccentricities, at times almost involving hallucination; his schemes for gaining sudden wealth by cutting down a Norwegian forest and selling it in Paris, or digging for a buried treasure in the West Indies, or hiring a shop which was to be painted black and yellow, and devoted to the sale of pineapples from his garden at Ville d'Avray, when as yet not a single pineapple had been raised. Equally amusing are the efforts he made to escape interruptions, by living under the name of the "Widow Durand," and establishing a system of mysterious passwords, through the use of which alone his friends could gain admittance to his rooms. Some of Balzac's critics have

rather roughly charged him with overweening conceit and pretension; they think he rated too high the philosophical and "scientific" elements in his own productions. But one should not judge the science and philosophy of Wilhelm Meister and the Elective Affinities as one would the inductions of Goethe's Color Theory, or his treatise on the development of plants; and, making a similar allowance in the case of Balzac's fictions, a fair judgment will allow them a breadth, vigor, and suggestiveness on the speculative side which no other novelist has equaled. Of the Physiologie du Mariage and the Petites Misères Mr. Saltus says, not without reason, that they "are as delicately analytical as the deductions of Leuwenhoeck and Schwammerdam." But, granting that the great Frenchman appraised this part of his writings at more than its worth, we may account for the fact by that atmosphere of all-controlling imagination in which he enveloped himself, and which with regard to his own affairs resulted in self-deception. This same faculty sustained him through fifteen years of nearly incessant labor, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty-one hours' work each day; it prompted the amazing sanguineness which led him, while poorly paid and constantly in need, to believe that at some point of time, always a short distance ahead, he should be abundantly rich; and Mr. Saltus explains how it incited him to a curious misrepresentation as to his debts. Balzac was indeed heavily in debt at one time, owing to his disastrous experiment as a publisher; but long after the obligations thus incurred had been paid off, he continued to parade his debts, until — so Mr. Saltus puts it — they became as celebrated as himself, and accompanied him everywhere, like a glittering retinue. The secret of this, we are told, was that, being desirous to shine by means of his wealth, like Dumas, yet unwilling to confess how small were the sums yielded by his works, he kept up the fiction of fabulous indebtedness for effect and to account for his plain style of living. Again, he beheld his projected works so clearly that he confidently published lists of those that were yet to appear, with the year in which they would be forthcoming. Some of these were never written, but the announcement gave to them a sort of reality, and the mere titles are now preserved as religiously as if they represented existing books. This companionship of the unexecuted and the actual works is illustrated in the elaborate catalogue compiled by Mr. Saltus, which gives the names of the unwritten in italics. By an accident, one of the really existing volumes, Une Ténébreuse Affaire, has been entered as belonging to the shadowy group of those that were only planned. The bibliography otherwise is extremely useful; it records all of Balzac's fugitive, pseudonymous, and anonymous publications, with the dates of their original appearance (which are replaced by others in the standard edition of the Works), and entitles the editor to the thanks of all students. We could wish that he had indicated more exactly the number of volumes formed by the whole array of pieces, so far as they were collected at different times. Balzac himself, we know, computed that from 1827 to 1848 he had produced ninety-seven works, containing eleven thousand pages, twice as large as those of the ordinary octavo; but Mr. Saltus's bibliography goes back to 1822.

The chapter devoted to Balzac's dramatic works, the history of their failures and successes, is bright with anecdote, impressive by its renewed testimony to Balzac's marvelous industry and determination, and will be to most readers quite fresh. The least satisfactory chapter is that on The Thinker, containing isolated observations and ideas from the novelist's pages; nor has Mr. Saltus anywhere succeeded in driving off that

insidious impression which haunts us, that the vagaries of Balzac and his proneness to deliver himself over to fantastic theories vitiated in a degree the truth of the minutely accurate exposition of human nature which it was his aim to accomplish. We suspect that it is this doubt which, as a rule, places a certain reserve upon the enthusiasm even of those who have accorded to Balzac the greatest praise. But for one service we cannot be too grateful to our essayist: and that is the positiveness with which he has asserted Balzac's personal purity and lofty devotion to an ideal which embraced, as a condition of artistic success, orderly living and a reverence for all that is finest in women. In alluding to the detractors of Balzac, by the way, Mr. Saltus stumbles upon a most ingenious mixed metaphor. He says, "Among the host of enemies thus aroused were those who, not content with denying his genius, advanced their artillery into private life, and painted him in the possession of every vice." Painting by means of artillery is a mode of warfare which we have never before seen mentioned. In the main, however, Mr. Saltus's expression is as correct and neatly turned as it is agreeable.

We have said that the monograph is not critical; yet it is studious. Although carefully avoiding the tone of eulogy, the writer is wisely possessed with the dignity of his subject: he does not patronize, and he does not flourish the draughtsman's compass with the ostentation of precise measurement; but he has contrived to give us on a reduced canvas a thoroughly vital full-length portrait of Honoré de Balzac.

The task which Mr. Genung has undertaken in his analysis of In Memoriam [1] is of a different sort. It is not portraiture; it is dissection. But in the study of literature it becomes important that some writers should devote themselves to the anatomy of poetry, in order that others should be able to reconstruct and depict with the greater correctness the features of the poet, and show the workings of the spirit which inspired him. Maceration has its office and its value, even in the treatment of a work of art. Besides, when the labor is well done, the result of reducing a poetical production to its structural lines has a kind of beauty peculiar to itself, like that revealed in a leaf from which, by an application of acid, everything has been stripped except the stem and the tracery of veins which originally supplied its life. Therefore we shall not find fault with Mr. Genung for having followed out at considerable length, and with a reiteration perhaps excessive in places, the governing ideas of Tennyson's memorial to Arthur Hallam, nor for bringing forward evidence that so remarkable a tribute of friendship was planned by a ripe artistic comprehension and wrought with the closest regard for the relation of every part to the whole. The first ninety-six pages of the essay, comprising about one half, are by far the most important; indeed, they convey the substance of the whole, the remainder being devoted to a proof *in extenso*, by reference to particular passages, of the theory advanced in the beginning. Many persons find In Memoriam monotonous by its verse, which Dr. Holmes once described as "a series of stanzas with the pulp of two rhymes between the upper and lower crust of two others;" and many also incline to demur at the prolongation of a strain of bereavement through so many chords with so slight a varying of the key. Mr. Genung, on the contrary, is struck by the influence which the poem has had upon some of the most thoughtful minds of this century. Noticing, too, that its author allowed seventeen years for its composi-

[1] *Tennyson's In Memoriam. Its Purpose and its Structure.* A Study. By JOHN F. GENUNG. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

tion and its maturing, and that "when it emerged from its period of secret growth it became at once the mould which, beyond any other single work of literature, has given shape to the religious thought of the time," he is moved to examine the manner of its formation and to define its purpose. The purpose, he decides, is, "while giving grief its natural expression, to cherish with it that same love which death has invaded, . . . and so, following out love's history into the unseen world on the one hand, and into the world of the nobler future on the other, to gather all the fruits it may yield." These fruits are faith in God and an increased affection for one's fellow-men. There are two periods, he points out, in the gestation of the work: the first one running through the eight years of almost unbroken silence on Tennyson's part, which succeeded the death of Hallam; the second comprising nine years more, during which he gave other poems to the world, but reserved In Memoriam to be rounded out into a fuller accord with the perfected design. The deepening of the poet's thought during this term, as instanced in The Two Voices, Locksley Hall, and even in The Day-Dream, is attributed in large measure to the same activity, of reflection stirred by the loss of his friend, which gave rise to the elegy itself. The influence of current thinking and modern problems is also very skillfully traced, — an influence strongly apparent in The Princess, published in 1847, three years before In Memoriam came out. When Mr. Genung arrives at his analysis of the structure of the whole poem as bearing on the evolution of its crowning ideas, he for a moment succumbs to the peril of all analysts and theorizers. He divides the constituent parts into three cycles, — those of the Past, the Present, and the Future; and, taking up the lines

> "Run out your measured arcs and lead
> The closing cycle rich in good,"

he distorts the meaning so as to make them refer to a cycle of the poem. So great an error of art Tennyson would never have committed; and Mr. Genung's theory, which he sustains with a thoroughness leaving nothing to desire, does not need the support of a misconstruction. For the rest, it is a very interesting one, and we doubt if any reader can go along to its conclusion without acquiring a much better conception of In Memoriam than he had before, and a sensibly heightened enjoyment of Tennyson's power of design; notwithstanding that the poem presents no great difficulties even to the average lover of poetry, and at first seems not to require formal expounding. Mr. Genung prefaces his main argument by an instructive comparison with Lycidas and Adonaïs, and with Shakespeare's Sonnets as a memorial of friendship. But there is one significant trait of In Memoriam which he has not noticed. The worship of the dead, which among the ancients led to their deification, which in certain tribes makes it a sin to name them, and is continued in Catholic prayer to the saints, reappears in a modified form and joined to a larger ideal of the living world, in this work of a poet representing Protestantism and the age of science. This appeal of In Memoriam to a primal instinct of the race is one of the most striking things about it, and may account in part for the deep hold it has taken.

The appearance of two literary studies so well planned, so scholarly, and written with so much grace as these which Mr. Saltus and Mr. Genung have given us is encouraging; and it is to be noted with satisfaction that both books have been issued with a mechanical perfection and a choice of page and margin quite in keeping with their contents.

THE HESSIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

One of the most interesting episodes in our Revolutionary War was Great Britain's employment of German troops to aid in conquering her revolted provinces. There are several works by German authors upon this subject, and some portions of the same topic have been discussed by American writers. Mr. Lowell, however, is the first to give us a full and complete history of the German auxiliaries of England from the time when they were recruited and sold down to their final return to the fatherland with sadly depleted numbers.[1] Mr. Lowell has done his work extremely well and with perfect thoroughness. He has not only reviewed all published authorities, native and foreign, and drawn freely on the hitherto untouched resources of the correspondence published in contemporary German newspapers, but, taking advantage of a long residence in Germany, he has also examined and digested all the new material which a careful search among the manuscripts of state archives revealed. There is therefore a good deal of entirely original matter in the volume, which constitutes a fresh and valuable contribution to our knowledge of the war for independence.

Mr. Lowell has been, moreover, as successful in presentation as in research. He writes in an agreeable and easy style, wholly free from any straining after effect, and exhibits a nice perception of the lighter and more humorous side of the incidents which he records. His book, too, is well proportioned. There is enough detail, but not too much, and there is an entire absence of diffuseness, which is the besetting sin of the writers of monographs.

If we were required to make a selection, we should say that the first five chapters were the freshest and most attractive. They give an interesting picture of the life at the little German courts of the eighteenth century, and afford many glimpses of the queer structure of society in those petty sovereignties, one of which Thackeray has immortalized by the wonderfully graphic sketch with which the lectures on the Georges open. They were a very contemptible set, those German princelings, and there is nothing which makes the French Revolution and its consequences seem so profoundly right as a brief contemplation of the Landgraves and Margraves, and other small men with big titles, who tyrannized over little communities, and gave themselves up to brutal and vulgar imitations of the splendors and vices of Paris and Versailles. Mr. Lowell's careful account of the negotiations and bargains by which England obtained troops from these various potentates brings home to us very strongly the utter wretchedness of a system which made such miserable despots possible. The only ruler in Germany who said a word against this sale of men was Frederick the Great, and his opposition amounted to nothing. Mr. Bancroft has dwelt upon this episode at some length; but in reality Frederick merely happened to be in bad humor with England, and as he did not like to see German soldiers wasted, he sneered at the little traders in men, threw some trifling obstacles in their way, and straightway forgot all about it. Frederick took no more real, human interest in the matter, he had no more honest hatred for this traffic, than the princes actually engaged in it. He only differed from his neighbors in the fact that as he was a great man, and they were very much the re-

[1] *The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War.* By Edward J. Lowell. With Maps and Plans New York: Harper and Brothers. 1884.

verse, he was able to see the wider and more dangerous elements in this dealing in men, which escaped the notice of the actual participants. Mr. Lowell's brief and accurate account of the matter of Frederick's interference is very satisfactory, as it does simple justice to a very small incident which has had a glamor thrown upon it by the fame of the great king of Prussia. The people of the United States were no more indebted to Frederick for sympathy or aid in the war for independence than they are to Prince Bismarck for an observance of the ordinary rules of civility which obtain among gentlemen.

The largest contingent of German auxiliaries came from Hesse-Cassel, and the name "Hessian" passed into a by-word in this country, as a convenient expression to describe any mean, mercenary, adventurous villain. In the rough contact of war, Americans soon found that the German soldiers were by no means the monsters they had fancied them to be, but nevertheless the hatred and prejudice to which the employment of foreign troops gave rise were never abated. Yet the unfortunate Hessians were really blameless. The poor fellows were not even mercenaries. With the exception of the higher officers, they were not men of the Dalgetty type, who made a living by professional fighting, and who carried their swords from one country to another, wherever wages could be earned and spoils obtained. The German soldiers in our war were men seized and kidnapped by recruiting officers, taken from all pursuits, chiefly from farms, drilled and disciplined with savage severity, and then sold by their masters to the highest bidders. They were purely military serfs, and were treated as chattels. The officers were in opinion favorable to England, because they naturally believed in monarchy and constituted authority. The men fought simply because they were obliged to do so. When one reads Mr. Lowell's vivid description of their ill-treatment and misery on shipboard and elsewhere, the only wonder is that the whole contingent did not desert as soon as they landed. That only one fifth of them adopted this judicious course is a striking evidence of the loyalty of the men and the barbarity of the discipline; for, fighting in a cause not their own, they had no more reason to be faithful to their colors than slaves have to remain with their drivers.

The story of their adventures involves, of course, the narration of much that has been told over and over again. This is especially the case with the Burgoyne campaign, which the translation of the Riedesel journals has made familiar to all American readers. Mr. Lowell has shown, however, a wise discrimination in dealing with these topics, which necessarily involve much repetition. He has adhered strictly to the German share in the war, and has thus been able to tell many old stories in a fresh way, and cast much new light on others. It is shown, among other things, that the Hessians did a great deal of hard fighting, were as a rule in the posts of danger, and proved themselves to be both brave and well-disciplined troops. Mr. Lowell has also given us extracts from letters of the German officers, which are full of suggestive glimpses of daily life among the people whom the writers had come to conquer. Nothing in the book is more valuable or more interesting than these well-chosen bits of description, which picture a past society to us from a new point of view, and we cannot but wish that in this direction the author had been less sparing.

There is only one side of his subject which Mr. Lowell does not touch, or which he at most refers to very briefly. This is the meaning and effect of the employment of these auxiliaries in regard to England herself. This matter is of great importance, and is a most significant illustration of the condition

of England at that period. There can be no doubt that the hiring of foreign mercenaries was one of the greatest among the many flagrant blunders of the English ministry. Nothing did more to make the alienation between the mother country and the colonies absolutely hopeless, and it encouraged and justified the Americans in seeking foreign assistance on their side. The eager search and the hasty purchase of the German troops indicate, too, the weakness of the English government at that time. George III. was planning to restore the prerogative, and yet when the first forcible resistance to his schemes came he was so ill prepared that his ministers were obliged to turn to the little German states, and even to Russia, for soldiers. Such a necessity gives an excellent idea of the blundering incapacity and stupid domineering which cost England her American empire, and proves how really incompetent George III. was to carry out his plans of personal aggrandizement, which required above everything else strength, forethought, and careful preparation. The engagement of the Hessians is also suggestive of the dangers which would have beset England in case the resistance of the colonies had failed. England was on the edge of revolution, and the outbreak came in America; but if resistance had been crushed there, it is impossible to say what might have followed, or to deny that George III., with an army of victorious veterans and well-trained mercenaries, might have attempted once more with better success Strafford's policy of "thorough." It was not at all necessary for the author's purpose to discuss these topics, which, in fact, open up the most far-reaching questions of English history in the eighteenth century, and it was probably wise to refrain from so doing. It is at all events certain that Mr. Lowell has given us a valuable and well-written volume, embodying much new material, in regard to a very interesting chapter in our Revolutionary history.

BOURGET'S ESSAIS DE PSYCHOLOGIE CONTEMPORAINE.

Contemporary French literature is singularly poor in literary criticism. M. Zola and some of his disciples of the naturalist school have produced a number of critical essays, which are, however, little more than self-panegyrics. M. F. Brunelière, who holds the sceptre of criticism in the leading French review, delights more in commerce with the authors of the past than in the appreciative study of the literature of the present. M. Paul Bourget has therefore the field almost all to himself. M. Bourget's book is remarkable in many respects; it is one of the most original and modern books that has been produced in France for some time past. M. Bourget, it will be observed, repudiates the title of critic; doubtless because he is convinced of the uselessness of criticism as the term is generally understood. He does not analyze artistic processes, discuss talents, paint characters, or amass anecdotes. His ambition has been to paint the intellectual and moral situation of the end of the nineteenth century, to draw up some notes that will help the historian of the future to paint the moral life of to-day; and one of the chief elements of this moral life M. Bourget, who is essentially a man of letters, considers to be literature.

[1] *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1883.

Nay, more: in presence of the evident diminution of traditional and local influences, literature is the most important of the elements of moral life, inasmuch as the book is the great initiator.

In order to carry out his plan, M. Bourget has chosen five writers whom he considers to be eminent and typical revealers of the moral state of his contemporaries, and initiators of sentiments and habits of thought that have been imitated by the young generation. The five writers studied by M. Bourget are Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, and Stendhal. The intention of M. Bourget is excellent; the choice of his prototypes or generators of sentiments is perhaps less happy. Has Baudelaire really exercised the influence that M. Bourget attributes to him? Have Baudelaire's peculiar conceptions of love, his refined pessimism, his delight in decadence, really penetrated into the moral atmosphere of the epoch? M. Bourget meets our objection. Like M. Renan, M. Bourget is a literary aristocrat; he is refined, subtle, exquisitely delicate and complex, and he disdains the crowd. It suffices him that Baudelaire or any other of his types has an influence over a small group, provided that group be one of distinguished intellects, — poets of to-morrow, novelists and essayists of the future. Indirectly and through them the psychological singularities that he notes doubtless penetrate to the wider public. Nevertheless, in his studies of Baudelaire and Flaubert M. Bourget has perhaps hardly made allowance enough for the spirit of charlatanism, of braggadocio and staginess, which was so prominent in the literary generation of 1830. In his studies of Renan, Taine, and Stendhal M. Bourget has analyzed, winnowed, and classified the souls of his subjects with rare finesse, clearness, and logic, and always with a sharp appreciation of their intellectual pessimism. M. Bourget seems to take extreme delight in analyzing the charms and seductions of decadence; the praise of decadence is the dominant note of the book. Art for M. Bourget is reduced to "the science of tasting life bitterly or sweetly;" and we shall doubtless not be far wrong in attributing to him all the moral peculiarities inherent in that decadence which he so ingeniously analyzes. "The great argument against decadences," says M. Bourget, "is that they have no morrow and that they are always crushed by barbarism. But is it not, as it were, the fatal lot of the exquisite and rare to fail before brutality? We are right in avowing a failure of that sort, and in preferring the defeat of decadent Athens to the triumph of the violent Macedonian." Listen, too, to the conclusion of the volume. M. Bourget has been analyzing Stendhal's Rouge et Noir.

"Do you see, at the extremity of this work, the most complete that the author has left, the breaking of the tragic dawn of pessimism? This dawn of blood and tears is rising, and like the brightness of daybreak it tints with its red colors the loftiest minds of our age, those that tower up like mountains, those towards whom the eyes of the men of to-morrow are rising, — religiously. I have examined a poet, Baudelaire; a historian, M. Renan; a novelist, Gustave Flaubert; a philosopher, M. Taine; I have just examined one of those composite artists in whom the critic and the imaginative writer are closely united, and I have found, in these five Frenchmen of such high value, the same philosophy of disgust of the universal nothingness. Sensual and depraved in the first, subtilized and sublimated in the second, reasoned out and furious in the third, reasoned out also but resigned in the fourth, this philosophy becomes as sombre but more courageous in the author of Rouge et Noir. Is it right, this formidable nausea of the most magnificent intellects in presence of the vain efforts of life? Has man, in civilizing himself,

really done nothing more than complicate his barbarity and refine his misery? I imagine that those of our contemporaries whom these problems preoccupy are like myself, and that to this agonizing question they reply sometimes with a cry of pain, sometimes with a cry of faith and hope. Another solution is to gird up one's soul, like Stendhal, and to oppose to the uneasiness of doubt the virile energy of the man who sees before him the black abyss of destiny, who does not know what this abyss conceals, — and who is not afraid!"

The influence of M. Bourget's five initiators of sentiments is evidently negative, and as such M. Bourget understands it. They are contributing to produce an epoch of decadence, and an epoch of refined sensibility and polished indifference, an epoch when the civilized man enjoys the capital of faculties amassed by the discipline of stable societies without troubling himself as to how he came by them or exerting himself to increase that capital. And so M. Bourget shows us the high society of the present day, the society that is recruited from amongst the most refined representatives of delicate culture, arrived at that perhaps culpable but certainly delicious hour when dilettantism replaces action, — an hour of curiosity that prefers to be sterile, an hour of the exchange of ideas and manners, the hour of cosmopolitanism. A fatal evolution is attracting the provinces towards the great towns, and over the great towns there floats, like Swift's Laputa, a vague and superior city, the fatherland of supreme curiosities, of vast general theories, of erudite criticism, and of comprehensive indifference.

The Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine are full of ingenious formulations of ideas and sentiments that are in the air, so to speak; of aspirations, tendencies, — vague tendencies that influence the life of the present generation. M. Bourget in these studies brings more of his own thought than he borrows from his subjects, strewing his pages with many ideas that strike one and provoke thought, though not always approval. The book is brilliant, refined, often over-refined, and it represents a sum of original thought and novelty of view that recommends it for very high praise and more than passing attention. M. Bourget, whom we have hitherto known as a graceful and elegant though hardly a profound poet, has revealed himself in these essays a thinker in sympathy with the most advanced of his contemporaries and a writer of prose of rare purity.

THE QUESTION OF SHIPS.

THIS is an admirable little book,[1] and one which we strongly commend to the attention of senators and congressmen. It deals with a subject of vast importance, and in no direction can legislation produce so much direct benefit as by a right treatment of the "question of ships." Down to the year 1856, the United States had rapidly advanced in commercial greatness, and had overcome all the obstacles which had clustered about their path. At that time we were close upon the heels of England, and everything pointed to our speedily passing her in the race for commercial supremacy. Since then our

[1] *The Question of Ships.* The Navy and the Merchant Marine. By J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant United States Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

commerce has steadily declined, — a misfortune usually attributed to the civil war, and subsequently to the competition of more profitable forms of investment. These circumstances no doubt hastened the loss of our commerce; but, as Lieutenant Kelley points out, they are not the true causes of its decline, inasmuch as that began before the civil war. The origin of our difficulties lay in the abandonment of our old policy, which, from the beginning of the century, consisted in surpassing all the world in the quality and speed of our ships and in our naval architecture. With the substitution of iron for wood we began to drop behind, until, with a population of fifty-five millions, we have a tonnage but little greater than we had when half as numerous. Moreover, our percentage of wrecks is larger than that of any other seafaring people, and our ships and steamers are shorter-lived.

The fact that we pay one hundred and forty millions a year to other people for carrying our own products is sufficient to prove the importance of this question, and there can be no doubt that the suggestions of Lieutenant Kelley furnish the true solution of the problem. They are, in brief, that we should be allowed to buy ships of over three thousand tons where we please and without duty; that the antiquated navigation laws should be revised and in large measure repealed; that something should be done to protect seamen, and some provision made to educate them; that ship-owners should be relieved of existing burdens; and that a bureau of commerce, for the registry of ships and for all matters pertaining to our merchant marine, should be established at Washington and placed in the charge of the Navy Department. There can be no question that this policy is sound and its immediate application sorely needed.

The other branch of the subject, the navy, is of course discussed by Lieutenant Kelley with keen professional insight and affection. Here, too, his ideas are thoroughly sound, and we wish that all our public men would read his terse description of the neglect and ignorance displayed by Congress in regard to the navy. As Lieutenant Kelley shows, the naval policy and the commercial policy go hand in hand, and must always be considered together. If a war with a foreign nation ever comes to us, it must be a naval war, and we have no navy. We have ten thousand miles of sea-coast, and no ships to guard them or protect our harbors and great cities. We need a navy to police the seas and watch over and aid our commerce. We have at this moment no power to extort apology or redress from the meanest nation without a naval force, and yet we have no ships of war and no good prospect of any.

There is nothing of greater or more pressing public importance to this country than the immediate construction of a powerful and efficient fleet, and it is a question with which Congress ought at once to deal. A comprehensive policy should also be speedily adopted for naval reorganization. All the departments of coast surveys, lighthouse management, and revenue-marine service ought to be brought at once into the Navy Department, and thus furnish new fields of activity to our naval officers, and save the government from the extravagant multiplication of expensive and overlapping bureaus now scattered through all the departments. The management of yards and the building of a new fleet ought also to be entrusted to line officers, — a course which would take the government workshops out of politics, and place this important task in the hands of highly trained men, whose only ambition would be to turn out ships superior to those of any other nation.

To discuss at length Lieutenant Kelley's book in a brief notice would be impossible, for the subject of our naval and commercial policy is as large as it

is important. But our public men will do well to heed these suggestions, made by an expert, and should reflect deeply upon them in view of the approaching campaign. The party which in good faith pledges itself, next summer, by its platform and its candidates to free ships, seamen's rights, and the restoration of the American navy will have taken a long stride toward victory; for this is a living question, and one on which the American people, whenever they have been honestly appealed to, have rendered a hearty response.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM little of a bibliomaniac, yet there is — or perhaps I should say was — a singular edition of the Scriptures, which I would give much to see: any curious collector would count himself fortunate could he add it to his treasures, since in comparison a Bishop's Bible or a Breeches Bible would be no rarity. But alas! I fear that this prize must be foregone, — numbered in the Catalogue of Things Lost, never to rejoice the book-hunting virtuoso; though it is barely possible that it may yet be exhumed from the dust of some old attic, where it has been keeping the company of the missing title-deed or other truant document of more than common interest. But I hasten to relate all that has been preserved to the present generation of the history of this obscure yet fame-worthy edition, which, it must be premised, consisted of but one copy. This copy, originally an ordinary King James version, through a mighty labor of revision bestowed upon it had come to be called, from the name of the reviser, "Old Dickerman's Bible." The oral chronicle by me consulted witnesses that Old Dickerman followed the calling of a farmer; whether successful or unsuccessful in that occupation, the tradition does not state. Probably his record upon that point, could it be produced, would not bear the closest scrutiny; his was undoubtedly a case of the candle hid under a bushel, — of talents that gained no usance. Had circumstances permitted him to make the most of his natural gifts, it is more than likely that he would have specially distinguished himself in the domain of theological research and criticism. As it was, unaided by the advantages which scholarship would have afforded, remote from philological *esprit de corps*, he perhaps anticipated the utmost to be accomplished in the field of biblical inquiry and expurgation. Tradition represents that his reputation for piety, among those who best knew him, was very great, his conversance with the Scriptures most remarkable. I wish it might be known at what stage of his investigations he began to exercise that cool judicial faculty which rendered him the most dispassionate of scriptural critics. Exact history permits me to say that it at length became a fixed habit with him to have pen and ink at hand, when he read, and that as often as he found anything in holy writ which he judged to be apocryphal he would run his pen through the offending passage, at the same time thus tersely expressing himself: "Don't believe that; won't have that in my Bible!" It seems a pity that there should remain no Index Expurgatory to show what portions of Scripture suffered under his unsparing *stylus*. Suppose that he left marginal notes explaining his objections to the passages expunged, — by how much is

the loss of the curious book-hunter aggravated! I suspect that every added year, every new reading, only increased the sum of the erasures in Old Dickerman's Bible. With my mind's eye, let me glance through its pages: here a text black with the ink of recent condemnation; there a verse long ago slashed out, the ink grown very pale, as though conscious that it had served the purpose of the sacrilegious. I look carefully to see if there be any token, any form of *stet* in the margin, to indicate that the reviser sometimes revised his judgments, and received back into favor a passage once condemned; but I am bound to confess that I do not find any such revisions. I cannot ascertain that his rejection of parts interfered in the least with his accepting the Scriptures as a whole. It is a mysterious paradox, but I believe that general faith persisted in his soul, though specific doubt may have left its mark upon every page of the book. Best of all, there is reason for thinking that no reference to good works was ever molested by this expurgator; surely, it would have transpired in his conduct, if any such texts as the Golden Rule or the Beatitudes had been canceled in Old Dickerman's Bible.

— Since I became convinced, a long time ago, that the equator would not prove a physical barrier to the traveler who might wish to pass from one hemisphere to the other, and that the north pole was not a visible and tangible projection of the earth's axis, convertible into a flagstaff, should triumphant discovery ever arrive there, — since I discarded these and such like geographical illusions, I have been chary of putting my trust in any sort of "imaginary lines." I have heard much said with regard to turning-points: travelers of undoubted veracity have shown me their charts, and I have been surprised to see how many right-angled turns they must have made in the course of their pilgrimage. Also, when they relate the casualties and rescues which have happened upon their route, I am forced to acknowledge that mine has been singularly safe, — safe even to monotony; its direction changing by such gentle curves that the alteration was apparent only at long intervals, and then merely by some difference in the slant of the shadows across my path, or by the obvious shifting in position of some star chosen as directive of the journey.

What is the turning-point? In common acceptation, it is the event or the influence which, with no warning given, suddenly draws or drives our life in a new direction, and but for which we should still pursue the old road. Do not we lose sight of the possibility that the change would have taken place without the aid of external force? The turning-points, I would say, are in our temperament and moral habitudes. If we search narrowly the conversation, incidents, and our own thoughts of the day past, we can usually find the data of our night dreams; in the same way, looking back of what we count in our experience as a critical juncture, a great determining occurrence, we often see that desire, conviction, and purpose were steadily ripening towards the conclusion seemingly reached by us suddenly. *Our* readiness is all: a dozen supreme occasions pass without affecting our equanimity; the thirteenth comes and bears us along with it, not because it is greater than the occasions that went before, but because it is the one that our sly genius has for a long time been signaling and inviting.

Yet the belief in turning-points must brace and cheer many a faint heart. This new year, — may it not be the *annus mirabilis* which shall change immeasurably for the better ourselves and our fortunes? We somehow trust, notwithstanding we may have been inert, irresolute, and feeble in the past, that we shall reverse all this when our destiny culminates under the new influence.

Much more to the point it would be if, instead of relying upon the miracles of a Wonderful Year, we vested our faith in Wonderful Every Day: if we expect to meet angels upon our future road, it will be much to our credit, meanwhile, to take in hand our own regeneration, not leaving all to be done by angelic agency.

The good preacher who told me that his conversion was accomplished "in just fifteen seconds" impressed me as being a violent believer in the doctrine of turning-points. I cannot yet understand the system of spiritual chronometry that could determine to such nicety the time occupied by an experience of this character. I wonder not less at the faith of Musaphilus, who has been assured that only excess of culture — predominance of intellect over heart — interferes with the fruition of his bardic hopes. Should Musaphilus fall in love (so says his counselor), the chances are that he will be able to prove his right to the title of poet! I wait to see if the blind miracle-worker will be able to meet triumphantly this trial test of Love's all-powerfulness.

None should say that there may not be for the soul, as it is claimed there are for the body, climacteric dates: but for the soul these are not to be computed by any arithmetic jugglery, any multiplying of seven into the odd numbers; here the carefulest calculations are liable to contain error. The great changes are most secret, being slow and gentle in their operations. I pass from the groves of deciduous trees to the evergreen wood: I look again and again up through the branches, yet I cannot tell you

> "how the sacred pine-tree adds
> To her old leaves new myriads."

— Every autumn I observe, with speculative interest, the great amount of spurious mast which the oak-tree discharges along with its natural fruitage. It seems not unlikely that, if a count could be made, the numbers of this spurious mast would be found to exceed those of the acorns. Inside of one of these mock nuts, round in shape and of the size of a pea, a kernel not vegetable is found: this is the sleeping-chamber of a lazy white grub, — suggestive type of the earthling, buried in fat content in its own little terrestrial ball. A strange servitude is this of the oak to the cynips, or gall-fly, in thus contributing of his substance to the housing and nourishment of his enemy's offspring. The mischievous sylph selects sometimes the vein of a leaf, sometimes a stem, which she stings, depositing a minute egg in the wounded tissues. As soon, at least, as the egg hatches, the gall begins to form about the larva, simulating a fruity thriftiness, remaining green through the summer, but assuming at length the russet of autumn. The innocent acorn Nature puts to bed as early as possible, that it may make a healthy, wealthy, and wise beginning on a spring morning; but the cradle that holds the gall-fly's child she carelessly rocks above ground all winter. I should suppose that more than one hunger-bitten forager, four-footed or feathered, would resort to a larder so convenient and so well stocked with plump tidbits.

When I visit my old favorite oak in spring, I notice that the nut-galls are emulating the acorns in emancipating their imprisoned germs of life. Most of the former are already empty, their brown-papery tissues riddled like fire-crackers whose use is past. In some few the grub is still enjoying a sluggard's slumber; others show a later stage of metamorphosis, — the small bronze and blue-green fly, with its wings folded about it, like a queen in the tomb of the Pharaohs. Sometimes, when I open the gall, the inmate is already mobile, and flies away as soon as light and air reach it. For the moment, the incident has a symbolical significance: I fancy myself an enchanter, — the reviver of

a smouldering spark of vital fire. Perhaps it was Psyche herself whom I wafted to the enjoyment of ethereal pleasures.

— There are in this world both sinners and saints; there are also men and women who are crosses between the admirable and the detestable types of character; and others, again, of a certain average moral make, — natures that tend to move in straight middle lines, without decided bias toward the right or the left.

It may be that exception will be taken to the first part of the above statement on the ground of a doubt as to the existence of saints on the earth, at least in modern days. I myself am firmly convinced that they are to be found here and there, though I must say that the term "saint" is only one of convenience, and that those whom I have in mind have little in common with that old-fashioned character whose mystical piety (and unpleasant personal habits) are celebrated in ecclesiastical legend and tradition. Saints may be hard to find, but no one will be illogical enough to maintain that they do not really exist because he individually has not chanced to meet with one. The nineteenth-century saint has not the least desire to occupy the top of a pillar beside Simeon Stylites, nor is he ambitious of glorifying himself by voluntary martyrdom or other notable act of religious self-devotion. The persons I mean may be recognized by a singular unconsciousness of self, a simplicity of nature, that are a marvel and delight to the observer who has marked the rarity of these qualities in human character. Their goodness is the most interesting thing about them. They may be without distinguishing gifts of person or intellect; they do or say nothing remarkable, — are often, indeed, very little given to talk of any sort; but they are beyond all things lovable. Something of happy serenity in their countenance, of mild and equable cheerfulness in their tones and manner of speech, gives us a feeling that they have always lived at the centre of things, so to speak, and that their days have revolved in heaven-appointed orbits along lines of righteousness and peace. They have been "born good," as the saying goes, account for it how we may by happy fortuity of natural descent and fostering circumstance.

Granted, then, the existence of saints; that of sinners no one is disposed to deny. Are not some of the most interesting people we know a curious combination of opposing moral traits? The result of the mingling of good and evil in men is perhaps most commonly the production of a moderate sort of virtue, of characters that neither rise very high nor sink very low in the scale of being, — people whom we are sometimes tempted to dismiss, as Mr. Lowell does in his poem of Miles Standish, as those whom "nature forms merely to fill the street with." The poet was somewhat excited, however, when he made use of that contemptuous phrase. But in the moral cross-breed the opposing instincts do not neutralize each other. The combination does not issue in a new chemical compound, though it may be that after long years one side of the double nature rises over and subjects the other. These persons are sometimes a puzzle to themselves. They are likely to start out with a fine appreciation of the more heroically generous elements they are conscious of in themselves; the knowledge of the ignoble elements comes later, as a disagreeable surprise, and their presence as factors of the moral constitution are not admitted till after prolonged skepticism with regard to them. In the end the hero-sinner may come to an honest understanding of himself, much more thorough than any outside observer is likely to arrive at. For it goes without saying that this complex nature will reveal himself under different aspects to different friends,

through a more or less conscious adaptation of himself to the moods of thought and feeling encountered in others. The contradictoriness of nature in such a man or woman may be shown in small things or in great. He will be, perhaps, indolent and at the same time capable of enthusiastic effort; careless, yet an admirer of order and harmony; tender and warm of heart, yet quickly resentful and intolerant. The conflict of internal forces sometimes arises between inborn qualities which are not only radically opposed, but of equal strength; and sometimes it comes from the fact that the will power is disproportioned to the powers of imagination, and from emotion being more acute and strong than steadily persistent. What ideals of pure and generous action a person of this make is able to conceive, and how genuine are the desire and the endeavor to attain them! That the noble passion truly dwells with him is proved by the fact that at times he does indeed rise above the ordinary level of virtuous human action to the height of his own moral imagination. And yet how seldom is achieved this actualization of the ideal! He would be noble, not seem so merely; he loves truth and does not ask for undeserved praise, and still he finds it hard to be estimated only by his outward acts, when conscious that they represent him but inadequately. What other means has the world of judging him? Such a man may even feel — and feel justly — that he could more readily and safely undertake to die, once for all, for his friend or for his race than he could engage never to fail toward his fellows in patience and tenderness through the twenty or thirty years of his life to come. The latter is what he will be called to do, he is well aware; yet foreseeing his own failure, has he not the right to derive some consolation from the fact that he has the will, if not the opportunity, for the single self-sacrificing deed? Others may well doubt his capacity for it who have never known such strenuous impulse in themselves, but who, on the other hand, are found equal to the smaller demands of life which he so frequently fails to meet. Nevertheless, he may know himself better than he is known of them.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Exploration. American Explorations in the Ice Zones, prepared chiefly from official sources by Professor J. E. Nourse, U. S. N. (Lothrop.) This volume is a compilation from the narratives of the various explorers from De Haven to De Long, and gives in a convenient form a survey of American arctic and antarctic researches. Professor Nourse has introduced his volume well by a succinct statement of the conditions of arctic voyaging, and by a brief summary of the attempts at penetrating the polar seas, which led finally to the American effort. A convenient bibliography adds to the value of the book. The illustrations are of varying degrees of interest, being for the most part compiled like the narrative. A map shows conveniently the tracks of different voyagers. — Travels in Mexico and Life among the Mexicans, by Frederick A. Ober (Estes & Lauriat), is divided into three parts: I. Yucatan; II. Central and Southern Mexico; III. The Border States. Mr. Ober is an enthusiastic traveler, who writes of what he has seen in more than one journey, and with a hearty interest in everything he sees. The book will prove of special value to those who are watching the progress of the new commercial invasion of Mexico. — Camping among Cannibals, by Alfred St. Johnston (Macmillan), is a lively account of travels in the South Pacific. The writer has the air of truthfulness, but he is not a born narrator, and there is a sameness about his successive adventures and the scenes which he witnesses. He has not the art and glow of Melville. — The War in Tong-King, by Lieutenant Sidney A. Staunton, U. S. N. (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a useful pamphlet of forty-five pages, explaining why the French are in

Tong-King, and what they are doing there. The only objection to it is that if one once reads it he cannot escape the column in his daily newspaper which he now skips.

History. Carl Ploetz's Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History has been translated and enlarged by William H. Tillinghast. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a volume of facts, and its great value is in the grouping and arrangement of these facts. A very full index renders the book serviceable as one of reference, but its special service will be to teachers and students who wish to pursue an independent course of historical study, and desire a clue through the mazes of history. The clearness of the plan and the apparent accuracy of detail make the book one of exceptional value. — The Campaigns of the Rebellion, by Albert Todd, First Lieutenant First United States Artillery (Printing Department, State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas), is a little compend which gives an account of the principal operations of the principal armies. Lieutenant Todd has carefully avoided any statement of the political issues involved in the war, and has made a very useful and clear narrative of military operations. He takes the sensible ground that, whatever may be the value or lack of value to foreign soldiers in these operations, their history is of great importance to every American, since they constitute the precedents for any possible future contest.

Poetry and the Drama. Dolores, and other Poems, by Albert F. Kercheval. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) Mr. Kercheval has offered an octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, which includes also twoscore poems by his daughter. So much poetic flow supposes a pretty good head on, and Mr. Kercheval plays his hose upon a wide range of subjects. We find his humorous poems most entertaining, but we doubt if Mr. Blaine thoroughly enjoyed the burst with which he was greeted when he voted on the Chinese Restriction Bill. "Pride of our boast," exclaims Mr. Kercheval, —

> "Pride of our boast,
> Come to our coast,
> Speed over mountain and desert and plain;
> Give us a shake —
> What 'll you take?
> Here 's to your uttermost end, Mr. Blaine."

Shakespeare's extremities also get mention in one of the serious poems, the first verse of which ends, —

> "Lo! at thy sacred feet, weak, pigmy things,
> We bow to thee."

— Injuresoul, a Satire for Science, by A. J. H. Dugaune (American Book-Print Co., New York), is aimed, as the reader has already guessed, at Colonel R. J. Ingersoll. The gun is fired with so much racket, and such a cloud of smoke is raised, that it is difficult to say whether or not the object is hit. — The Retrospect, a poem in four cantos, by John Ap Thomas Jones. (Lippincott.) The author has thrown into verse form the memories of a grandam, which embrace recollections of historic times, though they are somewhat vague in outline. The poetry suppresses the history. — Herod, a Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Henry Iliowizi. (Minneapolis.) The author is a rabbi, and has turned the history of Herod into a tragedy, in which the tragic element is made emphatic by an immense amount of verbal gesticulation. — The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock, and how it grew, by Emily Pfeiffer (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), is an odd essay, inasmuch as it professes to give the circumstances and material out of which the author produced a poem. The comment, introductory and intercalary, is in prose; the poem is in verse. One has the author, her surroundings, her poem, her audience, all in one book, and this piece of ingenuity is not without much pleasant writing and description of Highland life. — The Macmillans have signalized their succession to the post of Tennyson's publisher by issuing an edition of the Laureate's poetical works in one handsome volume. This, however, does not include his last two dramatic poems, The Cup and The Falcon, which are printed in a separate volume, and printed for the first time, we believe. The Cup was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Mr. Henry Irving, in 1881, and The Falcon was brought out at the St. James's Theatre in 1879, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the initial rôles. Neither play achieved great success on the stage, though The Cup was admirably mounted and acted, and is not without fine dramatic qualities.

Education and Text Books. Schools and Studies is a collection of essays and addresses, by B. A. Hinsdale. (Osgood.) Mr. Hinsdale is a man of force, who is actively engaged in educational work, and who has the American schoolmaster's genuine belief that no great subject comes amiss in the discussion of education. — The Essentials of Latin Grammar, by F. A. Blackburn (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is an attempt to "make a book small enough to be mastered by a beginner, and to arrange the principles of grammar contained in it as systematically as possible." By a simple arrangement the author has carried along his pages in large print the minimum amount to be memorized, and has used the space below the line for notes, illustrations, and references. An appendix of exercises is given. — Wentworth and Hill's Examination Manuals (Ginn, Heath & Co.) is the title of two volumes, giving examples worked out and actual examination papers in arithmetic and algebra. — The Philosophy of Education, or the Principles and Practice of Teaching, by T. Tate, is an English work, introduced to Americans by Col. F. W. Parker. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Besides much philosophy there are many practical suggestions, which will, perhaps, render the first service to any teacher who takes up the book. — History of the United States in Rhyme, by Robert C. Adams (Lothrop), affords an opportunity of learning a good many dates at the risk of ruining a child's ear for rhythm and rhyme. — Historical Recreations, by E. C. Lawrence (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), is the title of a little book apparently intended for aid to a teacher in giving pupils a little knowl-

edge about a great many things. It is a desultory scrap-book, of doubtful usefulness. — Stories of the Old World is the title given to a selection of the stories told by Rev. A. J. Church, who has rendered such good service in familiarizing children with classic mythology and romance. The English is good, and the form is not difficult, though it seems sometimes unnecessarily archaic. The book belongs to a series of classics for children. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — A System of Rhetoric, by C. W. Bardeen (A. S. Barnes & Co.), treats the subject from a practical rather than a scholastic point. It instructs the young how to talk, to write letters, to send an account of what happened in their village to a newspaper, to make orations, to write poetry and novels. The work is also useful as a jest-book and book of anecdotes. One really would acquire a vast deal of rhetoric while amusing himself. — The Elements of Political Economy, by Emile de Laveleye, translated by A. W. Pollard, and introduced by F. W. Taussig (Putnams), is designed as a manual of instruction. Professor Laveleye's position is declared to be that of the moderate German school. Mr. Taussig adds a chapter on economic questions in the United States, in which cheapness is made the test.

Law and Government. Commentaries on Law, embracing chapters on the Nature, the Source, and the History of Law ; on International Law, Public and Private ; and on Constitutional and Statutory Law, by Francis Wharton. (Kay & Bro., Philadelphia.) Dr. Wharton's general position is that written law registers the political and moral life of the people, and his work becomes thus extremely valuable to the historical student. It is impossible to treat the subject except by a reference to historic facts, and in the use of these Dr. Wharton is always interesting and readable. — In the series The English Citizen (Macmillan), a recent number is The Land Laws, by Frederick Pollock, which is confined exclusively to a consideration of real property in England alone of the British Empire. The historical method is followed, and thus the book is of interest to all students of the general subject of tenant and landlord.

Art. The last quarterly number of L'Art (J. W. Bouton) would be a phenomenal number for any publication except L'Art, whose artistic and literary resources seem inexhaustible. The variety and freshness of this work are always its surprising points ; in neither respect does the present issue fall below the average. We have more of Lucien Gautier's striking etchings, — views, this time, of Port Royal, the old Port at Marseilles, the Hôtel de Ville of that city, and the Hôtel de Ville of Paris. Rudolph Ernst contributes a not too successful etching of one of his own canvases, — His Only Son. The other plates in this kind are furnished by Ruet, Billy, Laluze, Gaucheral, and Massé, who reproduces Mr. F. A. Bridgman's admirable painting, Preparations at Cairo for the Departure of the Holy Carpet. There are also wood-engravings by Thiriat and Puyplat, a few steel-engravings, and a variety of cleverly done process-work. The most valuable articles in the number are the continuations of the papers on the Della Robbia ; the least valuable article in the number is M. Carteret's chapter on the late international exhibition at Munich, in the course of which M. Carteret develops a vast and placid ignorance of the art situation in the United States. If he had been writing about England he could not have made more mistakes. This paper should have been printed twenty-five or thirty years ago. It has all the air of an exhumation. In future L'Art is to be issued fortnightly instead of weekly, and the subscription price per annum is reduced from $32 to $12. — Miss Emelyn W. Washburn has prepared an outline of the history of painting in Spain, under the title The Spanish Masters. (Putnams.) She has used the works of authorities, but not as a mere compiler, for she has drawn from her own travel and observation. The book is modestly conceived, and carried out with an agreeable enthusiasm. It lacks the evidence of well-digested study, and has too many details for the ordinary reader without being complete enough for the learned student, but it is an essay in a somewhat fresh field.

Religion and Philosophy. The Ideas of the Apostle Paul translated into their modern equivalents, by James Freeman Clarke. (Osgood.) Dr. Clarke, avoiding the technical in theological statement, undertakes to read Paul as an interpreter of current thought. He asks the reader to reason with him over important questions, with Paul as a guide, and by the familiar and homely method which he uses goes far toward establishing an eirenicon. — Views on Vexed Questions, by William W. Kinsley. (Lippincott.) The questions which vex the author are The Supernatural, Mental Life Below the Human, and When did the Human Race Begin? He has drawn illustrations from a wide range of reading, and brought the problems to the test of a reverent but cheerfully open mind. In the second part of his book he takes up more concrete topics. A vein of philosophy runs through this portion also, and is an expression, mainly, of the belief in a God who, in creating, created germinant powers which worked and continue to work in the direction of perfection. — Biogen, a speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life, by Professor Elliott Coues. (Estes & Lauriat.) We wish that the author had printed his little essay without making it so much like an effay. The difficulty of the subject is unnecessarily enhanced by the affectation of old-style type. One finds the very interesting essay a plea for the soul, but he nearly runs foul of that important entity every time he meets it.

Science. Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself is the title of a volume composed of characteristic passages from the writings of Mr. Darwin. (Appleton.) It is a convenient way of giving to hasty readers a conception of the drift of Mr. Darwin's teaching, and rather to be trusted than the more comprehensive statement of some disciple of Darwin. — Flowers and their Pedigrees, by Grant Allen (Appleton), is an agreeable little volume, which essays a partial answer to the question why English wild-flowers are just what they are, and how they came to be so. — Energy in Nature, by

Wm. Lant Carpenter (Cassell), is a popular series of lectures on the forces of nature and their mutual relations, which have been thrown into chapter and book form. The titles of the chapters are Matter and Motion, — Force and Energy; Heat a Form of Energy; Chemical Attraction, especially Combustion; Electricity and Chemical Action; Magnetism and Electricity; Energy in Organic Nature. — Mental Evolution in Animals, by George John Romanes, with a Posthumous Essay on Instinct, by Charles Darwin. (Appleton.) Mr. Romanes and Mr. Darwin were co-workers, and this volume contains the product of their investigations, together with some special results reached by Mr. Darwin alone. Man is included in the term animals.

Medicine and Hygiene. Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease, designed to elucidate the action of the imagination, by Daniel Hack Tuke. (Leas.) This work is a full and very interesting collection of psycho-physical phenomena, and every intelligent reader will be likely to add illustrations from his own experience. The incidents drawn from literature are not the least interesting parts of the work. — Catarrh, Sore-Throat, and Hoarseness, a description of the construction, action, and uses of the nasal passages and throat, certain diseases to which they are subject, and the best methods for their prevention and cure, by J. M. W. Kitchen. (Putnams.) This is a brief manual of eighty pages of large print. — Female Hygiene and Female Diseases, by J. K. Shirk, M. D. (The Lancaster Publishing Co., Lancaster, Pa.), is designed by the author for the laity, and therefore is presented tolerably free from technicalities.

Fiction. Stories by American Authors is the title of a series begun by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of which two parts have appeared. The volumes are neat little 16mos in yellow cloth, containing five or six stories each. The stories have all appeared in magazines, but the authors have not heretofore collected them. The idea is a good one, although the material would seem likely to run short if the rule is adhered to of excluding all stories which have appeared in book form. — Times of Frederick I. is the fourth cycle of Swedish historical romances under the title of The Surgeon's Stories, by Z. Topelius. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A slight thread is hung with very heavy pearls. — The Bowsham Puzzle is the title of a novel by John Habberton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) He was a woman all the while. — Carola, by Hesba Stretton (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a novel with religious sentiment. — Messrs. Harpers have published Charles Reade's story of The Picture, now famous as an awful example, in a small pamphlet. In their Franklin Square Series have appeared A Real Queen, by R. E. Francillon; Mr. Nobody, by Mrs. John Kent Spender; The Pirate and The Three Cutters, by Captain Marryatt; Jack's Courtship, by W. Clark Russell; and An Old Man's Love, by Anthony Trollope.

Books for Young People. Cookery for Beginners, by Marion Harland (Lothrop), bears the subtitle A Series of Familiar Lessons for Young Housekeepers. The successful cook-book maker has chosen a good field, but, O Marion Harland, how could you leave out instructions for making chocolate creams and caramels? — Hints to our Boys, by Andrew James Symington (Crowell), is a book of good advice, somewhat too general in character, and constructed rather as a mosaic, the author contributing but a small portion of the contents, the chief part being quotations from useful and ornamental writers. — What Shall we Name it? (John C. Stockwell, New York), a pamphlet containing two thousand baptismal names, with their meaning and the country from which they originated, arranged under letters of the alphabet. It is a convenient little handbook before and after birth.